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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The American Note on the Anglo-French Pact was issued by the United States Embassy in London last Friday night. As expected, it is definitely hostile. A passage in it runs as follows:—

"Unfortunately the Anglo-French Agreement appears to fulfil none of the conditions which to the American Government seem vital.

"It leaves unlimited a very large class of effective fighting ships, and this very fact would inevitably lead to a recrudescence of naval competition disastrous to national economy."

Another passage states that

"The American Government seeks no special advantage on the sea, but clearly cannot permit itself to be placed in a position of manifest disadvantage."

The Note supports its contention by detailed references to classes and tonnage of fighting vessels, but this is of no particular import. The significance of the Note lies in its implied insistence on the right of the United States Government to maintain and protect the economic opportunities of its nationals in the world's markets. That sounds reasonable enough until one inquires what would be the effect of Europe's conceding that right. Such an inquiry, conducted in public by diplomats, would make it clear that there is no possibility of accommodating all the economic opportunities of American and European producers, and that therefore no naval agreement based on that objective would be worth its parchment even were all the world's statesmen to sign it.

Under the present financial system the internal solvency of every great nation depends upon its exporting goods of a greater total price than that of the goods it imports. This means that every nation must be a creditor nation as a result of its overseas trading year by year. But this is manifestly impossible. So the practical question has to be to choose which nations shall dump their surpluses and become creditors, and which shall be dumped upon and debited. In view of the penalty—ultimately meaning bankruptcy, unemployment, and civil war arising

therefrom—threatening the latter category, the problem cannot be solved by negotiations, but only by coercion. In time of peace the banker holds the monopoly of coercive power. In time of war he does not. In the past it is true that he has resumed his monopoly immediately upon the declaration of peace, but if a great war breaks out again he will not be allowed to. His ideal is to be able to use the power of credit to induce nations so to scale down and apportion their armaments as to produce a situation in which none of them will dare risk war. It is a forlorn hope, for there does not exist a political Government which would not prefer the risk of external defeat to that of internal disruption. A ruler may lose a foreign war and keep his head; but let him lose a credit war, and there is no code of chivalry to save him. Again, the mere act of fighting a foreign enemy, whatever the result, appeases the internal economic conflict by providing employment and wages. The harassed Government finds itself suddenly popular—so popular in fact that the Opposition leaders strive by all manner of devices to get offices in the war-Administration.

The alternative ideal of the banker, in the face of these truths, is to acquiesce in war but to localise it. There are two methods of localising a war. One is to let two or more little nations fight it out while the big ones hold the ring and finance the combatants until they exhaust themselves. The other is to bring into alliance Powers whose resources are so overwhelming that they can themselves enter into war with the knowledge that they can win it decisively and quickly. The choice is between localisation in magnitude without reference to time, and localisation in time without reference to magnitude. What the banker seeks to avoid is a great conflict between approximately equal great alliances—for it is under such conditions that he will lose all control of the credit system and lose it irrevocably. It is for this reason that the ideal of an Anglo-American pact is a standing text in all the chief newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic. When, for instance, the *Observer* speaks of the English-speaking

peoples "leading the world," it is really advocating an alliance of the United States and the British Empire which will subserve the common policy of Wall Street and Threadneedle Street. That policy, to be successful, would require that the non-English-speaking world should peacefully absorb the export surpluses of America and the Empire. But, even imagining for the sake of argument that this "English-speaking" dumping could be sustained by the recipient nations up to the point where they shut down production altogether and imported everything, the problem of the English-speaking exporters would not be solved, it would be more critical than ever—for reasons familiar to students of the Social Credit analysis. Given a fixed volume of home trade, the faster a nation increases its export trade the faster it increases capital charges requiring to be recovered from subsequent export trade. The more goods sold overseas the more must be sold if the solvency of the productive system is to be maintained. In a short time America and the British Empire would be quarrelling over which of them should supply these contracting markets singlehanded.

Consider what the resources of America must be. In 1921 Senator Ladd, in a speech before Congress, said:—

"This country [U.S.A.] alone has resources more than sufficient to feed, clothe and shelter the entire population of all civilized countries. Probably it would not be too strong a statement to say that with our present man-power and material equipment, properly and effectively applied to our natural resources, we could furnish all the principal necessities for the economic support of all the people of the earth for years to come."

And when it is remembered that computations of a comparable order of magnitude can be supported in respect of every other nation and dominion within and without the "English-speaking world," the fantastic character of the idea of salvation by exports is self-evident.

If the truth be realised that military force is mobilised to protect export trade, it is clear that an economic understanding must precede a military understanding. Pick a dozen reasonably intelligent citizens from the street, and they would not only realise the truth when expounded, but would see for themselves what the nature of the economic understanding ought to be, even though they would not be able to see how it could be worked out. They might suggest that since America possesses sufficient resources to supply the world, she might use them to supply her own citizens, and renounce export trade altogether—in which case a navy would be unnecessary to her except for the purpose of repelling an invasion of her territory. They would, of course, not see that were she to do so by adopting the Social Credit formula for national internal pricing, her own war-risk would disappear, together with war-risks everywhere. But they would argue that as between America, who is not dependent on imports to ensure the essential needs of her nationals, and Britain, who is, America can better afford to lead the movement for naval limitation by limiting her own navy first.

On similar reasoning, America is the country which could most safely lead the movement for the removal of trade barriers by abolishing her own fiscal tariffs. She could, indeed, truly contend that she was not in need of imported goods; but that is a far different proposition from showing she is afraid to receive them. Any nation which discovers how to feed its citizens on their own production will find that it can do the same with imported production, because imports are tantamount to extra production.

The method has just been indicated—it is to expand consumers' purchasing power by arranging a general reduction in retail prices and giving retailers new credit gratuitously to make up their deficits from sales.

Let us consider whether this is quite so heterodox as it appears. The policy of exporting goods abroad involves a concomitant issue of new credit by the banking system of the exporting country; but the credit is *lent* to the importing country; but *actually* it is *paid* to the manufacturers and shippers in the exporting country. The overseas loan is in goods, not money. Mr. McKenna has said that credit does not go outside the country of its origin except in the microscopic proportion of legal tender that tourists carry out with them. Now, when goods are *dumped* abroad, i.e., exported without an equivalent return of goods, these exports are *gifts* to the importing country. To-day the policy of dumping is continuous, so that what is happening is that streams of free goods are leaving the more "successful" countries in exchange for what are virtually IOU'S representing their money values. Since (ex hypothesi) the recipients of the goods do not pay back in goods they cannot redeem their IOU'S. To all intents and purposes they are getting more and more goods for nothing, and are constantly increasing their indebtedness. This indebtedness to a country is regarded by the native banker as wealth belonging to that country. Very well. If he shows you a piece of paper recording the fact that he has authorised the giving of such and such a value of goods to foreigners, and tells you that the paper is wealth, then what ought you to call another piece of paper which records the giving of the same value of goods to the home population instead of to foreigners? You would say that the second was at least as much "wealth" as the first, and, in fact, greater wealth, for it would represent utilities and amenities which had consolidated industrial morale and social concord. In saying this you would be standing for the principle of *free consumer-credit*, which would divert supplies from going abroad where they are resisted, and distribute them at home, where they are welcomed. There will be no peace until that is done, and as the menace of war grows the urgency of doing it becomes all the greater.

Let us refer the above to the British debt to America incurred during the war.

Take a token article, say a \$500 shell. John Bull asks Uncle Sam for this shell. "Have you got the dollars?" asks Sam. "No," says John. "Waal, I'll get 'em for you," says Sam. So he goes to Wall Street and asks the banker to lend John \$500. The banker agrees: so John orders the shell from Sam. Sam borrows \$100 from the banker on his own account and makes a bill for \$500. Pending the \$100. He ships it to John with a bill to the bank, Sam draws John's \$500. The banker debits the State with that sum. Sam now pays back to the bank the \$100 he borrowed, and keeps the rest. The price is a bit stiff on John, but such things as this must always be before you can win a victory. So when the patriot, however, as well as a profiteer, "Victory Bonds," State heads a piece of paper with the title, "Victory Bonds," and exerts Sam to inscribe on it the denomination \$400, and buys the paper to help finance the "cause of right," Sam buys in repayment the \$400 from the State in exchange for the \$600 he created. This he cancels, and the \$500 no longer exist. Eventually the \$100 Sam paid away for materials and services come back to the banker in amounts through previous borrowings, and the banker invests in a Liberty Bond for \$100. So in the end John gets a shell, and Sam and his banker paid away for the Bond says that he shall receive, say, \$20 a year from the State, which means, really, from taxes imposed on his brother citizens. The justification for this is the supposed fact that Sam's brother citizens are going continuously to derive benefit from the use of his \$400—which do not

exist! In the meantime John fires off his shell, hits a German, and declares Peace. Reaching home he finds a Demand Note from Washington: "How about that \$500." "I'll sell you a shell," he replies. "No you won't," says Washington. "Or something else," persists John. "Nor that neither," says Washington. "What we want is dollars." So John goes over and arranges to pay the dollars by instalments. Washington is very sorry to inconvenience him, but John will see that the State otherwise would have to raise the whole \$20 a year out of Sam and his citizens, which would be a great hardship. "Quite," agrees John. And if the State could not raise the taxes, Sam would lose money by the depreciation of the value of his Bond, which would be very unfortunate, wouldn't it? "Very," assents John, "but I don't see how I shall wipe off dollars unless I sell you something." "Well you can sell us something if you charge it cheap enough to leap our tariff," says Washington, "but if not, don't despair, we'll lend you some more dollars and deliver you some electrical equipment to help develop your manufacturing resources." John goes away dubious. He cannot work it out right. (Nor can anybody else.) Latterly, John has been thinking that as he got in this mess buying American goods in war-time he'll only get in a worse one if he goes on buying them in peace time. So he is beginning to sniff at the doctrine of Free Imports and wonder if another little "Safeguard" would do him any harm. Also, he has a feeling that if he promoted a "European Association of Dollar Debtors" things might be a little more amicable near home. Anyhow he can buy a navy without importing it. And he reflects that he must not be a dog-in-the-manger if his nearest neighbour wants to do the same. Not a bad idea, perhaps, to have a "European Debtors Naval Alliance."

To solve the war problem the international debt problem must be solved. And its solution consists in reversing the procedure by which debts are accumulated.

A new weekly journal called *Britannia* has provoked Mr. Garvin to wrath by publishing some notes by a writer signing himself "Samuel Johnson." Mr. Garvin says that these notes contain miscellaneous attacks on the *Observer*. The one that he selects for comment is this:—

"I have just been told that in arranging with Mr. Garvin to undertake the editorship of the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica' the American proprietors stipulated that all articles on Eastern political questions should be written by Americans."

Mr. Garvin gives a whole column to a heated repudiation of the insinuation. He asserts that out of thirty-one such articles only one, that on China, will be by an American, and that even he is of Canadian extraction. After admonishing all "journalistic greenhorns" who "contemplate editorship" that they "must not believe everything they are told simply because they are told it," he concludes:—

"Here we stop for the present. But there may be more to say. If so it will go wider."

This dark saying must be read as a warning to Mr. Gilbert Frankau, who seems to be responsible for the editorial policy of *Britannia*, to "go slow." Mr. Garvin refers to that gentleman's war services, and cannot bring himself to believe that he was party to the publication of the offending paragraph. If he was, we must presume that Mr. Garvin is going for his scalp. It makes our mouth water to see a new journal walk off under our nose with a column of free advertising when we cannot get a line. And the curious thing is that although the paragraph is anti-American in its suggestion and can be construed as an attempt to "inject another drop of poison into Anglo-American relations," it is not nearly so dangerous as Mr. Denny's book, *We Fight for Oil*—not to speak of our own frequent analyses of Anglo-American relations. Mr. Garvin, in the course of his repudiation, makes a curious remark:—

"No such stipulation exists. . . . The American gentleman concerned is incapable of suggesting it or anything like it. The King's subject concerned is known to

be amongst the last men alive to whom such a stipulation could be safely breathed by anyone on earth." (Our italics.)

The writer of the offending paragraph has evidently touched a nerve somewhere to lead Mr. Garvin into such an indiscretion as this suggestion that it would be a *disloyal* act to allow Americans to write the articles referred to. It is true that "Samuel Johnson" comments that the stipulation that he alleges was made

"can only have been directed to securing support for some policy or other, unless, of course, truth has become an American monopoly like gold."

But as he does not suggest *what* policy, he does not provide Mr. Garvin with any occasion for protesting his loyalty. Besides, he should reflect that while the Federal Reserve Board influences the Bank of England's policy, American articles on Eastern politics would be certain to reflect the same policy. If Mr. Garvin suspects that policy as being opposed to British interests, well and good. But we cannot recall his having done so. However, the whole episode is a mere feather so far as its inherent gravity is concerned. What is significant is that Mr. Garvin should treat it as a scale-turning event in journalism by talking so wildly about it. He may have more to say. But, if so, it had better not go wilder.

Mr. Symons has deferred his second article on "Social Credit in Vacuo" to allow Mr. Mairet an early opportunity of replying to Mr. John Grimm's articles. In the meantime we also publish an article from Major Douglas commenting on Mr. Symons' first article.

Psychology in Vacuo.

By C. H. Douglas.

It would not have occurred to me to comment on Mr. Symons's article entitled "Social Credit in Vacuo," if I had any knowledge of the identity of Mr. John Grimm. But as I have not, it seems only fair to assure that gentleman that for what it is worth, he has my sympathy, and to offer him some additional reasons for the faith that is in him. Not that I have any doubt that he is quite capable of dealing faithfully with his critics.

Although the main lines of Dr. Adler's theories are known to me, I should not presume to comment upon them in detail. With his main thesis, that the craving for power is the focus of the world's ill-health, I am, of course, in agreement; I said so in the plainest terms ten years ago. ("The Pyramid of Power," *English Review*, 1919.) The point I wish to make, however, would be equally applicable to the theories of Drs. Freud or Jung. It is this point which forces me to state that my sympathies are with Mr. Grimm rather than with Mr. Symons.

The crude materialism of the early nineteenth century endeavoured to explain all phenomena by either chemical or physical changes in the state of matter, and conceived energy as something quite separate from and fundamentally dissimilar to the substance on which it acted. As experimental data accumulated, it became clear to unprejudiced minds that no theory of this kind was sufficient to explain the facts, and orthodox science, without abandoning the progress made by its investigations into the properties of matter, is reaching out for a synthesis of matter and energy. But it should be most carefully noted that there is no reliable evidence that, in its broadest sense, anything can exist without matter. So far as the human being is concerned, the means of apprehension ultimately require the use of one of our senses, and those senses are most unquestionably conditioned by the physical body. We can no more envisage with any relevance to scientific method, a

scheme of things which does not *start* with matter than we can contemplate a system of numbers starting at three or four. It would be meaningless.

For the first complaint I have against the psycho-analytic schools, if I may use that generic term, is that they seem to me to regard psychology as something independent of, or superior to, physiology, and as the result of this, their technique produces upon me an effect of being, in essence, quackery. I do not intend by this anything offensive. I should define quackery as being the treatment, not necessarily ineffective, of a symptom, without understanding the disease from which it proceeds; and in this sense it will no doubt be agreed that every sphere of human activity, including that of economics and finance, is riddled with quackery. Because, for instance, Dr. Adler and I happen to agree about the fact of the craving for power, it is quite unscientific to say that our theories must be complementary. I think they are opposed.

The bearing of this point upon the policy which Mr. Symons seems to have in mind is vital. He is arguing, in effect, that the objective of the Adlerian sociology is that which would be produced if social credit were in existence. I doubt it. He is further arguing that, with a diseased social body, it is possible by Adlerian methods to have a sane social mind. I doubt it still more. And finally he is arguing that while still diseased both in body and mind we can predict what our psychology would be if we were sane both in body and mind. I think this most improbable. I think the risk is very great that in treating a symptom, any success achieved would only result in the development of a worse symptom. The position being taken up by Mr. Symons and those who think with him is exactly similar and likely to be just as effective as that of those people in the world who are always clamouring for more goodwill. To continue an analogy which Mr. Symons will probably accept, and which is probably a true analogy—that of the human body—95 per cent. of the nervous and mental diseases—that is to say, psychic ills—which afflict humanity can be alleviated or cured by the methods, only broadly speaking by the methods, of the osteopath, whose technique is simply a readjustment of the structure of the human body. The sufferer has to be forced to undergo the treatment, because he is always certain that his ills are mental—that “worry,” “overwork,” etc., are causes. They are not—they are symptoms. To endeavour to impose a particular method of thought upon a patient suffering from pronounced spinal curvature in the hope that it will straighten his spine, or even that it will be the way that he will think when his spine has been straightened, is to make the same error as to direct attention to the mentality which is active in the body politic when nothing but the readjustment of that body will permit a healthy mentality to flourish. The fearful fact is, that the state of mind which is the *result* of an environmental cause, is itself the greatest barrier to the removal of the morbid stimulus from which it arises. That is why civilisation seems only salvable by shock, or by a Saviour. If the mass of people who clamour for goodwill were to concentrate on the financial system it would be changed. But they cannot—their stimulus is morbid. They don't “want” to.

A tree is known by its fruits. If Mr. Symons can point out to me a specific product of the Adlerian theory who is conspicuously more capable of producing practical results in the every-day world than the average man—who can even, for instance, ride a horse, sail a boat, hit a ball, run a business, conspicuously better than I could do it myself, then I will listen to him with the closest attention, but in the meantime he seems to me to be making the very common mistake of those who feel acutely, as I feel sure he is feeling acutely, that the world is very sick.

He is willing to admit that there is completely satisfactory evidence that, let us say, an operation for appendicitis is necessary. But, he says, the patient refuses to be operated upon. Let us therefore tattoo his left arm—at any rate, let us do something. Unfortunately the effect is not the same, and the necessity for an operation is not affected one way or another by the patient's refusal to undergo it, and (what is equally true in my opinion) is that the patient's refusal to undergo it is the result of a diseased state of mind, produced by the very thing for which an operation is required. That is why events outside the control of the patient are bound to precede a return to health.

If Mr. Symons wishes for a parallel, which in my opinion is far more scientific and certainly more complementary to my own views on the policy to be pursued than that of any of the German school of mental pathologists, I commend to him a book by F. Mathias Alexander, and published by Methuen, entitled, “Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual.”

Hanging Committees.

In our “modera” times when many persons who bewail the decline of handwork and craftsmanship long to go back to the Middle Ages, the discovery of a craft which preserves its ancient glory is a welcome illustration of their case. I had not the privilege of receiving a copy of Mr. Berry's book. For the benefit of those whose memories do not stock the names of public personages, Mr. Berry was an Executioner. In his book all the minutiae of the technique of efficient hanging are dwelt upon with a loving care and attention to detail which only a true master of the craft—Mr. Duff* would say artist—can bestow. Thus, having been introduced to Mr. Berry's book late in the day by Mr. Duff I feel like the Cockney about the pup. I am ready to buy it. Mr. Duff found it so choice that he wanted to quote the whole of it, and I confess an equal desire to quote the whole of Mr. Duff's quotation. If all Mr. Berry's book is of the quality of Mr. Duff's extracts, either he or I, it is certain, would have been proud to have been the author of it. Nowadays, when compulsory voting is proposed, and when almost anyone may be called upon to sit on a hanging committee—unfortunately the jury has to put its hanging out to a professional—the school without a copy of Mr. Berry's book is as behind the times in education for citizenship as the academy of Squeers. I would suggest also a copy of Mr. Duff's book, but passages of that might be, if not above the headmaster's head, at least contrary to the complacent conservatism it is his pedagogic duty to inculcate.

By 1885 the germ of that modern abuse, standardisation, had already bitten the Home Office. From that time, instead of encouraging each locality to have its own topographically appropriate design of scaffold a pattern whose only recommendation was its superior efficiency was imposed by centralised government over the heads (metaphorically, of course) of the local governors of gaols. Even Mr. Berry, the master craftsman, was not altogether averse to standardisation, though by comparison with some inventors his modesty about his own improvement of the pattern is touching, especially as his substitution of a slope for steps was motivated purely by an honest wish to render the last climb as easy as possible for the quaking knees and unsteady feet of the prostrate criminal. But locality tells, in spite of all. Mr. Berry writes:—

At most of the gaols the scaffold is taken to pieces and laid away after use, but in Newgate, Wandsworth, Liverpool, and several other places it is kept standing permanently. (Cayman Press. 2s. 6d.)

*“A Handbook on Hanging.” By Charles Duff. (Cayman Press. 2s. 6d.)

pool, and Strangeways (Manchester) it is kept standing permanently.

If the statistics do not justify this discrimination (and two standing scaffolds for South Lancashire looks like a libel on an industrious and, apart from small matters, law-abiding county) the anomaly should be redressed. A further anomaly is that

“the hour fixed for executions is 8.0 a.m. in all the prisons, except Wandsworth and Lincoln, where it is 9.0 a.m.”

Being myself a rounder-up, on even the duration of criminals' lives, I consider that the time should be altered to 9.0 a.m. everywhere, more especially as it would still be 8.0 a.m. in the summer. But let us provide still further evidence of the thought and organisation displayed by Mr. Berry.

“I calculate for three minutes to be occupied from the time of entering the condemned cell to the finish of life's great tragedy for the doomed man”—

there are other evidences of Mr. Berry's reverence—
“so I enter the cell punctually at three minutes to eight.”

Here, it will be noticed, there is no bowing down to the commercial morality familiar through the bill of exchange that allows three days' (or three minutes') grace. Would it were possible to stay with Mr. Berry in the condemned cell, to see the keepsakes given by the criminal to the warders just before “pinioning,” and to witness the forming of the procession. If anything more were required to demonstrate how high and holy is the office of hangman, surely it would be that this priestly executioner has

“executed only two or three . . . without fully and freely confessing their guilt,”
and that he has never divulged the confidences reposed in him at such moments.

Mr. Berry is not, of course, alone for his pride of craft among his profession. It is shared by all this honourable class of Government Servants, whose self-sacrifices are surpassed only by their sacrifices. And although the records show that sometimes their ropes break, that now and again they tear a head off, that death may mostly be far slower than indicated by the adverb *almost*, which Home Office regulations allow in the verdict of the inquest just before the overpowering adjective *instantaneous*, future clients of the public hangman (should this have capitals?) may rest in the calmest faith that the job is done with the utmost possible decorum and despatch. The word *decorum*, in this connection, it should be explained to forestall a charge of plagiarism, is not mine. It is Dr. Barr's, though he used it so long ago as 1884 in a letter of congratulation to Mr. Berry, which Mr. Berry, with some modern instinct for advertising his powers, published. It is no occasion for us to learn from Mr. Berry that the rope is thirteen feet long, or who makes the brass rings, or that there is nothing like leather for the washers. As our interest is in hanging in theory rather than any actual desire to take up the craft, we need not study the mathematics of heights and weights. The simple fact that drops have to be as carefully calculated as if they were of deadly nightshade will suffice amply to show what skill and “touch” are required for hanging a man, though it does not need quite so thick a rope to hang a woman. Until I read Mr. Duff's handbook, I confess I did not extend that meed of recognition to the craft of hanging which it commands.

Some people assert that hanging is cruel. Dr. Frederick Gärtner, describing a head struck from a body, said that

“The facial expression was that of great agony for several minutes. He would open his eyes, also his mouth,

gaping, as if he wanted to speak to me, and I am positive he could see me for several seconds. There is no doubt that the brain was still active.”

It would be possible if the head had confirmed the doctor's certainty in the presence of incorruptible witnesses and a gramophone recorder, to argue from the evidence that, the part being less than the whole, neck-breaking may not entail instant death. Let us not be squeamish. Relatively speaking (and we must speak relatively to be up-to-date), death always comes soon after. No man ever reproaches us for hanging him, so it is all the same in the end. Mr. Duff recommends public hanging again, and there certainly appears to be a case for altering the present arrangements. The people have a right to full knowledge and enjoyment of what the taxes provide and the laws enact. No taxation without representation should be the principle at a hanging as in all other things. Against Mr. Duff's suggestion of the Albert Hall, I suggest the Wembley Stadium, for which there is so little use. If this reform be too great for our conception of “gradualness,” pressmen at least should be present. Their well known restraint and delicacy could be relied upon to give the public education without offence.

Even Mr. Duff is a trifle squeamish about the inevitable hanging of an innocent person now and again, even he not appreciating how essential it is for hangmen to have something more convincing to practise on than a sack of sawdust or straw, with mere leaden weights for calculating drops. As Mr. Lloyd George said, if you perfect an instrument somebody will use it, and how much more this must be true of a nicety of skill. Mr. Duff gives a great deal of information about hanging in various countries and the absence of it—or any equivalent—in certain uncivilised countries like Holland, Denmark, Austria, Lithuania, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, and others. For a full list please consult Mr. Duff, and then if your friend invites you to go to any of them with him (if you are a she) or with her (if not) you will be on the alert for trouble, as all the would-be murderers in the world are now holding meetings to resolve upon committing their crimes only in non-capital-punishment countries.

For appointing hangmen Mr. Duff recommends open competition—by the way, Mr. Berry was one of 1,400 applicants. I disagree very reluctantly with one I like as much as Mr. Duff. There is, I believe, a better way. Jurymen seem to be drawn by chance. Why not apply the plan to appointing the hangman? When in any locality a man is to be hanged let the Executioner be chosen from the jury register. He can easily be given a lesson or two beforehand by the professional, who could be retained in a teaching capacity. When professionals die out the hangman chosen by lot can be given a few implements besides a rope, say, a chopper and a chloroform bag, together with anything else he fancies. The main point, however, is to get a method of selection which will bring everybody in, thus depriving nobody of at least a chance of adding to his experience, and, thereby, his well of reminiscence.

R. M.

REVELLE.

(From *French Songs and Verses*. Geo. Allen and Co.)

J'ai bien dormi,
J'étais parti
Loin, loin d'ici.
Me revoiçi,
Maman aussi.
Mon Dieu, merci.

MAX WALTER.

New Germany.

By Leopold Spero.

III. GOING WITHOUT.

While it is true that knowledge never became popular until books were cheap, another truth becomes evident in Germany these days, namely, how knowledge is valued when books once cheap become dear again. The German youths and maidens of the intelligent classes, having very little to spend on themselves, whether they earn it or get it from their parents, have to watch every *pfennig* carefully. The average price of a German book is 1 mark 60, or just under 1s. 8d. This does not seem very much according to our standards, though it is just about as much as many of us are ever prepared to spend, in waking consciousness, in the purchase of any book. To Young Germany, living on iron rations under a gold standard, it is a great deal. Nevertheless, the desire for knowledge is also great, and distance only whets the appetite. And since gregariousness is the order of the day, and every youngster belongs to a special little circle of friends of his own, with whom he talks, plays, studies, and travels, the purchase of books is being romanticised into a very pleasant ceremonial. It will be Adolf's birthday next week, and Hertha's the week after. Of course they would like books; and if Fritz, Hans, Ludwig, Kätie and Hedwig club together, they will be able to buy—what? why, to be sure, just that book which, after painstaking debate, they decide that they themselves most want, and doubtless Adolf will like as well. If he doesn't, he must be very *ungebildet*. In due course the presentation is made on the appropriate day. But Hedwig, who makes it, appends a request. "You must lend it to me as soon as you have finished; and then to Kätie, and then to Ludwig, and then to Hans." And the same present and promise are extracted from Hertha. In this way, at a cost of 4d. or 5d. per birthday, the young people manage to gratify their sentimental feelings and affections, and still get as much out of the present as the donee.

Can you imagine English boys and girls, who need not count the pennies so exactly, taking such interest in silly things like books, or disposing themselves so solemnly to make a co-operative "benefit" out of a birthday? But that is just the point. Hunger is the best sauce, and doing without so many things makes young Germans appreciate this truth kaleidoscopically. A box of chocolates, to the son or daughter of a professional man of good standing, is more than a luxury, it is an event. Similarly with a visit to the theatre or a restaurant. Some chance observer, wandering around Berlin, will say it is all very well to talk of Germany's hardships, but her citizens seem to patronise their comfortable eating-houses pretty regularly. It all depends upon what you understand by regularity. The German bourgeois family always took at least a couple of meals a week in a restaurant. It was a kind of ritual. Now they go once a month, for the ritual is just as compelling as ever: only they must adapt the scale of their enjoyment to the means available. Yes, if you like, it is almost ludicrous to hear not only young boys and girls, but men and women of culture and position, licking their lips slowly over the tale of some feast last week. But there is also something pathetic about the spectacle of a once over-fed and over-indulged people counting each dish as a separate and special blessing to be longed for and savoured over and over again. The gastric juices of Germania never knew such stimulus as now works upon them. The digestion of the whole country has improved, and its capacity for enjoyment can never become atrophied through fractional satisfaction.

But light and fresh air are as cheap as they are priceless. That is what Germany reminds us today. While we are muddling along with our false economics, she is re-laying the foundations of a mighty nation, strong in unity and self-comprehension. That deep and bitter scar left by the blockade, in which so many thousands of young lives were sacrificed, is healing slowly at last. But Germany is all the more determined that the children of today shall not be starved of health and happiness. Even in most reactionary quarters, it would be impossible to hear Germans express such opinions as the English counties, not to mention Belgravia and the South Kensington, voice when they denounce the wickedness of expenditure from the public purse on health work among the children of the poor. The traveller who sees what is being done for German children to-day, their delightful tree-guarded sand-pits in the big cities, the country hostels of the Rhineland and the Black Forest, the care and detailed planning of all matters of infant welfare and adolescent health, can at last understand the strange truth that in Germany children have led and carried out great movements, revolutions, reforms.

We English will never know just how bad things were at their worst in Germany after the war. Admitted that the tragedy of Austria was more poignant and cruel, as it is still farther off from effective remedy. Nevertheless, we were accessible to the appeal of the Austrian tragedy. We could afford to feel magnanimous towards a never-formidable enemy, now humbled beyond all measure. But Germany had given us too close a run, had too scornfully denied us the fame of our most prized and fondly-conceited qualities, to persuade us that defeat imposed any particular wrongs on her. Nor was she ever a suppliant, from the time she scuttled her ships at Scapa Flow to the days when her merchants and officials passed sullenly from the Ruhr into exile across the little "Bridge of Tears" at Hervest-Dorsten. How we love our magnanimity! how we luxuriate in every transpontine opportunity of enacting it, and keep a special place in our hearts for those who are willing to become its objects! At the time when the intelligent M. Poincaré was telling the world how he would squeeze the German orange till the pips squeaked, our no less intelligent Press was against publishing "German propaganda," i.e., the actual facts of what was happening in the Ruhr, and their inevitable effects. So there was no chance for any of us to show even the sympathy which had its root in plain common-sense.

See how the miasma of German propaganda penetrates the atmosphere, turning the gall in a critic's pen to a flow of sympathetic eyewash. That is just the danger of the peace spirit, as our Foreign Office keeps reminding us. Even so, the insidious poisons of courtesy, industry, self-respect and open friendship have already worked into the heart of every Englishman who has visited Germany in the past few years, and even penetrated the fortress impregnable of "French logic." Unless we pinch ourselves into wakefulness, and remind ourselves that it is time to think of the next war, with Germany keeping up, for the defence of her sixty millions, a standing army of 100,000 men, not to mention her gymnastic clubs, her choral societies, and the painted paper tanks which she is allowed to use at manoeuvres, Europe may be going in for peace before the armaments firms have time to unload their shares on country parsonages, and promotion in the Service will become simply hopeless.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Subscription Rates for "The New Age," to any address in Great Britain or Abroad, are 30s. for 12 months; 15s. for 6 months; 7s. 6d. for 3 months.

Psychology and Social Credit.

By Philippe Mairet.

Some recent writings in THE NEW AGE, especially two articles by Mr. John Grimm, will have already introduced NEW AGE readers in general to a question which has for long vexed the minds of a few of them. That is, the question as to what relationship, if any, exists between the New Economics and the tenets of Adlerian Psychology.

Personally, being a believer in both doctrines and an essentially partisan sort of mind, my instinct is to argue that these two schools of thought represent two principles of social life which stand or fall together, that they are equally true and necessary, and if you don't see it in that light you had better think again until you do. But it would be more useful at the moment to lay aside all dogmatism and try to review, briefly but impartially, the actual and potential relations between these two schools of thought.

There are personal links, of course. Some believers in Social Credit are also students of Adler's Individual Psychology. In that personal manner, however, Social Credit also has relations with Anglicanism, Nonconformity, Theosophy, dogmatic Atheism, and a variety of other movements: so it is better to ignore the personal links in the present discussion, merely observing that those who work hardest for any idea are the ones who most enrich it with their own overtones of philosophical meaning. The real question is whether the spread of Adler's ideas is, of itself, favourable to the reception of the New Economics. Do these psychological principles discredit the rule of finance, do they naturally chime with such a proposition as the Socialisation of Credit?

Well, the Adlerian is the first modern psychology to be categorically and practically *social*. We will not stress the fact that Adler himself and the bulk of his Continental following happen to be Socialists, of a fairly orthodox Marxian tradition; and that their most dangerous tendency to splits and secessions comes from a desire to be more political than psychological: but apart from any definite political colour, there is a tendency in Adlerian principles themselves to carry the student towards sociology if not into actual politics. This is not difficult to understand if one looks up the records of Adler's practice, in which we see that he has treated all states of mental ill-health as variable forms of the same fundamental disability, which is felt by different people in many different ways, but is always of the nature of social discouragement. This discouragement, even in its milder forms, tends to make itself worse by creating a defensive attitude, thus increasing the individual's isolation. The more a man is choking in the complications of his own defensive methods, the more difficult social life seems to him, the more anti-social he must consequently become. In this *pathogenetic* process we see even aggression and attack being cultivated purely as defensive measures, just as negative for the sufferer's welfare as flight or evasion would be. The constructive work of the psychologist, then, is to enable persons to renew or to improve their contact with others, by regaining courage in their community. Not only the cure of the mentally diseased, but the maintenance of normal nervous health, is thus shown to be dependent for each and every one, upon keeping a certain amount of social initiative. Adlerian circles therefore run naturally to a kind of group-forming, social-organising activity, which may have sometimes *gauche* and experimental beginnings, but tends towards its realisation of sincere and useful co-operation.

This explains the tendency of Adlerian thought towards some kind of socialism, of a rational and egalitarian kind: but what bearing has it upon the conception of the money or credit system of a State?

The modern psychologists in general have had much to say about money and its effect upon minds. Adler, to whom all psychic weakness centres in feelings of insecurity, cannot but regard modern finance as having been developed largely under the influence of neurotic motives. It stands for the dearest of all pathogenetic desires—the possibility of secure isolation, of absolute power, the possibility of being in the world but not of it, and our irrational money system has been produced largely by the almost universal wish to preserve that possibility. Such "freedom from" life, of course, only intensifies our plight if we achieve it: and it is always the plutocracy which produces most patients for the psychoanalyst. Still, it remains as a golden possibility, this mirage of mistaken happiness, which is why so many fear to have money explained away, or to have its power and glory diminished in any way. Even a sound student of Social Credit, who knows the whole money swindle from A to Z, may find it hard enough to free his mind entirely from the very fascination which perpetrated it. He, too, must look to his goal. Does he really want to share in a new public life with realistic economics? Or does he only want to float fancy-free over land and sea on the auto-gyro of a national dividend? For if the latter is his real objective he will never realise it—except in his own head.

Now Social Credit is essentially a realistic view of the functions of money, realistic to the point of accepting the present order of things as its working basis: it plans a feasible development, not an entire reconstruction. The revolution it demands is not even intellectual, it is only technical. The obstruction it encounters is this purely psychological one. By blowing the gaff on gold and the banks it threatens a secret haunt of fantasy. What opposes it is not really apathy, but a quite libidinous resistance like that which the trained psychologist encounters if he pierces right through a neurotic's apparent conflicts and indecisions to the sore spot of his one consistently cherished self-delusion. Just so the New Economics exposed, through all the controversies of politics and economics the real *puendum* of modern society. In such a scrape society, like the patient, begins at once to lie like—Heaven, marshals all its most idealistic rationalisations to the defence of its dear delusion.

That is just what happened when Major Douglas's proposals were first put forward. Purely business-like to the point of dullness as they were, they came so near to the most inflamed nerve of society that they quickly aroused all the mental resistance possible. Major Douglas, Mr. Orage, and their supporters were soon involved in discussions about foreign policy, ethics, philosophy, and eschatology. That is the origin of a body of argument, used by them against their critics, sometimes alluded to as "Social Credit Philosophy," though it is not a real philosophy, its scope being limited by the heresies it was designed to refute: but it was produced by the hard thinking of very able minds, and it was based upon certain axiomatic conceptions of social welfare. This "philosophy" has never been developed into a coherent body of thought, mainly because the chief protagonists of Social Credit are primarily economists who do not feel that they have authority to carry their diagnosis into other spheres of thought. They see that their truth is resisted, and resisted for reasons which are not economic but must be social or psychological—reasons which are out of their welkin.

Economics is a strictly limitable sphere of enquiry and it must be so limited if we are to think clearly about it. The same is true of psychology and of politics. The recent editorial policy of THE NEW AGE has been (I think even over-zealously) to discourage the confusion of the New Economics with

any particular philosophy or ethics either new or old; and I have always approved of this policy in the sense indicated. But Mr. John Grimm goes much farther than this discrimination requires, for he seems to argue that any psychology or sociology only provides an instrument *against* the economic truth, and the better it is in its own way the more dangerous!

This is remote from the truth, for a reform in economics must depend upon political and psychological re-orientation: and the converse is also just as evident. While we must keep these spheres of thought distinct, we must acknowledge their interdependence. And the future of Social Credit, its possibility of realisation, does depend upon its being related accurately to the *corresponding* truths of the other spheres of life. This relation is, of course, dependent upon personal initiative: and I would certainly recommend Adlerians and New Economists to seek for their corresponding truth, each in the other's newly-discovered territory.

Sir W. Bragg on Wages.

The presidential address of Sir William Bragg, provides an "awful example" of a cobbler who has not stuck to his last. On the things of which he is a master, such as the structure of matter, and the doings of light as it passes through it, he said almost nothing, giving all his attention to the relation between Science and Industry. The views of such a distinguished man on this most important subject might have been of very great value, but the address suggests that the speaker had no first-hand views, and was merely talking the platitudes with which the journalists had provided him.

If this is not actually the case, it is quite certain that he has not applied the scientific method to his thinking, for quite at the beginning of his speech he introduced a desert island, and observed that "what the islanders succeed in achieving by their craftsmanship may justly be described as their wages, they being their own employers." The "moral" of this was, of course, that every one must work harder and be thankful; but the possibility that this might even cause their wages to fall was beyond his message.

It is a great disappointment to find him confusing gifts of Nature with wages, for—to take the simplest case of this simplified schematic island—to pick up a banana and eat it can hardly be counted work. The gifts of Nature, whether through earth, coal, or water, are actually the source of all our Profits, for one of the great difficulties of the moment is that Nature, thoughtlessly, does not provide pennies on the same tree, so that there are no Wages to buy any of them. To speak more seriously, the passages by which Nature passes us our gifts, whether through the furrow, the engine, or the turbine have, in these days been, in great measure, constructed by the use of Credit. The creator of the credit requires to be repaid, not by consuming gifts, but with money derived from their sale. As however Nature has not provided money for this, he (or another creator of credit) must "make" some, thereby causing Peter to become indebted, in order that Paul, who originally borrowed, to plough the land, may get free. Actually at this moment half the farm land in America is mortgaged, i.e., has been used as a security on which to raise money (i.e., get credit) in order to plough and sow; and the same is the case with mines and other things.

The "wage cost" of coal is no more than the "wage cost" of, say, stone, but its "actual value" is much greater because of the gift of energy

which Nature has put inside it. It is this energy which has to pay off the debts incurred in preliminary mining expenses, etc., such as would never have been considered for a moment in the case of stone. But *in so far as these debts were incurred in the form of credit*, or overdraft, the energy cannot, as things are now arranged, pay them off until it has been turned into money, and this can only be done by a fresh credit to "buy" it with. And the same is, of course, the case with the corn on the mortgaged land.

Where credit has not been employed a recipient of the profit in corn can make an exchange with another man who has received his profit in coal, and all will be well.

This is one side of the difficulties, but there is another which is quite as important in producing unrest.

The islander who is assumed to be his own employer is not even supposed to be working as men actually do work in these days. Besides the material passages that I have mentioned by which nature's bounty passes, there is another, call it the psychological one. In "organised industry"—quite apart from the machinery, which only magnifies the effect—twenty men working together produce more than twenty men working alone. This, I think, the real "unearned increment," though the name has been passed on to a later step in the proceedings. Now, in so far as any employer was *entirely* responsible for the organisation it would be logically right that the resulting increment should belong to him. But this is not the case, for even the worst modern workman helps a little, if only by refraining from sabotage. The special importance of this view of things lies, I think, in the fact that it is the one which the worker feels, intuitively, though he confounds it with the ownership of the tools—in which he is wrong. This result of communal existence on production of goods is also effective and in far greater degree in the production of their "counterpart," money. By this I do not mean currency, but the purchasing power which is carried by the currency to the point where it is to be used to consume goods. The same currency can carry more purchasing power if it travels round faster and more often. Credit makes it move faster. But the basis of credit is not, as is often supposed, only the reliability of the borrower, it is also *the well being of the community*. There is no credit on a desert island, nor during a revolution, so that we all stand, as regards the "manufacture of money," in just the same position as the worker did as regards the "organised" production of goods.

"But just as in the case of research," said the President, "... we use two theories, actually incompatible to our minds, so the use of a mechanical theory does not imply that it represents all that the human mind can grasp." If for "mechanical theory" we substitute "current economics," the same is true, and the great work which the scientific minds must tackle before their improvement of methods ceases to be actively disastrous, lies in the region of the new economics, which deals, as it were, with the ether in which the energy of credit moves and produces many of the results which we are accustomed to attribute, quite erroneously, to other causes.

M.B., OXON.

The M.M. Club meets on Wednesday, October 3, from 5 o'clock. Discussion at 6.15.

"Letters to the Editor" should arrive not later than the first post on Saturday morning if intended for publication in the following week's issue.

Drama.

Napoleon's Josephine: Fortune.

Between the first performance and the one under review, "Napoleon's Josephine" was thoroughly overhauled, the cutting including at least one whole scene. The result, although it has made a more appropriate title, "Josephine's Napoleon," is a very fine play. Each probably occupies the stage for about the same time, but Napoleon exercises the fascination of a demi-god, whereas Josephine, lacking the virtues of great womanhood, merely strikes one as the sleeping partner in a great business merger. Napoleon, said Emerson, was Heaven's archetype, furnished for the inspiration of the bourgeoisie, for "making good." He exhibited a ruthless efficiency in stripping away everything inessential to his purpose that even Henry Ford might envy. Psychology was for him a measuring instrument that calculated how his enemies would act. His aphorisms were the concentrated wisdom of a pragmatist not concerned that things should work merely, but that he should work them, and to his own glory. Josephine was as realistic as Napoleon. Either or both might well have been guillotined but for the other. Yet when the time comes for Napoleon to cast her off in the design to rise to greater heights, one feels very little sympathy for her. She has had her innings, and she is out.

Although Mr. O'Riordan's play deals only with Napoleon's—or Josephine's, not to forget Barras—domestic as against military and political life, it is as convincing about what happens "off" as about what happens "on." The reason is that the characters talk like great men. They command a wit and an irony for which the ears reach out on expectant tip-toe. Finally, while the play is near enough exact history to make it worth while seeing by those who want history, it justifies itself for those who care only for drama. With two such characters as Napoleon and Josephine at the centre, the author has nevertheless emulated the Creator in dealing as carefully with little things as with big ones. Every character is carefully drawn and filled in. In addition, Mr. O'Riordan has used the rare faculty of getting caricature enough to illuminate without enough to distort. The play is a treat for the intelligence.

The one blemish on the play, in its trimmed version, is the second scene in which Josephine is married. The producers, Mr. Nicholas Hannen and Mr. Milton Rosmer, have done their best to make the ceremony good play, but it is almost a general rule that ceremonies belong to masque and not to drama. Burlesque ceremonies are scarcely an exception, since they belong to the music-hall. A fault of this scene which can easily be remedied was the position of the candles. In several plays lately—Mr. Matheson Lang's at the moment—candles have been placed in front of a man speaking and writing, the object being eeriness. Their flickering is, however, a strain on the watching audience. They should be moved to a better position from the audience's point of view.

Edith Evans's Josephine emphasises the limitations both of Josephine and of the actress. Where high comedy was possible the actress appeared whose comedy performances are stamped indelibly in our memories as among the points in God's favour for making this world. But neither Josephine nor Mr. O'Riordan—quite rightly—would let her play comedy all the time. For some reason not my business to discover, Edith Evans becomes what I can only call lyrically rhetorical when she ought to be exploiting pathos. Josephine is not tragic. The downfall of the power-seeker does not make tragedy; any more than the miser, to adopt Ruskin for the moment, may sing of his lost money. In the last scene Josephine had a right to pathos, however, if

the actress could take it. In this case she seemed to hesitate between preserving the aristocratic dignity consonant with imperial descent and womanly pathos, which she did not achieve. Athene Seyler's Madame de Staël suffered from the same fault as much of this actress's recent work. It was too repetitive in its mannerisms. John Wyse as Bourrienne was too English, and John Gatrell as Ulysse too feminine. As Angélique Lila Maravan gave a performance at once simple, sincere, and delightful. Leslie Banks's Napoleon commands congratulation for this actor once again. From the ragamuffin half-pay general plotting revolution in a garret to the great man who must have a son for the future good government of Europe, in speech, gesture, and make-up, Leslie Banks gave a Napoleon whose greatness one could believe in. The re-opening of the Fortune Theatre has brought London a fine show.

"Diversion": Arts.

Mr. John van Druten, the author of "Diversion," shows again, as he did in "Young Woodley," the torments of a sensitive young man infatuated by an older and cleverer woman. Wyn Hayward, the youth, met Rayetta Muir, an actress, while on holiday in Italy, where she amused herself with his enthusiasm and youthful love. Back in London he could not see that a play for blue skies and moonlight was not a play for night clubs and dressing rooms. Although she insulted him by proclaiming herself the mistress of any man who could buy her, and kicked him out of her dressing room, he could not let her drop. After three months' absence the depressing news that he had failed in his law examination sent him back to her. She consoled him and flirted with him, letting bygones be. When he realised, however, that she was expecting somebody else, he again protested his mournful possessiveness, and, in the end, maddened by her mockery, he strangled her.

Mr. van Druten is a profound observer of the will-to-power mentality which cannot bear to be frustrated in its desire to go on possessing anything it has drawn self-esteem from. The character of Wyn Hayward, considered alone, is an uncannily true presentation of such a soul. The actress's apparent belief, while in Italy, in the boy's uniqueness, and her something that life had denied him, and he couldn't part with it. When she finally mocked him, as all around him must have appeared to mock him previously, murder was the natural consequence. But considered in relation to his environment, Wyn Hayward is not true as "Young Woodley" was. Young Woodley's upbringing corresponded with his nature. He was apparently an only child, motherless and subject to the awful standard of perfection set by an aunt. No playmates showed him by the pleasures of naughtiness—that is, of defiance—that it is the good and not the wicked who are cast into Hell to stay there. But Wyn Hayward has an older brother and a sister presumably younger. These would have handled his affair with an actress of notorious "promiscuity," far more roughly in reality than they were allowed to do in the play. Even in these days when father and son are such pals that the former always gives in when disagreements arise, Sir Charles Hayward, who "knew a little about the world, and even about women," must have cut up rough long before he did, and more roughly than he did. Indeed, instead of sympathising with Wyn Hayward for "being born with a different face," as Blake described it, one is prompted to manhandle his father for being so soft. The fact is, of course, that Mr. van Druten has been more bent on a good "theatre" piece than on illuminating a brand of human spirit. That is why he has a number of stage figures in the play, such as Ida Ballinger, Mabs Kellett, and Tony Roscoe. But in his aim at good "theatre," Mr. van Druten has succeeded. Each scene moves to its climax

more perfectly than "Young Woodley," because its perfection is not so self-conscious; and only in the last scene, where the boy is given a dose of poison to take at the police-station after giving himself up, is the world entirely abandoned for the sake of the theatre and the theatre alone.

The production is first-class; the principal parts are magnificently acted, and the minor parts are done efficiently. C. V. France plays Sir Charles Hayward, Cathleen Nesbitt the actress, and Maurice Evans the youth. The last-named gives as deeply moving and sincere a performance as is to be seen in any theatre. The nuances of tone with which he merely answers a telephone reveal a background better than would a chorus. He converts the murder scene, which might easily have been melodramatic—for the reason that it leaps rather than develops—into tragedy. As the dressing-room manicurist, Mollie Lumley makes a few minutes of great hilarity by a caricature of the Kensington accent and pretension. The stage accent in general is nowadays, and especially among young actresses, so near the Kensington that such satire is dangerous. It finds more billets than it is aimed at.

PAUL BANKS.

The Screen Play.

"Verdun."

The outstanding film event of last week was the trade-showing of *Verdun* at the Marble Arch Pavilion. I propose to defer more detailed criticism until the "general release," which, I understand, will shortly take place. In the meantime, I may say that this is one of the best of all the war films, that it demonstrates to the British public that Leon Poirier is among the producers who really matter, that it is entirely free from the characteristic French screen-play vices of tautology and excessive length, and that it was perfectly cast and acted down to the least character. Incidentally, Poirier secured English and German, as well as French performers in his attempt at realistic atmosphere. There are some unforgettable scenes in this epic of tortured earth, tortured trees, and tortured humanity. I am told that Poirier, who as a young man stamped himself on the French theatre before he took up with the film, has described the cinema as "the literature of humanity." *Verdun* alone would justify the phrase.

"Stella Polaris."

I saw last week what impressed me as the best nature film yet shown to the public. This is *Stella Polaris* (Plaza) which depicts the adventures of the American party that set out to elucidate the fate of the lost members of the Stefansson Arctic expedition of 1913. The discovery of the relics of these ill-starred explorers, ranging from human bones down to a Primus stove and a broken watch, is so dramatic and poignant an episode that it might have been deliberately planned by a great producer instead of being a transcript from life. Beyond praise are the studies of Arctic wild life—walrus, birds, and stampeding reindeer—and the pursuit and capture of a Polar bear also strike the notes of compelling simplicity which characterise the whole film. *Stella Polaris* is one of those rare films which would justify the cinema even if the screen-play had not yet been created.

"The First Kiss."

In the same programme was *The First Kiss*, of which my only criticism is that the title is misleading. It tells an original and charming story of a young man who retrieves the fortunes and restores the reputation of his family by providing for the education of his orphaned brothers. This provision is largely made possible by an initial theft, and when the hero subsequently makes restitution, he gives

himself away and is made to stand his trial. The court sentences him to ten years' imprisonment, but to the relief of the audience (and I include myself) suspends sentence on condition of his accepting his fiancée as custodian. Not a quarter so sentimental, I hasten to say, as it may sound. The "stars" are that clever pair, Fay Wray and Gary Cooper, both newcomers to screen celebrity.

"Sunrise."

The most notable of the films which have just been given a "general release," is *Sunrise*, which, although not shown to the public until this year, has already taken high rank among the classics of the screen. When I first saw this film in February, there were doubts in my mind whether I should call it the best or the greatest film I had yet seen. It definitely converted a theory of mine into an article of faith, namely that the director matters most in a film, and that players and story are secondary considerations. Except that I considered the acting of George O'Brien, as *the Husband* to improve on better acquaintance, my first verdict stands. Margaret Livingston is extremely competent in her unsympathetic "vamp" role, and Janet Gaynor shows herself to be an actress of rare distinction. She has perhaps no superior as an exponent of naturalism.

"When Fleet Meets Fleet."

I saw *Sunrise* at the Shepherd's Bush Pavilion, which presented *When Fleet Meets Fleet* as the second item of an uncommonly good programme. This is a German war film, dealing with the Battle of Jutland, and worth seeing for its photography. The story is inept. I should be interested to see the film as shown in Germany; England and the English titles, as well as the play, that I suspect the version made for the British market not to be devoid of attempts at propaganda.

DAVID OCKHAM.

Reviews.

Science and Reality. By R. A. Sampson.
The Legal System of England. By J. E. G. de Montmorency.

A History of the United States of America. By Robert McElroy.

The Elizabethan Dramatists (except Shakespeare). By Charles J. Sisson.

English Folklore. By A. R. Wright.
Athens. By E. H. Warmington.

(All Ernest Benn, Ltd. 6d. each.)
When one began to think that the possible subjects had been treated in Messrs. Benn's sixpenny library a further six demonstrate the scope to be inexhaustible. Sooner or later somebody will divide these pamphlets into groups and bind them together. A great deal of up-to-date knowledge would thus be contained in a very little room. The present six are an unusually good group. (A. N.)

St. Christopher's Day. By Martin Armstrong. (Gollancz, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a novel, and a good one, about one day in the life of a man and his wife. The happenings occur from early morning of May the 9th—St. Christopher's Day—to bedtime the same day. (L. S.)

Shelley—Leigh Hunt: Records and Letters. Compiled by R. Brimley Johnson. (Ingpen and Grant. 12s. 6d.)

Dickens has left us such a one-sided and manifestly unkind picture of the brave little *Examiner* that we are specially grateful to Mr. Brimley Johnson for collecting and arranging this budget of letters. Everybody knows how Leigh Hunt stood up and fought tooth and nail for Keats. Shelley, with inestimably greater advantages of birth, wealth, influence, and personal charm, could better afford to look after himself. Yet Leigh Hunt championed his cause also, and fought back like a gamecock every time the ignoramus opened their pompous savageries. Mr. Brimley Johnson, with an admirable modesty, keeps himself in the background. But we can feel the touch of the scholar in his very self-effacement. (L. S.)

Buddha the Atheist. By Upasaka. (Pioneer Press. 61 pp. Paper cover. 1s. net.)

This is a Free-thought pamphlet. According to the writer, Buddha was an original thinker in contrast to Jesus, who "repeated parrot-like the ideas of others." The book gives a brief account of Buddhist concepts, and argues that they are not consonant with—even when they do not contradict—the idea of a "God." All you need to do to become a Buddhist is to "observe the Five Precepts" as follows: No murder, no thieving, no incontinence, no lying, no intoxication. You are encouraged to believe that human nature is rather more prone to good than to evil, its "sins" being the outcome of ignorance. After that you may contemplate sublimities such as the essence of I-ness, This-ness, Thus-ness, and so on very much as God-worshippers do. Buddha did not "trouble to deny" the existence of gods—he merely taught that if they existed they were "of no importance." (J. G.)

The Creed of a Schoolboy. By H. K. Luce, M.A. (A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d.)

"The Creed of a Schoolboy" is not, as one would imagine from the title, a book written by a legal infant who wishes to inform the public of his theological or other beliefs. It is a collection of twelve short sermons delivered in Westminster Abbey by an adult author; and all, except two, were addressed to the boys of Westminster School. A more accurate title would therefore be, "Luce's Creed for Schoolboys." The aim of the preacher was "to translate traditional Christianity so that youth may understand how reasonable and radiant a thing it is, and how entirely it is centred upon the character and teaching of Jesus Christ." One hopes that youth understood. The preacher evidently tried his best. Apparently, from the text, he adopted that tone of "I'm-just-a-big-schoolboy-come-and-tell-me-your-troubles" which the present reviewer disliked intensely in a teacher when he was at school. But it all depends on the person. Perhaps Mr. Luce can carry it off. Even so, the boys were in all probability less interested in the Trinity than in the adventures of Jonah. (J. S.)

The Presence of Christ in the Holy Communion. By J. I. Wedgwood. (Theosophical Publishing House. 58 pp., paper covers. 1s. 6d. net.)

In this booklet Dr. Wedgwood discusses the nature of a Sacrament, and gives a short synopsis of what he calls "the Babel of theories" concerning it; after which he offers his own interpretation. "The consecrated Bread and Wine become a vehicle or channel directly connected with Our Lord, through which he expresses His life and blessing." He submits that "this view of Transubstantiation or of the Real Presence rids us of a host of difficulties which have intrigued theologians." Christ does not become the consecrated elements, on the one hand; nor, on the other, are these elements to be considered as nothing more than tangible reminders of His death and resurrection. Dr. Wedgwood's thesis and arguments may best be indicated to readers of this journal by a parallel. Supposing there were to arise a controversy upon whether, when Mr. Montagu Norman "consecrates" pieces of paper as one-pound notes, those notes are "Real Credit" in themselves, or only symbols reminding recipients of the existence and potentiality of Real Credit. The answer, one imagines, would be analogous to Dr. Wedgwood's "vehicular" interpretation. (J. G.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LITERARY CENSORSHIP.

Sir,—The admirable articles on the suppression (or withdrawal) of the "Well of Loneliness" make one think of the contrast between the treatment accorded to it and to "Mother India." In the first case we have a serious study of female homo-sexuality written with a praiseworthy and honourable purpose, if not a work of great literary art, endorsed by such an illustrious psychologist as Havelock Ellis. This alone should be its passport in any civilised country. In the second case we have a vile tissue of plausible malice and venomous slander, written with an infamous purpose—in spite of the impudent pretence that it was not—to hold up Western Europeans, about many of whom just such a book might be written with just as much or little general truth. If ever there was a case for the exercise of censorship here it was. But no. It is apparently as important that a tiny minority of abnormal human beings shall continue to be persecuted and misunderstood as that the lies and slanders about an entire people shall be broadcast . . . an entire

subject people. . . . Is not that the whole clue, as it is to the fantastic abuse of, and monstrous libels against, the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church—namely, the urge that Puritan hypocrisy always appears to obey to falsify testimony against those whom it has robbed, all oblivious that its crimes are thereby magnified a thousandfold?

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

THE THIRD LINE.

Sir,—According to the editorial note at the end of Mr. Jacks's letter in your issue of September 13, THE NEW AGE inspires practical policies by its educational exposition of Social Credit.

It—THE NEW AGE—says that "The Credit Reform Movement," which is strictly educational, does not find it necessary to choose between one policy and another, and, indeed, appears to refuse to consider the necessity for any such choice.

If that is the case, why expend all this energy, print and paper in inspiring practical policies? What is the use of a practical policy of Credit Reform if the "Credit Reform Movement" (*sic*) finds no necessity to adopt any practical policy at all?

It seems as if—

1. A great discovery has been made—the Exact Price formula.
2. THE NEW AGE (writers and readers) go on and on educating themselves in the Social Credit analysis as a kind of intellectual pastime, BUT—
3. See "no necessity" to choose any one particular policy or plan of action whereby the Exact Price may be applied to the economic conditions of the human race (i.e., themselves).

It seems queer to have hit upon what may be the greatest discovery of any age, and then to "find no necessity" to choose a practical policy which might implement it. Kipling has a verse in his "Jungle Book" which applies:—

"Here we sit in a branchy row,
Thinking of beautiful things we know,
Dreaming of deeds we mean to do,
All complete, in a minute or two—
Something noble and wise and good,
Done by merely wishing we could,
We've forgotten, but—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!"

Invention is the mother of necessity. The discovery, or invention, of the Exact Price formula, makes it necessary to choose. I agree with Mr. Jacks, and I thank Mr. Kenway for asking the question, "Must we therefore sit down and do nothing?" H. BOWDON.

[The use of the adjective "practical" begs the question. What is a practical policy? We have considered policies ever since we began to teach Social Credit. Every new convert invariably brings us one—he starts dreaming of deeds we ought to do. Then we have to wake him up and tell him why we cannot do them, and, perhaps, why we ought not to do them. We are still ready to listen to policies. But we want to know:

1. What the immediate objective is.
2. Whether the method is to be open or secret.
3. How many people are required to achieve it.
4. What economic casualties they may sustain.
5. How much money it will require.
6. How long it will take.
7. How far, when done, it will have advanced us towards our ultimate objective.

In our previous investigations we have not had to take our "brother" far down this list before his tail drops. We do not know if Messrs. Bowden and Jacks have got a policy, because they have as yet only repeated Mr. Kenway's question: "Must we therefore sit down and do nothing?" They must answer the question. In the meantime we submit that NEW AGE readers continue to go on "educating themselves in the Social Credit analysis" until they see that the necessity to choose a practical policy is not our necessity at all, but that of the financiers and their capitalist dupes. "There they sit in a branchy row."—*et Seq.*—ED.]

MEETING AT GLASGOW.

Sir,—A meeting will be held in Central Halls, Bath Street, Glasgow, on Monday, October 8, at 7 p.m., to which the conveners invite local readers of THE NEW AGE and their friends. The meeting will consider, among other matters, opportunities and prospects of Social Credit propaganda in that district. J. TRAYNER.

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The Social Credit Movement.

Supporters of the Social Credit Movement contend that under present conditions the purchasing power in the hands of the community is chronically insufficient to buy the whole product of industry. This is because the money required to finance capital production, and created by the banks for that purpose, is regarded as borrowed from them, and, therefore, in order that it may be repaid, is charged into the price of consumers' goods. It is a vital fallacy to treat new money thus created by the banks as a repayable loan, without crediting the community, on the strength of whose resources the money was created, with the value of the resulting new capital resources. This has given rise to a defective system of national loan accountancy, resulting in the reduction of the community to a condition of perpetual scarcity, and bringing them face to face with the alternatives of widespread unemployment of men and machines, as at present, or of international complications arising from the struggle for foreign markets.

The Douglas Social Credit Proposals would remedy this defect by increasing the purchasing power in the hands of the community to an amount sufficient to provide effective demand for the whole product of industry. This, of course, cannot be done by the orthodox method of creating new money, prevalent during the war, which necessarily gives rise to the "vicious spiral" of increased currency, higher prices, higher wages, higher costs, still higher prices, and so on. The essentials of the scheme are the simultaneous creation of new money and the regulation of the price of consumers' goods at their real cost of production (as distinct from their apparent financial cost under the present system). The technique for effecting this is fully described in Major Douglas's books.

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