

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER."

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

No. 1997] NEW SERIES Vol. XLVIII. No. 7. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1930. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Latham, the Leader of the Opposition in the Australian Parliament, made a formal offer last week to co-operate with the Labour Government in devising a scheme of economies in conformity with the Niemeyer recommendations. Mr. Fenton, the acting Prime Minister, declared that he was impressed with the importance of the offer and that he would give it earnest consideration. He promptly brought it before the Labour Caucus. At the end of what *The Times* Correspondent describes as the stormiest meeting that had yet taken place, the proposal was decisively turned down. And not only did Mr. Fenton fail to plant it on the Caucus, but the Caucus appointed two "observers" to "advise" him in regard to financial policy. The observers were Mr. Theodore and Mr. Curtin. It will be seen that the Labour Caucus exercises a supervision over the Cabinet's policy in much the same way as was contemplated in the British Labour movement some years ago when the proposal for a "Consultative Committee" was first introduced. And it will be remembered that the Bankers' Talkie released for general projection in every newspaper cinema at that time was entitled "Cabinet Responsibility." What an unconstitutional principle, chanted the Fleet Street choir of editors, to attempt to influence the decisions of instructed and responsible Ministers of the Crown—and what dangerous foolishness to disturb the delicate balancing of technical considerations on which any sound and practical decision must be based. Just about that time a companion talkie was released, entitled, "The Premier's Responsibility," and it was exhibited to remind the public how unconstitutional it would be to allow the Labour Party to have any voice in the appointment of Ministers to the Cabinet when in power. The Prime Minister's duty and prerogative were to exercise his own discretion; and, if he wanted any advice, to choose, on his own initiative, who should advise him on the question of the personnel of his Cabinet.

Subsequently these two reels went back to the producers' vaults in Threadneedle Street, where they

now lie silently until such time as it will be discreet to set them lying aloud once more. That time is not just yet, because poor Mr. Baldwin is still suffering from the shock of Lord Beaverbrook's consultative ultimatum of a few months ago, when his Lordship demanded to be told who would fill the key positions in the next Conservative Administration. However, as we are all aware, the beauty of the British Constitution is its fluidity; and since fluids possess the property of finding their own level, they must necessarily be able to lose it sometimes.

It should strike any intelligent observer how curious it is that whereas a body which has won a victory at the polls for its principles may not constitutionally choose the men who are to put them into practice, bodies which have suffered defeat at the polls may enjoy this privilege. For that is what all current ideas and projects of inter-party co-operation amount to. Applied to the present situation in England they have some measure of plausibility due to the fact that Mr. MacDonald, the Socialist, took office in a House of Commons predominantly Capitalist. As we have frequently pointed out, Labour, though top-dog in terms of politics is under-dog in terms of economics. Mr. MacDonald has the nominal right to govern but has no practical means of governing. Hence it makes no difference whether he and his followers fraternise with their traditional enemies or not. But in Australia the situation is different. Not only is Labour the predominant Party in the Federal House, but its right to act as such has been unmistakably confirmed by the result of the New South Wales election. Moreover, the reason why Mr. Lang was returned is manifest: he asked and got a mandate to apply the order of the boot to Sir Otto Niemeyer. And now comes along Mr. Latham with a proposition to help Labour put Niemeyerism over in the teeth of public opinion. He, and his Party, are prepared to sink their differences with Labour and to assume responsibility, with Labour, for the imposition of a universally unpopular policy. Now, the assumption of responsibility either means the assumption of risks or it means nothing at all. What risks

is Mr. Latham incurring? None at all. His proposal is based on the avoidance of risks. He says in effect to Mr. Scullin: "Look here, this is a rotten job Sir Otto has left you with. I can see that if you do it under your own colours you are bound to go down the pit at the next election. But if I join my colours to yours there won't be any pit, because the electors won't know which of us to punish for taking their money away; and as neither of us will offer to restore it they will have to choose between us on some other ground than our joint financial policy."

There is a formula being popularised both in Australia and Britain which runs as follows: "In these grave times there is no room for Party differences." A faithful paraphrase of it would run: "On all policies of grave import to the population the neutrality of the electorate must be guaranteed." This means that the more likely any legislation is to evoke unanimous rejection at the polls the more necessary not to submit it to the electorate. This is the *New Democracy*—which goes by the name of Bolshevism in Russia and Fascism in Italy. The consequence is that the electorate are struck dumb by their very unity. It is unconstitutional to speak when you know what you want; you are only permitted to ask indefinitely for intangibilities. "Please give us what is good for us." And that is precisely what every autocrat in history has claimed to be giving.

The spectacle of rival party-politicians taking cover behind inter-party combines of this sort is the more reprehensible because, after all, the consequences that would follow a frank assumption of responsibility for an unpopular policy amount to nothing more dangerous than a fall from office. In such an event, the small fry of the competing Parties lose or win seats to and from each other; but the Gangs of Elders merely change seats. There is as much fun in the game of opposing Bills as there is in proposing them—many politicians would agree that there was more fun for the reason that there was no responsibility. And even from the point of view of financial emoluments the Elders who lose an election have it in their power to get money from other sources than the Exchequer. There was even such a thing, a year or two ago, as a proposal that the Leader of the Opposition in the British House of Commons should receive an official salary! Whether this comes to pass or not there is no mistaking the tendency to protect Ministers from the consequences of their acts. They are in a similar position to that of Chicago gangsters—the electorate may damn them, but nobody hangs them. So the Australian Labour Caucus did a good piece of work in holding up Mr. Latham's scheme.

An item of news from New South Wales is that two members of the Legislative Council applied last week to the Court for an injunction to restrain the President of the Council from asking the Governor to get the Royal assent to legislation abolishing that body. The fact that they took this course suggests that it is in the power of the Governor to sanction legislation passed by the Assembly without its having been passed by the Council. We have not seen any report that it has had the question under discussion at all, so we must presume that Mr. Lang is relying on the authority of the Lower House to make overtures to the Governor through the President. No doubt this point of constitutional practice will be cleared up shortly. The Judge granted an injunction until December 15 for the purpose of referring the matter to the full Court. The Government's case is that the Court has no right of jurisdiction.

Mr. Lyons, the Acting Treasurer of the Commonwealth, was in Melbourne on December 12 addressing a meeting on the question of the Conversion loan. As far as is known a total of £18,000,000 had then been subscribed, and there were still two days to run. This figure is exactly the same as the total amount of outstanding bonds. If, reports *The Times* Correspondent on December 13, the holders convert them, the loan will be "greatly over-subscribed." The Treasury, he adds, had offered on December 4 to cash these bonds, but applications for cash amounted to only £336,000 out of £18,000,000. This gives us a suggestive hint as to the proportions in which the bonds are held as between the "widow-and-orphan" classes and the great financial institutions. The Correspondent quotes the following from a report of Mr. Lyons's meeting:

"The Lord Mayor, in introducing Mr. Lyons spoke of him as 'the man who is above all others Australia's most honoured citizen to-day.' Mr. Lyons said that the combined brains of the country were wanted to help it through. *Sectional interests and differences must be forgotten.* 'There is no need to worry about repudiation talk; there can be no repudiation without the people's consent.' He added that the great mistake of the past was the employment of too many in Government works and *not enough in actual production.* That must be reversed." (Our italics.)

We have already made the comments called for by the first passage we have italicised. With regard to the second, we cannot do better than quote a remark made by Mr. Latham when the Labour Caucus rejected his plan for a nonparty advisory council to the Federal and State Governments. It is in a report by *The Times* Correspondent (December 11).

"Mr. Latham said that he regretted the rejection of his plan. If the Ministry intended to do *only things it thought the electors likely to approve* there was a poor prospect for Australia. He had gone as far as any party leader could go." (Our italics.)

We suggest that Mr. Lyons the Labour Treasurer and Mr. Latham the Nationalist leader ought to take care that their oneness of conviction on financial policy is reflected by oneness of expression. For whereas Mr. Lyons reassures the electorate that no policy can be put over against the wishes of the people, Mr. Latham suggests just as definitely that it can. Of course the contradiction between these statements can be resolved; but the kind that either of these politicians would like to see canvassed among the electors. It would hardly do for the public to be shown that it is the wishes of the bankers which decide these issues, and taught how, and why. We suggest that these two gentlemen confine themselves to doctrinal statements such as, for example, Mr. Winston Churchill's: that "the unpleasantness of a financial policy was the measure of its soundness." Taking a line from the cashings of bonds just referred to, we should say that for every voter who is likely to be scared on his own account by the word "repudiation" there are fifty who are actually scared by the words "wage-reductions" and "higher taxation." So even if it were true—which it certainly is not—that there were no alternative to the confiscation of personal savings or the confiscation of personal incomes, the wishes of the people would be overwhelmingly on the side of incomes.

A cable from Perth in the *Times* of December 10 states that:

"Mr. Davy, the Attorney-General, and Mr. Latham, Minister of Lands, have followed the lead of Mr. Keenan, the Chief Secretary, in publicly advocating the formation of a composite Western Australian Ministry to deal with a composite Western Australian Ministry to deal with non-party lines with the problems at present facing Western Australia. With Mr. Keenan, they are both willing

to give up their portfolios in order to enable a Ministry representative of the three parties in Parliament to be formed. Sir James Mitchell, the Premier, declines to discuss the matter, apparently considering it outside the sphere of practical politics." (Our italics.)

The same game. It is going on everywhere. It has the effect of appointing the banker arbiter of inter-party programmes, and *a priori*, of the interests represented by these programmes. Here is Party "A," representing interest "A"; and its programme is at root one of securing some financial benefit at the expense of the interests represented by "B" and "C." Likewise the programmes of "B" and "C." At a general election the policy of each one is to show the electors that the other two are better able to make a financial contribution to the general well-being than itself. All three set out to prove their respective cases with a wealth of disclosure, argument and invective. The electorate approve one of the programmes more than the others, and vote accordingly. When the successful party takes office its Ministers, instead of teaching what's what in public find themselves obliged to learn what's what in private. The suave Permanent Official most correctly refrains from expressing a view as to whether the "A" Ministry ought to relieve interests "B" and "C" of some money. All he wants, he says, is to be sure that the Ministry's proposed methods can be practically applied by his Department, and if not, he will suggest other methods, if any are possible. At this point there is always a deadlock—the reason being that the practical administration of policy, and especially financial policy, has to be adjusted to an established code of financial law and procedure which the Ministry cannot possibly be acquainted with.

Over this situation presides the banker. All the time he has been listening to the competing parties giving each other away, and he is most interested to hear them counting up what each other has got in the way of "redistributable" income. But his interest is based on his own point of view, namely that what can be re-distributed for the benefit of sectional interests can also be absorbed for the benefit of the "national credit." If, say, "B" can stand being taxed for "A's" benefit, he can stand being taxed for that of the banking interests. And if "A," "B" and "C" can all stand more taxes so much the better for the "State's credit." So the banker, through the Permanent Official, manages in the end to convince Ministers that they have bitten off more than they can chew. What are they to do? Well, as Party-men, they know by experience that so long as they make the "enemy" fork out taxes, their constituents will not cavil unduly about who gets the money. The moral satisfaction of inflicting sacrifice is sufficient. In this way it comes about that the banker gets each Government in turn to discover and exploit new sources of taxation, but sees that the proceeds are absorbed for the "general benefit" and not redistributed to sectional beneficiaries.

There is a sense in which the situation is too grave for sectional quarrels, namely that no section has anything left to yield up to the others. They are all easily able to prove it, too, if provoked thereto by an intensification of Party strife. This the bankers do not want. The preservation of their secret depends upon their keeping alive the idea that some section is at the bottom of the trouble, while discouraging anybody who looks like doing good detective work. If the bankers were frank they would warn the electors: "Don't waste your time searching each other for what you miss; we've been over the lot of you." Party strife has fulfilled its purpose—from the bankers' point of view. They

have gained all they can; and now they require to be left undisturbed while they consolidate their gains. For this purpose inter-party concord and co-operation are advisable. If there is no strife among political leaders there will be no public quarrelling, and no secrets will be let out. The next electoral reform that comes along will make inter-party co-operation inevitable, because the more nearly the Commons becomes an exact reflex of the electorate's wishes (as is the object of the reform) the less chance that any Party will emerge with a clear majority. Instead of changes in Government (for how can the electorate change an all-Party Government?) we may have a permanent Ministry subject to reconstitution instead of dismissal and replacement. Ballot papers may contain a list of Ministerial Candidates (previously certified by the bankers) containing say, ten names more than the number of places to be filled. Or perhaps three or four of the Ministers will retire by rotation every five years and offer themselves for re-election. In that case the electors may have a bit of fun ringing changes in the panel—but the panel itself would be as continuous as the policy which it was created to carry out. Not that it matters to us what these people think fit to do up there—on the top of the volcano.

To parody a seasonable old song—

Whitaker's comes but once a year,
And it's everyone's delight
To read it up—to read it up.

At any rate it ought to be. This Almanack, which has made the name of Whitaker world-famed, needs no introduction to-day, and probably will not in a hundred years' time, when Mr. Montagu Norman's name will only be known to naughty children who have had to learn about him as a punishment. The edition for 1931 contains 960 pages and costs six shillings. There is, we should say, no cheaper book than this to stand yourself or your friends for Christmas. There is a great deal more entertainment to be got out of it than most people imagine. That is because the usual object in consulting it is to find something out in a hurry. But to the contemplative mind a systematic and leisurely progress through its pages can be intensely stimulating. Whitaker tells you about things which concern your daily life, but expresses no views about them; so that whatever ideas arise in your mind are of your own cultivation. One of our own favourite sections is the table of Political Administrations from 1827 until 1929. Whenever the British citizen can fix the date on which some precious enactment filched away some privilege or property from him or his family, he can instantly locate the name of the Minister who connived at it and the Prime Minister and Cabinet who endorsed it. (P. 170 in this edition.) Another section we like is a compact table headed "Finance" on p. 544, showing how our Chancellors have balanced their Budgets from 1880 to 1930. Some of the balancings are a joke. Let us quote one or two, omitting fractions of a million pounds:

Year.	Surplus + or			
	Revenue £000,000	Expenditure £000,000	Deficit— £000,000	Gross Debt. £000,000
1913-14	198	197	+ 1	706
1914-15	226	560	- 333	1,061
1915-16	336	1,559	- 1,222	2,189
1916-17	573	2,198	- 1,624	4,063
1917-18	707	2,696	- 1,988	5,921
1918-19	889	2,579	- 1,690	7,481
1919-20	1,339	1,665	- 326	7,875

Since 1920 the Budget has come down to about £800,000,000 on both sides of the account. Following 1920 there were surpluses of 230, 45, 101 and 48

* Publishers, J. Whitaker and Sons, Ltd., 12, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

millions respectively in the next four years. The gross debt for 1929-30 was £7,596 millions. It is interesting to inspect the sequence of annual deficits, and to reflect that Britain began the war with only £900,000,000 in the bank. Where did all this money come from? We are not asking for information, of course: we recommend the question to the people who say that banks can only lend out of savings. And so with many other tables and facts in Whitaker—they constitute a basis for all manner of questions to which the upholders of financial orthodoxy will find it a job to give the answer.

Victorian Apology.

It is fashionable in certain circles to decry the Victorian age as representative of all that is snobbish, hypocritical, and ugly in England, while tending to overlook the fact that within the compass of a single reign there stands the greatest period of solid achievement in our history. The new school of biographers encourages this attitude, and the intelligentsia in whose drawing rooms samples of this biography are invariably to be found has consciously or unconsciously adopted the simple method of absorbing history which their volumes provide. Unfortunately, what is absorbed is in many cases not history, but gossip from the pen of a court hanger-on who knew his work thoroughly; and so the reader's perspective becomes sadly distorted by the bulky role which personalities insist on playing before him. The results are not happy. For example, the legend of the Victorian woman has been repeated ad nauseam. We like to think of her as falling against the plush curtains in a delicate swoon on hearing a dashing young guardsman with well-waxed moustaches and well-curved "dun-drearies" request her hand on bended knee; or else as meekly posing for the daguerreotype behind a horse-hair sofa on which is seated majestically her loving husband and master; or, again, in the marriage chamber consenting to submit to her lord's embraces only because the Almighty has not invented a less vile method of perpetuating the English race.

But those of us who experience a thrill at the discovery of anything in the search for historical truth which our grandparents would have called "unmentionable" would do well to bear in mind that the existence in a previous generation of a different ideal of womanhood from that of our own day may have fully satisfied contemporary social requirements. The passage of severe strictures upon the social characteristics of another age is like the pronouncement of an old wine as being of bad quality because its taste happens to be unfamiliar to the drinker.

The appearance of Dr. Wingfield-Stratford's stimulating essay on the times and manners of the Victorians* simultaneously with that of the first volume of the final series of the "Letters of Queen Victoria"† should prove valuable to those students of English social conditions in the last century who feel that they require something lighter in the way of historical fare than the ponderous selections from the Royal correspondence which Mr. Buckle has served up (with the most praiseworthy skill and labour) for the public digestion. Dr. Wingfield-Stratford has given us a well-balanced and clear-sighted study of Victorian society; and if we are not in complete agreement with his conclusions it is

* "The Victorian Tragedy." By E. Wingfield-Stratford, D.Sc., M.A. (Routledge, 10s. 6d.)

† "The Letters of Queen Victoria," 3rd Series, Vol. I., 1886-1890. Edited by G. E. Buckle. (Murray, 25s.)

not by reason of lack of ability in the author's presentation of them.

The Victorian Age stood for achievement and progress. The achievement was both individual and collective. The progress was both moral and material. Individual achievement is exemplified in the career of Sir Robert Peel, the son of a Lancashire cotton magnate, who founded the Conservative Party on typically bourgeois principles. His political courage in proposing and carrying in Parliament the measure to abolish the Corn Laws which he had pledged himself to maintain on entering office, earned him the grateful recognition of the middle and lower classes, though it broke up his party. It was with a touch of pardonable pride that he concluded his speech in support of the measure in the House of Commons with the following simple words:—

"It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good will by those whose lot it is to labour and earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice." (Parliamentary Debates, House of Commons, June 29, 1846.)

And yet, curiously enough, Sir Robert Peel is chiefly remembered as the founder of that body whose members are vulgarly described by both his names! For collective achievement we can look to none better than Lord Palmerston, that bluff and genial Irish nobleman who, with public opinion behind him, constituted himself the apostle of liberty abroad, and raised our prestige to-day to unsurpassed heights. What Minister to-day could hold the House spell-bound from the dusk of one summer's day to the dawn of the next, and crown this tremendous physical effort with an immortal peroration:—

"As the Roman, in days of old, held himself free from indignity, when he could say *Civis Romanus Sum*; so also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong." (Parliamentary Debates, House of Commons, June 25, 1850.)

It did not matter whether the subject was only a Jew of doubtful antecedents who had been assaulted by a Greek mob—he was British, and that was sufficient for Pam!

Moral progress, despite modern criticism, made immense strides. Coarse manners and brutal crudities gave way to more refinements and less cunning lechery. The advent of material prosperity in the fifties gave a sharp impetus to the age as plush-and-gas-light morality with which the age was to close. That two brilliant politicians and one brilliant poet should towards the end of the reign have suffered the terrible penalties of social disgrace and ostracism, and in the case of the poet imprisonment, as well, for disregarding current moral precepts, indicates the rapid change in the opinion with which a society regarded the moral peccadilloes of its members, from the time when the citation of the Queen's first Prime Minister as a co-respondent in more than one divorce petition evoked little comment and left no social stigma on the Minister.

The outcome of the Industrial Revolution was material progress. Work was the gospel of that movement, and its watchword was "Produce!" Dr. Wingfield-Stratford sums up well when he says:

"The Victorian Age was distinguished by the quantity of things it produced. But the historian of a future age, who can see to the close of the story, may perhaps decide that the production of men was even more revolutionary in its effects than that of things, and that the vital statistics were not those of imports and exports, but of a population mounting every year above the possibility of maintenance, except from overseas. The workshop of the world was gambling more and more recklessly on the

prospect of keeping its custom for all times. No wonder that the Victorians made work into a gospel! 'Produce! produce!' was the cry, not only of its prophet, Carlyle, but of the age itself. But the output of the factory was less important, in the long run, than that of the double bed.

"True to their instinct of concentrating on immediate necessities and ignoring deeper issues, the Victorians were careful to invest the marriage chamber with the taboo of absolute secrecy. Gone was the time when the bridal bed had been covered with flowers, and the guests had escorted the happy pair in triumph thither. That room was now the Holy of Holies in the vast temple of middle-class domesticity. All ways led thither. Paterfamilias toiled, wages were kept down and rents screwed up, in order that an economic basis might be provided for the business of refined propagation, and—the most attractive partner secured. 'Mamma' toiled and intrigued, with indefatigable zeal, that she might see the last of her brood of daughters pass beyond her ken and authority into the Unmentionable. To attain this consummation innocent Flora exposed a virginal bosom, and pinched and expanded her contour to hint at charms which Nature never owned. To provide a safety-valve for masculine animal instincts, that were not allowed to exist save behind those portals of silence, an outer darkness was provided, peopled by beings whose very existence it would have been unrefined for Flora to have suspected, and into which Charles and Reginald faded away at discreet intervals." (pp. 138-9.)

And yet one cannot help wondering how the transition from courtship to marriage was made with such little difficulty. It is not easy to reconcile the debutante of seventeen, who, having the temerity to permit a cavalier at her first dance to kiss her in the conservatory, spent the following six months examining herself meticulously every day for signs of pregnancy, with the henpecking wife of two or three and twenty. This latter feature of the Victorian home supplied the cartoonist of *Punch* with an excellent butt. Leech, for example, depicts the awful prelate Bishop Proudie demanding of the "buttons": "Wretched boy, who is it that sees everything that we do, and before whom even I am but as a crushed worm?" and receiving the reply, "The missus, my Lord."

It is when he comes to deal with his fundamental theme that Dr. Wingfield-Stratford is disappointing; for he goes no further than demonstrating a superficial analysis, though he does give signs that he is aware of the nature of the real Victorian tragedy, viz., the increase during the latter part of the reign of the power of the banking and credit monopoly masquerading in the garb of Radicalism. Between the 'thirties and the 'seventies (i.e., the period of Peel and Palmerston, and of the £10 householder") national prosperity marked an age of comparative plenty, and with the death of Palmerston in 1865 it may be said to have reached its summit. With the extension of the franchise which Pam's death made possible in the Reform Act of 1867 begins the decline. Between the 'eighties and the end of the reign came the period (the period of Gladstone) which witnessed another Reform Act, a spate of Collectivist legislation, and an ever-growing friction between the House of Lords and the Lower House, which culminated in dramatic fashion a decade after the Queen's death. In return for a large diminution of the royal prerogative the Sovereign was consoled with a slight increase in prestige and public esteem cleverly engineered by the Press and other financial organs. While Gladstone preached the financial gospel of thrift, urging that money saved was bound to "fructify" in the pockets of the public (he should have said the ledgers of the bankers), the middle classes failed to realise that no matter how wealthy the country might be in natural resources and productive power, purchasing power, on the other hand, was being gradually restricted in amount. English agriculture was the first to suffer; but the lesson passed unheeded. Bi-metallists were dismissed with a laugh as currency cranks by a

public which possessed little more than faint glimmerings of an elementary knowledge of economics—the amiable Chancellor of the Exchequer confessed that he could not understand "those damned dots" in the estimates which the Treasury officials presented to him. The more energetic youth bought a red tie and joined the Fabian Society; there was vague talk of women's rights in the boudoir, and young maidens, braving parental wrath, attended meetings on female suffrage. As the electorate became more unwieldy in bulk, the control and direction of public opinion became simpler; whether it was over an unfortunate game of baccarat, in which the Heir to the Throne was indiscreet enough to have participated, or else over the latest debauch of the aesthetes, tongues were kept chattering while the Goschens and Barings and Rothschilds did their work. While the Prime Minister was engaged in writing biographies of Pitt and Napoleon and watching his colours flicker past the Grand Stand at Epsom, the public first heard of Dr. Jameson and the whisper of trouble abroad. The German Emperor's telegram to President Kruger aroused no more than a momentary outburst of patriotic indignation. It was not until the German Emperor sent a gunboat to Agadir that the public discovered that the Victorian spirit of compromise had broken down. But it was then too late to avert the greatest tragedy.

ERIC MONTGOMERY.

Drama.

Caviare: Little.

The London Theatre Co., which has taken over the Little Theatre, proposes to present there "plays and entertainments of distinction"; and, believing in team-work, the company hopes, as the means of fulfilling its object, to build into the very structure of the theatre, as it were, a repertory company of West End quality. The theatre is, in short, founded on faith that a taste for caviare can be cultivated among the general, who are, at a small subscription, invited to become members of the theatre, and thus to create a team-audience, or a following, as football-promoters would call it, for the team of players. The theatre-goer knows that at the Aldwych Theatre he can see, year after year, a certain type of farce. If he was ever amused there, he can depend on being amused there again, though he have been round the world in the meantime. At the Haymarket he knows that he can see a certain standard of comedy; that the epigram will be of the quality of Mr. Somerset Maugham's and Sir James Barrie's, which unites them in spite of the antithesis of their sentiments. Gradually becoming manifest among theatre-goers, however, is a desire for the very opposite of this kind of specialisation. The more theatres are built the more easy to get lost among them, and the more necessary for a theatre not to provide a particular type of entertainment, but to satisfy completely a particular type of mind; thus relieving it from the necessity, every time it would go to the theatre, of selecting the one appropriate to its mood. It is the case for monogamy and one kennel applied to the theatre. The Old Vic, for example, has a definite following, which, starting by not being able to afford to go anywhere else, finished as Old Vic partisans. The proletarian theatres, on the Continent, at least ideally, aim at completely satisfying one class of mind. The Little Theatre, if one may read between the lines, is dedicated to the class

of mind which has developed, or is prepared to develop, a taste for caviare.

But caviare is mainly eaten, if the word eaten be not too proletarian, by those whose appetites are already jaded by rich food, but who, dominated by the same mob impulse as the rest of us to eat when meal-time comes, must have their appetites extraordinarily tempted. This applies to few people as far as entertainment is concerned, which is why authors, magazines, theatres, and kinemas can still profitably serve up the same old stuff, dished up in the same old way. The *blasés* at least do the world the service of demanding something new; and, like all people who demand things, they need to be organised, though this be possible only by pretending that there is something new to offer them.

"Caviare" is actually the middle course of three, the first being "Hors d'Œuvres Variés," and the last "Savouries." After these the theatrical host wanted to say grace and thanksgiving, in the form of a playlet, "Christmastide," "a brief reminder of the first Christmas for those who cherish ancient and lovely things." But the Lord Chamberlain could not allow, either in a commercial world or in a commercial theatre, such indelicacy as a reminder of the first Christmas; so the grace and thanksgiving will be rendered up only on Sunday nights, quite privately, for members. Calling the first part "hors d'œuvres variés" almost gags the critic, for fear he should recall the man who sent back his *hors d'œuvres variés* first because he didn't like salt-herring, and a second time because he didn't like sardine. Among the *hors d'œuvres* I enjoyed most Mr. Richard Odlin's singing of "My Sweetie Turned Me Down." For me it was the salt-herring, without which, in spite of the Vegetarian Sandwichwomen who parade the streets calling on me not to eat flesh at Christmas, no *hors d'œuvres variés* is quite complete. Mr. Odlin's subsequent appearance on the stage in the *Savouries* was not nearly so enjoyable, if only because the matter was too remote, "Never Swat a Fly" makes no appeal in the winter-time. But Mr. Odlin's appearances off stage provided most of the relish and savour of the meal. No human actor can perform any dance, gesture, or feat of acrobatics entirely to his or any others' hypercritical requirements. In spite of Einstein their conceptions are strictly limited in realisation by the force of gravity. Secondly, the human being burlesquing the human-being always challenges the spectator to suggest better employment. Marionettes, guided and uplifted by one above, are immune to gravitation, and cannot be better or more innocently employed than burlesquing human beings. From their point of view, like Nietzsche, they attack only that which is triumphant. If the marionette part of the entertainment were given at a dogs' home as plays are given at hospitals, the canine inmates would be as envious in the "Clown and Dog" scene as the humans are in all scenes. The sketch, "Enoch in Arden" should be, and will be, I learn, replaced by something better. So also should the sketch "Because of the Billycock." It is even too Noel Cowardly. If Mr. Edward Cooper's impersonation of Maurice Chevalier—Lord Beaverbrook does not yet prescribe my entertainment, so I have not seen M. Chevalier—as good as his impersonation of Mr. Noel Coward, I missed something by not having seen M. Chevalier. I have written before in appreciation of the work of Hilda and Mary Spencer Watson; in the "Hors d'Œuvres" they dramatise a fairy-tale, and in the "Savouries" they dance "Walk, Shepherdess, Walk," which is afterwards burlesqued. It was a pity, partly because the original is so nearly a burlesque, that the modern version was not syncopated.

Jazz-time would have brought humour into the burlesque as well as humanised the performers. The Russian scenes was welcome for the sane humour which it put in place of previous Russian scenes.

The "Caviare" consisted wholly of "Aria da Capo," a harlequinade by Edna St. Vincent Millay, which is probably, while a little too philosophically, as distinct from artistically, self-consciousness, as good a harlequinade as any written. But slightly excessive philosophical self-consciousness is possibly, if one may change from gastronomical to orchestral metaphor, the key-note. For "Caviare," although called a revue, is a first, partly successful, attempt, to create the intimate music-hall, in which the moderns who live complicated lives, and to whom the old, loud, vulgar, innocent music-hall no longer appeals, may attain a sort of simplicity beyond complexity. Possibly with some changing and cutting, and a brand new lot of lyrics more appropriate to the game, the experiment may become a success.

The Cathedral: Players'

"The Cathedral" started life as a novel by Mr. Hugh Walpole. Mr. H. Oldfield Box dramatised it and Miss Marion Fawcett revised it. Somebody will no doubt film it, and somebody else convert it into a talkie. By that time it will have delivered its message to democracy. In play form "The Cathedral" is well cast, well produced, well staged, and well acted. The Players' Theatre has probably honoured no work more in its presentation; and the promoters are doubtless considering the prospects of transfer to a public theatre. Mr. Norman V. Norman's performance as Archdeacon Brandon, who neglected wife, family, and friends for the cathedral's sake, is vigorous and convincing. Other excellent performances are given by Frederick Cooper as a person with no status in the body of the play except as a foil and narrator. Buena Bent as a servant with a similar mission, Ethel Ramsay as Miss Milton, the librarian, and an especially fine one by Arthur Ewart as Canon Dowson, the fanatic who wanted to give the cathedral a spirit as well as a soma by re-introducing God. Archdeacon Brandon had bad luck as a result of his episcopal and evangelical zeal. His son was sent down from Oxford on account of a girl—the period is 1897, it should perhaps be explained—and his wife ran away with a Canon. The noble Lord St. Leith was, however, still apparently willing to marry his daughter, so at least one of the family safely reached port. There are two serious reasons against the play's success commercially. First, the play is not only 1897, but 1897 by projection not by birth. The period is too far away to be news and too near to be history. People don't like it because mention of it sets the old folks talking, and there is no recipe for stopping them. Second, in spite of Miss Fawcett having come as near as possible to success, in that quite impossible task of dramatising a novel, the scars are evident as faults. For example, far too many episodes necessary to the audience "off" and are merely narrated to the audience with listening characters as camouflage. In addition, dramatic suspense is mainly generated by announcing events which have occurred, and keeping the audience in the dark as to their exact nature. This is a novelists' trick, with no right on the stage. The dramatist develops his suspense while the events form themselves, and the suspense is generated even when one knows what will happen. In a world that lives on by-products it is not much use repeating that between novel, drama, and film there can be no metamorphosis; that each has to grow from its own seed. But it is true nevertheless.

PAUL BANKS.

"Imperial Pints."

By "Old and Crusted."

"When the water of a place is bad, it is safest to drink none that has not been filtered through either the berry of a grape, or else a tub of malt. These are the most reliable filters yet invented."—(Samuel Butler's Notebooks.)

If an angel out of heaven
Brings you other things to drink,
Thank him for his kind attentions
Go and pour them down the sink.

(G. K. C.)

It is difficult to know where to begin. Wine is such a fascinating all-embracing topic; there are few of us who do not come under its benign influence at some time or other; so why not start with our crabbed little postman who becomes debonair once a year, *videlicet*, on Christmas morning, when, after pouching his half-crowns he empties a rummer of port to the health of the Squire and his Lady? Now, good master Zephaniah Blatherwick, who has trudged the miry lanes and bridle-paths of this clayey Midland parish for over twenty years, has a grouse; he does not find fault with his morning round—which, barring the C.O.D. parcels whose intrusion he justly resents—he accepts as part of the natural order of things, but he cannot away with the afternoon batch. This, he complains, is chiefly made up of "a-penny mook," deliberately held back by the postal authorities for reasons that will not bear scrutiny. Most of it, says Zeph, would keep till next day, or next week for that matter, especially the tradesmen's circulars, a growing burden, and mostly doomed to be cast unopened into the incinerator; as for the ungummed envelopes containing "accounts rendered," I agree with my old friend that he might as well sink the lot in the Cocker Beck, hurry back to his garden, and put in an extra hour with his hoe.

There is, however, one notable exception to those circulars, and that is the wine merchants' lists, which of recent years have shown a touch of imagination that lifts them out of the ruck of printed rubbish—a proof, by the way, of the catalytic qualities of wine which ennobles everything it touches. Well may the astronomer-poet of Persia have mused as he sat "underneath the Bough," with his "Jug of Wine" and "Loaf of Bread."

I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the Goods they sell.

Amongst those vintners there is a certain old-established local firm of good repute who, for the nonce, shall be disguised under the *raison sociale* of "Binns and Ullage." Discovering that their customers, both actual and potential, of the new generation lack knowledge of wine and all that pertains to it, they hit on the sound scheme of imparting the garnered wisdom of the ages in "a series of short talks in book form, dealing with what the grape produces in different countries." They also point out in a covering letter that

"Times have changed, and the private cellar, an essential part of the homes of our grandfathers, whether mansion or middle-class dwelling, in which wines were stored young, their history known and growth watched, is now rare. People do not stay so long in one place, and few have the capital to spare or the interest to wait the many years required until their wine can be brought to table."

A true word, Binns, owd lad—and a sad one. Of all the tens of thousands of houses built in Britain since 1918 it is safe to say that not one per cent. is raised above a dry, spacious cellar, wherein that king of all natural wines, Claret, can be housed in the temperature his majesty loves, which is from 55 degrees to 60 degrees Fahrenheit. But what avails this good advice to us whose incomes, whether wages, salaries, or dividends, stand in the

financial barometer round about 32 degrees Fahrenheit? Gone are the days when the birth of a young "John Mytton" meant the laying down of an extra pipe of vintage port to remain untouched until the lad came of age. Well, maybe it is some consolation to know that when young John comes into his property he will not be tempted to emulate his great namesake and shave with a bottle of the ancestral port on his dressing table.

If those brave days are to be recalled, if King Claret is to come into his own again, and wine-drinking become not merely the luxury of the few but the amenity of the many, two preliminary conditions are essential—knowledge and purchasing-power. Let us take knowledge first. The booklets of Messrs. Binns and Ullage are excellent in their way, but they cannot fulfil their purpose until the student has learned the language of the wine-lists. It must be borne in mind that the worthy fraternity of the tierce and puncheon have a terminology of their own. It is no mere esoteric jargon, as the diluted scoffer might suppose, but a scientific phraseology evolved by time and experience. Assuming, then, that "wine-schools" have been established in all universities with "chairs" richly endowed by the vintners, with an honours course and all the rest of it, we can ignore for the moment those erudite alumni who take a double first in Hock and Claret and concentrate on what Dean Inge describes as "a pass-examination for the weaker brethren." The aspiring graduate must be able to distinguish between a "Crown Oloroso, very oily and intense in flavour," and a "Manzanilla with the roundness and softness of unusual age." It is not enough to know they are both Sherry. He must know that Port may be a "beautiful plummy wine of vintage character" or "tawny with great vinosity and a dry finish." As for the wines of France, these have even a greater range of subtle distinctions, and to give an adequate connotation of such terms as "very round on the palate," "full-bodied and smooth," "silky," or know what the vintner wishes to convey when he lists a "big, firm wine of great breed," requires both careful study and opportunity for practical experiment. Also he must learn to regard with suspicion such misleading advertisements as "a superior Bordeaux Claret of a good vintage, generous, and fruity, extremely nice wine, old in bottle, at 24s. per doz."

Now for the financial aspect. As all the world knows, the existing banking system owes its origin to the Goldsmiths, and a pretty mess they and their successors have made of it. Why not give the vintners a chance? Let there be founded a Vintners' Bank with power to issue paper currency regulated by the quantity of wine in their vaults. That issue would be based on a genuine consumable commodity, which is more than can be said of gold, and, moreover, it is the one consumable commodity in universal demand that improves with keeping. The unit of currency should be the "Imperial Pint." With every puncheon, pipe, and tun laid down a corresponding number of "Pint Notes" should be issued, and they need not be recalled and cancelled until the wine represented by the serial numbers on the notes was consumed.

They would be bearer notes: "On demand pay bearer one—five—ten—twenty Imperial Pints." They would oust Mr. Norman's notes, which do not promise to pay anything tangible, in less than a twelvemonth. Then the vintners might acquire the Bank of England premises and use them as a store—not "bonded," but free.

Also as wine is part of our cultural heritage every pass-man—and woman—must be granted a current account at the Vintners' Bank or one of its branches, and be credited every Christmas with his share of the annual imports—an' if that be not

"sound finance" of the highest order, serve me corked claret for the rest of my days.

Finally, there is the ethical aspect. Prof. Saintsbury, whose *Notes on a Cellar-Book* should be read and studied by every lover of good wine, says, in his preliminary chapter that

"for every evil deed that fact or fancy or the unscrupulous exaggeration of partisans can charge on alcohol, it has prompted a hundred good and kind ones; that for every life it has destroyed or spoiled it has made thousands happy; that much of the best imaginative work of the world has been due to its influence; and that it has, as has been amply shown of late, given 'more power to the elbow' of stout workers and fighters in the best of causes."

I can leave it at that. *In vino caritas.*

Current Political Economy.

ONE YEAR OUT OF THE DIARY OF THE SNOWBALD-GEORGE.

II.

Oct. 30.—Visit from Governor of Bank of England. There was something wrong. He had his account book with him. Demand had fallen so much that he doubted whether, with industry under his control, he could bring prices down enough.

"What do you advise?" I asked.

"Abolish rent," said he.

"We can't do that," said I.

"Kill the workers off," said he, "and save the cost of the hay."

"More patriotism," said I.

He winked, so I knew he was quite sane.

"Will that do it?" said I.

"Partly," said he.

"It's a bit extreme if it does not do all of it," said I.

"You've got to experiment," said he. "Trial and error, you know, Science and all that sort of thing."

"It's rough on the killed off," said I.

"Progress was rough on the *coo*," said he.

"Do you think they'll copy us in Germany?" said I.

"No doubt," said he, "but England will have been the leader."

"Well, we mustn't be sentimentalists," said I.

"We can't afford to be," said he.

"We'll put it over better," said I, "if we include a proportion of managers."

"Right," said he, "but women and children first, of course."

"Sure," said I.

"One volunteer woman's worth ten pressed men," said he.

"That's a phrase," said I.

Wrote patriotic speech. And so to bed, much relieved. We have a policy!

Nov. 30.—25,000,000 recruits to be killed off under the voluntary scheme. Visited Bank of England for advice. We should have to introduce conscription. There were obviously millions of shirkers. Cowards ready to let their fellow-men die for them. Decided to write appeal to the volunteers to catch their pals.

"Perhaps we shall have to do it the old way," said the Governor.

"What way's that, Guv'nor?" said I.

"War," said he.

"Who against?" said I.

"That can be arranged," said he.

"Well, they seem to get more fun out of it that way," said I.

"It's the women who are difficult," said he.

"Not about war," said I.

"No," said he, "about other things."

"What things?" said I.

"A servant in Scotland had a baby last week," said he.

"The devil she did," said I.

"She did," said he.

"There's neglect somewhere," said I.

"You can't keep costs down against that sort of thing," said he.

"Well, never mind," said I, "it won't happen again."

"About this war?" said he.

"We'll have a referendum," said I. "That's democratic."

"On what?" said he.

"On war or something else," said I.

"Get the deans to write in all the evening papers," said he, "that a man has the right to commit suicide in his own way."

"That'll reduce the cost of it," said I.

"Who's to bury 'em?" says he.

"The unemployed," said I.

"But of course they can't buy evening papers," said he.

"There's still the Saturday free football sheet," said I, "with the Bank on the back."

"Didn't we stop that to reduce costs?" said he.

"No, Guv'nor," said I.

"We must leave out the football this week," said he.

"Right, Guv'nor," said I.

"Patriotic emergency," said he.

"The people don't realise," said I, "what suffering this will cause me."

"It's hard for both of us," said he.

Dec. 7.—Referendum. Twenty millions for war on condition it was fought at home. Twenty millions for suicide each in his own way. You can't trust the church to do anything, not even to prevent war.

Dec. 20.—Corpses hanging from doorway of every bank. Governor up all night calculating saving on football sheets and hay.

Dec. 21.—Visit from Governor. He said he didn't altogether like it.

"What?" said I.

"All this waste," said he.

"I thought we were effecting economies," said I.

"So we are," said he, "but not enough."

"What's to be done?" said I.

"If I am to balance costs," said he, "I must recover my overheads. If we could pack all these corpses in tins for export, I could show the foreign credit on the receipts side."

"There must be millions of foreigners who would buy a tin of long pig for Christmas," said I.

Dec. 24.—Bodies all over Parliament Square. Climbed over them to look at the shops. All full and lorry-loads driving up. Trade quiet. Few buyers.

Good display of long pig. Not usual Christmas Eve atmosphere.

Dec. 25.—Dined with the Governor. Broke a bottle of champagne with him over a tin of long pig.

Drank a toast to the noble response of the English to my patriotic appeal for sacrifices to solve the surplus plus labour problem. Looked forward to a more prosperous New Year. England wins because she doesn't know when she is beaten. Drank another toast to experts and scientists.

Dec. 26 (*Pantomime Day*).—All quiet. Received report from Intelligence Bureau. World-price of long pig less than cost of canning.

Dec. 28.—Exchanges re-opened. Went to a Watch-

Dec. 31.—Went with the Governor to a Watch-night service. Prayed for prosperity in the New Year.

(THE END.)

Rules for Editors.

I have received a reprint* of an article of Leigh Hunt's in *The Examiner* of March 6, 1808, preceded by an introduction in which his courage as an editor is extolled, and illustrated from other articles. One such illustration is his attack on the Prince Regent, which earned him three years' imprisonment. Another is where he writes of political partisanship:

"Party is the madness of many," said Swift, 'for the gain of a few.' When Scarmentado in Voltaire arrived at Ispahan, he was asked whether he was for black mutton or white mutton: he replied, it was equally indifferent to him, provided it was tender. A wise man knows no party abstracted from its public utility."

The "Rules" for editors are, of course, written ironically. Political attachments, political controversy, the invention of news, and "editorial sensibility," are some of the aspects of the subject dealt with. Leigh Hunt was writing this while the Napoleonic wars were proceeding, and it is curious how apposite many of his allusions are to the behaviour of newspaper-editors 106 years later. In one passage he tells editors not to feel shy if, after having announced a great victory, it turns out to have been a defeat. He recommends the example of

"that admirable statesman, Stratocles, who arrived at Athens from a naval defeat, put a chaplet on his head, and made all the citizens feast and sacrifice in honour of the glorious victory; and when the shattered fleet arrived two days after, and the people called upon him to answer for his imposture, cried out, 'Why, you will not quarrel with me for having given you two days of jollity?' Plutarch calls this impudence; but it is evident that he knew as little of true policy as our newspaper politicians know of him."

One passage in his article is in a serious vein, "It has been said by philosophers that the end of instruction is to elevate men to wisdom; but I think he is a much nobler teacher who brings wisdom down to man. It would be much happier for the mind if it could be wise without exertion, and I really cannot see much art in this boasted ascension to knowledge."

I agree. Mixing frequently, as I do, with illiterate people, I have often been struck by the quantity of thought they can communicate through a limited vocabulary. I should say that a good half of the difficulty of learning arises from the manufacture of crooked names for straight things. In specialised subjects of learning, of course, fine shades of meaning have to be distinguished in order to clarify reasoning; but the trouble is that the words which technicians invent for their own use to promote their mutual understanding are dipped up by dabblers in cults and spilled over into the social vocabulary where they serve only to confuse the simple hearer.

What we need is to get men like Allen Upward to rationalise our swollen vocabulary on something like the principle that Lord Melchett applies to industry—to eliminate redundant jargon from the main text and relegate it to an appendix. What a beautiful thing, for instance, if every pundit who proposed to educate the public were forbidden to use any word which was not to be found in the *Social Dictionary*, so to call it! Where would the bankers be? Such a revision, by the way, would help the child in regard to spelling-difficulties, for the greater the number of words he needed not to know the more quickly he could learn to spell those that he did need to know. Of course, this ideal is impracticable in the Work State, where the children are educated for the "battle of life" (a phrase which *Punch* recently revived in criticising the Government's enactment of the extra school-year). But not in the Leisure State.

HERBERT RIVERS.

* Leigh Hunt's "Rules for Newspaper Editors." Published by Ingpen and Grant, 37, Museum Street, W.C.1. 16 pp. Price 6d. net.

... Before Swine?

Major McGlashan in his article "On Casting Pearls" is right. It is a mistake to project what may be called the Eldorado aspect of Social Credit.

The ordinary citizen is not to be moved by idealistic visions of what would or what might happen under (or rather, within) a Social Credit State. If the Social Credit discovery and teaching is right, he wants to know *how it is going to come about*—and what is being done, or what might be done, to bring it about.

When Major McGlashan says that "the Social Credit thesis has been hopelessly hidden in a fog of sentimental fantasy," he does much to clear the way towards an effective propaganda technique.

One might agree when he says that "it is, perhaps, an opportune moment to consider why the general public refuses even to look at our display," if we had such a display. As things stand, however, there is no display for the general public to look at.

The whole aim, surely, has been—and, perhaps, rightly—a technician's display of technical exhibits? The technicians have certainly "looked at" this display, and in some cases it has disturbed their orthodox economic theories. That is of great importance, and must be increasingly so as time goes on.

But I do not think it can be said that the general public "refuses even to look" when, as a matter of fact, they have not been invited to do so. It is quite in order, of course, to have a private display of "pearls" specially set out for expert examination. The "herd" do not come into it, and it would be of no use if they did.

The small amount of Eldorado propaganda that has been put out has never reached the general public. It could not do so, since the general public can only be reached through the channels of mass-publicity—the national daily and weekly papers, radio broadcasting, and the films: all channels which the Social Credit movement is not able to use.

Leaflets, pamphlets, booklets and books do not reach the general public; hardly touch the fringe of it, no matter what the subject may be, whether Psycho-analysis, Anthroposophy, Neo-vitalism, Eugenics, Anti-vivisection, or Social Credit.

There is a surprising number of societies, leagues, cults, fellowships, study-circles and "rings" of thought in the country. More now, perhaps, than ever before. The more enthusiastic members of such groupings are always a little astonished and more than a little disappointed when "the general public refuses even to look" at their various displays. They imagine that their propaganda, because it is enthusiastic, "should" arouse public interest. But anyone professionally connected with any of the channels of mass-publicity is aware that the general public—the great mass of people—takes no notice of the existence of such propaganda. The general public is not a book-reading public—it is not a serious reading public at all, as every writer, publisher and bookseller knows only too well.

Books, booklets, pamphlets, and leaflets on serious subjects reach the *intelligentsia*, the technical specialists, and the idealists, when they reach anyone at all. That is why the Social Credit has, in common with other groupings and schools of thought, attracted the intellectual-idealist (with her and there a technical specialist) rather than the general public. The idealist, unable to do anything else, has spun a cocoon of idealism around the Social Credit thesis. That is true. The idealist cannot help doing so.

Nevertheless, it is not this idealistic over-spinning that hides the Social Credit thesis from the general public. All the idealist does is to hide the bare bones of A + B from himself.

That really does not matter very much. The technician goes, not to the idealist's Eldorado-fantasy for information regarding Social Credit, but direct to the technical expositions of Major Douglas.

"Historical movements which gain the support of the masses," writes Major McGlashan, "always hold some ideal, or point a goal, which captures the imagination. That is so. Such an ideal usually provides the individual with an escape or vent from harsh reality to some kind of self-satisfaction or sense of salvation. Logic in itself, as a mental process, is never enough. But logical assertion amounting to a dogma, and accepted as such, can

drive whole communities to (often quite illogical) action. It would not be a warping of the truth to say that historical movements which have gained the support of the masses have always been strongly emotional movements. Logic never captures the imagination. It can and does capture the mind. When a mind is so captured in a logical system of thought as to find itself in a logic-tight corner—when it can find no escape from certain logical conclusions—then the most powerful emotional energy is generated. So powerful, in some cases, as to drive the individual to acts of individual anarchy that can, and often do, frustrate his (often perfectly logical) purpose. . . . It is quite probable," writes Major McGlashan, "that propagandist efforts of our movement have partly been wasted by evoking altruistic images before an audience still in the depths of materialism."

"An audience still in the depths of materialism." That seems to me rather an extraordinary way of putting it. It implies that altruistic images could call forth response from an audience enlightened by the spirit of—altruism? But, in any case, the audience that can be reached by the propagandist efforts of the Social Credit movement is, if anything, more altruistically inclined than the general public; and, in common with the general public, is still in the depths of a wrong and ultimately unworkable financial system.

Has that wrong financial system wiped out altruistic tendencies—or has it frustrated and turned such impulses back on themselves in the form of an in-growing altruism? The audience that is most likely to respond to altruistic images is that which is most completely thwarted in its outlets for altruistic action.

"Facts logically capable of proof," writes Major McGlashan, "have been presented mixed with every degree of idealism. . . . Perfectly true. They have. And again we read . . . it must not be overlooked that a cogent proposal to adjust an immediate economic crisis is likely to gain more effective support for our purpose than that of the idealist."

For my part I agree with those words. But I take it that such effective support could not be the support of the masses? A proposal, however cogent, to adjust an immediate economic crisis is most unlikely to gain the support of the masses (the general public). Such a proposal must depend upon facts, logically capable of proof, and no such logical sequence of thought would be likely to capture the imagination of the masses. Only the specialised mind which enjoys intricate logical thought and is schooled to such mental discipline would be able to give the proposal serious consideration.

If I understand Major McGlashan correctly, he is saying that if the "display" were to consist of facts, logically capable of proof, and presented unmixed with idealism (and altruistic images)—facts which form a cogent proposal to adjust an immediate economic crisis—the Social Credit movement might gain more effective support from the general public. If that is not what the writer of "On Casting Pearls" was putting forward, I have misread or misinterpreted his argument.

If my reading is correct, then I agree that such support might be forthcoming from certain sections of the community, if the facts, so presented, could be made known to a very wide public. Out of the millions of the general public a quarter of a million or more might grasp the cogency of the proposal and form an effective propagandist ferment.

How can that be done? And, also, does the Social Credit movement want the general public to look at its display? Are there not reasoned arguments against attempting mass propaganda? (One of the most convincing being a lack of money to pay for it.)

"Then let propaganda concentrate upon linking the visible evidence of plenty with the Douglas project for releasing the inhibited abundance. With this victory humanity arrives at the path leading to the realisation of our loftier hopes." So ends the article "On Casting Pearls."

Time to speak of victory when the battle is won. Not before.

Social Credit cannot be accepted as a cogent—i.e., convincing—proposal to adjust the immediate economic crisis unless there is an equally cogent proposal for putting Social Credit into operation. There will be no effective support from anyone until that is logically worked out.

JOHN HARGRAVE.

Carlyle Again.

In the early days of the World War the patriotism of many Britons induced them to revile Carlyle and his works because he had been "pro-German" in his sympathies. Since the Armistice, however, the emotions of the critics have been maintained at a more normal temperature. They seem to have developed a suspicion of all the values for which their fathers stood. Particularly in the writing of biography has this "honest doubt" found expression. During the post-war decade the steady flow of new Lives has indicated that the present age is perhaps more critical than creative.

Mr. Lytton Strachey may have been the first to popularise the new technique in biography; but James Anthony Froude was certainly the first writer to depart from the standard pattern of that day when, in painting his portrait of the Carlyles, he discarded the whitewash-brush.

The war was said to have "killed" Carlyle's "message," but it is strange that both old and young writers should still spend their time discussing his ghost. A round dozen volumes on the famous Chelsea pair (including Mr. Wilson's ponderous "Life") have appeared since the War; and the present work* adds another unit to the biographical cairn. Mr. Burdett tells us in his preface:—

"Nothing would please me more than that this study should be called, in either sense of that ambiguous phrase, a work of imagination."

He is successful in steering his course between the personified in Froude, and the Charybdis of his opponents; and he arrives safely in port with the following entry in his book:—

"In spite of writings based upon the contrary assumption, the story of Jane Welsh and Thomas Carlyle seems to me, in essentials, to be the story of many marriages. In so far as it is of universal interest, this is because their experience was not extraordinary."

When all the dust of "the Carlyle controversy" has settled down, one is able to agree with that conclusion; indeed, it may be taken further by asserting that the marriage of intellectual people is a ghastly failure in the majority of cases. Our author puts the question: "Are we so sure that it is not the awkward beauty of the style rather than his few and simple ideas that maintain Carlyle's own reputation?" That is a question which each generation must answer for itself, because there is no final criterion of either a man's life or his work. "For critics, like the mass of readers, have their fashions," as Mr. Burdett himself wisely admits on another page.

We agree with him when he concludes that the book about the Carlyles which is most indispensable remains the long life by Froude, whose virile portrait of the distinguished pair has not been superseded, though it has had to be corrected factually by later writers. Carlyle may be called the Holbein of Victorian Letters from whom Froude learnt most of his craft as a great prose-painter of thought. And Mr. Burdett has given us in some 300 pages of thoughtful writing a more searching imaginative portrait of the Carlyles—"warts and all" on both characters—than did Froude in the whole four volumes of the famous "Life."

SCOTT CURFEW.

* "The Two Carlyles," by Osbert Burdett. Faber, 15s. net.)

"THIS AGE OF PLENTY."

The second edition of Mr. C. M. Hattersley's book, *This Age of Plenty*, is now off the press, and copies will be available by to-day. The book has been carefully revised and considerably enlarged, new matter being added, chiefly in Sections 88 and 104, and in Appendices a, f, k, l, n, o, p, q, r. (The italicised letters signify the Appendices which the author thinks will be particularly useful.) The first edition was exhausted a month ago, and the delay in reprinting will explain to certain of our readers why they have had to wait for copies which they have ordered recently. The prices remain the same, namely 3s. 6d. (paper covers), and 6s. (cloth covers). We have not yet seen the new volume, so must defer our comments on it until later. As we have said previously, the distinguishing merit of Mr. Hattersley's work is its breadth of survey and its orderliness of exposition. The Social Credit position is shown, not only in relation to the existing system, but in relation to other schools of credit reform. And as the subject of credit discussion it is more important than ever that the Social Credit proposals should be distinguished from all others, and the distinguishing feature emphasised. Mr. Hattersley's treatment of this matter is so clear that no reader has any excuse for confusion about it.

Review.

Psychopathology. By S. Ernest Nicole, L.M.S.S.H., D.P.M.R.C.P., and S.Z. (Baillière, Tindall and Cox. 10s. 6d.)

Infinity and Ego. By I. C. Isbyam. (The C. W. Daniel Co. 1s.)

Dr. Nicole surveys an extremely large field in a surprisingly small scope, and he surveys it with admirable thoroughness. All the modern approaches to the problem of mental disease, psycho-analytic, behaviouristic, endocrinological, and geo-chemical, to mention only the most outstanding, receive a comprehensive and scrupulous examination at his hands, so that the book is quite the most useful compendium I have seen—and it has been my somewhat tedious duty to study not a few. Naturally, and properly, Dr. Nicole has his preferences amongst the various schools, but these never make him unfair to the others (an extremely rare virtue with writers on this subject), though I am tempted to make an exception of his treatment of Trotter and the Herd Instinct—but then I have a bias in Trotter's favour. With regard to what may be broadly called the psychoanalytic school, it is refreshing to find a psychiatrist who does justice to Jung, for as a rule "psychoanalysis" to the alienist means a garbled version of Freud's sexual theory, with a slight admixture of Adler's teaching. Dr. Nicole, however, devotes one of his chapters to Jung, and also a most interesting appendix is given to a study of Jung's types. After reading this, I, who thought I knew my Jung fairly well, found that I had learned a great deal. But this bird's-eye view of modern psychopathology confirmed in my mind a growing suspicion, that all these schools are interesting side-lines, while the main road yet awaits planning. They tell us all sorts of interesting things about "complexes," "endocrines," instincts, or the vegetative nervous system, but if you want to know anything about the psyche or self, as distinct from these aspects, they have little to tell you. Many of them talk a great deal about it, but few have anything to say, while the Behaviourists, who are perhaps the most honest, if the stupidest, of the schools, simply refuse to discuss the matter, thereby losing their souls as psychologists. I begin to wonder if, after, we shall have to go back and accept the Self as our imperishable, indefinitely, essential unit, which, of course, is to commit the metaphysical heresy that modern psychology will not forgive. As if by design, along with Dr. Nicole's book, I received Mr. Isbyam's for review, and turned to it in the hope of enlightenment. At first, however, I seemed to have fallen out of the frying pan into the fire. The first three sentences seemed frankly unintelligible to me. Here they are:—

"The Universe is part of my mind, being an object therein. My mind is part of the Universe being contained in it. Yet, the Universe which is part of my mind, and the Universe of which my mind is a part, must be one and the same Universe for all valid thinking."

Now the whole book is a sermon on this text, so that unless it can be accepted, the book is worthless. And so, indeed, it seemed to me. But as I read on, Mr. Isbyam's idea began to dawn on me. The above sentences do not represent a literal statement so much as an experiment. The idea is to try to get into a state of mind in which they appear true, and then see what happens. Someone, Chateaubriand I fancy, once said of Hugo that he was a madman, who had the delusion that he was Victor Hugo. I feel there is a closer connection between this statement and Mr. Isbyam's. Taken literally it is rubbish, but it arrests the mind by its peculiar quality of trying to hide its meaning rather than to express it, and we feel the meaning is valuable enough to warrant a search for it. Now the search arouses a peculiar psychological relation—a sort of parallel to the optical one achieved by confronting two mirrors with each other. A double series of images results, both of them being infinite. So it is with Mr. Isbyam's experiments. It results in the mind becoming a self-reflecting mirror, in which subjects and objects, Self and Universe, are seen to be two infinities only separated by time and space, and the illusory mechanisms of Consciousness. They are the two infinities, one "at each end" of parallel lines, which only exists when the lines cease to be parallel. They are inconceivable to us (except in a purely theoretical sense), because the very working of intermediate consciousness hides them from us. Thus Blake, to whom when he was in the mood, all thought was of the Devil, could say:—

"The Sin was begun in Eternity, and will not rest to Eternity.
Till two Eternities meet together. Ah! lost! lost! lost for ever!"

Mr. Isbyam thus suggests the possibility of making "two Eternities meet together," if only for an instant, so that, unless I misunderstand him completely, he is attempting nothing less than the experimental production of genius. A far cry, my masters, from modern psychology, yet possibly:—

"—the logic absolute

That shall the two and seventy jarring sects confute."
N. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

Dear Sir,—I was interested in your notes on Mr. Cousins' letter in your issue of December 4. I do not understand your reference to "the land where Esperanto comes from," but I am with you in your objection to making English "the second (or any) language of the world."

Such a triumph, we feel, would be bought at too great a price. Let us guard our great mother-tongue with jealous care, and preserve it reverently from mutilation. We love it too well to permit it to be debased to the level of an international code, or a series of pidgins.

Nevertheless, some means of international communication is increasingly necessary. We believe that Esperanto is the ideal solution of the problem. It is neutral and international in its elements, logical and regular in construction, and as euphonious as Italian, for which indeed it is often mistaken. It is the easiest language in the world—the principles of the grammar can be grasped in half an hour; every rule is without exception; the spelling is phonetic, and the dictionary small. Nevertheless, it has unrivalled precision and flexibility, and can express the nicest subtleties of thought. It is, moreover, not an untried project, but "the living language of a living people," and in forty years of testing and use has never been found to fail.—Sincerely yours,

MONTAGU C. BUTLER,

Secretary, The British Esperanto Association, 142, High Holborn, W.C.1.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR—PROPHET.

Sir,—Your hypothetical sketch of a possible emergency coup by a self-constituted Royalist State Council is stimulating reading after wading through current Parliamentary Reports.

Sir Francis Palgrave's "History of the Anglo-Saxons," published about 1840, gives the origin of our English Parliament in the 'Witenagemot.' One could almost imagine the author to have possessed the power of visualising the declension of Parliament in A.D. 1930, for he puts the following words into the mouth of Edward the Confessor:—

"Should our Witenagemot, our Mice! getheah! ever cease to be a Meeting of the Wise, or Great thought, and become a Parliament, or Great-talk, it will be worse for England than if a myriad of your Northern Pirates were to ravage the land from sea to sea."

"Mark my words—if our Witan ever enter into long debates, consequences most ruinous to the State must inevitably ensue—they will begin by contradicting one another, and end by contradicting themselves. Constantly raising expectations which they can never fulfil; each party systematically decrying the acts of the other; the Socmen and Churls, who compose the great body of the people, will at last fancy that the Witan are no wiser than the rest of the community. They will suppose that the art of government requires neither skill nor practice; that it is accessible to the meanest capacity; and that it requires nothing but Parliament, or Great-Talk; leaving their ploughs and their harrows, armed with their flails and pitchforks, they will rush into the Hall. They will demolish the throne, and seizing the sceptre and the sword, they will involve the whole state in unutterable confusion and misery."

It will be agreed that one of the few hopeful signs to-day, outside the ranks of Social Credit, is that "the body of the people at last fancy that the Witan (i.e., Government) are no wiser than the rest of the community."

ERNEST A. DOWSON.

[It is pure coincidence that this letter from Mr. Dowson reaches us just in time to be included in the issue of this journal in which we have been constrained to revive once more our strictures on the ineptitude and dishonesty of our "Great-Talkers," both here and in Australia. What an exact prophecy is the above quotation of the civil war between modern democrats ending in an anti-democratic peace!—Ed.]

GATESHEAD. Those interested in **SOCIAL CREDIT** are invited to join a Study Circle on Saturdays at 7.30 at 27, Windy Nook Road, Sheriff Hill, Gateshead. Fred Tait.

A consecutive introductory reading course in Social Credit is provided by the following sets of pamphlets:—

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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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Published by the Proprietor (ARTHUR BRENTON), 70, High Holborn, London, W.C.1 (Telephone: Chancery 8470), and printed for him by THE ARKOS PRESS LIMITED, Temple-avenue and Tudor-street, London, E.C.4.