

THE NEW AGE

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	1
OUR GENERATION. By Edward Moore	3
THE QUESTION BEFORE THE WORLD. By Dr. Rudolf Steiner	4
THE ESSENCE OF THE MATTER—I. By Hugh P. Vowles	5
READERS AND WRITERS. By Herbert Read	6
CURRENT ECONOMICS. By A. B. C.	8

	PAGE
DRAMA: The Old Vic. By John Francis Hope	9
MUSIC. By H. Rootham	10
VIEWS AND REVIEWS. Aristocratic Values—I. By A. E. R.	10
REVIEWS: Good Grain. The Historical Jesus and Mythical Christ	11
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from T. Gillis, John Anderson	12
PASTICHE. By Bertram Higgins	12

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Labour Party have made a mildly dramatic demonstration in the House of Commons. It is doubtless to the good that they should do anything to assert themselves against the depressing influences of that august environment. It is still better that it should be on behalf of the unemployed that they should have shown a belated sign of life. But why do they put their most concentrated energies into pressing so wretched a palliative as the dole? How much better if they would reserve their crowning displays of militancy for the demand that the Government shall at once drastically deal with the root of the matter! As it is, they carefully confine their serious efforts to securing for the workers small advantages within the recognised lines of the plutocratic system. They never dispute the basis of that system; they do not repudiate a single capitalist presupposition. They do not even dream of the possibility of a radical new departure *at once*. But plutocracy will go on for ever, unless at some point the radical breach is made. And it will never be easier to make than now. We cannot, it is true, as the revolutionary aspire to do, root up society wholesale, when it is at Crewe, so to speak, and plant it down instantaneously at Derby. But when the social train gets to Rugby, we can switch the points over, and ensure that it will be at Derby at the time when, otherwise, it would have been at Crewe. Our evolutionary Labour leaders think that somehow, without our ever having to take a decisive plunge at any of the junctions on the route, the train can "evolve" from being a Crewe train into being a Derby train.

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Mr. Clynes has been saying that "four of the six lines of action promised by the Government to deal with unemployment were Labour lines of action in principle and essence." If so, Labour "statesmanship" must be bankrupt indeed. He went on to instance with particular approval the plans "for restoring our overseas trade and providing work within our own shores." Providing goods for the foreigner and "work" for our

own people, that, it seems, is the final and glorious goal towards which Labour is setting its face! Will Mr. Clynes never learn that that is the very essence of financial capitalist philosophy? So long as Labour accepts it, how can we ever get any nearer to the co-operative commonwealth which he introduces, in occasional purple patches, as the ultimate aim which, with the aid of the great god "Evolution," we may hope one day to attain? We would advise him too to consider the bearing of this economic policy on the causation of wars. But the true object of his desires peeped out, as usual, in the course of the speech. "They could be the governing class. They could vote themselves into any social system they liked." That is the very precise reverse of the true objective. What possible advantage in substituting a Labour Government for our present rulers, *in order to do the same thing* "in principle and essence?" Indeed Mr. Clynes admitted that the present Government is threshing out, with great thought and pains, what "*in a crude way* Labour had shouted for." We prefer the people who are experienced in administering a policy to the "crude" hotheads of the same policy. On the other hand, if Labour were demanding the right thing, which would necessarily evoke enthusiastic support in other sections of society, most effective pressure of many kinds could be brought to bear to make *any* Government take such of the necessary steps as involved State action. Mr. Philip Snowden again has an article on the subject in the "Review of Reviews." He tells us that the time to deal with unemployment is when trade is normal; also that the present crisis has been caused "in the main" by foreign policy; and that nothing effective can be done except to restore international trade. There are plenty of people only too anxious to say these things without Labour leaders and Socialists pressing into that overcrowded line of propagandist industry. Besides a change of foreign policy Mr. Snowden thinks a reduction of "wasteful national expenditure" the only other matter of prime importance. Beyond these he has literally nothing to recommend except doles and "public works which will be ultimately remunerative." Whoever is going to get us out of the quagmire, it is evidently not going to be the Labour Party.

Yet the elements of the situation are luminously simple. Consider the Triangle of Impotence that stares us in the face. Assuming that the unemployed workers were working on the unused land, plant, and materials to produce the goods which they themselves and others need, clearly everything would be working satisfactorily; the problem would be solved. Yet no concrete factor whatever would have been added to the three which are now lying helplessly apart at the three corners; they would simply have been brought together. Is there then no other factor needed? There is, of course; but it is an imponderable—credit. But again, we have, ex hypothesi, the *real* credit—the actual power to deliver the goods. Now it hardly needs arguing that the true function of a credit-system is to turn real credit into money or financial credit, and thus ensure that, whenever the real credit exists, it shall be possible to set production in hand. Our present credit-system is grossly and constantly failing to fulfil its only legitimate purpose. Evidently, too, there can be no particular difficulty in the nature of things in doing what is needed; if you have the real credit, the rest is really quite a simple proposition. Everyone indeed who reflects sees the source of the evil. But most are afraid to grasp the nettle. Sir William Beveridge in a recent lecture asserted most strongly that the ultimate cause of unemployment lay in the credit-system. Yet he refused to contemplate the possibility of any radical readjustment of this. He seemed to be afraid of destroying credit altogether, if we tampered with its machinery. As he truly said, the machinery of credit is indispensable; but for that very reason it is the more urgent that it should be set to rights. We do not put up with a clock that never keeps time, for fear that any attempt at repair would ruin it altogether. Sir William hoped that the bankers themselves would ultimately learn to regulate things so as greatly to reduce both booms and slumps. But recurrent unemployment there must always be, he said; we could only insure against it. That is a policy of despair. This is a matter of the salvaging of civilisation; no desperate situation was ever saved, except by daring and imagination. We are exceedingly glad therefore that Mr. Ormsby-Gore has been urging an inquiry into finance. We hope the public at large will agitate for this with might and main. We would only add, yet again, that it must be, in the very fullest sense, a *public* inquiry.

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In no sphere is the waste of our resources more glaring than in regard to agriculture. No plank is more indispensable in any sound reconstruction than an enormous development of our productive use of the land. We are glad to note that Mr. Hyndman continues to hammer home this issue in the correspondence columns of the "Times." He gets straight on the track of a sound social philosophy, when he insists that our home market ought to be "considered first and foremost and all the time." But his practical programme is unfortunately not very convincing and, as it appears to us, would prove most unpleasantly bureaucratic. There is little substance, it is true, in the replies that have been made to him; but he would be in a position to meet them far more successfully if his own constructive suggestions had been more thoroughly thought out. The main instrument for reviving agriculture, as for reviving any other industry, must needs be the Just Price, supported (as it must be, seeing that it involves selling below "cost") by the resources of the total national credit. This would by itself very largely set agriculture on its feet, if we relied only on the normal machinery of private enterprise. But further it would incalculably facilitate any steps that might be thought desirable in the way of a deliberate and co-operative organisation of the industry. And certainly some steps of this kind are eminently desirable. Thus there ought to

be an organised establishment, on a large scale, of small-holders (whether as proprietors or otherwise) on the land. In connection with this there ought further to be a great development of agricultural co-operation on the lines of the eminently successful Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. Experiments in the formation of Agricultural Guilds are also much to be desired. But anything whatever that is attempted, in order to re-organise this decaying industry, will prove in the end but wind and futility, unless it is prefaced and supported by the Just Price. Further, agriculture needs to organise its own credit independently of the financiers. Farmers' Banks and, let us hope, before long Agricultural Trade Union Banks, will be indispensable.

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The coal industry is going through its familiar and dreary cycle. Dispute—"settlement"—recrudescence—unrest—a renewed demand for re-organisation—how well we know the old, old story! We have now again just reached the stage when proposals for reconstruction begin to hurtle thickly through the air. All the old discredited schemes are furbished up once more and brandished on high with crescendo flourishes of trumpets. Mr. Hodges has weighed in once more with a confidence undiminished by the chastening of abject failure. Nor has he changed the methods with which we have become unpleasantly familiar. We always know what he will do. He takes up this or that bit of our policy; he separates it from its closely articulated context; and even then, he gets it all wrong in itself. He has got to the point of seeing that the price of coal must be fixed "at a figure considerably below cost." So far, so good. But he thinks in the first place of regulating the charges for industrial coal. Now the economic problem in general is that of *prices*. Price properly so called first appears when ultimate commodities are delivered to the consumer; all payments up till then are costs. Mr. Hodges would propose to give the full advantage, which we design for the consumer, to manufacturers, in order to enable them to carry on much more successfully at the accepted game of selling at the highest prices they can secure. That is an unabashed proposal for the endowment of profiteering. In principle, industrial coal should be sold at cost. If manufacturers want a further advantage than that, they must come into the scheme. The cost of their coal will then be dealt with, along with all their costs, and they will be enabled to sell at a price that will insure a market, in return for their consenting to trade at a fixed rate of profit. But worse still, Mr. Hodges proposes to indemnify the coal-owners by means of a subsidy; £8,000,000 is the sum he names. He thinks the Exchequer will recover the sum ultimately in increased taxation derived from improved trade. That may be; but the pressure of taxation is already so intolerable that the tax-payer cannot be expected to see things in that light. Why this clumsy and roundabout method, when a real draft on the national *credit* would mean that the indemnity would smoothly and automatically pay for itself? Mr. Hodges, however, is getting on the scent; he sees that the key to the situation lies in the word "development," and that the problem is to stimulate this. But he still needs to learn the true meaning of "credit." It appears from incidental references to his pronouncement of last March that he only meant the same thing then. If he would put his mind for a very few days on the question of the real meaning of meeting a deficiency "from State credit," he would learn of something to his advantage—to say nothing of the advantage of the miners and of the public.

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Insurances, interminably multiplied to cover risks innumerable, are among the tokens by which posterity will estimate our social insanity. Meanwhile the insur-

ance market is invaluable as an index to coming events. Two very significant items in this branch of business have just been recorded. One is an insurance effected against the event of part or the whole of the West Indies being transferred to the United States in payment of our debt. We have already pointed out that it is perfectly practicable for us to offer to pay the debt in full in goods within eighteen months. Or again, why not offer America our whole stock of gold in payment of as much of the sum as it will cover? It does not discharge any useful function in our national economy. America of course could not accept the goods; and very likely would not accept the gold. But if she refuses payment, there is an end of the matter. It would be most regrettable, if we parted with territory in order to discharge our indebtedness. It is much to be wished that the British Empire should hold together until the whole civilised world has become a co-operative association of national co-operative commonwealths. Our policy involves each country's making itself as nearly self-contained as possible; the ideal is a completely self-dependent nation. This the British Isles cannot be; but the Empire as a whole possesses all necessary resources. If it were treated as a single credit area for the carrying out of the Social Credit policy, that would be by far the most satisfactory method of inaugurating it. The other sidelight from the insurance world is still more startling. Someone has been insuring against a war between Japan and America before December 31, 1922. The betting, it is true, is as high as 19 to 1 against. But even if we assume that the insurance lords are omniscient, it must be remembered that this is putting the date very early. If these are the odds for 1922, what would they be for 1923?

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The omens are none too propitious. The Canadian Press is growling deeply, if not loudly, over the refusal of America to accord the Dominion an independent status at the Washington Conference. Some of the papers hold that it would be better not to go at all, rather than accept anything but a separate invitation. American opinion too has its cherished grievances. The abrogation, sans phrase, of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is being widely demanded. What seems like a semi-officially inspired dispatch declares that the United States will make it clear that she regards the alliance with an "unfriendly eye." It is even suggested that America's plan for the limitation of armaments should be postponed until Great Britain and Japan have accepted the preliminary condition of dissolving this pact. Meanwhile clouds are again gathering over the Irish situation, after an all-too-brief Indian summer. There is but too much reason to fear that foreign influences are behind Mr. de Valera's renewed display of stiffness; and it will inevitably be suspected on this side that the intervening forces are concerned, not to secure any advantage to the Irish people, but to embarrass us by defeating any settlement. Again, Mr. McKenna has been exhorting American Big Business on the necessity for wiping out international debts. That our debt to America will never be paid (least probably in territory) is of course certain. But such a debt is in itself a political asset to the creditor nation, and the more valuable an asset in proportion to the impossibility of its being paid. America shows not the slightest inclination to surrender so powerful an engine of peaceful persuasion. Altogether, then, the prospects of any valuable result of the Conference are tenuous to a degree. Yet Lord Beatty invites a New York audience to discount "utterly the possibility of serious differences arising between our two countries." The words were excellently meant; but it is just that kind of talk that leads nations blindfold into war. Meantime the Churches are praying diligently for the success of the Conference. They would do far more good if they were to pray for enlightenment as to the real causes of war.

Our Generation.

It is not surprising that all the chief superstitions which we have been trying to kill should be mobilised at the present time of national danger, and should be regarded as our army of defence. It is fitting also that under the eye of such a popular warrior as Mr. Ian Hay they should be paraded in the official columns of the "Times." Mr. Ian Hay, of course, preaches the old gospel of endurance. "There is not enough public money to support the unemployed," he says, not caring to inquire at all, apparently, how money is made scarce or plentiful. But that to him is not the real issue; the real issue in an economic matter must, of course, be moral; we naturally solve arithmetical problems with our conscience. So he affirms that "even if there were" enough public money, the unemployed "would still be the victims of two greater evils than poverty—lack of healthy occupation and the demoralising acceptance of doles. . . . They want work—hard, honest, soul-satisfying work; and they cannot get it anywhere." Poor fellows, they are prevented from becoming healthy in coal mines; and they are no longer permitted to satisfy their souls in building temples for the cinema trade. "They are desperate," says Mr. Hay. "Yet they do not complain. Their patience is monumental. We ought to take off our hats to them." Though they are hungry, and see their wives and children in the same plight (we paraphrase Mr. Hay), they have resisted the seductions of "Communists, foreign agitators, and all the gentry who make a living by turning other people's grievances to their own account," who are always "bidding them 'rise' and help themselves to whatever they may fancy in the way of food, clothing, or cash." It is the old story of the "good working man," faithful unto death—in the name of common sense, to what? He himself does not know; even Mr. Hay does not know. Mr. Hay is always taking off his hat to some sentimentalised bêtise, and so he can write in innocence: "Their fortitude is the wonder of the other nations of the world most of whom have an unemployment problem of their own." It is, indeed, the wonder of everybody, for it is past understanding; we imagine the very angels in Heaven are amazed at it. But having, like Plato, bowed down before the inscrutable, Mr. Hay stands up again and says: Yet something can be done. "A man can endure almost any pain or hardship so long as he knows that other people know—and care. At present the vast majority of the unemployed are not sure that we do care. [How unintuitive of them!] It is up to us, the community, to show that we do. . . I therefore suggest"—and what Mr. Hay suggests is that a National Unemployment Fund should be started, "so simple and unpretentious that everyone can subscribe to it." Then, after a very perfunctory discussion of ways and means, he goes on in a fashion to amaze the angels still more. "I do not know how much money could be raised, and *it does not very much matter* [italics ours]. What matters is the spirit of the gift. What is wanted is not the largest possible sum, but the largest possible number of subscribers. I would limit donations to a maximum of five shillings. I would accept threepenny bits." We rub our eyes and ask in bewilderment what the fund is for. Is it for relieving the misery of the unemployed caused, chiefly and fundamentally, by a scarcity of purchasing power; or is it merely to—express our sympathy for them, and give them a lump in the throat instead of bread to swallow? It is the latter, on Mr. Hay's own confession. This fund, he says, "would not really be a fund at all. It would be a testimonial—a friendly

gesture—to those who are fighting the battle—our battle—until we get round the corner again as a nation.” This is a little too much. We know that the position of the unemployed is not irremediable; that their “battle” is quite an unnecessary one; that their degradation is as gratuitous as Mr. Hay’s expressed admiration for it. THE NEW AGE has for some years now been trying to persuade the community to put into operation a scheme by which, without dislocation, confiscation, nationalisation, or any of Mr. Hay’s other bugbears, the disease of society could be painlessly cured. But how can one hope to see any disorder remedied when people stand around the patient and sing praises to his malady? Mr. Hay’s superstitions are unhygienic. His panacea prolongs the agony of society and puts further away the time of convalescence and recovery. . . . Yet there is behind his appeal a justification of a kind. He does recognise that people are voluntarily closing their eyes to the misery of the nation; and he does see that a positive emotion is needed, first and foremost. But he spoils everything by saying that this is enough, that this is all that can be done. It is the beginning, and he makes it the end.

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, if we are to believe the “Times,” made his seventieth birthday the occasion of saying some very strange things. Naturally the “Times” wanted to know what his opinion was of the Press; it must have been pleased by the response which it elicited. “The papers now are attractive,” he said, “and yet they do not seem to me to leave anything out. You have only to compare the ‘Times’ of to-day with the ‘Times’ of twenty years ago to realise the vast advance that has taken place. There is one thing, however, that is still not very pleasing. There are still too many rather bitter personalities in many of our leading newspapers. That is not an improvement on the newspaper of thirty-five years ago.” The newspapers do not seem to Sir William “to leave anything out”; but, in that case, it all depends what one looks for in the newspapers; what one regards as important and what not. Obviously the Press cannot include an account of everything that happens every day; it must have some conscious or unconscious principle of selection; and the question is, does it tell us about the right things, the important things, and tell us enough about them; or does it relate chiefly the less important incidents and accidents of our existence, to our final chagrin and disgust? To speak of things which we know, it does not appear to us that the Press leaves nothing out, so long as it persists in omitting deliberately all mention of the one economic scheme which to-day claims to be a remedy for our present misery. The chief occupation of the Press, *in fact*, is the manufacture of false hopes and the stifling of real ones. It poisons every day for every thinking man who unwillingly, for there is no other course, reads it. But Sir William is concerned that there should still be “some rather bitter personalities” in this so progressive and beautifully improved affair. There will be “personalities,” however, as long as there is personality: that is, so long as we recognise that men are potential individuals, not undifferentiated members of a common herd. If men are persons, we must write about them personally. If they are free, we must hold them responsible. The fact is that “personalities” are not only not evil, they are salutary; and the only thing that one is entitled to protest against is the public chastisement of public men for private reasons. The “politeness” of the Press is a sign of cowardice merely. Newspapers must be well-bred, or must pretend to be so, for what reason one does not know, except that their readers expect them to be well-bred. But no truth is held to be of such importance at present that one may cause unpleasantness to any little person in its name. Amiability is a higher value than truth, and this at a time when the utterance of the truth is the only thing that can save us.

EDWARD MOORE.

The Question Before the World.

By Dr. Rudolf Steiner.

THE world is awaiting decisions of great importance from the Conference that is to take place at Washington this month. As a programme for the Conference, the Western Powers announce the questions of Disarmament and the Pacific; but seriously we may well confine our thought to the latter issue, for the former is after all to be regarded as a kind of moral “decoration.” In the Pacific Ocean, the lines of interest and attention of North America, England and Japan converge—and it is on these Powers that the fortunes of the world to-day depend. If we investigate what interests are dominant in this connection, we are bound to recognise that they are economic in character. Economic advantages are to be discussed this way and that, and armament or disarmament will take place as appears necessary from the point of view of economic advantage. Nor is there any other possibility, for the individual States, in the form that they have actually assumed, are bound to work as economic powers, and all other questions can appear to them only in the light of their economic motives.

With this way of thought, however, which has come to them through their own historic evolution, Europe and North America will meet the greatest difficulties in Asia. Many people attach significance to a remark that was made at the Imperial Conference in London by General Smuts when he said that in future our political gaze could no longer be directed to the Atlantic and the North Sea, but for the next half century or so must be turned to the Pacific. But the action that will be taken under the influence of this point of view is bound to clash with the will of the Asiatic. The world-economic system which has been preparing its way for the last 50 years is now to continue its own inner development and to draw the Asiatic peoples into its sphere. The latter process is as yet in its very initial stages only, but its fulfilment will be impossible unless new conditions of sympathy and understanding between the peoples are added to those already now existing. Economic intercourse with the peoples of Asia will not be possible unless we can gain their confidence. Now on the purely economic ground, confidence can only be gained up to a certain degree—one which will not suffice for the purposes in view. It will be necessary to win over the souls of the Asiatic people. Otherwise every kind of intercourse will be undermined by their distrust.

In view of this necessity, world-questions of the widest imaginable scope arise before us. In their own development, in the course of the last few centuries, the human beings of the West have developed tendencies of thought and feeling which call forth the mistrust of the Asiatics. The Asiatic may learn ever so much of the science of the West, and of its technical results. All this fails to attract him; rather does it repel him. And when in his fellow Asiatics, the Japanese, he sees an inclination towards Western civilisation, he regards them as deserters from the true Asiatic character. When he considers the Western civilisations he feels them to be inferior to what he possesses as an inner wealth of soul-life. He does not look at his own backwardness in matters of material progress; he sees only his strivings of soul, and they appear to him superior to those of the Western man. Even when he sees the way the Western man takes Christianity, he finds that it does not reach the depth of his own religious experience. What he now learns to know of the Western man’s Christianity he regards as religious materialism; and at the present moment the real depth of Christian experience does not confront him.

If in their world-political ideas and feelings they fail to take this deep opposition of souls into account, the Western peoples will find themselves face to face with

problems impossible to solve. So long as we think it a piece of unpractical sentimentality to take this opposition into consideration, we shall only be working our way into a chaos of world-politics. We must learn to regard as practical forces things which have hitherto been regarded, at bottom, as the mere ideology of dreamers.

The West has really got the power to achieve this change of thought. Up to the present it has only developed the external side of its nature. It has thereby achieved something that the Asiatic does not understand, and will never wish to understand. But this external side springs from an inner force which has not yet revealed itself in its real inherent quality. This inner force can be unfolded. To its conquests in the material sphere it will then add achievements in spiritual life, and these will indeed be able to represent true world-values for the Asiatic.

Of course it is possible to answer. Compared with Asiatic barbarism, there is after all deep inwardness, permeation with soul, in a word, a higher state of culture, in the West. That, indeed, is true. But it is not the point. The point is, that while the Western man is able to develop a very deep soul-nature, his historic development up to the present time has been such that he does not carry the things of the soul into public life. The Asiatic may be a child, he may even be superficial, in the things of the soul—but with them, such as they are, he lives in public life. Nor has the contrast of which we are here speaking anything to do with the ethically good and evil, the beautiful and the ugly, or the artistic and the inartistic. But it does concern the fact that in his external world of sense the Asiatic experiences at the same time his feeling and his spirit, whereas, when the Western man gives himself up to the world of his senses, he leaves his soul behind in his inner life. The Asiatic finds the spirit in the very life of his senses. Certainly he often finds an evil spirit; but it is a spirit. The Western man, on the other hand, may be united with the spirit ever so closely in his inner life, but his senses run away from this spirit and tend to a world mechanically thought and ordered.

Naturally the Western man will not set about acquiring a spiritual way of thought and feeling for the sake of the Asiatic. He can only do so, impelled by his own inner needs of soul. The Asiatic question cannot even act as the incentive. But the material civilisation of the West itself has reached a point where it must feel its own revelations to be unsatisfying—where, in effect, Western humanity cannot escape a feeling of inner emptiness and desolation. The Western man, if he understands himself rightly in the present moment of his evolution, must strive for an inner deepening of his whole existence, for a spiritual grasp of life.

Such a striving is a concern of the West itself, a fundamental demand of the present day. It coincides in time with the need of turning the attention in world-politics to the East. Western people will give themselves up to the most mischievous illusions as to the great tasks of the time, unless they perceive that, failing the will to a renewal of inner life, they are making the further progress of humanity impossible. We may well feel ashamed in soul if we see ourselves face to face with what the Asiatic calls his soul's superiority.

Again, if the Western man receives the spiritual treasures of the ancient Orient as something for his inner life, which he takes as an additament to his material achievements, this too is an illusion. The spiritual substance whereby the Western man can make his science, his technical achievements, his powers of industry and commerce, truly worthy of humanity, this spiritual substance must spring from the inner faculties which he himself has power to develop. "*Ex oriente lux,*" many have said—"From the East the Light." But the light that comes from outside will never be-

come perception of light, unless it be received by inner light.

Our soulless world-politics must be imbued with qualities of soul. Certainly the soul's development is an intimate concern of the human being himself, but the deeds of the individual who has deepened his inner life are links in the external order of things. The commercial sense which the Asiatic finds in the European is rejected in the East. But a human soul revealing a true spiritual content will inspire confidence.

To the old habits of thought it may only appear practical to find an answer to this question: How to make China into an economic sphere capable of offering its products to the Western Powers? But the really practical question of the future will rather be: How shall we come to an understanding with the souls of the human beings who live in Asia? World-Economy can only exist as the external body of a soul, and that soul must be found.

To some it may appear a piece of airy ideology for an article on topical questions to begin with the Washington Conference and to end with the needs and requirements of the soul. But in our time of rapid life and change it may well be that many of those our contemporaries who despise ideas will yet live to experience that the denial of the things of the soul does not prove itself practical in life.

The Essence of the Matter.

By Hugh P. Vowles.

(Extracts from "*Under New Management*" shortly to be published by Messrs. Allen and Unwin.)

I.

It has long been a puzzle to many observers that while the last two hundred years have brought, through the use of machinery and the tapping of vast new sources of energy, an increment of productive power to mankind immeasurably beyond the dreams of previous generations—an increment the fruits of which if equitably distributed would have given whole communities a freedom, leisure and opportunity on a scale to beggar all Utopian dreams—yet after this lapse of time we find the great majority of people still struggling through life at or near bare subsistence level, while a handful of rich men grow steadily richer and develop a luxury, a lavish scale of irresponsible living and spending utterly without precedent in the history of the world.

Whatever may be the process by which such results are brought about, it is clear that these results are cumulative; that more and more power and control is being centred into the hands of the few. These rich men control the means of production which is simply to say that they hold the keys of life and death, since all life is built upon a material basis. It has been well said that the mightiest genius without access to the material basis of existence is more helpless than a well-fed idiot.*

Now those who have been perturbed by this problem have put forward various schemes for reshaping society on new and more equitable lines—schemes, be it noted, for the most part totally inadequate. For before it is possible to frame a solution the process as now in being must be clearly understood, and most reformers have manifestly failed to grasp the inner details of the machinery in which we have all been caught. Apart from the Utopians—who are social artists rather than reformers—we have in the first place those of generous instincts but limited intellectual grasp, who have quite frankly given up the attempt to understand the process, and are content to take their social environment as they find it; concentrating on the endeavour to mitigate its worst effects by "charity." Of such are those who organise Charity Societies, Voluntary Hospitals, and the like. Next came the Socialists who, after con-

* "Credit Power and Democracy."

siderable coquetting with charity and such like palliatives, were eventually leavened by men of greater intelligence and wider knowledge; men who saw quite clearly that the social system manufactured paupers and invalids faster than these could be dealt with.

The great generalisations of Darwin and his associates vitalised current thought and brought a more scientific temper into projects for reform. It was realised that if the factors producing social evils could be eliminated by modifying the social structure, then this would obviously be a much more sensible way of setting about the business of human betterment—on precisely the same principle as that which says prevention is better than cure, and that if your drains (for instance) are out of order, it will be wiser to have them rectified than to keep a doctor permanently on the premises to dose your children as they fall ill.

The Socialist, however, like most other people, lacked knowledge of the *whole* industrial process. The most vital part of all, the very citadel of the fortress in which resides control and power, was beyond his range of view. He saw, indeed, that what is called the Capitalist System results in a very uneven distribution of wealth, which in turn gives rise to all the evils he deplores, but his knowledge took him little further than the propositions that most industrial capital, in the shape of land, buildings, plant and other means of production, is privately owned; that such ownership apparently centres about the rights of administration and the ability to extract profits from the consuming public; and that if property were collectively owned by the community and administered on its behalf, and if individuals were encouraged to work in the spirit of service instead of the spirit of profit-making, we should be well on the way to a more equitable and harmonious social order.

It was soon found, however, that talk about "collective" ownership, or Nationalisation, meant just nothing at all without very considerable and detailed analysis of the methods of administration which would be involved. Out of the thousand and one administrative possibilities covered by the word Nationalisation it was clear that some might even be worse than a reasonably regulated system of private ownership. So the Socialist drifted more and more into questions of administration, Guild Socialism, Servile State Socialism of the Webbian order, and other varieties which need not be enumerated here.

But all the time there was a failure to realise that control is not centred in administration at all, and that profit-making is only a part—and by no means the most vital part—of the process by which the rich become richer and the poor remain near the level of bare subsistence. It was not understood that *even if industry were nationalised throughout, and profit-making eliminated altogether*, we should still find all the evils of the present system thick about us so long as control is left untouched; that control of economic policy which dictates the conditions of existence for the majority, making the controller master of a people's activities and destiny. It is true that others, always sceptical of the efforts of the administrative Socialists, quite rightly placed their faith in education as the ultimate solution of the social problem. Certainly a civilisation will never function with continuing stability and a wide diffusion of well-being unless it is aerated with knowledge, thought and goodwill. These are the basic solvents of the troubles which arise out of associated endeavour. But I am persuaded that the present social system is already reaching its term, and that we are even now on the verge of a vast social collapse. By its very nature the existing social order accumulates tensions which must destroy it sooner or later, unless the causes of tension can be removed by modifying the system; and that quickly. The next five years may see the old order yielding place to new; and it is our business to inquire whether modifications can be

speedily put into operation, so as not only to remove the danger of a vast upheaval, but also to substitute a more equitable and stable basis for society, and that without any intervening period of accentuated instability and distress. And the educationists have produced no scheme, no plan, whereby a complete change may be effected within a brief term of years.

They have failed, in fact, to make the analysis which might have served to focus their attention and attack on that inner citadel of control to which reference has already been made.

It remained for Major C. H. Douglas and THE NEW AGE to indicate the fact that the true sources of power in a capitalist State are centred in and radiate from the Financier rather than ownership and administration of the means of production by the capitalists; that the Financier-Banker is the man who calls the tune to which both Capitalist and "Worker-with-hand or-brain" have to dance without remission; and that only through dealing with this control at its source in the first place can we hope to reshape the world on better lines. But Major Douglas has done more than this; he has put forward a detailed scheme for Financial and Economic reform which offers the advantages of the present system—and no one denies that in some respects the present organisation of society is extremely efficient—whilst at the same time making democracy a reality instead of a sham by shifting into the hands of the community that control without which all others are worthless, namely the control of *economic policy*; a step which is absolutely essential before mankind can realise any large measure of freedom and a widely diffused economic well-being.

If I assert in addition that the change-over to the new conditions might be made in a few years, with as little dislocation as is involved in bringing the Daylight Saving Act into operation, I may be accused of romancing. Nevertheless I am satisfied that this claim can be substantiated; and since the matter is of such paramount importance, since this is the only scheme in existence at this time which deals effectively with economic fundamentals, proffering a reasonable possibility of escape from the social collapse which is so nearly upon us, I propose without apology to cover the whole ground first by an analysis of the present financial system, and then to follow this up with an outline of the Douglas proposals. I am encouraged in this by the fact that though the scheme is simple when once it has been grasped, yet to arrive at a full understanding of it necessitates clear ideas on the subject of Finance; a subject with which not one person in ten thousand has any intimate acquaintance; the result being that "the great body of the public are profoundly ignorant and uninterested in it"*—of course to the very great advantage of the Financier.

Readers and Writers.

A DELIGHTFUL and not unremunerative duty awaits some English publisher in the form of a series of reprints of the lesser known prose works of the Eighteenth Century. Lacking this enterprising publisher, and most of us lacking the means to procure the original editions, we must depend on the rare reprints of our own classics that from time to time appear abroad—in America, France or Germany. I have two such alien reincarnations before me, and they are both interesting enough to make their inaccessibility a scandal. The ideal State I often imagine would in its wisdom issue all inaccessible classics as Stationery Office Prints (Cmd. 749, and so on, price 1d. or 2d. according to the weight of paper consumed). But not living in an ideal State, I must hide my indignation, and before an extension of the Safeguarding of Industries Act prevents people, advise them to obtain the

* Encyclopædia Britannica, art. "Banking."

two English classics referred to: (1) Daniel Webb's "Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry" (1762), now reprinted in the original English by Henri Grand of Hamburg, with an Introduction and Commentary by Professor Hans Hecht; (2) Captain Charles Johnson's "History of Pirates" (1774), translated into French and published by Cres et Cie, 21, Rue Hautefeuille, Paris.

* * *

I may return to Captain Johnson's famous "History" in the future, but meanwhile Daniel Webb is more within the line of my disquisition. His "Remarks" are delivered in the form of a dialogue, written in an exact and fresh English style revealing sensibility and intelligence in every phrase. It is almost comparable to that most perfect of English dialogues—"Hylas and Philonous." Only it is not so sustained nor so important as Berkeley's feat. But its merits are great. For instance, I know of no other piece of criticism whose quotations so ably reinforce its arguments; for most criticism—and especially in modern reviews—buttresses a voluble rhetoric of praise with the flimsiest spider-webs and straws of the imagination. Living in a classical age, Webb's peculiar task was to reconcile with Aristotelian canons the different, and in a sense opposite, geniuses of Milton and Shakespeare. This he accomplishes with distinct ease, and his arguments on the technique of poetry are, I think, as sensible as any in our language. But these I will leave, since they are in general accord with the modern theory upon which I have already dilated. I would rather turn to some of Daniel Webb's observations on the more general significance of poetry and art. "A poet (he writes in one place) discovers a just and beautiful relation between two ideas: this is genius." And he goes on to add that "the distinctive property of genius is to surprise, either by original Beauty, or Greatness in the idea." Genius is the quality that is perhaps only to be defined by a series of approximate descriptions; but these two elements—the just relation of ideas, and surprise—are essences, and rather nearer a concrete understanding of the subject than a phrase like "passionate thinking" which I seized on a week or two ago.

* * *

In another place Daniel Webb quotes these lines from "Cymbeline":

The crickets sing and man's o'er-laboured sense
Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastity he wounded.

and then adds:

To represent Lucretia by personifying her virtue was a beauty in the Thought: the elegant precision with which the action is described is a beauty in the Manner. In this analysis we discover the limits between Nature and Art; for if by Nature we mean the intrinsic Merit in Thought, by Art must be understood (1) Every advantage given to that thought, to the improvement of its original beauty, (2) Every such happiness in the manner as supplies the want of Novelty in the idea.

* * *

This may not be very original, but it is very true, and neatly expressed, and when we come to the conclusion of the argument we discover a truth too easily forgotten:

A fine imagination, like the presence of Eve, gives a second vegetation to the beauties of nature. . . . We have no right, therefore, to complain that Nature is always the same; or that the sources of Novelty have been exhausted. It is in Poetry, as in Philosophy; new relations are struck out, new influences discovered, and every superior genius moves in a world of his own.

* * *

Plato made the dialogue immortal as a manner of conveying ideas, and the dialogue still remains, so far as I can see, the best means of expressing the concepts of science in the terms of art. And I am inclined to think that there is an inner necessity in the nature of knowledge that makes the dialogue ideal. There are two

sides to every question, and this common saying is but a reflection of the more portentous dualisms of metaphysics. But metaphysics apart, all thought ends in the formulation of a series of opposite and irreconcilable concepts: right and wrong, known and unknown, mind and matter—everywhere a thesis and antithesis. In the process of thought, then, if these opposite concepts can be personified in dialogue, how much more dramatically (and therefore vitally) the writer can express himself. He can not only present both sides of the question, but in the related action of thinking he can cause one side to triumph. He thereby not only gives expression to his love of all knowledge, but can also gain a dramatic satisfaction for his emotional bias. This may be considered a fanciful apology, but let the detractors of the dialogue (and I know they exist) step forward and justify their animosity on more reasonable grounds.

* * *

Meanwhile I will appeal to some younger prodigy of Professor Saintsbury's school to give us a History of the Dialogue; or even, despite my scorn of anthologies, an Anthology of Dialogues. There is a fruitful field to harvest, and one that would include the better part of the world's wisdom. A general review of either kind would reveal the necessity, for success, of a particular technique, a structure and a form peculiar to the dialogue. For in a dialogue we are dealing with personified ideas, and to play with ideas is not exactly the same as to play with idealised persons. Ideas must be incomparably more agile, and intense, and fanciful. Because of this, though our prodigy would rightly maintain that Plato is for all time the supreme master of the dialogue, I would argue that Plato does not by any means exhaust the possibilities of the form. A Socratic dialogue, while it may be supreme in beauty and efficiency, is, after all, a somewhat mechanical instrument. It is adapted to a particular purpose. It is, to vary the image, merely one species in a genus that has evolved in other directions. That the dialogue is capable of many delightful variations, one writer, Lucian, can testify. It happens that Lucian's works exist in one of the best modern English translations ever made—I mean the one by H. W. and F. G. Fowler (the authors of that indispensable book "The King's English"), published by the Oxford Press. I have few books that I return to again and again with such genuine pleasure. The translation is so perfect that one is never aware that it is a translation: it reads like the work of an original genius—which, assuming a sufficient accuracy, is the sole test of a translation. Lucian was a perfect wit and not, by that token, an empty one. He is a rhetorician, but not a dialectician; and he developed the dialogue into a vehicle of many moods and manners—to convey a narrative, a moral anecdote, a description, a satire, and even used it as a kind of conversational "prose poem," as in the "Dialogues of the Sea Gods" and the more famous "Dialogues of the Dead." The latter had the happy effect of inspiring Fontenelle to write his "Dialogues des Morts," which, though not so versatile as Lucian's, are equally happy and perhaps more "topical." Mr. Ezra Pound, it will be remembered, has published a translation of some of Fontenelle's Dialogues (the Egoist Press), and a very good translation it is too, but let who can possess the original text, which is as delightful as only French can be.

* * *

I find I have filled my page without mentioning Landor. But I have barely mentioned Berkeley, and almost forgotten Fénelon and Diderot, all of whom are not to be despised as exemplary dialogists. And cannot Landor look after himself: he has not been dead very long; he is an eminent Victorian; and even now our aforementioned prodigy must be writing him up, or down, or wherever he ought to be.

HERBERT READ.

Current Economics.

“WHAT, in a word, are you proposing to do?” “To shift the basis of Credit from Gold to Goods.”

Money is in two forms: Credit and Cash. Goods, likewise, are in two forms: Capital Goods and Ultimate or Consumable Goods. Cash is distributed Credit; Credit is concentrated or potential Cash. Ultimate Goods, likewise, are *distributed* Goods, while Capital Goods are concentrated or potential Goods. In general, Credit or concentrated Cash is allocated to the purchase of Capital or concentrated Goods. And, again, Cash or distributed Credit is allocated to the purchase of ultimate or distributed Goods. Credit is the agent of Capital production: Cash is the agent of Ultimate production. Production is divided between Credit and Cash; and in the proportion which they bear to one another. The more Credits in proportion to Cash, the more Capital production in proportion to Ultimate production; the less the less. Since Credit in general is from six to 10 or more times the amount of Cash, the production of Capital Goods is six to 10 or more times the production of Ultimate Goods. As Credit increases faster than Cash, Capital production increases faster than Ultimate production. Capital production is sometimes called Development, while Ultimate production is sometimes called Output. This is the Law and the Prophets.

It is the contention of the bankers that the issue of Credit for Production cannot possibly be regarded as Inflation, since Inflation arises only when Money is increased without a corresponding increase of Goods, and an issue of Credit for Production entails, ex hypothesi, an equivalent increase of both Goods and Money. What happens, we are told, is that an issue of Credit is made on account of Production; and that when the Production is completed and sold, the issue of Credit is then cancelled. How can the successive issues and cancellations bring about Inflation when, in fact, every such process leaves Goods in its train? There are two answers to this question; and the first is that an interval of time necessarily elapses between the issue of the Credit (or spending power) and the production of the Goods on account of which it is issued; and thus that *during that interval*, which may be a month or a year or years, Inflation does take place, since the quantity of Money at market has been increased without a *simultaneous* increase in the quantity of Goods at market. The second reply is as follows: it is true that each successive issue of bank-credit is sooner or later cancelled; and that each such circular process leaves Goods, of one kind or another, in its train. But since each such process fails to distribute sufficient purchasing power to buy the goods so produced, every *succeeding* issue of Credit must be enlarged by the value of the unpurchased surplus left over by its predecessor. In short, though every successive wave of outgoing Credit is ultimately returned to the banks, each subsequent wave is greater than the one that went before it. The tide of Credit rises though every wave of the tide recedes. If this is not the case, perhaps the steady increase in the quantity of bank-loans can be otherwise explained? If every issue of credit is cancelled and no inflation takes place, how comes it that the quantity of bank-loans, outstanding and uncanceled, increases annually? We pause for a reply.

It is exceedingly important to note that Production is not homogeneous in character; but consists of Capital production and Ultimate production; Development and Output; Goods for further Production and Goods for Consumption. Any amount of Capital Goods is compatible with any amount of Consumable Goods; but, in

general—as we have already seen—the present financial system *favours* Capital production and is hostile to Consumable production. (This, by the way, is the root of the “capitalist” doctrine of saving.) Now since, in general, Cash is allocated to the purchase of Consumable production, while Credit is allocated to Capital production; and, again, Wages, Salaries and Dividends represent in general the distributed Cash of the community—it follows that the *Price* of Consumable production, *whatever its amount*, must always be just about equivalent to the sum of the distributed Wages, Salaries and Dividends. If Capital production increases at the expense of Ultimate production, then, whatever the Wages paid on account of the Capital production, their purchasing power will be equivalent *only* to the Ultimate production in the market. Wages, Salaries and Dividends *cannot* buy Capital production, since the Money is distributed while the Goods are concentrated. They can *only* buy distributed or ultimate production; and they cannot buy more of this than exists in the market. It follows once again, therefore, that *whatever* the amount of ultimate goods produced, they *must* absorb practically the whole of the Wages, Salaries and Dividends distributed as Cash.

Any sort of Money (Credit or Cash) will in sufficient quantities purchase any sort of Goods (Capital or Ultimate); but any sort of Goods will not meet the *individual* demand for *individual* Goods. Ergo: it is only the individually consumable Goods that are of account in considering the purchasing power of Wages, Salaries and Dividends.

An increase of Capital goods that does not *simultaneously* result in an equivalent increase of Consumable goods puts up the price of the latter, i.e., raises the cost of living.

The reluctance of people in general to examine the subject of Money is all the more remarkable from the fact that the major part of their lives is concerned about Money. Ask most people what they would like, and the reply is sure to be More Money. With only one or two exceptions every strike during our generation has been about Wages or Money. Both the national and international aspects of trade, business and commerce are conditioned by the existence of Money. Money is what makes the world go round; it is the prolific parent of half the virtues and most of the vices of human life. And yet, of our own population of forty millions, scarcely more than a few score of individuals have the least idea of what Money is, where it comes from, how it is made, and by what mechanism its power is exercised. Goods in general are known in their origin and methods of distribution; but, beyond knowing that Money is made at the Mint and that the Banks deal in it, few people could answer the simplest question about the nature and manufacture of Money. Moreover, as has been pointed out before, a taboo appears to have been laid upon the very discussion of Money. Men not ordinarily superstitious and even with a scientific education will literally or metaphorically get up and leave the room if the subject of Money is critically raised. As anybody who ventured to question transubstantiation during the dictatorship of the Church was regarded as a dangerous associate, either a lunatic or a criminal, so, in even intelligent circles to-day, the credit-reformer is regarded as either a “crank” or the agent of some dangerous power. The taboo, it may be remarked, is all to the good of the cult that flourishes in an atmosphere of ignorance. There is, of course, no financial conspiracy in the melodramatic sense of the word; but not only is it as if there were, but the acceptance of the taboo on the discussion of Money might be its work. The reluctance of people to examine the subject of credit is literally worth hundreds of millions a year to the financial oligarchy.

A. B. C.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

WHEN I wrote about the Old Vic on September 29 I only intended to go to see "Macbeth," produced on October 24 for a fortnight; but the fascination of watching a genius develop has been too much for me, and I have seen "Richard the Second," "As You Like It," and now "Macbeth." It is usual to praise Mr. Atkins' production, and I would cheerfully do so if I could. I am willing to make all allowances for the lack of sufficient rehearsal and performance, for the continuous labour under difficulties implied, for example, by rehearsing "Macbeth" while playing "As You Like it." But the fact remains that he does not get as finished, as balanced a performance as the Playwrights' Theatre often does for one performance; and his method is the same throughout. He does not produce "moods," he does not balance personalities to make a scene; he is afraid to let his actors move, but pins them to one spot while they recite. He has made a convention of the stance with one knee bent, of the spread-eagle stretch of the arms. He bothers little or nothing about the walk, the gestures, and, I should imagine, the cadences of the voice; otherwise, why did he let Mr. Ernest Milton, as Richard II, use the manner and vocal technique of Mr. Henry Ainley as Marc Antony? Why did he let Mr. Wilfred Walter, as Macduff, murder his "front to front bring thou this friend of Scotland and myself" speech by using the falling instead of the rising inflection? Why—but the details would fill several copies of THE NEW AGE. The fact remains that he does not inspire his artists, but imposes a convention on them; and when, as in the case of Miss Florence Buckton as Lady Macbeth, he sees a genius not sure of its expression, he does not cut away unnecessary gestures, does not help it to the proper pitch of its voice. I wish that Miss Genevieve Ward could see this performance; a few words from her would make it as finished in execution as it is great in conception.

I want first to say a word about "As You Like It," or, rather, about Rosalind. Miss Buckton's was the only Rosalind that I have ever seen that was created of the poetic imagination; it was an original rendering straight from the text, "made up of sportive gaiety and natural tenderness," as Hazlitt wished. It was indeed the full-throated, simple tenderness that made this Rosalind so appealing, and set the critics by the ears. "Her tongue runs the faster to conceal the pressure at her heart. She talks herself out of breath only to fall deeper in love," said Hazlitt. The critics, more used to the unsentimental pantomime boy Rosalind, did not know what to make of this rendering of one of Shakespeare's ideal women; but all the women in the play illustrate Marlowe's "saw of might, 'who ever loved that loved not at first sight.'" No actress could miss Rosalind's gaiety, but it is not usually rendered with the girlish freshness that Miss Buckton gave to it, and never before, as I have said, have I seen the real love of Rosalind for Orlando so beautifully expressed. That one performance alone distinguishes Miss Buckton as an actress of genius in Shakespearean comedy.

The transition from a girl of twenty to Lady Macbeth, from a fresh, English girl to a creature of black magic, is startling. Let me put this on record at once: in spite of one or two deficiencies of technique, it was a rendering that can only be described as masterly. The sleep-walking scene was perfect, and I heard, for the first time for years, that bated breath hush of the audience that reveals the full supremacy of the

artist's power. The invocation in her first scene chilled me to the marrow, well as I know it; there was a feeling abroad of real possession by devils. Looking back, I remember that in all solo work Miss Buckton was incomparable; she made Mrs. Patrick Campbell's rendering, with James Hackett, look the cheap imposture it was. But it was in her scenes with Macbeth that I felt the need of a real producer, an artist with a sense of values in composition. In the scene after the murder, for example, Macbeth is appalled, shaken to the very roots of his being, by what he has done; and his brain-sickliness is in marked contrast to her commanding self-possession, her devilish indifference to his moral agony. But Mr. Rupert Harvey, who plays Macbeth, has a very powerful voice, which he either does not know how to modulate, or will not modulate; no woman alive could vocally beat down his fear into silence in the few short sentences allotted to Lady Macbeth while he is permitted to roar like a town bull. He is a very stalwart actor; he played a fine Bolingbroke in "Richard the Second," a too powerful, but yet interesting, Jacques in "As You Like It"; but he does not know, and has not been told, how to render these neurotic collapses of Macbeth. The consequence is that Lady Macbeth, instead of being master of the whole scene, barely succeeds in subduing his clamour by appalling efforts; she uses much more power than she need because he uses more than he ought to, and the scene is not composed. The relative values are those of a sobbing schoolboy and a stern schoolmistress raised to a Rhadamanthine height; and it is Mr. Atkins' duty as producer to see that Lady Macbeth commands the scene from beginning to end. Stop his roaring!

But in spite of this difficulty (which I expect Miss Buckton will overcome in a day or two, for she also has a voice), she presented a perfectly clear perception of the part and its progress. From the moment of reading the letter, with those breathless pauses and almost prophetic vision of the prospect raised by the news, she had got it. Her amazement at the news that Duncan is coming, the immediate compact with Hell to brace her to her purpose, her swift urge to Macbeth to bring into being that which at present exists only as prophecy—that first scene, short as it is, full of most rapid and powerful development, was superbly done. Her continual urge and drive of Macbeth until the deed was accomplished, the resistless vehemence of her cold fury of ambition—I felt indeed that Miss Buckton was possessed of a devil. Then, the ambition attained, and its emptiness realised, the perception that she has transferred her devilry to Macbeth, who has no further need of her except "to applaud the deed" of which she must remain ignorant until accomplished, the listlessness, the failure of her attempts to regain mastery of him, even in the banquet scene—the declension into insanity obviously begins in Miss Buckton's rendering of: "Nought's had, all's spent." It is wonderful work that makes so crystal clear a conception; the rise and fall of a great passion; and the pathetic beauty of the sleep-walking scene, will haunt my memory for years. If Mr. Atkins can get something of Miss Buckton's magic (for obviously it is not technique) into the other players, the Old Vic playing of Shakespeare will deserve the praise that is lavished upon it. That the witches were well played by Mr. Ernest Milton, Mr. Hay Petrie, and Miss Esther Whitehouse deserves mention; but one can hardly fail with witches.

[The Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, will play for a fortnight, beginning October 31, Wilhelm von Scholtz's "The Race with the Shadow," with Mr. Franklin Dyall in his original part. Mr. Felix Aylmer and Miss Ruth Bower are in the cast; and those who were unable to see the Stage Society's production of this remarkable play have an opportunity of making good that defect in their dramatic education.]

Music.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Queen's Hall. October 24.—Unfortunately for the success of "The Song of the Night," a work by the Polish composer, Schymannoffsky, the attention of the public had been held by the Press for some weeks beforehand on the entirely irrelevant fact that the score is ten feet high. The distinguished critics who expatiated upon this seemed to forget that even a twenty-foot score could be reduced by the art of printing to the dimensions of a miniature score. These ten feet, therefore, do not possess the musical significance forcibly attached to them by the critics, and swallowed by the public. This important work was obviously composed under the influence of Scriabin (Prometheus) and Schönberg. The influence of the former is apparent in the large and spacious scale on which it is written, and also in the colouring, and one seems to trace the influence of Schönberg in the way in which the harmonies are built. These influences do not, however, detract from the originality and significance of the work, and the technique is perhaps superior to Scriabin's. The form is probably derived from the poem, and it is regrettable that the vocal parts were not performed. Schymannoffsky gets some entirely new sounds from the orchestra; in particular a wonderful sonority was obtained in certain climaxes by a most skilful use of drums and gong. The whole work is deeply interesting, and ought to be played again. There should be a second performance under the magnificent guidance of Mr. Albert Coates, and in the meantime both critics and public must forget about the unusual dimensions of the score and resolve to concentrate their entire attention upon its contents. A second hearing should then obtain a warmer reception than that accorded to it last week.

The Flonzaley String Quartet. Æolian Hall. October 17.—In every kind of musical performance, instrumental and vocal, the first essential quality is *tone*. Tone is the soul of music, as rhythm is its life. It is difficult to say in what, exactly, tone consists, just as difficult as it is to define soul; but we recognise it when it is there, and realise the blank when it is not. The difference between a string quartet which excels in the quality of its tone, and one which possesses every musical quality but this, is the difference between a life-size figure at Madame Tussaud's and the living person it represents. The Flonzaley String Quartet excels in the magic of tone. All other qualities which go to the making of a great Quartet are present—rhythm, phrasing, balance of sound, and an extraordinary responsiveness between the four players. This was most apparent in the Haydn Quartet, when it was a delight to listen to the way in which instrument caught phrase from instrument and flung it back with spontaneous and untrammelled ease. But undoubtedly the outstanding quality of this wonderful quartet of players is their *tone*. Apart from all the technical excellence of the playing in the Hadyn and Beethoven quartets, it is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than the actual sound produced. The Enesco quartet (which is dedicated to the Flonzaley String Quartet) is a tiresome and ugly work, and one can only imagine that courtesy impels its performance.

The Philharmonic String Quartet. Chelsea Town Hall. October 25.—The Philharmonic String Quartet seems to be the one English quartet, of those I have heard, which approaches continental players in this intangible quality of tone. English string quartets, as a rule, seem to possess every quality but this one. The result is that you may hear a highly polished and correct performance of very difficult works, but you remain unmoved. The technical level of performance on October 25 was on the plane one has a right to expect from experienced players, but the secret, inner joy, lay again in the quality of the tone. This was especially

evident in the Mozart Quintet in G mi., a beautiful work, beautifully played. Mr. Goossen's Fantasy Quartet in one movement, which was also played, has a melodious and delightfully smooth middle section.

H. ROTHAM.

Views and Reviews.

ARISTOCRATIC VALUES—I.

THE NEW AGE reviewer of Mr. Ludovici's recent novel asked him to come down to brass tacks about politics; and this* book may be accepted as at least a partial answer to the challenge. Most of us go through this period of challenging false assumptions; I have myself, at various times, criticised the loose use of words like Justice, Equality, Freedom, and so forth, and my predilection in favour of aristocratic principles is well known. But I confess to considerable misgiving when I see similar views put forward on behalf of the Tory Party, and sponsored by people like the Right Hon. Lord Willoughby de Broke. When Liberals tell me: "You Socialists are all Tories": I compliment them on their perception; but when a confessed Tory like Mr. Ludovici tells me that Socialists are democrats, when he, like Mr. H. G. Wells in "The New Machiavelli," sets out a programme for the Tory Party, I cannot repeat the compliment. Mr. Ludovici hits me, I admit, in my instinct of self-preservation; I am what he calls one of the physiologically botched, since I sprung a leak in my lung; but I certainly do not intend to be abolished by paternalism in the person of Mr. Ludovici. He has a good deal yet to learn about physiology and biology, and history; concerning the latter, he has to learn that the patria potestas died a natural death because it obstructed political development.

To his general argument on the importance of words, and the need of precise definition of their meaning and exact use of them, I oppose the Nietzschean principle of relativity which he invokes for the destruction of "Freedom." The precise use of language is necessary for scientific purposes, when the object is exact description of phenomena and processes; but as no one thing in this world serves only one purpose, I am willing to grant, nay, to insist on, the exact use of words for scientific purposes, while permitting what we may call a "privileged" use of them for literary and political purposes. I cannot, for example, make head or tail of words like "soul" and "immortality" when considered as precise descriptions of reality; but I am not going to impoverish my literary resources by casting the words out of my vocabulary, merely because they do not convey the same meaning to everybody. If anyone thinks that I am a Plymouth Brother when I use the word "soul," or a Manichee when I use the word "immortality," or a Materialist when I argue against immortality, I can only pray that God will give him more wit, and teach him how to read. So when the Right Hon. Lord Willoughby de Broke says: "Our very war memorials are utilised to inform us that the brave fellows whose honour they commemorate died for 'freedom.' If that were true, they indeed died in vain": I have only to ask myself whether this very potent word is to be banished from the language of common people.

Let us consider this one case. "We were actually asked to enlist for such phrases as 'the rights of small nations,' 'self-determination,' and the like, whereas in very truth we were forced to fight to save our own skins," says the Right Hon. Lord Willoughby de Broke. This is rather hard on Mr. Ludovici, because,

* "The False Assumptions of 'Democracy.'" By Anthony M. Ludovici. With an Introductory Letter from the Right Hon. Lord Willoughby de Broke. (Heath Cranton. 12s. 6d. net.)

presumably, we had to save our own skins from the Germans, or, rather, from the results of that particular phase of German thought that happened to correspond to the ideas of the Tory Party. It is true that our soldiers were deceived; it is true that if they could have foreseen the results of victory, they might not have enlisted so willingly; but what has this to do with the use of the word "freedom"? We are free from Prussian domination, although we are not free from the domination of the party in this country that holds the same principle. Patriotism is one of the words that Mr. Ludovici does not define or criticise; but we may take what consolation we can from it, in the Byronic sense:

He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

But why did our soldiers die in vain for freedom? Is it because freedom is not a fact; or because promises magnificently made have been treacherously broken? Very few men, I venture to think, fought for simple self preservation, as the Right Hon. Lord Willoughby de Broke alleges (I seem to remember that he did not die in the last ditch in defence of the House of Lords after all); they did fight for a crazy belief in the improvements of the general conditions of life, not only in England, but throughout the world. The word "freedom" may cover a multitude of sins, but it inspires a whole decalogue of virtues; in short, the word is magical, and our problem, on aristocratic principles, is a problem of personalities. Who has the best right to utilise the magic of the word "freedom"?

I hold with Faguet that "a democracy can live only on condition of producing aristocracies or permitting aristocracies to produce themselves." The problem is "How?"; as Mr. Shaw put it, as long ago as "Man and Superman": "Government presents only one problem: the discovery of a trustworthy anthropometric method." Reasoning on Mr. Ludovici's lines, is the disuse of the word "freedom" an infallible sign of the aristocrat, and the use of it an infallible sign of the democrat? The anthropometric method would not be trustworthy; for it was Mr. Shaw who said: "Nothing can be unconditional, consequently nothing can be free": and Mr. Shaw is a Socialist (or was when he wrote this), while Mr. Ludovici, who uses the same reasoning, argues against Socialism. But Mr. Shaw also said: "He who confuses political liberty with freedom and political equality with similarity has never thought for five minutes about either"; which will probably set Mr. Ludovici defining Thought as the wisdom of our ancestors instead of the cerebral activity of the decadent Socialists.

But Mr. Ludovici's purpose is clear enough, although I am not sure that the results of his efforts will be what he expects. Let us admit that Freedom is not a thing; it is a psychological state that we tamper with at our peril, as the psycho-analysts are always showing. It is a state in which direction of effort is determined by, and not for, the individual concerned; "incentives come from the soul's self: the rest avail not." But the system that Mr. Ludovici would compel us to accept (because, not being free, we can only act under compulsion) is a system in which my incentives, for example, being one of the physiologically botched, would be denied expression. Like Iago, Mr. Ludovici tells us, in summary: "We cannot all be masters, nor all masters cannot be truly followed": therefore, I am to be taught what to think, and what not to think, by Mr. Ludovici and his "last-ditch" Lord. Because he grovels before a parvenu aristocracy, I, representative of the physiologically blotched, must do likewise. But I hold fast to the aristocratic principle of personal value, and deny that his Tory Party is representative of aristocracy. I shall have to develop the argument in another article.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Good Grain. By Emmeline Morrison. (John Long. 8s. 6d. net.)

This is the story that won the £500 prize offered by Mr. Long for the best first novel. Nearly four hundred novels were submitted; and if this is the best of them, we must despair of this generation. Mrs. Morrison (she is the wife of a well-known man in the City) seems to be suffering from a native inability to benefit by her advantages; she was born in Lancashire (her father was a J.P. for the county, her uncle was a well-known cotton-spinner who remembered her in his will), educated partly on the South Coast, and partly in Germany. She has travelled extensively in Europe, acquired a knowledge of languages and music in Bohemia and the Austrian Alps, has been to Sicily, across Northern Africa from Morocco to Tunis, "she also visited the famous Garden of Allah before it was known to the British tourist," and went up the Nile as far as Assouan. She travelled extensively in British Guiana and the West Indies; and in her Sunbeam car she has explored Great Britain. She is shortly going to South Africa "with a view of acquiring fresh material for a novel"; let us hope that she finds it. We are told that "for a time she took up picture-play writing"; we wonder why she put it down again. Yet with all these advantages she writes a novel about singers and theatrical people that seems to be nothing but a nagging match from beginning to end. She lacks the first essential of a novelist, the power to suggest character by style. She tells us that Julian Cassilis was a wonderful singer and actor, but he seems to spend his time arguing about moral questions in a commonplace fashion. She tells us that Geoffrey Tremayne was a very rich man, that "music was his world and his life"; and represents him as the most conventionally minded of persons, and a surly, ill-conditioned brute into the bargain. If he is not nagging Cassilis for wanting to go on the stage, he is nagging his wife for wanting to see Cassilis, or any other man but himself. She asks us to believe that Iris had "a gay, irresponsible self," and makes her talk like this: "I will get Mr. Tremayne to bring you over to our house next time he comes. But of course you couldn't give it [a handkerchief] to me then, or they would know how we had met, and I am not supposed to get over the wall like this and meet young men. I don't, as a matter of fact, but I just happened to see you, and I had heard so much about you that I thought I'd like to see what you were like." Poor Iris! Gay, isn't she? Just like the statue on the dome of the Gaiety. We are told that "her conversation was punctuated with slang"; but we have failed to discover any evidence of it. Slang is the beginning of idiom, and idiom is the foundation of style; and Mrs. Morrison has not laid the foundation of style. The moral problem on which the whole story turns is unconvincing, its treatment is incredible, and its solution conventional—and the whole thing is tedious because Mrs. Morrison never interests us in her people. She had better go back to picture-play writing, which does not demand literary skill, but leaves characterisation to the actors.

The Historical Jesus and Mythical Christ.

By Gerald Massey. (The Pioneer Press. 6s. net.)

Mr. Massey argues that the historical Jesus can only be identified with Jehoshua Ben-Pandira, who was probably born about 120 B.C. This "is the only Jesus known to the Jews, he had learnt the arts of magic in Egypt, and was put to death by them [the Jews] as a sorcerer." The mythical Christ, on the other hand, is the familiar solar myth, and Mr. Massey elaborates the identities and resemblances of and between the Gospel records and the mysteries of Horus. It is admirably done in the small compass of a pamphlet, and the familiarity of this derivation of Christianity from Gnosticism does not diminish the excellence of Mr. Massey's précis of it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PROPAGANDA.

Sir,—Will any readers in Croydon and district interested in Credit Reform kindly communicate with me.
66, Southbridge Road, Croydon. T. GILLIS.

* * *

"SPINOZA AND TIME."

Sir,—The review of "Spinoza and Time" in your issue of October 20 appears to me to misrepresent Professor Alexander's views on certain important points. Your reviewer argues that Spinoza's system is ruined by Professor Alexander's treatment, which "makes of God merely the total objective reality." And it appears to be suggested that this is Professor Alexander's "Semitic" view of God, or, if not that, then that it is his view of Spinoza's "God." Either suggestion would be a misrepresentation.

Professor Alexander maintains that Spinoza's *Substance*, with the attributes of Extension and Thought, can be reinterpreted as *Motion* (the "stuff of which all things are made") having Space and Time as attributes, and particular motions as modes. Such philosophical interpretation must be tentative, and may be considered from two points of view. In the first place, we may conceive Professor Alexander as saying, in elucidation of his own position, "My view of Motion as the stuff of which all things (motions) are made is analogous to Spinoza's view of all finite things as modes of Infinite Substance; and my description of it as Space-Time is analogous to Spinoza's view of the two Infinite Attributes of Substance—Extension and Thought." In the second place, Professor Alexander may be said to maintain that Spinoza's problem of the relation of the Attributes to Substance is solved if we take the attributes as Space and Time; and similarly with the problem of the modes, or of the relation of finites to the infinite. Here, then, is a new interpretation of Substance, and a genuine philosophical advance. For, even if Spinoza identified Substance with God, he was still dealing with the philosophical problem of Substance.

The problem of Deity, for Professor Alexander, is quite a different one, though it is related to the theory of Space-Time. The relation of Time to Space within the whole of Motion he considers analogous to the relation of mind to a body in a person: as he puts it, "Time is the mind of Space." In other words, Time is the active principle, while Space is the passive; things are generated in Space by Time, just as acts are generated in body by mind. In the empirical order mental things (processes) are at a higher level of activity than merely organic processes; and thus mind is spoken of as an "emergent" from life. This marks the difference from the "non-empirical" relation; we cannot call Time an emergent from Space, since there are no activities at a lower level than motions in general. But it is precisely in "emergence" that Professor Alexander finds Deity. For men God is the empirical emergent from mind, just as mind is the Deity of purely organic things. Thus, using the analogy given above, we may say that in relation to God (or Spirit) mind is the passive principle, that processes of some special kind (possibly goods or values) are generated in mind by Spirit. Or taking Professor Alexander's other description of the relation—that "Space gives continuity to Time, and Time gives structure to Space," we may say that Spirit is that which gives structure to mind ("psycho-synthesis"?), while mind gives to Spirit continuity, i.e., gives it a place in which it can occur and be determined. The beings in whom such Spirit actually occurs are described in Professor Alexander's terminology as "angels" (who again have their Deity at a higher level)—and I would suggest (though I do not know how far Professor Alexander would agree) that the angelic nature is identical with what we call "genius," and that in its attitude to men it is the "comic spirit," which sees how the sentiments which might rise to genius are prevented from doing so by being tied to *desire*. I would also suggest that the sentiment of "ecstasy," which apparently appeals to your reviewer, is not a pure sentiment but is complicated by desire (or is a "compromise-formation"); as is also the sentiment which finds Deity as the Substance of the

world, instead of as a wonderful emergent from the hearts of men.

It must at least be emphasised that the phrase "of merely empirical importance" as applied to Thought is one which Professor Alexander would not countenance for a moment. He would not say that, because all empirical things arise in Space-Time, this "non-empirical" character is the important thing about them; on the contrary, it is the empirical level to which they rise that constitutes their importance and it is the empirical variety of things that brings beauty into the world. Similarly, in Spinoza, it is the empirical character of the Attribute of Thought that gives value to his conception of God, and Professor Alexander may well believe that he has given a truer interpretation of "the intellectual love of God" as the emergence of Spirit from Mind (or the freeing of Thought from Desire) than is given in the conviction that Thought and Reality are one.

Your reviewer's reference to Causality is similarly open to objection. Motion is the synthesis of Space and Time (not their "addition," whatever that may be), and Professor Alexander has endeavoured to show the nature of that synthesis; the way in which Space and Time imply one another, and the fact that empirical knowledge of the one cannot be separated from that of the other. He would certainly say that we do not know anything other than motion, and he takes Causality as a "category," i.e., one of the characters which belong to all motions. Taken by itself, Causality is an abstraction: taken as a character of motions it is not. Taken by themselves Space and Time are abstractions: taken as attributes of Space-Time they are not. And the nature of Space-Time accounts for the mutual implication of division and connection. But where analysis comes in in "the one indivisible causal experience which we live and which we are" must remain a mystery.

JOHN ANDERSON.

Pastiche.

BEAUTY.

Have these lorn eyes failed to see
Beauty when she came to me?
This dull heart e'er failed to beat
Delirious to her pattering feet?
Lips responded not, nor ears
To the quivering of the spheres
When, for one eternity,
Beauty came to dwell with me?

All the ghouls of yesternight
Leap and gibber in my sight,
All the ghosts of yesterday
Batter at this sodden clay,
Whisper: "Till thou see the gloom
Radiant in thy shrouded room,
Sense the anguish of the years
In a little infant's tears:
Know the wealth of crispèd snows
In the warm heart of the rose;
Tumult in a blade of grass,
Turbulence in winds that pass
Cool-drifting, soft, unheeded—see
Death-seedings in nativity,
Writhings where the steaming sod
Is pregnant with the roots of God—
Till thou" And the phantoms fade
In fantastic limbs of shade!

Have these lorn eyes failed to see
Beauty when she came to me?

BERTRAM HIGGINS.

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