

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A cartoon of Low's in the *Evening Standard* of July 31 is entitled "Put Out for the Holidays," and presents "Maxton," "Freddy Guest," and "Basil Peto," drawn as cats, being shut out of the back doors respectively of the "Labour Cottage," "Liberal Villa," and "Tory Nest." This cartoon follows the general type of all his cartoons. It embodies the banks'-eye view of politics. It says in effect: "Every political storm takes place in a tea-cup," thereby creating in the mind of the non-party reader, who makes up ninety per cent. of the electorate, an impression that it does not matter a great deal which party comes to power. This teaching is all right so far as it goes. We have said the same thing ourselves many times in these columns. But there is a vast difference between our object and the bankers'. We have always said plainly that political ineptitude is due to the "blind spot" in fact that political power depends on financial power, and that the exercise of financial power for the general good depends upon a certain rectification of the costing and pricing system under the aegis of the Government's control of credit-policy. The bankers' objective is to create such confusion in the mind of the electorate as to ensure that no single party shall come to power with a sufficient margin of votes in the House to be politically dominant. Their ideal would be achieved if they could rely upon a House of Commons divided into three equal parts. The reason is that the politicians' deadlock is the bankers' opportunity. Notice how the Government in office always plays this bankers' game without knowing it. Directly it has exhausted all its traditional (and permissible) devices for unfastening the economic deadlock, instead of proceeding to try any non-permissible device, it "appeals to the country"—which means that it hands over the task of government to rival sponsors of permissible devices. Every Administration, actual or potential, in or out of office, lays down the postulate that it must "keep

in with the City"—in other words, must administer the policy of the Bank of England.

It is by no accident that dramatic splits have occurred in the two extreme parties, whereas there has been none to speak of in the middle, the Liberal Party. Mr. Maxton has caused offence by concentrating on the protection of wages, and Sir William Joynson-Hicks by pressing for the protection of profits. Economically, both these extremists are potential allies, although they are political enemies. Given a realist conception of the power inherent in credit, and the achievable benefits that could be secured by shareholders and wage-earners simultaneously under a scientific credit-policy, every reader of this journal knows that something effective could be done, and done quickly. The very intensity of the enmity between the two factions could easily prove to be the prelude to a workmanlike concordat on a business basis. But this is where the middle party, the accommodation party, the spell-binding party, steps in and prevents the clarification of the real issue. All that the Liberals have to do is to appeal to the voter's common sense and say: "Support the party that does not quarrel within itself." They exploit the traditionally British respect for the spirit of compromise. Coming to concrete matters, they say: "Don't let us insist on more wages for the workers without regard to dividends: and don't let us insist on protecting dividends at the expense of wages." Having made this dual appeal, they are spared the necessity of defining what "we" shall "insist on," because everybody who hears them is so enamoured of their sweet reasonableness that he never thinks of asking them how they themselves propose to remedy the common evil.

Last week the Liberals seemed to be making a courageous gesture. On July 31 the *Evening Standard* published an article by Mr. J. M. Keynes on "How To Organise A Wave of Prosperity." The procedure was summarised in a sub-headline: "The

Bank of England Must Change Its Methods." Now let us say initially that it is all to the good that the connection between banking policy and trade stagnation should be brought into public consciousness in this manner. But at the same time let everybody think seventy times seven before he bends his knee to this oracle. In the first place the Liberals are not in office. Any *Opposition* can display enterprise and courage, and it usually does so in inverse proportion to its legislative responsibility. In the second place, the Liberal Party is the bankers' party. It is the Free Trade party. In every other respect than this fiscal issue there is nothing to distinguish it from the Conservative Party. (We omit reference to land policy because the landlord interest, as such, has been defeated long since). In the third place, criticism of the Bank of England's policy is no new thing in politics. It has found expression previously in the Labour Party, and even before that it has been uttered by the Federation of British Industries. Suspicion of the banks is "in the air" nowadays, and if any credit is to be given it is due to the nine-years' old incessant propaganda of THE NEW AGE, whose exposition of the exact use which can be made of credit-control has given a cutting edge to all the credit-reformist propaganda of the last century. Mr. Sidney Webb said in 1919 "These currency fanatics always turn up after every war," but his implied reassurance that they would disappear like they did after previous wars has not been fulfilled. They would have, but for the fact that *Economic Democracy* was published and gave an unquenchable vital impulse to the subject of credit-reform.

On antecedent grounds, therefore, one would expect to find in Mr. Keynes' excursus more evidence of a desire to ask the Bank of England to reform its own administrative policy compatibly with the preservation of its financial principles than to press upon it a revision of the principles themselves. The evidence in his article confirms the expectation. Mr. Keynes is suggesting a larger provision of credit for producers. That suggests to us that the Bank has already decided upon doing this under the stress, not alone of anybody's criticisms, but rather of events. Having so decided, the Bank has astutely fathered the responsibility on to a political party, very well knowing that an expansion of credit without an accompanying regulation of retail prices is certain to create unpleasant problems in a new direction. When these problems appear, the Bank will be able to remind the disappointed public that, after all, the reform was pressed on it by the Liberals, and was adopted by it against its better judgment under political *force majeure*. It will point the moral that "this is what comes of letting politicians interfere with the delicate mechanism of finance."

Nevertheless, students of Social Credit must be able to hold two interpretations in their minds at once. They are bound, on the general analysis they know so well, to believe that the world credit-monopoly as a whole is on the retreat. On the other hand, they must not overlook the fact that it is fighting back while on the retreat. What has to be looked for is some indication that the impaired morale of the retreating force is causing dissention between its units. One can best see the picture by imagining the world credit-monopoly to be a military alliance, and each of the central banks to represent a constituent army of occupation in the country it nominally represents. Now, the policy of the alliance as a whole has been definitely one of credit-restriction. The structure of the world credit-mechanism is such that the resort to credit-expansion on the part of any one central bank amounts to a call for reinforcements (or more ex-

actly a helping of itself to reinforcements) at the cost of weakening the others. In this interpretation the Bank of England may be regarded as having hitherto been under the obligation to hold its lines with whatever resources were allowed it by the high command of the Bankers' Alliance—the Generalissimo being Mr. Benjamin Strong. If so, the present indication of a possible intention of the Bank of England to yield to domestic pressure for more credits may well signify a first step in the detachment of this Bank from its loyalty to the alliance as such and to Wall Street in particular.

Mr. Keynes mentions three "practical steps" which ought to be taken "if we really want to reduce unemployment." They are (1) the Bank of England must increase the reserve resources of the joint-stock banks up to (say) £10,000,000 above their present figure, so that no worthy business borrower of credit need be turned down by his bank; (2) the Governor of the Bank must induce his colleagues throughout the world to change their tune when he changes his, instead of encouraging a general deflationary atmosphere; (3) the Chancellor of the Exchequer must remove his pressure against public spending on capital account. For practical purposes Mr. Montagu Norman's "colleagues throughout the world" can be reduced to his "colleague" in New York, Mr. Benjamin Strong. As we have already hinted, it is very probable that Mr. Norman has already come to an understanding with Mr. Strong that in case of necessity he may adopt Mr. Keynes' proposal No. 1. It is modest enough in all common science, as all students of the subject will realise who know to what a tremendous extent Britain's real credit is being kept out of financial existence. Assuming a ratio of ten to one, the proposal would release for loan purposes another (say) £100,000,000 of bank-credit. It is a sum not to be sneezed at, but after all it represents only about five per cent. of existing bank deposits. What makes the proposal interesting is that apparently Mr. Keynes thinks it practical politics, whereas, a year or two ago, an exactly similar proposal which was unofficially canvassed by Conservative Ministers and backed by the Federation of British Industries was stunned almost at birth by a dollar-hammering of the sterling exchange. Circumstances have evidently changed since to bring the once heretical principle of inflation within the orbit of financial orthodoxy.

Mr. Keynes throws some light on the nature of the circumstances when he warns the Bank that whereas employers have hitherto been content to continue their work "without profit, or at a loss" in the hope of a "turn for the better," they will not do so indefinitely. He might have adduced the revival of the demand for safeguarding, voiced by Sir William Joynson Hicks, as one manifestation of the employers' restiveness; and he might even have shown that Mr. Maxton's challenge to the Labour Party on the condition of the wage-market proceeds ultimately from the same cause; for employers whose "profits" are only in the form of "hopes of a turn" can only pay their employees in the same heart-sickening currency. These and other indications show that in every direction men in intimate contact with industrial problems, however antagonistic in their visions of remedies, are unconsciously participating in a convergent policy of heckling the bank pundits and demanding a cut in the erecting of sound financial theory. "Trot out your horses!" is the unanimous demand.

"We have deflated prices," complains Mr. Keynes, "but we have not deflated costs." The blunder of the Treasury, he proceeds to point out,

consists in its having believed that if prices were deflated costs would look after themselves. But the employers found that they had to deflate costs by their own efforts. They have tried in three ways: (1) Reducing wages; (2) scrapping the less profitable lines of production, and concentrating on the more profitable; (3) attempting the enterprising programme of working productive resources to a hundred per cent. of capacity. Reviewing these, Mr. Keynes observes that they defeat their object whether by restricting purchasing power of employees or by aggravating the problem of unemployment; and he finally expresses the doubt whether, if all industry succeeded in getting its plant working at one hundred per cent. capacity, it could bridge the gap between prices and costs. These are his words:—

"Probably, even so, it would be impossible to bridge the existing gap between costs and prices without the assistance of some inflation of the latter."

A little later he continues:—

"Unemployment will not decline unless business men have the incentive of plentiful credit, high hopes and a slightly rising level of prices—a slight inflation of prices but not of costs." (His italics.)

Lastly, turning to the realities of economics he makes the common-sense observation that—

"When we have unemployed men and unemployed plant and more savings than we are using at home, it is utterly imbecile to say that we cannot afford these things [the reference is to good projects for capital expansion—roads, bridges, ports, slum clearances, etc.] For it is with the unemployed men and the unemployed plant, and with nothing else, that these things are done. (His italics.)

"To have labour and cement and steel and machinery and transport lying by, and to say that you cannot afford to embark on —"

the Guernsey market scheme? Not quite, but—harbour works or whatever it may be, is the delirium of mental confusion."

"Yes sir, go on sir, sling it into 'em sir, it goes to our heart sir, and we know it by heart sir, ten years ago sir, but don't let that stop you sir. You make the noise sir, for we have got hoarse sir."

So here we are. But what does it all portend? There is an unmistakable Social-Credit scent discerned from Mr. Keynes' article. But sentiments are not enough. First of all we must repeat that what Mr. Keynes says is said on behalf of the Liberal Party—and the Liberal Party is not in office. Again, there is no principle expressed anywhere in the article which is inconsistent with Conservatism—and Conservatism is in office. So, if the Liberals mean well by this nation of employers and employed, and are not simply manoeuvring for position in the next election, there is nothing to stop their coalescence with Conservatives to give effect to the above outlined programme. Further, seeing that such a programme must necessarily win wide popular sympathy, why does the Conservative Government not preach it as well, if only in self-defence? After all, the main idea was theirs to begin with, as we have already pointed out. Why should the Government neglect to revive it, and even to claim the copyright, now that their rivals see some money in it? Such an act of renunciation amounts to deliberated suicide.

It is a curious situation. Either this programme is approved by the banks or it is not. If it is, the present Government can just as safely stand for it as can the Liberals. If it is not, the public is presented with the paradoxical position that the Liberals—the bankers' party—are bidding for office on a policy disapproved by the bankers. Our readers must solve this puzzle for themselves. We can only make this general comment: that a party which advocates

a reform of credit policy and insists on the necessity of its beating the other parties in an electoral battle in order to establish the reform has not got hold of the right reform. The test of real insight into what is really required to restore national prosperity will be the willingness of the sponsors of the proposed remedy to co-operate freely with political leaders of all party complexions, irrespective of who happens to be in or out of office. When the principle of Social Credit be lifted up it will draw all men unto

The Report of the Industrial Transference Board has now been published. Sir Warren Fisher, Sir John Cadman, and Sir David Shackleton have spent many months investigating how to "accelerate and intensify the process of transfer of labour." Unfortunately for them, able men as they are, they "felt bound to have regard to the settled financial policy of the country" when reviewing schemes involving heavy outlay of money. The result is that the Report, instead of telling us how to transfer labour, tells us why we cannot. Nobody appears to have expressed disappointment at this outcome, but that is because nobody expected any other. The Commissioners report that industry at home is not expanding fast enough to require any internal transference of unemployed labour; and that Australia, Canada, and New Zealand have put obstacles in the way of external transference. They might have put the whole problem into the single formula that the world is over-supplied with labour. This would have rendered unnecessary their reproaches against the Dominions, which can only lead to bad feeling within the Empire. After all, America is an English-speaking country, and her restrictive policy towards immigration from Britain is logically just as indictable. All countries which must resist imports of goods must resist imports of men—and for the same reason. So long as a human being's labour produces more things than he is allowed to consume, he is an instrument of over-production, and can only be welcome in a country that suffers from under-production. There is no such country.

A company called the Financial Newspaper Proprietors, Ltd., is being floated. It will acquire the *Financial News*, the *Journal of Commerce and Shipping Telegraph*, the *Investors' Chronicle and Money Market Review*, the *Banker*, and one-half share in the *Economist*, as well as a few minor publications issued by the companies which will be absorbed in this merger. The *Economist*, so the prospectus assures the public, will retain under definite contract the "complete independence" which has, etc., etc. The other publications will retain their identities and "unfettered editorial policies." Of course. "Our wills are ours to make them Thine," as Tennyson said.

Persistent overproduction of the paper on which newspapers are printed is "fast bringing on a crisis," according to the *Daily Mail*. It is estimated that the world's printing presses can use only five out of every six reels now being manufactured. Canadian production is 40 per cent. above that of America, which country is "saturated," so Canada proposes to dump her surplus here at £13 per ton, £1 below the current price. The Empire Paper Mills of Greenhithe, Kent, which supply the *Daily Mail* and several other London newspapers, have anticipated this attack by offering part of their next year's output at the same figure. That will be a slice of luck for newspaper shareholders, but it will not last long. Some financial syndicate will be sure to turn up with a merger scheme or an international selling organisation. In the end some redundant plant will be closed down and prices raised up.

Social Credit Philosophy.

Extracts from Major Douglas's writings compiled by W. T. Symons.

"One of root ideas through which Christianity comes into conflict with the conceptions of the Old Testament . . . is in respect of the dethronement of abstractionism. That is the issue which is posed by the Doctrine of the Incarnation."

Whilst "Capital" and "Labour" are demonstrating their unfitness to deal with the situation now so menacing, the silent but awakening masses of the Fed-Up in every country is preparing a decisive contribution to the argument. . . .

The infinite combinations with which the drive of evolution can assemble the will, emotions and desires are probably outside the scope of any form of words not too symbolical for everyday use. But of the many attempts . . . the majestic words of the American Declaration of Independence, "the inalienable right of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," is still unexcelled. This does not mean anarchy—nor individualism—nor collectivism.

The primary requisite is to obtain in the re-adjustment of the economic and political structure such control of initiative that by its exercise every individual can avail himself of the benefits of science and mechanism, that by their aid he is placed in such a position of advantage, that in common with his fellows he can choose, with increasing freedom and independence, whether he will or will not assist in any project which may be placed before him. The basis of independence of this character is most definitely economic—only by recognition of this necessity can the foundations of society be so laid that no superstructure built upon them can fail, as the superstructure of capitalistic society is most unquestionably failing. Systems were made for men, and not men for systems, and the interest of man, which is self-development, is above all systems, whether theological, political, or economic. . . .

We must build up from the individual, not down, from the State. . . . If any condition can be shown to be oppressive to the individual, no appeal to its desirability in the interests of external organisation can be considered in extenuation. . . . our premises require that (co-operation) must be the co-operation of reasoned assent, not regimentation in the interests of any system, however superficially attractive. . . .

The theory of "the survival of the fittest" has always been put forward as an omnibus answer to any individual hardship; although such books as Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "Science of Power" have pretty well exposed the reasons why the individual, efficient in his own interest—will possess characteristics which completely unfit him for positions of power in the community. The second great factor may be summarised as a claim for the complete subjection of the individual to an objective which is externally imposed upon him, and the forging of a social industrial and political organisation which will concentrate control of policy, while making effective revolt completely impossible, and leaving its originators in possession of supreme power.

This demand, and the exploitation of "public opinion" manipulated by a Press owned and controlled from the apex of power, are all features of a centralising policy commended to the individual by a claim that the interest of the community is thereby advanced. Its results have been nothing less than appalling.

The comparative rapidity with which the processes matured (in Germany) was no doubt aided by an essential docility characteristic of the Teutonic race; but every indication points to the imminence of a determined effort to transfer and adopt the policy of central, or, more correctly, pyramid control from the nation it has ruined to others, so far, more fortunate.

Turn for a moment to its material side. Inequalities of circumstances confront us at every turn—unemployment, degradation, unemployability, disparity in rewards. In politics, all settled principle abandoned. Attitude of statesmen and officials: veiled antagonism, supremacy of patronage over merit, and vested interest over both.

The Come-to-Church Movement.

Every reader of this journal who is intent on the reform of the financial system should take note of certain tendencies which are indicated in the title of this article. The literal application of the admonition "Come to Church"—which is familiar in America—is one only, and perhaps the narrowest, of the manifestations of what is probably a deeper and wider policy. As recent instances of these one may name the Washington Conference, the League of Nations, the Kellogg Peace Pact, the Geneva Naval Conversations, and comprehensively all sorts of "good-will" discussions and adjustments down to Mr. J. H. Thomas's celebration of the sacrament of wage-reduction.

All these manifestations have one common denominator—they tend to pose every problem in terms of morals, thereby suggesting that its solution is a matter of conscience. The suggestion is all the more dangerous because it is half true. It is true in the sense that the will to remedy an admitted evil derives from a conscience; but untrue in the sense that the will and the means are one in respect of all evils.

The effect of this movement is to impute moral odium to everyone who asserts, in respect of certain problems, that the technique of their solution is independent of morality. It propagates by implication the doctrine that there can be no mechanism of reform in which bad men (as it defines "badness") can co-operate. There is a text in the New Testament which is as follows:—

"But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died."

Since the present movement is being conducted under traditionally Christian auspices, it is appropriate to point out to its sponsors that the plan of salvation was devised and carried out without the co-operation of sinners. Men were not told: "Be good; and Christ will die for you," but: "Be good, because Christ has died for you." This was fine morality; for the exhortation to repentance was directed to man's faculty of gratitude for a realised benefaction, and not to his expectation of an unrealised benefaction.

Therefore the people who to-day are being malignantly as "mechanists" or "materialists" because they would separate technical from moral problems, have the right to answer that it is they who practise the higher ethicism. They do not tempt the donkey along a moralist road with a materialist carrot. But that is precisely what their detractors are doing. Are they not? They say: "Be good, and you will be prosperous." What utter materialism this is contrasted with the economic mechanistic doctrine: "Let us make them prosperous, because we have faith that they will be good."

To misapply a moral standard is an immoral act. And the more generally that standard, as such, commands popular assent, the more dangerous the consequences. At one time the Church was the sole arbiter on matters of morals. Subsequently her claim to convict of sin and prescribe conduct by right of divine inspiration was undermined, partly because the prescriptions were unpleasant, and partly because scientific discoveries played havoc with the ecclesiastical pharmacopoeia. This process was encouraged by the ruling classes during that long period because they were learning how to discipline people by secular instead of religious means. To-day the Church is dispensable. The Press has inherited the pulpit, and has substituted the doctrine of man's duty to the State for his duty to the theologians' God. Mr. Baldwin's contemptuous reception of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Manifesto at the time of the General Strike is evidence of how far the declension in the authority of the Church has proceeded. And such exhortations as that to which Mr. J. H. Thomas

is prone: that "sectional interests must give way to the general interest" (and many variants of it, all amounting to the affirmation of the supremacy of "society" over the individual) are indications of the substitution of a secular for a religious moral code.

But the people, over whose heads this change of doctrine has been adopted, are no better off for it. They still lie under the imputation of "sinfulness." All that has changed is the personnel of the new authority which exhorts them to "repentance." This secular authority continues, of course, to use the Church as an instrument of exhortation. But not only the Church. It uses other agencies, and it allows them to adopt any interpretation of "sin" they like. Its one objective is to keep the people under the illusion that all their troubles, of whatever nature, arise from defects inherent in themselves as individuals.

Thus it comes about that the theological expert finds himself exposed to the competition of the psychological expert in the soul-markets of the world. Not only so, but would-be up-to-date theologians find themselves obliged to study psychology to perfect their efficiency, so that gradually there is being formed a religio-scientific merger which will monopolise the market and regulate the output of hypnotic dope.

The recent symposium of views promoted by the *Daily News* on "Where Are the Dead," followed by another symposium now proceeding in that journal under the subject-title: "If Christ Came to London," are in essence steps in the formation of an educational trust designed to prevent wasteful competition between disciplinarians.

The underlying objective is the same, namely, to create an atmosphere in which people will be induced to "examine their hearts" as the one means whereby they can hope to be happy in this world or the next. That is the explanation of the policy of the *Daily News* when, in selecting spokesmen for the materialist side of the "debate," it chose opponents whose beliefs were at best a kind of mystico-spiritualism, and who therefore conceded to the

The plan all the time is to keep people concerned about their "souls." And so long as the ruling classes can achieve that objective it is no matter of concern to them whether it be the priest or the psycho-analytic practitioner who receives confessions and pronounces absolution. The essential is that the "doctors" must not fall out, or the plain man may use his critical faculties independently.

The doctors are not likely to fall out. For instance, take that interpretation of psychology for which Dr. Adler stands. Here is one of his declarations:—

"We cannot escape from the net of our own relatedness. Our sole safety is to assume the logic of our communal existence upon this planet as an ultimate absolute truth, which we approach, step by step, through the conquest of illusions arising from our incomplete organisation and limited capacities as human beings.

Mr. Philippe Mairet, who quotes this passage in his "ABC of Adler's Psychology," adds these comments (the italics are the present writer's):—

"It is this which Adler has done by showing that all psycho-pathology is in the nature of egoism. Egoism in all its innumerable forms is the attempt of the individual to compensate for an illusory loss of individuality."

"The discoveries of Individual Psychology . . . confirm the importance of a sound and normal love-life, which however is the result of a progressive individual power in social usefulness."

"Individual Psychology is not an escape from Freud's gloomy diagnosis of the human soul. It rather increases the terror of our predicament, for it shows a deeper danger in man than his sensuality. The dragon is still more fearful than the slime. If Freud has exposed the beast in man, it is Adler who has revealed the devil."

Whether these affirmations are true or not is a matter outside the scope of this article. The immediate point is they are capable of being absorbed bodily in

a revised code of moral discipline, and of being used by the ruling classes to secure the ends of financial government. For instance, see how such ends could be subserved if that quality which was once called "divine discontent" should now be re-interpreted as diabolical egoism. Again: how much is the sense of "loss of individuality" in any person "illusory"—and, what is the definition of "social usefulness" to which the individual should be exhorted to "progress"? Certainly this definition must exclude such an application of "social usefulness" as has just been rendered to "society" by the railwaymen under Mr. Thomas's inspiration.

Psycho-analysis is an empirical science in process of investigation. Its interim conclusions are so far justified by cures effected by expert practitioners. But directly its provisional concepts are spilled out of the clinics into sociology—and its diagnoses of specific individual psycho-pathological states generalised and applied to people in the mass—it loses authority as a science, and takes on the character of a moral programme. As a matter of fact, Mr. Mairet says of Dr. Adler's work that it has begun to propagate "the culture of human behaviour;" and he thinks that Dr. Adler may "well come to be known as the Confucius of the West." No one need grudge him the honour, but the danger is that he may be appointed to the board of directors of the Come-to-Church Trust.

JOHN GRIMM.

The Sensible Man's Religion.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for July contains an article with the above title which is of great interest. The anonymous writer, who says he is a banker, having been struck by a remark of the Earl of Shaftesbury, "Men of sense are really but of one religion," started to look into the question. Having picked his men, he proceeded, on suitable occasions, "to dip into the minds of a number of newspaper writers, doctors, lawyers, professors, statesmen and business men, to whose friendship several positions he occupied gave convenient access." As an outline of the scope of his enquiry he took the Apostle's Creed.

The results at which he arrived are quite natural, though perhaps a little unexpected, for although the majority of his men were not "intuitionists," and preferred "common sense arguments," they were also unversed in theology and Christian history, so that their common sense was unhampered. For example, they believed in an orderly universe is more likely to be run by an orderly intellect than by nothing at all. So, too, "Most of my friends . . . believe that personality survives. I repeat that they are not discussing Energy—they are dealing with a vital something which, in a practical sense, creates energy." Regarding the forgiveness of sins—"They cannot picture God as a pretty bookkeeper. . . . If all a man's sins should be remitted, he feels he might become . . . worthy of some place, however lowly, in the scheme of things. This point of view gives sensible men great tolerance towards the sins of others, though not necessarily towards their own." The analysis, which runs to ten pages, is all worth consideration. But, perhaps, the most interesting page for us at the present moment is one which states the longing of the sensible man as regards a Church. "They regret that they do not go to church. . . . They see their God and their spiritual Christ at the top of a distant hill. . . . They see the churches surrounding the foot of the hill with their walls guarding their own special pathways; they may each wish to enter, but they picture a priest, rector, or parson guarding the doorway through which they would like you to pass. They believe that they may be asked to subscribe, not merely to their fundamental beliefs but to others . . . which they regard as unessential or irrelevant. If one is scrupulous he cannot do so. . . . One cannot avoid the idea that an organisation which maintains a common place of worship founded on the fewest and simplest possible principles might attract . . . this type of man. Huxley suggested, I think, that such a church might well become an established Church, and no one would ever seek its disestablishment."

L. W.

The Sentimentalist.

And you look from Dan to Beersheba and cry there is nothing but emptiness. It is a lie, if you creep back into the fold of the human family, and carry that saying used by Gorki in your heart, "Every man is a brother to another against his own will." Also you cannot reach a star by spitting at it. Memory has wisely erred in retaining many of those perfect pleasures of youth and childhood. The fluffy head of meadowsweet now in bloom invokes the spirit of the past; its perfume is a scented letter from earth reminding you of its tender watching over your life, and also it is a warning that she requires your allegiance wherever you may have stuck your head. Yarrow, the herb used by country folk, is also in bloom, and the butterfly resting on the drum stick heads of knapweed, is one of the fingers on the clock-face of summer.

"Let us go to Brentford," said Sir Lancelot, and, from the airless city of distraction we were jiggled in various forms of locomotion. The people of Brentford "belong." The corduroy trousers of the men; the pleated, old-fashioned skirts of the women; the tumbledown cottages, all fit into the picture of one of our waterway towns. Brentford is a half-brother to a longshoreman's port, and from this point we walked along the canal path, shaded from the hot sun by tall hedges, into which the pink and white convolvulus had wreathed their beauty. Two swans resting on an island in the river Brent, that languidly flows into the canal, formed a charming picture; a white pigeon tumbling in the air against a Naples-blue sky made another, and the twisted trunks of willow trees, graceful even as a symbol of grief, told us that Nature was giving us the "long pull" on our return. There was no effort on her brow, and the calm eyes of contemplation looked on her in adoration. Forgive us, dear earth, in whose creed the word "sin" has no place; forgive us, dear willow trees, whose trunks are scarred and fluted with age; shall we not say it?—almost like our own face, and you quiet waters, where stately reeds rustle and whisper those old cunning and soothing stories—how many of your kind have we not guillotined to thatch a hay-rick? In the world's economy it was to be; you will forgive us also. We half admire your compromise with the wind.

The horse, doing many things at once—eating from a nose-basket, walking, pulling the boat—makes way for you when you hug the hedge; the canal-boat, decorated in simple colours and crude design, glides through the water; there is the "distant" look in the eyes of the man who is steering. You are an object; you "don't belong" to his world. Nearing the lock, the chuff-chuff of a motor driving a boat makes you turn your head; it is towing another boat, and you wait until it overtakes you. In the first, a man with a copper-coloured face, is driving and steering; in the second, grandmother, wearing an old-fashioned bonnet, is steering. They are both having a friendly row. "Gimme some matches," shouts grandfather to her; the old woman fumbles about in a box and produces some and offers them across the top of the little floating house. "I don't want 'em," the old ruffian says. "I'll use some of me own"—just in that spirit of rascality and contrariness that may be a sign of devotion. A slap, as someone remarked, is often a sign of affection.

Our boatman, neither vulgar nor Volga, assures me that the only time he obeyed orders was when he was in the army. He has been seven years in India, and has served three years in the last caterwauling and

hopeless muddling in what is now known as the Great War. His daughter is comely, and there is great strength in those limbs covered by an antique blouse and pleated skirts. She has a pleasant and melodious voice, and her intonation of the word "be toimes" tells us something of Worcestershire or Warwickshire.

Curiosity, to see what was the red fruit hanging over the water, compelled us to cross the locks; we make the acquaintance of "Alf," a thin, tan-faced man-in-charge, who states that the red fruit are Morella cherries—"vurry bitter." He has rose-trees planted in old buckets, and a sign tells us to beware of the dog. The old boatman comes up to raise the sluices to let in the green and cool water; he was present when Alf's brother was "done in" in France. We chatted as we walked together from one lock to another, and mutually decided that we would each keep our own station in life. His father had been a boatman; he had been a boatman, a soldier, and would finish up as a boatman. From Brentford to Birmingham was three days' journey—thirty-seven locks up and twenty-four down, piece work, and the sooner the job is done the better. Motor engines were like horses—if you knocked them about you couldn't expect to get the best out of them. The traffic on the canal was in competition with road transport; speed was making itself known on the peaceful waterways of England.

In three days the two boats would reach Birmingham with their cargo of ingots of solder. Competition with road transport had brought speed on the water track; in many parts of the canal the bank sides had fallen, due probably to the heavier swell caused by motor-tractors. We look on the madness of the age symbolised by speed, caused by a frantic fight for what amount of money in circulation there is allowed to be by financiers. We regard the daily death toll caused by speed, the tearing up of roads by ear-splitting machinery, the grind and racket of mechanical road lumber, the noise discovered by newspapers about ten years too late, and find that the pace set by finance demands that the nation's children shall have fearful tools and toys. These tools and toys will be justified by many parasitic interests; and one wonders what in the name of God has struck a Medical Council and newspapers. Is it only by accident that noise has been discovered by them; or are we in danger of an attack of common sense whereby mankind runs the risk of learning that there is a day after to-morrow?

Earth, sky, and water, with little effort on the part of man, willingly yields enough and to spare to minister to moderate wants. The irritant is supplied by the mal-administration of credit which sets the world's teeth on edge. The complaint is known, diagnosed, understood, and, neither in rage, hatred, nor perplexity can any thinker consider the subject now, for that would be like a school teacher getting cross over the learning of the multiplication table.

The quiet waters of the canal, the prospect of a graceful turn and new delight, the sound of distant voices on a summer's eve have settled the question for good; a beastly trick is being played on the human family whereby two into four only goes once. Financial arithmetic is found out; the B.M.A. have heard it in the streets, and Finance could easily subsidise a thousand societies to propagate the "change of heart" theory so long as financial arithmetic is always used. The "change of heart" theory comes from Palestine—choice metaphysic of the poor in spirit—useful perhaps in a way when ends are known. Three in one, and two into four going once; give the kids something to play with; these are but superstitions that drop silently into the Brentford canal. The human family, including our Boatman, are more important, and first things must come first.

WILLIAM REPTON.

Views and Reviews.

PSYCHOLOGY WITHOUT TEARS.

By Maurice B. Reckitt.

Mr. Mairret's striking little book* has already received notice in THE NEW AGE from a competent pen, but it is not inappropriate that it should receive further consideration from a highly incompetent one. For an A B C must surely be intended primarily for a dunce, so that ignorance of the subject concerned becomes therefore a qualification for reviewing such a book—a qualification which in this instance it would be hard to rival. It is Mr. Mairret's contention that psychology, as expounded by his "Confucius of the West," ceases to be a concern merely of medical specialists or philosophical experts; it has reached the stage when we have all something to learn from it—or, rather, by means of it. The subject then is open for discussion by the simplest, and a fool may rush in where the "highbrows" of psychology, rendered cautious by the width and profundity of their studies, might fear to tread.

What do we expect of an A B C? That it should be readable, simple, and convincing to us, that the subject to which we are introduced is worthy of the study invited from us. Mr. Mairret's book survives these tests. It is not merely written in English (unlike so much psychological literature, which is disguised in very good English indeed. Even the perhaps unavoidable and probably justifiable jargon of psychology is given a new validity by the brilliance of the author's exposition of it. The book is simple in essentials, because Mr. Mairret knows how to make his points. But the subject will not perhaps prove as simple to its reader as it does to Mr. Mairret till the place of psychology in the general body of knowledge and experience is made more clear—a task probably impossible in a book of this size. The relations of psychology with metaphysics, with ethics, with religion, and with social science, as well as with medicine, have got to be elucidated far more thoroughly before it will cease to appear as a resented intruder in the intellectual realm, chiefly interested in upsetting the apple-carts of the more old-established categories of thought and feeling. Mr. Mairret introduces his subject rather as one might introduce a young genius to a gathering of respectable pundits whom it was his mission to put in their places. But he does not betray in advance what their places are to be. That he leaves us to deduce for ourselves, and not all of us will feel equal to the task.

Of the fundamental significance of the emergence of Psychology there can be no doubt. It witnesses the necessity men have increasingly felt, since the insufficiency of eighteenth-century rationalism became manifest, for finding a scientific basis for the priority of feeling over reason. To strive for this involves no derogation of the reasoning faculties of men, which have their unique functions to perform that can never be abdicated. But what the eighteenth century failed to realise is that reason is a lever that cannot work without its fulcrum. The Middle Ages, which exhibited in their most notable minds a power of employing reasoning seldom excelled since, found that fulcrum in religious dogma constructed round the central assumption of God's love for the world and man's need of Divine grace. When this fulcrum collapsed (whether justifiably or not we need not now inquire) Reason was left in the air—"unimpaired" as its devotees declared, but in reality impotent to do anything but construct speculative systems for a race of imaginary beings described collectively as "Natural Man." But man was, of course, a thousand times more truly natural—and therefore spontaneous, volitional, individual, and

* "A B C of Adler's Psychology." By Philippe Mairret. (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d.)

perverse—than the rationalists ever dreamed; and what Mr. Mairret describes as Schopenhauer's "forcible reversal of the tendency of European thought" by demonstrating the supremacy of the Will over the Intellect is the most striking revolution in human ideas since the exaltation of Reason by the Encyclopaedists, and a far more profound one, because it "led men to search for the vital impulses behind thoughts." That search must be made in the "deeper levels of consciousness," where "memory plays its part not as recollection but as feeling." The soul, degraded from its old "superstitious" associations to become the postulate of a false romanticism, and maundered over in countless sentimental reveries, has had something of its former dignity restored by the scientific respect paid to it by psychoanalysis. This has reached its climax in the system of Adler, who seeks to reveal "how all the activities of the soul are drawn together into the service of the individual," and through the illuminated "awareness" of truly conscious individuals may be applied to "the creation of the superbiological organism, human society." As Mr. Mairret penetratingly observes, we have been, for long decades and even centuries, "trying to live as if the soul of man were not a reality." That picture need not—indeed it cannot—any longer be sustained.

But "a positive psychology, useful for human life, cannot be derived from psychic phenomena alone, still less from pathological manifestations. It requires also a regulative principle," and this Adler finds in "the logic of our communal life in the world," and the necessity under which man finds himself, and which he shirks only at the cost of social neurosis, of having "to face the logic of social needs." This application of the term "logic" to express man's unavoidable obligations to society recurs frequently in Mr. Mairret's book and is very characteristic of his exposition. It is indeed significant that while Adler has chosen to describe his system as Individual Psychology, "the study of the separate personalities we are," this very study reveals the impossibility of the individual achieving any isolated psychological salvation. For individual poise and balance the feeling of inferiority must be overcome: this involves the attainment of an "unstrained and unconsidered assumption of human equality unchanged by any inequalities of position," a "feeling of secure membership of the human family," which is not to be gained without expenditure of spirit in the service of it. "The individual who is determined to render real social service has often to face heavy opposition. But it is precisely that sense of struggle to give his best which the individual needs no less than society benefits by it. . . . Constant striving from below to above in the soul of man is precisely the same in the healthy and in the neurotic, for it is the basis of all individual orientation. What distinguishes the healthy is the greater strength of the communal feeling which compels them to realise their desire for ascendancy in more or less useful and realistic activities." Such a man seeks his "compensation" outside himself, and saves his soul by losing it.

The scriptural reference is justifiable, for the relation of all this to the essence—and even the traditional technique—of Christianity is too obvious to be avoided. Whatever may be the case with Mr. Mairret's master, the pupil's interpretation is something so truly congruous with the Christian faith as to amount to an apologia for it in the terms of psychological science. The spiritual constructiveness of a "self-life of sacrifice and service; the propriety of a "self-examination" directed to the discovery and expulsion of pride and the self-regarding instincts; the resemblance of the "life goal" of the Adlerian to the "besetting sin" of the Christian; in all these matters a new science sheds its illumination upon an

old faith. Science and faith are never to be confused, and psychology will lose its validity if it aspires to become a substitute for revealed religion, but each may co-operate to purify and clarify the disordered instincts of mankind. Religion has been called "sanctified common sense," and much of Mr. Mairet's book may be fairly described as "rationalised common sense"; but this is to detract neither from its originality nor from its value, since common sense is neither so common nor so plain to our dull senses that an exposition and a vindication of it at once so brilliant and so unpretentious has not something of enlightenment for us all.

Bring Out Your Dead!

Here lie
H. G. W.*
and
G. B. S.†
who passed peacefully away
A.D. 1928.

"As dead as anybody ever is, laddie."
Saint Joan (Epilogue).

In THE NEW AGE for May 24 appeared a criticism of Wells's latest book, "The Open Conspiracy."* Little more need be said except to quote the opening words of the Preface:—

"This book," writes H. G. Wells, "states as plainly and clearly as possible the essential ideas of my life, the prospective of my world. Everything else that I have been or done seems to me to have been contributory to or illustrative of these ideas and suggestions. . . . This is my religion. Here are my directive aims and the criteria of all I do."

Wells has shot his bolt. There is nothing more to hope for, it seems, except further try-outs and elaborations of the same theme based upon the same directive aims and criteria. What are these aims and criteria? They are "an amplifying group of ideas" expressed in an endless discussion as to "the possibility of an immense and hopeful revolution in human affairs and of an enlivening and ennobling change in our lives." Somehow mankind must be made to tend towards the World State and be guided by a World Directorate. . . . He says it again, and, probably, he will say it again and again. And while Wells has been saying it the bankers have established World Finance under their own World Directorate—without consulting Kipps, Mr. Polly, Mr. Britling, or anyone else.

Within a few weeks Shaw has followed his fellow-Fabian into the land of the lost.

Shaw has shot his bolt in 470 pages of tightly packed type. In his "Guide to Socialism and Capitalism" Shaw makes clear once and for all his directive aims and criteria, and, like Wells, misses the mark.

Shaw's book is worth reading for its clear-cut English, but the ideas and arguments put forward are the Socialism of the Fabians of 1884. Shaw's mind accepted these ideas, and it has not changed in twenty odd—ah, how odd!—years with a changing world. His chapters deal with The Money Market, Speculation, Banking, Money, How the War Was Paid For, National Debt, Rent of Ability, Party Politics, Change Must Be Parliamentary, etc., etc.—and he quotes St. Paul incorrectly several times.

* "The Open Conspiracy." By H. G. Wells. (Published May, 1928.)

† "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism." By G. B. Shaw. (Constable. 15s. net. Published June, 1928.)

Every word in this book conforms rigidly and logically to the Shavian first principles:—

1. The iniquity of private property.
2. The paramount social importance of equality of income.
3. The criminality of idleness.

Those three ideas represent nothing to the New Economics, but an initial mental blunder regarding ownership, money, and work.

Private property, inequality of income, and idleness could not be vital questions in the New Economic State.

Shaw takes 470 pages in which to go "round the rick and round the rick," making some pretty sallies, quips, quirks, and witty topsy-turvydoms on the way.

He never tires of telling his not too intelligent woman that there can be "No wealth without work," but he never thinks of pointing out that she cannot buy the wealth produced. He takes it for granted that there is enough money, and is only thinking how to divide up what there is, and fix the total value of it for good and all!

Taking one or two stray sentences from their context one might imagine Shaw was "getting warm" in his game of Blind-Fabian's Bluff; for instance:—

"There is only one way out of the difficulty. Instead of giving people things you must give them money and let them buy what they like with it." (p. 18.)

Give them money—for nothing? Oh, dear no! They are all to work for it, and the nationalised banks are to be made to divide-up the wealth as equal fixed incomes for all. "And now comes the question," says Shaw, "Where on earth do the banks get all the spare money they deal in?" That question does not stump him. He explains all about this "spare money" and now the intelligent woman knows that: ". . . No matter how much money they (anyone) may put into the bank or take out, there always remains in the bank a balance that they never draw out; and when all these balances are added up they come to the huge amount of spare money in the hands of the bank. It is by hiring out this money that the banks make their enormous profits." (p. 245). So you see, the banks operate with the spare money deposited with them. In other words Shaw tells us that "bank deposits are bank credits," which is not quite what Mr. Reginald McKenna tells us.

Shaw has a word to say about clever men. He says: "Clever men put forward wonderful schemes based on the calculation that when a banker lends five thousand pounds worth of spare subsistence, he also gives the borrower credit for five thousand pounds, the five thousand credit added to the five thousand spare subsistence, making ten thousand altogether! Instead of being immediately rushed into the nearest lunatic asylum, these clever ones find disciples . . ." (p. 247).

Shaw treats his Intelligent Woman throughout the book as a pompous but kindly uncle might treat his little eight-year-old niece. Here is a gem of Shavian Economics for Mary Stewart Cholmondeley ("The Intelligent Woman," as the dedication runs, "to whose question this book is the best answer I can make"):

"And now that you know what banking is from the inside, and how bankers get all the spare money they let on hire, may I remind you again, if I am not too tiresome, that this spare money is really spare subsistence, mainly perishable stuff that must be used at once?"

". . . The right to take it (the perishable stuff) away and use it, which they (the bankers) sell on the hire system is disguised under the name of Credit . . . real credit is only the lender's opinion that the borrower will be able to pay him. Now you

cannot feed workmen or build houses or butter parsnips with opinions" (p. 246-7).

In eighty-four chapters and an Appendix Mary Stewart is told over and over again:—

- (a) That private property is wicked and silly.
- (b) That inequality of income is the root of all evil.
- (c) That idleness is criminal—"yet we tolerate idling, which does more harm in one year than all the legally punishable crimes in the world in ten." (p. 58.)
- (d) That the banking system operates as follows, and ought to be adjusted in the following way:—

1. People deposit money in banks.
2. The banks keep 3s. in the £ as reserve and let or hire the balance of 17s. spare money.
3. The banks make enormous profits out of this hiring of spare money.
4. This spare money is really spare subsistence in the form of perishable goods which must be used at once.
5. The spare money hired out by the banks is disguised under the name of "Credit."
6. Real Credit is only the bankers' opinion that the borrowers will be able to pay back the spare money which, disguised under the name of "Credit," is really spare subsistence—"perishable stuff" which must be used at once.

7. People cannot and do not live on bankers' opinions—called "Credit"—they live on "real victuals."

8. Paper money instead of gold is very dangerous because a dishonest Government "which owes 7,700 million pounds to its creditors" could pay it off by "printing 7,700 millions of these one-pound Treasury notes," thus debasing the value of money. The only safeguard against this is to nationalise the banks, enforce equality of income, compel everyone to work for his share, and fix prices at a dead level for ever.

9. The function of banking should be to stabilise purchasing-power: "To sum up, the most important thing about money is to maintain its stability, so that a pound will buy as much a year hence or ten years hence or fifty years hence as to-day, and no more." (p. 263.)

10. "And now, if you agree with me that it is the duty of a Government to keep the value of its money always as nearly as possible at the same level, we are both up against the question, 'What level?' Well, you may take it as a rule of thumb that the answer always is the existing level, unless it has been tampered with and has wobbled badly, in which case the easiest answer is, 'What level it had before it began to wobble.'" (p. 257.)

So much for Shavian Economics. A gamekeeper friend of mine when anyone got entangled in an argument which was clearly absurd, or talked a whole lot of high-sounding words about something the speaker did not understand (such as getting ferrets out of a sack or setting a trap for moles), used to spit skilfully over his shoulder and say, "That's all Friar's Balsam!"

And so say all of us.

W. G. MACALISTER.

Music.

That venerable leader of our London critics, Mr. Ernest Newman, was sprightly and amusing a Sunday or two ago when he was comparing conditions in England in 1860 with those in 1928. He showed us the same cries about insufficient rehearsals, bad orchestral playing, subsidies, endowments, permanent opera, and orchestras as now. Then, as now, everything that can be said, and every-ascription of causes for this inveterate and incorrigible muddlesomeness that I differ from Mr. Newman. He maintains that music is regarded in this country in the light of a sport, and that the innate weakness for courting those artistically disastrous mishaps, euphemistically called "sporting chances," makes it beyond the bounds of possibility for us ever to expect anything different here. With the "sporting chance" theory one cannot but agree, likewise on the improbability of any change either immediate or remote. When, for instance, apart from economic considerations, one urges the absolute necessity of vigorous drill, hard work, and

rigid discipline as the beginning of good orchestral playing, instancing some great Continental orchestra, up rises such an one as Mr. Bertram Jones in defence of the sturdy independence and individuality of the English system, with every man his own master in matters of tempo, pitch, and so on.

But to say that music is a sport! . . . Would to God that it were; it might then be pursued with the ardour, perseverance, and concentrated intentness that are spent by the nation on its present sports, not to speak of the vast sums that would be spent on it, as on them. Imagine, for instance, the nation intent on the performance of some enormous and difficult work like the Eighth Symphony of Mahler, by the L.S.O. as on the doings of its Test Team in Australia—that, indeed, would be the millennium. But millennia are made with hands; they don't arrive, like to-morrow.

Recently a friend played to me some records of the latest jazz. As pathological study they were not uninteresting. Now that the rhythmic "neologisms" and innovations hailed by the unthinking and ignorant so noisily but a while ago have been so utterly exposed for the feeblest of conventional commonplaces of music of all times that they are, only ever taking on a factitious appearance of unfamiliarity to the unsophisticated through the extent of their morbid hypertrophy, it is shooting a dead donkey to say more about them. The other claim, that jazz is a healthy reaction against the sentimentality of the Victorian and Edwardian ballad, though just as utterly preposterous, has not by any means received the unfriendly attentions it deserves. Mr. Constant Lambert, in an article in that excessively affected, pretentious, and callowly that excessively periodical, "Life and Letters" (one expects all one gets after such a name), sees in Delius, the Negro Spiritual, Hymns Ancient and Modern, and the jazz manufacturers, a common emotional impuise. One might as well say that it is the same emotion that breathes through the Sonnets of Boiardo or Michelangelo, Keats, Mr. Rupert Brooke, and Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The emotion, originally sound and healthy in Boiardo at the top, has undergone the successive stages of decay through the others to putrefaction and Miss Wilcox at the bottom. Similarly the emotion that informs, say, "The Song of the High Hills," to take a typical example of what Mr. Lambert calls "nostalgic melancholy," and is pure, clean, and sweet, changes to a mushy and unpleasant ripeness in the "spiritual," progressing rapidly downwards through Hymns Ancient and Modern and the ballad, then plunging into the putrid deliquescence of the jazz piece, which in shameless blatancy to the point of exhibitionistic sentimentality, is far below the lowest depths ever reached by the Victorian or Edwardian ballads, which are virile and sturdy in comparison. The entire genus is pervaded by a drooling, bibulous snivelling which makes it unspeakably repulsive and disgusting to all those not besotted by it or those who flatter it from interested motives.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

"Mr. Churchill was in one of his weightier and less scintillating moods at the Lord Mayor's annual dinner last night to the Chancellor, the court and directors of the Bank of England and the bankers and merchants of the City. But his survey of what had been done during his four years of office was very much to the taste of his audience. I noticed that they particularly cheered his remark that this was not a time for violent changes, for exciting political agitation, or for instability or discontinuity in public affairs. The 'ins,' of course, always talk like that; the 'outs' have other ideas on the matter. The City is emphatically at this moment of the party of the 'ins.'"—*Evening Standard* (City Man), July 20.

Drama.

The Enemy: Strand.

The action of Mr. Channing Pollock's anti-war propaganda play, "The Enemy," occurs in the flat occupied by the Arndt family in Vienna, and extends from June, 1914, to June, 1919. At the beginning persons of different nationality are living happily together, congratulating and helping one another's aspirations, giving birthday presents, and discussing politics with casual optimism. On the declaration of war they become delirious jingos, and assault their guests. This is followed by a presentation, one upon another, of all the disasters that befall the impotent individual—the profiteer excepted—in an international war. Professor Arndt, sane and pacifist, has to resign his chair at the University, and is reduced to the poverty of a workhouse inmate. The rewards of thrift are re-distributed among the worthless through speculation and inflation, so that a mortgage of thousands of crowns is redeemed by half-a-dozen eggs. The professor's daughter, Pauli, whose husband was worth something to the arts of peace, is left at home under-nourished, and when news of her husband's death coincides with her baby's death from malnutrition, to the sound of drums and trumpets in the street, she thanks God that no child of hers will grow up to make cannon fodder. After the war has ended the profiteer receives the highest war service decoration. Mizzi's husband goes mad, and is thus no use to himself, to his family, or to society.

Mr. Pollock is sincere; a gentleman of means has been so deeply impressed by the play as to offer to bear the expenses of the theatre for a free performance. Five times as many people as the theatre holds applied for seats within twenty-four hours of the announcement. Yet neither Mr. Pollock's method nor his message satisfy. Only the propagandist who wanted to smack his neighbour's head for his stupidity, while shouting at top speed a few well-known facts about human gullibility into his ear, gets a night out with Mr. Pollock. Although some of the scenes carry poignancy, they are not sufficiently developed to carry it home. There is no crescendo. Between June, 1914, and June, 1919, there are so many incidents to be crammed in, and so many references to be made, that none receives justice. Tragic episode follows upon tragic episode, but the whole is not a tragedy, since it is not a whole. As regards his message, Mr. Pollock would not persuade any but those who already agree with him, and the fact that everyone seems to agree with him is enough to cast suspicion on his case. This is almost to say that it has already become a platitude.

When, at the end of it all, the participants are beginning to wonder why on earth they fought, the professor representing, of course, the author, offers to supply an answer in four words, which are: "Arrogance, greed, jealousy, and vanity." Earlier in the play the audience is told that the enemy is not France, England, or Russia, but hate. It is by no means a new commandment in the year 1928 *anno domini* that we should love our foreign neighbours as our neighbours. There is a likelihood both sides in the next war will fight under banners all bearing the motto "goodwill." Propaganda to the effect that the causes of war can be catalogued by repeating Roget's collection of words for egotism and bishops fall over one another to agree with completely. Such a diagnosis requires nobody to do anything about it but smile awhile. Goodwill is the watchword of the newspapers which will stimulate and direct public opinion for the next war simultaneously with serial publication of the life of Buddha.

The training art of mankind—art of the overwhelming majority of it—of "arrogance, greed, jealousy, and vanity," will be a long job if it is the only point of attack. Indeed, until other predisposing causes of war are removed, these qualities are simply irremovable. Apart from this, vanity is possible to a pacifist Prime Minister; jealousy is possible throughout his party; and nowhere was arrogance so manifest as among conscientious objectors—which, while not disposing of them, does dispose of three-quarters of Mr. Pollock's case. Greed only remains, and of that it is sufficient to say that the great mass of people display too little of it. Lefargue bewailed the people's "cursed wantlessness."

Mr. Pollock, to be just, does refer to economic causes, but in a way so casual as to place their importance in the distant background. All his emphasis is on egotism, and on teaching, that if the Frenchman is a good fellow to-day his spots cannot all be changed by to-morrow. All over England are villages which lost a quarter or more of their eligible males, where there was no war-fever, no hate, and precious little greed. Men enlisted because their friends had gone, or were picked up by a machine they did not understand, as by an invisible whirling shaft. How many statesmen hated the statesmen against whom they declared war? The question for propagandists to answer is only partly composed of what human motives cause friction. It includes also what technique would remove the reasons why men dare not change those motives.

Judging by the performance I saw, which was after the play had run a week or so, and the reports of the first performance that I could not avoid hearing, the production has been a good deal toned down since the first night. There is still scope for further quietening, however. Horace Hodges' masterly professor excepted, much of the acting was appropriate to melodrama rather than to an appeal to reason. No man, for example, ever saw himself, or ever will, as the sort of profiteer Sam Livesey gave. This kind of profiteer was an imaginary figure provided as a scapegoat to carry away the bad conscience connected with war-time prosperity. Mr. Pollock will not remove hate by its being concentrated on new bogeys. Rosalinde Fuller's Pauli was disappointing. At no time did she let one forget that she was acting.

The Phantom Fear: His Majesty's.

Presumably "The Phantom Fear" represents the estimate of the authors, Vernon Sylvaine and Sidney Lynn, of the pitch of action and excitement required to move the blood of a modern theatre audience. After this it will be necessary to announce that audiences will sit on barrels of real gunpowder. Compared with the risks and adventures attendant on film-making, trench warfare is just mud-pie larking with the kiddies. The manager of the Kestrel Film Co. at Los Angeles answered a bogus telephone call from his director—with precious little enquiry and no confirmation—to take the whole cast aboard a rotten ship with a bad name called "The Phantom Fear," which had stood on a reef for years since it was wrecked. Once there they behaved like children who have combined hide and seek with blind man's buff in a new game. There were ten of them all together, and their experiences aboard the ship resemble a variant of the ten little nigger-boys. First Mona was murdered, and next Mace was missing. There came a point at which the company was reduced to four. Needless to say an explanation was vouchsafed at the end, as rational as most explanations in film-land, to wind up this whirl of thunder and lightning, seagull-cries, mocking laughter, and swinging doors, lamps that went out, and people who came from nowhere; dead and alive. The author bewilders his audience by the rapidity and causelessness of the entrances and exits, and his

failure to tie up loose ends provokes logical criticism after the bewilderment has gone. A first-class cast has occasional opportunities to draw attention to its potentialities. For the most part, however, it has to keep up the haste and bustle for fear of the collapse of the atmosphere.

PAUL BANKS.

Twelve o'Clock.

"Shakespeare strikes twelve every time."—Emerson.
EXTRACTS FROM "THE NEW AGE."

Edited by Sagittarius.

"Art can get back again to beauty only when it has got back to truth—which explains several movements."—Drama.

"It is no more important—and, in all conscience, no less—to preserve the charm of Oxford than to restore the charm of Wigan."—*Current Political Economy*.

"The outrage of Nature has gone so far that what matters to Oxford if it goes much farther elsewhere is of no consequence."—*Current Political Economy*.

"It is impossible to rise from a perusal of these two books without the conviction that political theory at the end of the present century had adopted categories of thought and a series of abstractions which were as fatal to reality and every prospect of true liberty as are the assumptions of orthodox economics."—*Views and Reviews*—M. B. Reckitt.

THE CONDUCT OF THE BANKERS.

I cannot sufficiently admire the industry of a sort of men, covertly but certainly professing a separate interest from the people, both the rich and the poor, who are yet able to raise so great a silence against the reform of the banking system, without offering a single good reason against those who propose it. I lay it down for a maxim, that no reasonable man, whether Conservative or Liberal, Socialist or Communist (since it is necessary to use those foolish terms) can be of opinion for continuing the present system, on the foot it now is, unless he be a gainer by it, or hopes it may occasion some new turn of affairs to the advantage of his party; or lastly, unless he be very ignorant of the kingdom's condition, and by what means we have been reduced to it. Upon the first two cases, where interest is concerned, I have nothing to say; but as to the last, I think it highly necessary that the public should be freely and impartially told what circumstances they are in, after what manner they have been treated by those whom they have trusted so many years with the disposal of their treasure, and what the consequences of this management have been upon themselves and are likely to be upon their posterity.

Those who, either by writing or discourse, have undertaken to defend the proceedings of the politicians, in the management of the last war, and of the Peace Treaty, have spent time in celebrating the conduct and valour of our leaders and their troops, in summing up the victories they have gained, and the towns they have taken. Then they tell us what high articles were insisted upon by our ministers at in persuading Germany to accept them. But nothing of this can give the least satisfaction to the just complaints of a greater load has been laid on us by the bankers than was either just or necessary; that the grossest impositions have been submitted to for the advancement of private wealth and power, or in order to forward the more dangerous designs of a financial policy, to both which a reform of the banking system would be at an end. As to the peace, we complain of being deluded by a *mock treaty*, in which those who negotiated took care to make such demands as they knew were impossible to be complied with, and therefore might securely press as if they were in earnest.

After winning the war, after ten years of peace, after increasing the potential powers of our manufacturing plant a hundredfold and therefore our real wealth at the same rate, for the bankers to tell us it will be for long impossible to have any money, is very surprising, and so different from what we might expect, that a man of any party may be allowed suspecting, we have either been very ill-used or have not made the most of our victories over nature, and might therefore desire to know where the difficulty lay. Then it is natural to enquire into our present condition; how long we shall be able to go on at this rate; what the consequences may be upon the present and future ages; and whether a reform of our banking system be

really ruinous in itself (as the bankers suggest), or equally so with the continuance of the present methods of finance. For it seems to us that the bankers are like a certain doctor, and we are like his patient, who, after four years of illness and ten years of convalescence, is just expiring with all sorts of good symptoms.

Very slightly altered extract from that famous pamphlet "The Conduct of the Allies," by Jonathan Swift.

Reviews.

History of Music. By Cecil Gray. (Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.) This book, by the most brilliant and gifted of the younger writers on music, cannot, I think, be too highly praised. To an immense and profound erudition, a keenness of spiritual insight, and an exalted philosophic spirit is added a grace and beauty of presentation, an urbane and noble charm of style that are unique in books of this kind. I found the book of such absorbing and engrossing interest that I could not leave it, but read on far into the night. Particularly welcome to me it is to see how emphatically and with what reasoned cogency the absolute and utter supremacy of Bach is maintained as against certain recent belittlement and disparagement in favour of Beethoven, and his exposure of Schweitzer's patently absurd statement that Bach himself was not conscious of the extraordinary greatness of his work. Mr. Gray's comment on this is so admirable that I cannot resist quoting it: "But apart from the somewhat impertinent assumption that Bach was unable to perceive what we ourselves are perfectly well able to see, is it not inherently improbable to say the least that an artist in whose gigantic output it is virtually impossible to put one's finger on a single imperfectly realised work, should be entirely lacking in the critical faculty that would enable him to discern his worth?"

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

Cressida: No Mystery. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. The **Portrait Invisible.** By Joseph Gollomb. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. each.)

The differences between these two thrillers are many. Style, treatment, size, intent—and yet there remains the resemblance, just that touch of strain which spoils one's enjoyment, unless it comes like it does with Conan Doyle, as something natural to the circumstances. It is unnecessary to try and compare Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' urbane and polished scene with the ragged and jerky excitements of her fellow thrillmonger. Mr. Gollomb opens with care, choosing his phrases and smoothing out his descriptions. But he soon departs from that high standard, and succumbs to the maginistry of the moment. And he is just a trifle too well-pleased with his knowledge of psycho-analysis and kindred things to bring in science and all that sort of thing without rubbing in the reader's ignorance. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes gives us, in the reader's ignorance, and yet we can't quite believe in the cold villainy of her fat and flabby little heroine.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ABOLISH CURRENCY.

Sir,—Not one of your many correspondents appears to have reached the one and only solution of the financial problem, which consists simply in the entire abolition of currency. I am prepared to explain and develop this matter if you can grant me a little space.

STANLEY COURT.

42, Balfour-road, Vincent,
Cambridge, Cape Province, S.A.

[We will look at any short description of Mr. Court's scheme, but cannot undertake to publish it.—Ed.]

CREDIT REFORM AND THE NEXT ELECTION.

Sir,—I wonder if readers of your paper, and supporters of the Social Credit Movement, have considered what steps can be taken before the coming General Election, which cannot be now long delayed, in order to put before the electors and the candidates the fundamental importance of the financial and currency situation.

Financial supremacy and monetary power have always been grasped by the banks, the recent action of Parliament

which transferred the issue of currency notes to them has again increased this supremacy, and must shortly bring things to a crisis.

Those of us who challenge this unconstitutional supremacy must bring all our pressure to bear against this development. I think all members of Social Credit or other economic groups should carefully consider what is the best line of action to make this a vital issue during the space of time available before the election comes upon us.

I hope some of your readers may be able to offer some practical suggestions.

J. E. TUKE.

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