

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"Now, gentlemen, if we are not to blackleg on each other, we must act on a system. For one week let us go for the miners; for the next, the owners; and for the third, the Government. The fourth we must devote to praise of the Coal Commission's Report. So we shall fill up the month—and then begin again. We must not all start at the same time. While some of us are insisting on what I will call View No. 1, others will be popularising View No. 2—and so on. At last, when the strike is over, and there ultimately comes another General Election, each of us will be equally able to remind the electors of whatever it suits our respective Party interests to remember. In working-class constituencies we shall recall our past insistence on View No. 2, mitigated here and there, according to political exigencies, by perhaps a little of View No. 3, and possibly View No. 4—and so on. The range of permutations is, you will realise, wide enough for all shades of Party policy. You see the idea? None of us must gamble on a final judgment; we must all hedge our bets, so to speak, or, to change the metaphor, must all reinsure with each other our polemical risks. The rotation of opinions will enable us to mitigate the bad seasons of public opinion, and to preserve our moral authoritative standing with the public. Is that agreed?" (All: "Agreed, agreed.")

That this imaginary report of a secret session of newspaper proprietors is a shrewd piece of guess-work, we challenge anyone who has looked to the Press for clear guidance on the Coal issue to deny. Let us quote from Mr. Garvin's leading article in last Sunday's *Observer*:

"We can never acquit of blame the Government, which . . ."
 "We have shown how the owners, decade after decade, have remained blind . . ."
 "A fortnight ago we urged the men . . ."
 ". . . enable the Government to put pressure on the owners . . ."
 "We are not scolding the mass of the men . . ."
 "The Report gave them [the men] the chance of their

lives" . . . "it was framed mainly in favour of the men."

"If the miners had adopted it, an overwhelming force of public opinion would have imposed it on Ministers and owners alike."

"No attempt to put the weight of the censure on Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues will appeal to public opinion."

"Ministers cannot simply throw up their hands and leave this situation to drift."

"The vital thing . . . the Samuel recommendations . . . enforced without mistake."

"Owners and workers have no right to . . ."

"Public opinion decides in the long run."

"The Complete Cook. His Pretty Dish."

"Hundreds of millions of money have been lost . . ."

"We are no pessimists . . ."

"We . . ."

"Yes. No. Yes-No. No-yes. M'yes. N-no. And. But. However. Nevertheless. What is obviously wanted is . . . something which all desire. If only Cook, or Smith, or Baldwin, or . . . anybody but Samuel . . . would show common sense, act firmly, make a gesture, not ask for what he wants—nor want what he asks for . . . why then—then, of course, things . . . would, might, could, or should be—what they now are not. The public will have nothing to say to a subsidy. The public . . . the great public . . . the majesty of public opinion . . . irresistible force . . . immovable body . . . equilibrium, therefore stability. We are optimists . . ."

This kind of "leadership" is typical of the whole Press—the *Observer's* article being merely the latest example to hand. And when one reflects that, as it is in England so it was in Italy, Signor Mussolini's policy of muzzling such multitudinously-crossed mongrels takes on something like the halo of a good deed. At the worst, is it any more injury to the people to be openly coerced into thinking in one wrong direction than to be secretly swindled into thinking in twenty? They had better go together down one blind alley than be dispersed along the twenty. "Divide and conquer," holds good here.

"In order to put public opinion into our hands we must bring it into a state of bewilderment by giving expression

from all sides to so many contradictory opinions and for such length of time as will suffice to make the public lose their heads in the labyrinth and come to see that the best thing is to have no opinion of any kind in matters political . . ."

This passage, taken from the *Protocols* (we have substituted the word "public" for the word "Goyim") correctly indicates the place and function of the Press in the structure of Government. As bearing upon this there is a significant passage in Mr. Garvin's article already referred to:

"Owners and workers have no right to wage hostilities as they please on national territory, and to inflict upon the neutral interests of the majority what injury they will."

The allusion here is to the coal-owners and the miners; but the logical implications of this doctrine must extend to industry in general, namely that owners as a whole, and workers as a whole have no right to wage hostilities. Now, considering that owners and workers together, and their dependants, constitute the whole community, who is it who lays this law down for their observance? In an economy where every individual is required to perform a service to industry as a condition of receiving an income, he must either be an owner or a worker. If then, the community, so grouped into two interests, feels impelled to wage hostilities, whose rights are they prejudicing but their own? Or is there a third interest with rights—an interest which, in the nature of the case, must necessarily be extra-communal? It would be quite another matter if only a small proportion of the population were normally required for industrial tasks, and the "neutral majority" were neither owners nor workers, but consumers pure and simple; for then there would be a neutral right to be violated by strikes or lock-outs. But under the existing economic regime, Mr. Garvin's "neutral majority" is a figment. There is no class of *consumers only*; no distinct embodiment of the consumer interest *as such*. Every personal interest in the country is a wage or dividend interest, and is bound up with the issues being decided by Capital-Labour hostilities. Only a minority of persons are in the firing line, but *all are in the war*, whether they know it or not—either to enforce low wages in the interests of high dividends or low dividends in the interests of high wages. Who *can* be neutral? Who is there whose interests are above this wage-dividend conflict? Certainly no *person*. But certainly a system—the Credit Monopoly.

We can now delete Mr. Garvin's meaningless doctrine and substitute another. It can be formulated as follows:

The administrative agents of the nation's financial credit have no right to wage hostilities as they please on the nation, and to inflict upon the interests of the whole population what injury they will.

The Samuel Report was the declaration of a bankers' lock-out against the whole coal industry. The subsequent lock-out of the miners by the owners was thereby rendered unavoidable. In locking out the miners from access to wages, the owners locked out the rest of the community from access to coal. Coincidentally the community was, and is being, debited with the cost of extra public relief. The miners have been left to eat up their savings. The owners, in their turn, have been left to see rates, property taxes, and capital charges accumulating against them. In every direction—among owners, workers and consumers—progressive ruin. All these evils are the outcome of the banks' determination of the subsidy. Yet amid all the distracting chatter of the Press there is no suggestion of a challenge to the banks to prove their right to stop it, or to explain, if it was their right, why they felt obliged to exercise it. The

problem is purely a credit problem, yet is never discussed with reference to the technique of credit-creation. A few years ago such a situation would have been understandable. But in view of the information which Mr. McKenna has made public on this subject—to say nothing of our own activities—there is no escape from the conclusion that there is a conspiracy of silence in the Press. We conclude from this that the powers now muzzling the Press still think they can carry out their policy in their own way. We shall see. In the meantime, there is one consolatory reflection—this country is not exporting coal: it is conserving its Real Credit. Mr. Garvin is not an optimist for nothing.

With reference to the intervention of the Churches in the dispute, we have received from a correspondent a typed transcript of a letter sent to *The Times* by the Bishop of Manchester on August 19. We are glad to get it, because it indicates that the Church leaders are industriously circulating a justification of their act. The Bishop ably refutes the suggestion that Church intervention was improper in principle. He is on strong ground. Consider the position, Samuel receives a revelation that there will be no more subsidies. He hastens to impart it to Eli, the coal-owner, who immediately exclaims, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth good." Happily, in this modern setting of the Old Testament story, there are some prophets of the Lord who have the sound intuitive feeling that Samuel's vision is not of divine origin. They say so. Immediately all Eli's capitalist relatives say "How improper." But the question of propriety is irrelevant. The whole point is whether the revelation is true. Surely it is of the first importance to be sure that the "vision" did not originate with the Philistines. And since Eli is ninety-eight years old, and nearly blind, obviously some younger and more clear-sighted individuals must come and do for him what neither he nor his family are able to do for themselves—subject the vision to a "higher criticism." This is what the Church leaders tried to do for the coal-owners. They had no specialised experience of finance, but they had the moral sense to know that any new plan was better than a paralysed submission to some unknown end, and they also had the intelligence to see that a right settlement would need financial support of some kind, whether called by a subsidy or a loan. The Bishop of Manchester, after explaining that the subsidy was not put forward as "essential to our proposals," remarks in his letter that even if it had been "it would have been no more contrary to the Report than the suggestion made by the Chairman of the Royal Commission, who himself had urged a temporary renewal of subsidy." It is a significant thing that this body of churchmen, in spite of their lack of specialised experience, should unwittingly turn investigations in a direction which expert economic knowledge in the future will declare to have been the right one. "We have never imagined," continues the Bishop, "... that economic facts can be modified by humane sentiments." This is letter-perfect, and we are glad to see it put in that careful way. However, since, on account of its context, it may lead to misunderstandings, let us emphasise that this is far removed from the false proposition, with which it might be confused, that these facts are insusceptible of being brought within a new economic system of fulfilling the dictates of humanity. There are two basic economic facts: (1) A surplus of productive machinery, (2) a surplus of labour. Humanity need not wish to alter them. They do not need alteration—they only need correlation. The impediment to this correlation is a shortage of money. This, too, is a fact like the others, but it happens to be a fact that can be reversed to-morrow by an issue of financial credit.

Everything that everyone wants from the economic system is expressible in the last analysis by consumable goods. The use of money tokens in the process of making these is equivalent to a ritual—nothing more. The provision of money from a credit authority need entail no more effort, no more risk, than does the celebration of High Mass or the administration of the Sacrament. The nexus of the two ideas is *Faith*. The acceptance of a cube of bread and the acceptance of a piece of money are parallel acts of faith. They are both tokens of remembrance and hope. The first is intended to remind the communicant that something has happened which assures him of his eternal salvation. The second reminds the consumer that something has happened which assures him of his temporal salvation. We need not elaborate the spiritual parallel; but on the economic plane the assurance rests on the visible existence of surplus productive machinery and redundant willing labour, which demonstrates the possibility of quickened output and a higher standard of life. Owners and workers together wait only for tokens of and claims to new temporal wealth. Production is indefinitely expandable; consumption is not. The inducement to production is money. In return for the emission of an unreality called credit the community will bring into being real wealth in ever-increasing profusion. Where are the High Priests of Finance?

There is a storm in French politics and the Poincaré Government is threatened. M. Poincaré obtained a vote from Parliament to carry out a big programme of economies in all the Government departments. All the Ministers, Conservative and Radical, set the axe to work. The programme suppresses 106 sub-prefectures out of 380. (France is divided into 89 departments, each of which is divided into sub-prefectures, each with its own services of Justice, Finance, Public Instruction, etc.) Out of 359 tribunals in the whole country, 228 are to be closed down; while prisons to the number of 218 are to be shut. The result is as could have been foreseen. Deputies and senators on both sides belonging to the sacrificed districts have started a war against the Government. They declare they will not ratify the programme when they re-assemble in Parliament next month. M. Emile Loubet, former President of the Republic, who has not taken part in politics for the last twenty-three years, has sent a formal protest, in the name of his Department of the Drome, saying that he sees no economy, but complete disorganisation, in the measures taken by the Government. One hundred and sixty mayors met last Friday in the Palais d'Orsay Hotel in Paris to protest against them, and afterwards sent a deputation to lodge their protest formally with M. Poincaré.

The *Daily Chronicle's* Correspondent, from whose report we take these particulars, makes an incidental remark which is worth emphasising. He says of these economies that they "tend to concentrate local government administration in important centres." This is the inevitable consequence of economy everywhere. Finance, in enforcing economy, by that very act lessens the power of the public to control their representatives. The more the people give way to initial economies the faster they can be forced to give way to subsequent ones. Now France is the nearest approach to an ideal Democracy that exists. In France, decentralisation of control is as yet the keynote of administration. The mere dismissal of a few thousand or a few hundred thousand civil servants is a negligible element in the present crisis compared with the deeper issues involved. France, at this moment, is in an incomparably stronger position to stand up against—and, as we hope, to lead Europe against—an external financial domination through a highly centralised government.

tal mechanism than any other country. The French citizen, when he has a grievance, likes to feel that the official responsible for it not only has a soul to be damned in the problematical future, but a body to be kicked here and now. He likes to deal with a principal, not an underling, and for preference would like him to live next door, so that no aggrieved victim of injustice need walk more than a yard or two to assault him. This, as will be readily seen, is fatal to effective official repression. It explains, for instance, the incident of that Englishman in France who had his income tax form returned to him with the request that he would reduce the declared amount; as also the judicial refusal of redress to that tax-collector against a citizen whose dog had bitten him—both of which incidents we have recorded. The *Observer's* Correspondent says that 700 tax collectors are to be dismissed, which means that the work of these fiscal riflemen is to be done by Big Berthas, and the taxpayer shelled from afar off instead of shot at from close quarters. Notwithstanding local protests against the suppression of these small hostages for the good behaviour of the tax-collecting administration, M. Poincaré stands firmly by the whole programme, and Parliament will have to take it—or leave it.

A vivid sidelight on the sabotage encouraged by the existing price system appears in the above correspondent's message. It has to do with tripe. "Tripe," he says, "cooked slowly in the baker's oven for at least half a day 'à la mode de Caen' finds a frequent place on every middle-class French table. And yet, although the supply is so great that thousands of pounds weight are thrown away daily at the Halles, the price still remains high." (Our italics.) There is no moral attaching to scandals of this sort, of course. Newspapers are too busy talking cheap tripe about Cook to trouble about dear tripe for cooks.

At the National Catholic Congress at Manchester two remarks on the subject of birth control are worth recording. Dr. E. Somers said that in his long experience he had been more distressed by the "tragedy of sterile families" than the large families, and warned women against delaying having children until their economic position had improved. "Advocates of birth control must be careful that their teaching does not encourage people to dispense with marriage altogether." Lady Winefride Elwes pointed out that the logical tendency of this system is towards throwing the whole of England into Catholic hands, because their women folk would continue to have children, whatever other women did. We notice that Catholics usually concede the economic case for birth control to their opponents. They need not. Birth control certainly means economic relief in its pioneer stage, but the more widely it is practised the less the relief. Eliminate one child, on the average, from every family in Great Britain, and the Cost of Living index figure would be promptly adjusted downwards together with wage bonuses. The economic luck falls to the family numerically below the average of all families. To seek to generalise this luck by reducing the average itself is therefore futile.

Reformers and Financiers.

"Business—that is, the whole material side of life—is threatened by two classes of people who think they are in opposition but who actually have a common cause—the professional financier and the professional reformer. These two classes are real menaces. The professional financiers wrecked Germany. The professional reformers wrecked Russia. You can take your choice as to who made the better job of it. These two classes, working either directly or through politicians, are in control of Europe and are responsible for its poverty. Under no system which they devise do the people have a chance." (Henry Ford, in *To-day and Tomorrow*.)

Heterodoxy in Propaganda.

If someone wished to measure the total of *pain* in the world he would have to multiply three factors, the extent, the intensity, and the duration of the pain. In a somewhat similar manner, anyone who wanted to estimate the effective impress of a new idea on the world's imagination would have to take note of three factors: (a) how many propagandists there were; (b) how intensely they presented their case; and (c) over how long a period their activities were to last.

The first two factors have a direct bearing upon the third. The more propagandists, or the greater the intensity, the quicker the result. The third factor governs the other two. The more time allowed, the fewer the propagandists, or the less the intensity, required to produce a given effect.

In the case of the Social Credit Theorem factors "a" and "c" are more or less conditioned by circumstance—factor "c" wholly so. At any given moment the number of propagandists is what it is—they cannot will themselves into a greater number: and the time at their disposal is obviously an unknown quantity—i.e., no one can tell at what precise point the existing economic system will break down. Every student of the New Economics, however, knows two things: that the number of propagandists is small, and that the time is short.

Hence attention must be concentrated on factor "b"—*intensity*. This intensity can be considered under two aspects, one of them *energy*, and the other *method*. Of the first it is unnecessary to speak. Of the second, one may say that it presents two alternatives. The propagandist can be conciliatory, or he can be uncompromising. He can attract attention by attraction, or he can attract attention by repulsion. His intensity, in this connotation, means his power of making the world take notice. The present article is written to advocate the second alternative method—*repulsion*.

All propagandist bodies now existing use the same method. They plead for approval by the public of their several objects. They are like a row of street pedlars all offering the same sort of goods by precisely the same method. The result is that the passer-by is left without any power of discrimination. His attention, if attracted at all, is attracted by all; which means that it is *distracted*. But imagine one of these pedlars to display a reluctance to sell—conveying the suggestion that, far from trying to convince buyers that his bootlaces were good enough to merit their patronage, he was trying to *convince himself that these buyers were good enough to merit his bootlaces* and, no matter what happened to this singular individual so far as immediate business was concerned, it is clear that he would leave a deep and lasting impression on those who encountered him. He would have obeyed the first two canons governing the technique of advertising—which are (a) *to attract attention*, and (b) *to awaken interest*.

Propaganda is advertising. So what applied in the case of the pedlar applies to the propagandist of Social Credit. He must attract attention and arouse interest by differentiating himself from other propagandists, by appearing unwilling to expound his case to any and every sort of individual who comes along the roadway. It is true that without exposition his propaganda cannot be effective. But that leads to a further truth, that in the nature of the case, even a complete exposition will be ineffective as concerns, let us say all but one person in a thousand. "Then what is the use," it will be objected, "of discussing methods of general propaganda at all?" The answer is that there is a wrong and a right method of detaching the one useful "prospect" (to use an advertising expert's term) from the nine hundred and ninety-nine others. The wrong way is to flatter the thousand: the right way is to disparage them. The wrong way is to say to

them: "Here is something which all of you can grasp if you'll listen to me." The right way is to say: "Here is something which hardly any of you are capable of grasping." Imagine now, a speaker for Social Credit in, let us say, Hyde Park, adopting the latter attitude. The subsequent proceedings might follow these lines:—

Voice from the crowd: "Well then, what the devil are you up there for?"
Speaker: "You've heard of the 'Unknown Warrior,' haven't you?"
Voice: "Yes. What about him?"
Speaker: "He is a typical figure representing those who gave their lives up in the war."
Voice: "All right! What then?"
Speaker: "Well, I'm on this platform to speak to an Unknown Warrior of another kind; that is to say, to a man who is destined to give up time and effort to probe the Social Credit Theorem to its depths. I do not know who that man is. He may not be present in this audience. On the other hand, there may be two or three of him here. If I knew who they were I would close this meeting and take them away for a quiet talk. I have no use for the rest of you. But as I do not, I must begin by talking to you all."

But what to talk about? And how to talk about it? To the crowd, about the *need* for Social Credit. This can be supported by arguments. Also the *promise* of Social Credit. This must be asserted without argument. But the *content* of Social Credit, this must be reserved for the few active seekers after truth. Public propaganda must be undertaken, not immediately to teach, but primarily to make known that there is something to be taught: not to pander to momentary curiosity, but to create the will to study in those who are capable of undertaking the task. That is one method of differentiation. It can be summed up in the phrase "Speaking with authority." Conviction, dignity, and sincerity will impart that authority, will invest the propaganda with a strong, a distinctive *character*.

"A sign of a strong character—" said Nietzsche, "when once the resolution has been taken, to shut the ear even to the best counter arguments. Occasionally, therefore, a will to stupidity." The second method is the presentation of an *uncompromising revaluation* of existing economic, and also moral and political values. In short, a new standard of Right and Wrong. It has been said that the duty of the critic is to measure all the arguments for and against the object of criticism, and, having decided where the balance lies, to pronounce judgment on that side *as though there were no other side*. "Good," on balance, is wholly good. "Evil," on balance, is wholly evil. There are no "rights of minorities," in moral, ethical and aesthetic valuations.

To apply this principle to the subject under discussion, let us set out side by side some antithetical words and terms under the categorical designations "Good" and "Evil," according to the Social Credit standard of valuation. The list can be indefinitely extended.

GOOD.	EVIL.
Harvest	Seed time
Consumption	Production
Leisure	Work
Spending	Saving * * *
* * *	* * *
Nationalism	Internationalism
* * *	* * *
Rights	Duties
Freedom	Discipline
Initiative	Obedience
Rewards	Sacrifices
Indulgence	Abstinence
Self-interest	Altruism
"I want"	"I ought"
Egoism	Pan humanism

Looking down the two lists, the average person would say, "Oh, but there is a lot to be said on both sides." Exactly. But that is not the point. The

The Desert.

The wind is blowing from the north, cool and invigorating. The desert with its myriad undulations lies on all sides. To the north, ragged cliffs and high mountains, purple in their shadows and golden in the sun, cut into the blue sky. Great breakers of sand, that, were they measured by any human scale, would register as small hills, here impose their will upon the eye. Indeed, the caprice of the desert is incalculable. As though it were a vast ocean where waves big and small rise and change and shift, so the great sea of sand tricks and confuses the eye, till he who lives in it learns to trust only to his feet.

Perhaps it is in the strange mixture of reality and illusion where space is and yet is not, where space and time seem to have lost relationship, to have become detached in some puzzling way, that the eternal mystery and attraction of the desert lie. Who could guess that behind that sand-wave is concealed the most charming little valley? Its bed is covered with softest sand. Desert plants flow like golden water into it, and overflow upon its banks. Brilliant stones, blood-red and blue and green, glow in the light, the everlasting-flowers of that great expanse. The camel-thorn clatters in the wind, and a couple of grasshoppers, yellow as the sand, with markings dark as the rocks, flutter and chirp in their sand-garden.

The tracks of a jackal lead far off toward the distant mountains, heaped one behind the other on the horizon; and a black and white insect runs hurriedly out of the way, rattling some part of his anatomy like dice in a box.

Presently the sun sets. The shadows beneath the overhanging rocks become blue as night seen through a lighted tent door. To the emerald and gold splashes and veinings of the vegetation is added the orange-pink glow of the sunlight. A flight of white cranes pass in an open bow overhead. A solitary kite wheels and sinks with shrill mutterings into his rocky shelter. The silhouette of an owl with tufted ears sits motionless upon a crag, unconscious of the wind which ruffles his feathers, lifting them up and down on his back, as if it were flapping a blanket. He is waiting for the night. Quickly it comes. The orange flush dies out. The mountains against the sky grow black and lose their details. The blue shadows shrink back into their sources, leaving everything a soft brown grey.

M. G.

Science Notes.

Pickles and Child Welfare.

In an article in *Nature* of September 4, reference is made to a philanthropist who, in the course of a complaint that mothers trained in elementary schools could teach their daughters nothing about the care of babies, made the surprising statement that the lives of many babies were nowadays saved by the habit of giving them pickles. "This crude" (comments the writer) "and drastic introduction of acetic acid into the infantile stomach, to whatever local discomfort it might give rise, at any rate protected the baby against the deadly complaint of infantile diarrhoea by killing the putrefactive bacilli derived from the decomposing cow's milk on which it was fed."

Transport of Semen.

Mr. Arthur Walton writes to *Nature* (August 21) stating that spermatazoa from a rabbit were sent by post from the Institute of Animal Nutrition, Cambridge, to the Animal Breeding Research Department, University of Edinburgh. From the insemination of five does 46-49 hours after despatch, three produced litters of 8, 11, and 2 respectively. One died without diagnosis of pregnancy and one proved infertile. Although the technique excludes the application of this particular method of preservation ("in vitro") to the domesticated animals, further experiments are in progress to overcome the difficulty. Mr. Walton points out the importance of this in animal husbandry.

point is: on which side is most to be said? Not, be it specially noted, *was* most to be said, but *is* to be said, *in this present time, place, and circumstance*. Let us take some examples. Consumption . . . Production. At one time the problem of producing enough for adequate consumption was undeniably real. At that time Production was "Good," and Consumption "Evil." But to-day the problem is reversed. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof—and to-day Production is an "evil" word. For the same reason, "Saving," once "good" because it was a factor in Production; now becomes "evil," because it impedes Consumption.

The Social Credit propagandist must show the signs of the "strong character" and, risking the charge of manifesting "a will to stupidity," must at all times and in all places deliver an uncompromising attack on these "Evil" words, the ideas they stand for, and the persons who either express them, or deliver sentiments even remotely implying them. This is within the power of the least instructed believer in the truth of Social Credit to carry out. It requires moral courage, and nothing else. Let us imagine a conversation.

MR. PLODGER: "What do you think of Mr. Snawdler's speech?"
 NEW AGE READER: "Snawdler? What's he say?"
 P.: "Why, haven't you seen it?—where he says we must all work harder?"
 N.A.R.: "Oh, that! Snawdler's a back number."
 P.: "A back—!"
 N.A.R.: "That idea was exploded six years ago."
 P.: "Expl— What do you mean? Who exploded it—?"
 N.A.R.: "Oh, a man called Douglas."
 P.: "Douglas; and who's he? I've never heard of him."
 N.A.R.: "That doesn't alter the fact."
 P.: "No, but— Why, Snawdler is a trained economist."
 N.A.R.: "Yes. But his training stopped six years ago or longer. He's like some of these overworked country doctors—too busy to keep up with his reading."
 P.: "You seem pretty sure of —"
 N.A.R.: "I am sure."
 P.: "That's all very well. But how are you sure? What's the —?"
 N.A.R.: "Oh, no. You asked my opinion, and I have given it. Snawdler's a wash-out. Not only that, but he's a bigger danger to the community than any Communist. Snawdler's a pest, and everybody like him."
 P.: "But how can you expect to convince me with epithets?"
 N.A.R.: "My dear fellow, I'm not trying to do so."
 P.: "Well, you're the limit, I must say."
 N.A.R.: "If you think so. . . . Well, I must be off now. If you like, I'll put you on to the place where you can get information—although I doubt whether you'll understand it."
 P.: "Do you?"
 N.A.R.: "Sufficiently to know that Snawdler's a fool. . . . See here. This is the place to write to if you want —"
 P.: "So you won't —"
 N.A.R.: "No, I'm too busy. Good day."
 P. (left fuming): "Douglas. Douglas. Of all the swank and cheek. Damn it, I'll write Snawdler and find out the rights of this. I'll be ready for that fellow when I see him again. Used to listen to reason—hardly open his mouth. Wonder what he's got hold of. I'll —"

The "New Age Reader" in this imaginary case may be assumed to lack the ability to present arguments for Social Credit although he can see the truth for himself. Nevertheless he has conducted a piece of effective propaganda. If he had begun an argument, Plodger would have crushed him with a catchphrase and gone away chuckling. But now, Plodger is upset. If there is any stuff in the man he will take the next step himself. If there is not, he is nobody's goods, and breath has been well saved on him. The above is an extreme case. The propagandist gives no information at all. He is a supercilious oyster. Other cases will be considered in a following article.

ARTHUR BRENTON.

The Eugenic Myth.

By George Ryley Scott, F.R.A.I., F.Ph.S., F.Z.S.,
F.P.C.(Lond.).

The basic principle upon which every theory of eugenics largely subsists is the popular assumption that "blood tells." Hymned by Sir Francis Galton, founder of the modern school of eugenics, it has been chanted in turn by every advocate of selective human breeding.

Briefly stated, the theory is that the quality of children, physically and mentally, is dependent largely, if not entirely, on the qualities of the parents. Thieves give birth to thieves; murderers beget murderers; imbeciles are responsible for the multiplication of their kind. And thus, and thus.

Owing to the fact that men and women are allowed to marry whom they please; that the disease-afflicted, the mentally-unsound, the morally unfit, are forming unions with others of the opposite sex every day in the week, the ranks of the undesirable citizens are being inflated. Such is the contention of the eugenists. To end this deplorable state of affairs, and at the same time to bring about a huge uplift in relation to the race as a whole, they have a carefully-thought-out remedy.

This remedy is the adoption of a system of State-approved marriages, involving the segregation of the physically and morally unfit, and, as propounded by Mr. Wiggam and several others, the sterilisation of the disease-stricken and the criminally-minded. What, in effect, the eugenists advocate is the application to the propagation of the human race of those very principles which have been applied with such marked success to the breeding of animals and birds.

It is a widely-held belief that we, as a nation, are wrong in giving more attention to the breeding of our horses than to the breeding of our children. It is, in point of fact, to the breeding of horses, dogs, and fowls that is due the oft-quoted statement that "blood always tells," beloved of every student of eugenics, and elaborated with much effect by the before-mentioned Mr. Albert E. Wiggam in his belauded book "The Fruit of the Family Tree." By selective artificial breeding some wonderful results have been obtained. The racehorse, the heavy-milking cow, the 300-egg hen, numerous new breeds of dogs and fowls, the stoneless plum, and the spikeless cactus of Burbank, are amongst a few of these remarkable productions. In the course of a few generations a breed can be altered almost past recognition.

Of the truth of all this there can be no question. Every practical breeder knows that by rigorous selective methods alone can satisfactory and swift progress be made; that once this system of selection be abandoned chaos results: in a few generations the beautiful horses, the distinctive dogs, the wonderful breeds of fowls, would all go back to the mongrelised forms from which, with much skill and patience, the breeder has rescued them.

Very well, says the eugenist, let us apply in a modified form the same principles to the breeding of human beings. Examined superficially, the thesis seems convincing enough. But the analogy is a dangerous one. It rests on an assumption which every competent biologist knows to be not only unsafe but actually erroneous.

The live-stock breeder is concerned solely with physiology. He is concerned, if his aim is the development of exhibition traits, with matters of physical conformation, with quality and colour of the coat in horses, peculiarities of plumage in fowls, and so on; or if his aim is utilitarian, with the breeding of cattle possessed of phenomenal milk-producing capacities, with the development of strains of sensational egg-producing hens. The eugenist, on the other hand, is largely concerned with mental

properties; his main objective is not the production of men and women in numbers conforming to precise facial dimensions or bodily proportions but the increase in the number of persons reaching a definite standard of intelligence or morality. Physical health is incidental.

Precisely here is it that the whole thesis breaks down. For mentality is not hereditary, or, at any rate, its hereditary factor is so slight as to be negligible so far as any practical purpose is concerned. The eugenist, like the psychologist, has been led astray by basing his hypothesis on the older biological concept that a mentality superimposed on a network of instincts is as truly hereditary as the colour of the skin, the shape of the face, the visceral processes in man. No clear distinction is made between instincts and habits, between purely cortical or neurological processes and physiological or peripheral activity.

The truth is that every child, on emergence from the womb, is a brainless animal, possessed of nothing in the way of hereditary factors beyond the sum of autonomic physiological, anatomical and neural correlations which ensure its development into a human being of a distinct type. Even the type itself is, in minor characteristics, amenable to environmental influence. The popular idea that different races inherit marked emotional and cortical concepts such as sportsmanship and patriotism in the English; cunning in the Japanese; parsimony in the Scots; cupidity in the Jews, is so much twaddle. It arises through a confounding of these acquired abstract qualities with inherent instincts. No abstraction can be instinctive, for an instinct is inherited as a biological factor. Thus there is no such thing as a born poet, or a born artist, or a born musician. Nor is the tendency to any precise form of mental development inheritable. To say, for instance, that a child can inherit a tendency to musical expression is to say something almost nonsensical. To say that the child of a burglar inherits a tendency to commit burglary is rubbish. Yet to say that the one often develops musical talent and the other as often becomes a professional burglar are true statements enough. In each case the error of assuming an inheritable factor lies in the inability to distinguish between cause and effect.

Environmental influence on mental attainments exceeds the influence of heredity by a thousand to one. The child of an artist, provided its environmental conditions duplicate those of its parent, will probably develop artistic talent, and has much better prospects of becoming an artist than has the child of a bricklayer. But that same child, transplanted at birth to the society of Congo savages, would probably in adolescence possess the habits and mentality of a cannibal.

Thus it is that any scheme of State control of marriage, beyond the limitations of hereditary disease and physical disabilities, would be a complete failure. The man of genius, the man of talent even, can never be produced in the same way as is produced the pedigree racehorse. To the end of time his emergence from the ruck of mankind will remain largely an accident.

Sociologists, following psychologists, as psychologists have followed biologists, have been led astray. It is necessary for them to take into account the changed conditions of the age. The chief of these are (a) the restricted effects of parental example, and (b) the overwhelming influence of stereotyped forms of mind domination. The mental attitudes of the young of both sexes to-day owe nothing, so far as are concerned inheritable factors, and precious little as regards imposed beliefs to their parents: on the contrary, these attitudes are largely conditioned by the radio, the cinema, and the Sunday and daily garbage sheets.

Enfranchisement.

II.

Before making the franchise conditional on experience, contemplate the experience of the youth of twenty-one, not overlooking what you know of his behaviour at the University and elsewhere, of his rags, competitions, and love affairs, and of his self-esteem; think of him giving his personal opinion in a referendum, which is what progress would lead to, or any matter of prime democratic importance; whether, for example, one man one wife should be enforced in the Southern Pacific, or whether white slave traffickers should be hanged, drawn, quartered, and devoured by feminists without trial. It would be nonsense to pretend that the infant, hindered by fewer prejudices, could not judge at least as well as any adult in the land, especially if the child could not read. Reasoning from the accepted platitude of democracy that all whose interests are affected by any public affair should have it referred to them before action is taken, the logical consummation of franchise extension is that children should not be born without previous consultation, and that by some miracle of arithmetical and other sciences the majority should decide for all. Whether children would consent to be born if told the truth about the people they would consequently meet may be problematical. But even the result of their refusal would not be out of keeping with the present tendency of democracy. The unwillingness of the babies to be born would fit in perfectly with the unwillingness of the parents to bear them.

Democracy is a fine-sounding name for the eccentricity of people who consider bad government in which everybody has a mock-share better than good government; for whom the broth is well spoiled if only too many cooks had a finger in it. Fortunately there are practical checks in the logical outcome of such an anarchical idea. The stability of the State is not so seriously threatened as appearances suggest. On important democratic problems the like of those already mentioned, submitted to young men for their opinions, the sensible handful would be too busy to vote. The majority, in something after the same fashion as their elders, would be overawed by being told, earnestly and piously, that, having won the vote, they would be immoral not to use it, and, in their set, still more immoral not to use it in support of the right policy. Parents, pastors, schoolmasters, and sweethearts, Sunday papers and prospective careerists, would muddle and fuddle and flatter them until, in sufficient numbers to keep the nation a disorderly house under the same proprietorship, they followed their party. Thus everything would remain exactly as it is. When women cried and stamped for the vote they promised the restoration of paradise in return for their consequent dominion. They gave emphatic notice that the ancient male mismanagement would come to the bad end it deserved. Once the vote was obtained they joined the same parties as the men they pretended to despise, in about the same proportions, and for, with one exception, identical ends. The exception was that in the flush of their new electoral freedom they demanded the limitation of social liberty until it should be as infinitesimal as any other sort; it was obvious at once that, if women politicians had their way, the Government, in the uniform of a female policeman, would chaperone the whole feminine order night and day. Luckily nature provides a check here also. Among the women themselves a few, more than a few, charming creatures remain who care nothing either for votes or for democracy, who have their own way of correcting male mismanagement, and who would rather face an unhappy ending than the prospect of continual protection by the police.

Various sections of the Press have advocated that voting should, as it is already in Australia, be compulsory. This suggests a fine democratic law, requiring only for perfection a clause compelling everybody to vote for the same party. Granted the loyal obedience of the electorate to such an act democracy would almost become workable. What the promoters of compulsory voting probably wish, however, is to put an end to the necessity for praying, cajoling, and shepherding voters to the polling-booths, and for enticing them there with motor-rides. It may be, of course, that politicians are afraid, unless the people can be prevailed upon to come out of its holes and say whether it wants what the Government proposes, of suddenly finding themselves the Government of a people of corpses, dead of idleness, apathy, and neglect. Such fear does not seem altogether unjustified. Whether or not, if the farce of elections is to continue to be played seriously, electoral conscription, like every other sort of conscription, will prove democratic necessity.

Certain adherents of democracy who march under its banner as evidence of their humanitarianism, yet who perceive the impossible absurdity of "government by the people," attempt a definition of democracy as "government by consent of the governed," which obviously fails to distinguish democratic from any other form of government. It is an ancient observation which every despot has known—at all events if he kept his place—that government of any sort depends on the consent, however obtained, of the governed. Democracy cannot, for the sake of escape, be defined as government by active as distinct from passive consent. Consent is passive by nature, and action proceeds from dissent alone. The history of England is mainly a thesis in testimony to this truth. The respective proverbial signs of consent and dissent are silence and protest. Democracy owes its very existence to active dissent; to violent dissent; to the refusal, in specific language, of traders and manufacturers to be governed and taxed by landlords, and of workers to be too extremely misgoverned by both. As long as the governed have any life left they are ready to sacrifice it in kicking the day oppression passes its appointed limit. Democracy is the present evidence that they have been so ready in England.

To catch again the echo of my quotation from "The Meaning of Meaning," who are the populace that their "personal opinions" should carry weight with anyone but themselves? An intense, common popular emotion means in reality far more to a Government, whether for danger or for hope, than any number of collected personal opinions, and exerts far more influence. The counting up and rounding down of personal opinions, of millions of social gains compressed into amorphous lumps by cynical newspaper propaganda, is a less honest way of coming to a decision than spinning a penny. "There are few things," as Montaigne said, "on which we can give sincere judgments, and there are probably no more that we can judge competently." When the wise and those in possession of the essential facts fall out, whether moved by self-interest or the love of men, the most futile method of determining rightly that could be imagined is to ask the people to settle the dispute on a majority vote based on the suppression of the essential facts. As long as the people are willing to be seduced into the illusion that their votes are an effective tribunal—or a tribunal at all—the nation will have to struggle along as best it can with a people whose mentality is mass-produced, and which is accordingly an incoherent mob, filling the miserable office politically of a reference for shifting the responsibility of legislators to the backs of their victims, who may have the Government, they are told from time to time, which they deserve.

During the war the business of the State and of the people was recognised as the same—to husband resources, put men and materials where they would be most useful, and defeat the enemy; elections were a superfluous luxury. If the rich had acted with the same loyalty as the other classes to this common-sense value, and kept it up, there need have been no more electoral vulgarities. Not even the clamour of the few who make money out of elections could have saved the democratic constitution. The war out of the way, however, the nation split up once more into hordes of self-seekers; and thus democracy was rendered necessary again. Noble lords, who acknowledge that the mere mastery of Blue Books and other Government publications, so mighty is their volume, presents too great a task for the brain of one person, nevertheless associate themselves with the democratic educational movements. That labourers, typists, and costermongers should have to dedicate their little spare time to the study of statistics, to prevent politicians from building nests for their friends, or to mastering of recondite schemes for the world's financial betterment, is a curse on democracy with all its paraphernalia of personal opinion and personal interest. In the enfranchisement of women there is one forlorn hope—that women of character, in the dearth of men of genius, may come into power, and begin to operate something capable of dispensing with democracy. Railwaymen, miners, and dockers might then, perhaps, be able to drop economic research and foreign affairs, to occupy themselves with matters more intimate and entertaining. Everybody now studies economics because the experts and professors have miserably failed. Everybody does not study engineering. Any specialism which provokes laymen to study it, betrays the corruption of its application and the incompetence of its specialists.

It is incredible that the people really desire a state of society in which every man, woman, and child must be a full-time politician on pain of suffering their affairs to be mismanaged. Every other day some political leader complains that the populace gives more interest to sport than to the duties of a citizen, meaning by the latter the conduct of all the world's business—and a final vote for him. Politicians have had more limelight than is good for the eyes of any man, yet they plead for a monopoly, and can be heard ceaselessly demanding that we treat the question of disposing of our votes as the most important of our lives. This democracy is to entail alongside the monopoly of public limelight by politicians, the monopoly of the citizen's entire three score years and ten by the study of reforms and reasons against reforms. Having in practice subordinated mankind to its functions, so that no man is an individual but only something or other, society atones by political enfranchisement, which has tended more and more to political enslavement. Contemporaneously with the wider distribution of enfranchisement power has been increasingly concentrated. Yet the powerless voter is commanded to understand the complexities of world and internal politics lest he inadvertently commit irreparable harm to the universe by marking the ballot paper in the wrong place. No wonder man was called the political animal. For the sake of an insignificant paper cross he must sweat under a burden of political theory which corresponds in not the slightest degree to any practical or spiritual reality.

Democracy, after theoretically eliminating the abuses, still remains an ill in the body politic in which every cell has to be a brain-cell, conscious of the whole organism; in which it is an offence to mind one's own business. Its apotheosis is a nation of busybodies. Society is in reality an organism to the extent that it cannot take wise decisions on a vote of its component cells. In disease, of course, when the various organs within the organism are at war for the insufficient sustenance provided, consultation of the

dissentient parts is necessary, but it is nothing less than hypochondria to regard such consultation as an ideal condition to be indefinitely extended. Brain was developed for thinking, to maintain the rhythm of general organic service, to save the feet, and not to delegate to them its own duties. As long as lungs, heart and limbs are healthy they do not quarrel for the best-paid jobs, and a balance of power exists among them independent of the number of their cells. Given decent management at the head, each cell is capable, one may say, of dividing well between self and society. Power is distributed and the franchise concentrated. Responsibility is individualised. If men are to ascend to individuality, some activities of the State will have to proceed like the movements of the stars and seasons—without the citizens' unremitting attention and supervision. Public functions will have to be fulfilled by trustworthy individuals, keener on being members of a great nation than on making as much out of politics, plus reputation, as business men out of pills or shoddy. Men and women with interests outside politics will be thankful when ministers and officers of the State have sufficient power, and sufficient strength of character to wield it, to do their work properly without running every year or two to ask a score of million personal opinions.

RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

Pride Goeth

The philosopher was in an unfamiliar mood. He had thought that he knew himself; that by the long agony of years of continued survey and charting he had explored and mapped every corner of himself; traced every concept to its origins in the little glands that worked their secret prejudice in the remote places of his physical soul. He recalled how he had forced himself to a spiritual athleticism, the drill of which he had learned from study of the eastern yogis; how he had sat for hours contemplating a word, forcing his mind to see it born and attach itself to an idea, and then to see it grow from the representation of an idea, to become a symbol; and then a mystery; and from the last to be accepted as a commonplace, which is the fate of all mystery. He had subjected himself to the discipline of concentration, forcing his mind to master the immediate conjuring of sleep, or the suspension of life in any one of his limbs. He had, too, studied his moods; the petty irritabilities, the deep-seated and ineradicable attractions to or repulsions from certain people, places, and things. He had frozen himself up into a Freudian knot, and had thawed himself again before the Jungian lamp. In short, there remained hardly a phase of awareness through which he had not passed.

But he had not plumbed the depths. Here was a simple morning languor coiling round him, like the smoke from a newly kindled gypsy-fire, as on a still morning it threads its way through the window and searches the caravan, smearing the window with fantastic and sluggish signs, and creeping about the ceiling. So, as he relit the fire of thought after the night of oblivion, he found himself isolated in this smoke of his own creation. It brought with it wraiths of half-remembered things and ideas, little irrelevant ghosts that came with such appealing gestures that they could not be distinguished from poignant reality; but mingled with it, upsetting the ordered procession of reason, breaking it into groups of absurd contrasts between fancy and fact; things to be touched and things not to be touched woven in a sort of homogeneity of the semi-tangible.

For years past he had been making plans for a long essay on the significance of the triangle. He had researched familiar Egypt, and the strange magical esoterics of Syrian and Arabic sects, those

cultivations of the fragments which had been scattered over the ancient world after the explosion caused by the onslaught of Dorian rationalism. He had returned from this mental journey with his treasure carefully preserved. Now all he had to do was to arrange and display it.

To-day he was to begin, and he rose early and eagerly. The winter night was still about him, and a deathly frost gripped the earth. As he shuffled about in his tattered slippers, half hooded in an ancient dressing gown, the candleflame cast his shadow round the room, playing derisive games with it, hinging it in the angle of wall and ceiling, straining it through the mesh of a chair-back. He let the dog out; then followed him with the ashes of yesterday's fire.

The Great Bear was directly overhead, and gloomy Procyon was following the Hunter down the lower western sky. He could see it shining along the street, with a deceptive nearness. The slums where he lived appeared to be lifted just a little out of their usual setting, and to have a definite astral position. The ground was unsteady, as though it were a platform in space. He could hear the milkman shouting afar off, no doubt giving directions to the engineers of this planetary voyage.

Feeling the cold striking at him, he went in again and set about lighting a fire and boiling a kettle. Then he prepared his breakfast, and let in the dog who was whining and scratching at the door. When they had both eaten he perched himself on his table by the window and took up his needle. Like so many of his race, he was a tailor by trade, and spent part of each day stitching away at cheap suits so that he could earn enough to keep himself alive, in order to think, read, and occasionally to write. Sometimes he had to summon down his needle-weaponed hand from its position in mid-air, where it hung waiting for its controller to return from the fields of speculation, into which he had wandered unconsciously, hoping to add to his treasury, or in order to pick the little poison herbs of Heine, which he had found to be so medicinal.

But usually he stitched away industriously, mechanically; keeping a parallel activity of mind and hand. He had practised this economic method, and had made it perfect, so that either hand or mind could pause without influencing the velocity of its companion. But to-day his two selves were clumsy. Hand would stop, brooding over a button-hole: mind, too, would come settling down like a curious bird to investigate this delay so far below. Or perhaps the latter, winging about the sky of thought, would suddenly pause, hovering like an eagle over something vivid which it had seen. Up would go that little mimic, the hand, with its steel dagger poised as though to stab into the unsubstantial quarry.

He was troubled by this rebelliousness of his subjects, and his distress created a separate locus of activity, and made another sub-division of self, adding still more to the anarchy. Indeed, by the time his bread-labour was done for the day, he felt exhausted with the effort of living in and intercommunicating amongst these three worlds of self.

Cold and hungry, he was also excited and disinclined for food: but he made up the fire, and forced himself to eat in order to have strength to start on his writing. He did not believe in these whims, these follies of the body that persisted in some directional obstinacy. Direction! That bugbear of the unimaginative. What was direction but a halting this side of light! Why, this pencil in his hand, travelling from right to left: speed it up to light's pace and it would be invisible. Who could tell its direction then? Drive it faster than light, and it would reappear, but moving in the other direction!

What a folly to let ourselves be victimised by position, and inclination. Truth has a wider freedom than this.

In spite of all these assurances, however, he found that his mind would not be controlled. A gentle, wakeful sleepiness hung round him, like an aqueous medium, changing all the relative gravities of mood and image and idea. He put his pencil to paper, and all he could think of was "Onion." He repeated the word wonderingly. "Onion. Onion." The onion stood there with its silky beechen skin. Hovering behind it, dimly, was a Breton peasant, a thickset man with peaked cap. Beyond him were one or two bowls, with steam rising from them; rich-smelling steam that appealed to the stomach.

Then he tried to drag himself back again to his cosmic architecture, and for a while he would work away clearly, following intuition with a sedulous intelligence: but only to be stopped by some vague, solitary image that would come floating in, and halt, and multiply itself in a brood of associations. Oddly enough, he felt that his distress and fear were growing pacified and trustful. It would be all right. This was new: this was another manifestation of his own fertility. Surely he had gone far enough along the road to truth to know that only when logic breaks down are we on the threshold of reality.

Coming and going, coming and going: images and ideas floating, very gentle and noiseless; everything bathed in a sweet morning glow: nothing still, nothing consecutive. Why should he stay here, he wondered; why sit so tense? There is no limitation. Then there are no boundaries, no disastrous cordaries there can be no clashing, no disastrous conflict. Yet there must be something propelling the current of flotsam and jetsam that came floating in, and round about, and out of his consciousness. He would follow it: he must follow it. Something lifted up his arms and persuaded him out of his room.

The cold air of the winter night made him feel elated and hungry. He was cramped from his day's inaction, and walked clumsily through the streets of Soho. He was still clearing his mind of intruders when he entered the cafe; and after he had sat down at a table he immediately took out pencil and paper and began to work out calculations. During the ecstasy promoted by these he wrote freely and bravely. But again and again the intrusions occurred, and he at last laid down his pencil alongside a fork, and let the inter-running indolence flood over him.

As he sank he listened blissfully to the jazz-music, and watched the dancers with a morbid pleasure, chuckling over their syncopated erotics. He was so sure now: he was so strong; because he was master of these external things, these expulses from the whirl of the maelstrom of life.

A middle-aged woman sat near him, eyeing him curiously. When she saw him look at her she parted her scarlet lips and smiled, and her dusty eyelashes flickered. "Will you dance with me?" he said, and leaned over and touched her plump arm. Pressed ardently together; jerk, jerk, jerk, they jazzed.

RICHARD CHURCH.

Pastiche.

OIL GUSHERS—AND OTHERS.

I was taught early to work as well as play;
My life has been one long, happy holiday;
Full of work and full of play,
I dropped the worry on the way,
And God was good to me every day.

(Original composition by Mr. John D. Rockefeller written on his 86th birthday for the annual meeting of the Early Settlers' Association.)

Art.

Chinese Sculpture.

The fundamental idea of the Chinese, a nomad people settled in a fertile land, is gradually emerging from obscurity as a singularly common-sense view of universal law, and it is expressed in their art, the tangible symbol of their thought and feeling, serenely and happily despite the use at times of an apparatus of grotesquerie.

Egypt, Assyria, Greece, each is summed up in its sculptural art; so, too, is India, whose achievement has been somewhat tardily recognised; but the importance of the Chinese contribution is still hardly realised in the West. Study for the most part gravitates to Buddhistic art, which shows itself necessarily in a different manner in China, India, Japan, Tibet, and adjacent lands, but remains an entity. In this connection I will recall the words of the late Victor Segalen, spoken in connection with his discoveries of ancient Chinese sculpture, before the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society on May 4, 1917: "I consider Buddhism here, in all its manifestations, as the supreme heresy of Chinese thought."

Although, thanks to the studies of a few men, among whom Dr. Bushell stands out, the West had some knowledge of pre-Buddhistic sculpture in China, it was the pioneer work of the late Edouard Chavannes which fully opened the eyes of students. The publications of this remarkable scholar are all of interest, the set entitled "Mission Archéologique dans la Chine Septentrionale," dated 1909, with its hundreds of illustrations, revealing unexpected masterpieces. The researches of Chavannes were carried further by his pupil, Segalen, and there have now been issued two portfolios of plates, to be completed by the issue of text later, under the title, "Victor Segalen, Gilbert de Voisins et Jean Lartigues: Mission Archéologique en Chine (1914 et 1917)," which support and extend the effect of the previous publication.

While it is for knowledge of monumental figures in stone that we are particularly indebted to Chavannes and Segalen, in following the development of true Chinese sculpture smaller objects must be taken into account, particularly bronze ritual vessels with their extremely individual accent of shape and carved jades with their insistence on the necessity of *touch* as a factor in their shaping. In connection with geometric ritual jades the words of Professor Laufer in his "Jade: A Study in Chinese Archaeology and Religion" open a fascinating vista of sculptural origins: "As to images of gods their religion is essentially astronomical and cosmological, and everything is reduced by them to measurable quantities expressed by numbers and to a fixed numerical system. They did not conceive of their cosmic gods as human beings, but as forces of nature with a well-defined precinct of power, and they constructed their images on the ground of geometric qualities supposed to be immanent to the great natural phenomena."

The configuration of the earth, the contour of mountain and valley, the shape of stone and tree, all play their parts in the planning of Chinese cities, the erection of dwellings and tombs. It is not, therefore, surprising to find an innate appreciation of form among Chinese artists, and in the ancient bronze vessels this is vitally felt. Note the perfection of convex shapes, the fitness of the decorated part to the whole, and, chiefly, the authoritative control of the bursting energy of spirit in which they appear to have been conceived, and in which it is not fanciful to see the centaure-like life of nomad men curbed as by a tight-held rein, when settlement in fixed abodes compelled submission to new laws. An understanding interpretation of the feeling animating such bronzes and certain early incised stones was seen in Massine's choreography for the ballet performance of Stravinsky's "Le Chant du Rossignol."

Static control dominates the early stone group (to which the date 17 B.C. has been given) of a horse standing over a barbarian shown in one of Segalen's photographs, and some hint of the same quality may be gathered from the two Korean Mandarin figures in stone at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, which, even if they date from a period of decadence, glow with a calm radiance entirely absent from the Buddhistic figures about them.

Finally, I urge all lovers of sculpture to obtain a sight of the photographs of the great stone winged lion of the Liang (Plates 72, 73 and 74 of the Segalen second portfolio) which, compared, for instance, with the well-known Assyrian lion in the British Museum, seems to laugh in the pride of its nobility and strength.

ERNEST COLLINGS.

[We much regret that the article entitled "The Step Pyramid" in the issue of September 16 was wrongly ascribed in the Contents to Mr. Collings. The author was "M. G."—Ed.]

Drama.

Arms and the Man: Everyman.

The golden rule of the Everyman Theatre appears to be: when at a loss revive Shaw. It is a good rule. What is better, in an age that takes Mr. Shaw seriously, is the assembly of a cast who play him with enjoyment, for the excellent showman he is. I am afraid that being taken in such deadly earnest nowadays is a bad thing for the immortality that Mr. Shaw cares most about. Even though he avoids the temptation to take himself seriously—St. Joan suggests he cannot—he is almost sure to be recreated in the image of his followers. On the existing evidence either he is an example of extreme self-misunderstanding, which I doubt, or his disciples, having used his body to found an institution, consider that they have a right to perpetuate whatever misunderstanding of him will best serve to manifest their own righteousness. "Arms and the Man," for example, is advertised as an anti-romantic comedy, but, if ever I have seen a romantic comedy, this is one.

Mr. Shaw's interpreters can construe his meaning as anti-romantic only by contradicting the play itself. Perhaps they consulted his preface, but what he says in his preface counts for nothing. There he is merely journalist and propagandist. The play must stand for itself. The alleged romanticism shatterer, Captain Bluntschli, apologises in the last act for being an incurable romantic from boyhood, and becomes autobiographical in proof of it. Here is no irony; he is romantic throughout the play, a Cyrano with Shavian gestures. He was born, for example, with all the abilities and virtues. When he is called upon to fight a duel he solemnly promises the affianced lady of his challenger not to hurt her lover, and confides to her that, although he is now in the artillery, he was at one time instructor in the swordsmanship school. Where is there a romantic comedy that doesn't go like that? I am sure that a little more questioning would have shown that Captain Bluntschli was no human parents' offspring.

What a beginning for an anti-romantic comedy is that first act! The queenly young lady has hardly put out her candle and tucked herself in before an enemy officer fleeing from slaughter in the street takes refuge in her room. Before he departs he has touched both the humanity of the young lady's mother and the heart of the young lady, fed himself on her chocolates, and been lent for disguise the favourite old coat of the lady's father—an officer in the victorious army. If it were not for the bedroom scene and the old coat, not to mention the chocolates—cream chocolates—I should wonder whether the author were G. B. Shaw or G. A. Henty. For adventures like Captain Bluntschli's hardly a romantic young man in war-depressed Europe would not enlist to-day. When the young lady put into the pocket of that old coat a photograph of her sweet self, inscribed "to my chocolate cream soldier," she knew her man. The philosophical soldier who divided his kind into old 'uns and young 'uns only was the most romantic of them all. Both Raina herself and Louka knew he would come back.

With the exception of a few lines such as the nonsense about the Bulgarian objections to washing one's self, the play wears well. Dialogue of that poor quality, however, is unworthy the company it keeps. Bluntschli's explanation, for instance, of how he kept the old coat in safe custody throughout the war—not in railway cloak-rooms or safe deposits, but in pawn—is good Shaw; and Nicola's reply to Louka's gibe about his having the heart of a servant, that "to have the heart of a servant is the secret of success in service," is stimulating philosophy. The production was first-class. The tempo was accelerated from beginning to end, the first act ambling gently, and the last galloping fast and furious. The whole cast and producer deserve praise.

Robert Loraine played Bluntschli with full recognition of the fellow's romanticism. Yet he did not quite achieve that touch of grotesquerie which I am convinced future Shaw production will develop. That the grotesque is in Shaw is evident in the man's physiognomy. Michael Sherbrooke as Major Paul Petkoff expressed it successfully, as did Margaret Soudamore as his wife. The pair of them were highly amusing. So in the case of Frank Vosper, playing Major Sergius Saranoff, the amateur who won the battle and ruined his military career in the same glorious charge, by gaining victory against the rules of strategy. Knowing Mr. Shaw, I am at a loss to perceive why he did not, by hook or crook, get an English name for that character. William Devereux's Nicola and Joyce Kennedy's Louka also achieved the grotesque, which Jeanne de Casalis as Raina nearly achieved. Mr. Shaw must not be allowed to be a respecter of persons, and certainly not forced to be one. If one character scores off the others in his plays it is not that he

is less romantic than they, though he happen to be in some ways more efficient. In fact, all the characters in a Shaw play act logically, according to given premises, and the result is as ridiculous in every case. Each is a facet of human nature, according to the conception of Shaw seen separately from the whole. Louka knew that Bluntschli would succumb to Raina from the beginning. In short this practical and efficient professional soldier was the puppet in matters where the passionate and ambitious servant girl was Fate-conscious. Mr. Shaw, willy-nilly, must make game of all mankind, and be represented as doing so in every play revived. The true romantic is both sublime and ridiculous. That is his superiority over the anti-romantic, who is only ridiculous.

PAUL BANKS.

"Market Un-Ltd."

II.

The object of the ordinary market is to collect the largest possible sum of money from buyers, irrespective of the quantity of goods sold.

The object of "Market Un-Limited" is to sell the largest possible quantity of goods, irrespective (with one reservation) of the sum of money collected. The reservation being that no seller shall forgo an ultimate profit.

Under ordinary conditions the sellers' difficulty is to find willing buyers with money enough to purchase all their goods at the moment they are offered for sale. To overcome the difficulty, buyers should possess enough money to pay sellers all their out-of-pocket costs plus a profit representing the value they have added by reason of their service as producers or distributors. As buyers do not possess sufficient money for that purpose, they should be provided with tokens which, although not generally recognised as genuine money, shall be accepted as valid purchasing power by the sellers in a given market. In such a market, the national money of customers should be supplemented by what may be called "market money."

To apply this principle, the organisers of Market Un-Ltd., representing all the producers and traders who propose to offer goods in this market, have agreed to the gratuitous issue of such "market money" to everyone who enters it as a potential customer. This "market money" will be in the form of credit stamps, and these will be valid money when used in conjunction with national money in the purchase of any goods on offer in this market.

This arrangement is not inflation in any sense. The Credit stamps are always backed by goods and services.

The result is an effective lowering of prices for the buyers, and an increased turnover for the sellers.

Note.—All inquiries should be addressed to The Manager, "Market Un-Ltd."

* * *

My husband showed me the above leaflet about Market Un-Ltd., and persuaded me to go. I confess I was biased, as people usually are when they hear that theorists have suddenly turned into practical people. However, the market is certainly practical. I was able to spend all the credit-stamps that were issued to me (supplemented, of course, by ordinary money) in the usual household necessities. The saving I made more than paid my small fare, and compensated me for carrying a somewhat heavy basket home. I was able to engage someone to make chair-covers for me, on the basis of credit-stamps plus money, and a friend of mine engaged a gardener for one morning a week on the same basis. I heard a very excellent fifteen minutes' concert, just as much music as I had time to hear, or musical wit to remember, for a credit-stamp only.

My personal view, however, is that in spite of the advantage of cheaper goods, Market Un-Ltd., has a long way to go before it can be a serious competitor of the ordinary shop.

It is clumsy, and the range of goods does not at present provide a wide enough choice. Of course, if a mail order service could be effectively organised it might grow to any extent. That would need capital on a large scale. The enterprise as an experiment is extremely interesting, and sets one thinking of the possibilities were these new economies to be taken up by any one of the big stores. What they might distribute as tokens they could probably save on their present many forms of advertisement. I may mention that the attendance at this market was three times that of the previous one.

I think I shall presently enter the market as a seller. Home-made marmalade is a speciality of mine, and I shall risk making a double lot.

D. C.

Solitaria.

By V. Rósanov.

(Translated from the Russian by S. S. Kotliansky.)

VI.

This generation not only lacks great importance, but has absolutely no importance. Sixty years will pass, "a single breath of history," and there will remain of it no more than of the mummies of the time of Sesostris. What do we know of the men of the twenties (of last century)? Only what Pushkin has told us. Now, his every line we know, remember, ponder over it. And his "contemporaries" existed only for their own time, but to us they just do not exist at all. Hence the conclusion: live and work as though there was nobody, as though you had no "contemporaries" at all. And if your work and thoughts are valuable, they will overcome all that hates you, despises, tries to trample you down. The strongest is the strongest, and the weakest is the weakest. "My Friend's" mother used to say: "truth is brighter than the sun."

And live for its sake; as to people—let them go where they like.

* * *

And now life has completely gone. . . . There remain several gloomy years, old, painful, unnecessary. . . .

Now everything is becoming unnecessary. This is the chief sensation of old age. Particularly—things, objects: clothes, furniture, establishments.

What, then, is the sum total of life?

Terribly little meaning. I lived, once upon a time I was happy: that's the chief thing. "And what has come of it?" Nothing particular. And it is not particularly necessary that anything should "come of it." Obscurity—is almost the most desirable.

* * *

What is precious then in Russia, apart from the old churches? Surely not Government offices? Not editorial rooms? But the church is old, very old, and the sexton—he "is not up to much"; we are all weak, all little sinners. But only here is it warm. Why then is it warm here while it is cold everywhere else? Here they buried my mother, my little brothers; they will bury me here; here my children will get married; everything is here. . . . All that is important. . . . And people have breathed in their warmth here.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LITERARY DISCIPLINE.

"Articles slightly exceeding the one column or the two columns are liable to be cut." Notice to Contributors.—New AGE, September 16, 1926.

Sir,—You have improved on Procrustes. When he mangled his victims to fit his bed, he did not think of telling them that this bed represented the new age of freedom in literature and art.

A. B. C.

[The parents of Procrustes's victims could not control the size of their children. Authors of articles can, they mostly don't. "Freedom" in literature often means superfluous fat.—Ed.]

"A DIVERSION."

Sir,—Mr. Richard Montgomery sails along with a gallant disregard of minor facts, which is justified, in his case, since he often arrives at a major truth.

It seems only proper, however, that his "younger brother" should rectify his omissions for the sake of less gifted navigators who may be tempted to follow him. Thus, while I have nothing to urge against the main thesis of his "Diversion," I must point out that with regard to the birth-rate of the middle-classes his generalisation is at fault. It is true that the "application of the technique of control" is usually "inefficient," and must (Lans Deol) always remain so except in a community of Robots, but the only statistics available (unreliable as these must necessarily be) all go to show that the "controlled" families tend to be bigger, proportionately, than the unlimited ones.

The "moderation" of the middle-classes in this matter is not due to conscious control at all, but occurs in accordance with a biological law which is diametrically opposed to Malthus's view of it, and which has been amply demonstrated by C. E. Pell, in "The Law of Births and Deaths."

NEIL MONTGOMERY.

"MARKET UN-LTD."

Sir,—A comparison between the imaginary "Market Un-Ltd." in your last issue and the co-operative distributive stores would be interesting. The latter, though important in many parts of England, are by no means so effective as the pioneers of co-operation hoped they would be. Except

for a small proportion of costs paid out in wages to their employees, they have no control whatever over the supply of purchasing power which is to buy their goods. Quite apart from the question of "costs due to payments to outside organisations," they depend on meeting the difference between costs and prices from money which may or may not be in existence contemporaneously with the goods they offer for sale. "Market Un-Ltd." appears to get round this by creating money to facilitate distribution to the extent that distribution becomes physically possible. The Co-ops., of course, have other drawbacks. It is commonly held that their staffs are by no means as efficient as, say, Selfridges or Sainsbury's. Sufficient inducement has not been devised to ensure their enthusiastic co-operation in eliminating the "producer for profit and not for use." Investigation, I fancy, would also prove that the Co-ops. have an unreasonably small turnover in proportion to their capital. The C.W.S. Bank likewise used to resemble an investment trust rather than an up-to-date bank, whatever it may be at present. The Co-ops. also seem to be afraid to pay proper salaries for efficient managers, and not to give their managers sufficient responsibility.

W. K. C.

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Finance Enquiry Petition Committee

This Committee has been formed to organise the collection of signatures to a Petition for an Enquiry into Finance.

It is not connected with any particular scheme of financial reform, and its object can therefore be consistently supported by everyone who believes that the fundamental cause of the economic deadlock is financial.

Among eminent signatories are the following:

- The Rev. Lewis Donaldson, Canon of Westminster.
- The Right Rev. Bishop Gore, D.D.
- The Rev. P. T. R. Kirk, M.A. (Secretary, Industrial Christian Fellowship).
- The Rev. R. F. Horton, D.D.
- H. W. F. Alexander, B.A., B.Sc., Chairman, Society of Friends Committee on War and Social Order.
- G. K. Chesterton, Esq.
- H. G. Wells, Esq.
- J. St. Loc Strachey, Esq.
- Miles Malleson, Esq.
- Prof. Frederick Soddy, F.R.S.
- Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.
- Prof. Julian S. Huxley, M.A.
- Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes, P.C., M.P.
- Lieut.-Com. the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P.
- Sir Henry Slesser, K.C., M.P.
- F. B. Johnston, J.P. (Managing Director, Poulteney Potteries, [Bristol])
- Sir William Prescott, C.B.E., J.P., D.Litt., M.Inst.C.E.
- Sydney W. Pascall (James Pascall, Ltd.), Vice-President F.B.I., President, British Rotary.
- Montague Fordham, Esq. (Rural Reconstruction Association).
- Arthur J. Penty, Esq.
- F. J. Gould, Esq.

Copies of the Petition, together with leaflets and sets of instructions, are immediately available from

THE JOINT SECRETARIES, Finance Enquiry Petition Committee, 303, Abbey House, Westminster, S.W.1

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 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.

The adoption of this scheme would result in an unprecedented improvement in the standard of living of the population by the absorption at home of the present unsaleable output, and would, therefore, eliminate the dangerous struggle for foreign markets. Unlike other suggested remedies, these proposals do not call for financial sacrifice on the part of any section of the community, while, on the other hand, they widen the scope for individual enterprise.