

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Sir Robert Falconer, president of the Toronto University, conferring upon Sir Austen Chamberlain the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws last week, described him as "the reconciler of Europe." Sir Austen, in replying, said that he believed history would give him a place on the strength of his achievements towards world peace while he had held the position of Foreign Secretary.

"It is a happy coincidence that brings me to Toronto at the same time as the Ambassador of France to the United States. For I believe in my heart of hearts that upon the close friendship of our two races, on which the fortunes of this Dominion of Canada are hinged, rests now the peace of Europe. It is upon that basis that we have laid the foundation of our common reconciliation with Germany. . . ." (Reuter.)

Mr. Hoover, the United States President-elect, has decided on his first act, which is to take the form of a tour round the Central and South American States. He will travel on the U.S. battleship Maryland, the flagship of the Pacific Fleet. He will go down the west coast to Valparaiso, thence to Buenos Aires, Monte Video, and Rio de Janeiro, and back to New York; and it is probable that he will visit Mexico and Nicaragua. The *Observer* says of Mr. Hoover's tour that it is his "first act of national service."

"Incidentally it refutes the charge that Mr. Hoover upholds an exclusive and ignoble materialism. It is as the standard-bearer of national ideals that he will survey the nearer environment of American activities."

We would like to know the grounds on which the *Observer* so interprets the visit. With Mr. Denny's book, "We Fight for Oil," in mind, we should say that the "national ideals" and the "ignoble materialism" are one and the same thing. And we should otherwise suggest that the reason why Mr. Hoover is going to travel in this part of the American Continent is the same reason that took Sir Austen Chamberlain there. At any rate, the *Observer* ought logically to concede Sir Austen his right to hope for historical recognition of his pacificism, because he can make as plausible a claim as Mr. Hoover that he is a "standard-bearer of national ideals."

The confusion of thought about the problem of war is as manifest as that about the problems of unemployment, over-production, and other economic phenomena. You have Sir Austen Chamberlain and Lord Cushendon declaring that they are aiming at a peace objective, but pursuing it by methods which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and other pacifists indict as amounting to provocation to war. Lord Cushendon challenged his critics the other day in respect of the Anglo-French naval pact to explain how Europe could arrive at general amity unless on the basis of particular friendships. If no nation were allowed to come to an understanding with any other, how could they all come to any understanding at all? This line of argument is not theoretically watertight, but as a practical consideration there are very few leaks in it. After all, Governments have to *do* something, whereas Oppositions need only moralise. In the meantime, the plain ordinary citizen has still to puzzle out for himself the elusive answer to the question: What is the cause of war? Whenever he asks the publicists he is answered in two opposite ways, and is always answered in obscure phrases. Take Mr. H. G. Wells, for instance, in the *Sunday Express*.

"Is there any intelligent adult who has not been bitterly disappointed by the events of the last ten years?"

The answer is that no intelligent adult has expected other than what has happened: or, rather, there is no intelligent adult who has bent his intelligence to bear on economic facts who has been disappointed. Mr. Wells says that when war broke out in 1914 there were "many of us" who accepted the conflict with a certain relief. "Now at last, we said, patriotic monarchism, militarism, and militarist nationalism. . . have come to their ultimate smash." This use of "we" is an old trick of the discredited prophet. "We" means the ordinary readers of the newspapers, and if they did "accept the conflict" for the reasons stated it was because Mr. Wells assured them that they could. We have a distinct re-



collection of Mr. Wells's articles during the war, and he was the most vehement of all the publicists who declared that that war marked the end of all war. So, never mind what ideas members of the public derived; let us concentrate on the fact that Mr. Wells, who assumed the role of a responsible student of his subject, was wrong. Now, we do not subscribe to the notion that when a man has proved to be wrong once he should necessarily be disbelieved indiscriminately for ever after. It is human to err. But it is natural and prudent to require from him a little more evidential support for his subsequent analyses and prophecies. Mr. Wells explains his failure by saying: "We had still to learn how easily a mere handful of politicians could thwart the strivings of the human intelligence towards a unified world." He continues: "Militarist nationalism has thwarted our hopes for ten long years, and it will continue to thwart them until men arise to grip and choke it." Very good: but Mr. Wells must produce some more blue prints to show what it is that must be choked and where the grip is to be taken. That he does not know is evident to us by the violence of his verbs. The actual mechanism for eliminating militarism is one which, when explained, practically every citizen, pacifist or militarist will be willing to use. The exceptions that count will be, not a handful of politicians, but a handful of bankers. Mr. Wells ought to have said: I did not allow for the domination of political policy by private financial policy. Deflation has its casualty lists no less than war—and the worst of it is that the victims of deflation are never made heroes.

Mr. Wells's article is, of course, timed to coincide with Armistice Day. On the day that these Notes are being written there are being held two ceremonies, one at the Cenotaph, and the other at the Albert Hall. We, personally, uphold the institution of such ceremonies, but we cannot fathom the logic of the pacifist idealists who come along and insinuate their exhortations to the will-to-peace into the newspapers on the same day. Armistice celebrations are recruiting meetings for the next war. Whatever their immediate influence on the emotions of elderly people, their abiding and cumulative influence on the young men is a war influence. Go through the items of the Remembrance Festival at the Albert Hall, and you will realise what must be the feeling of any youth who there sees the fallen in the battle numbered among the saints. Far from echoing "Never again," he will resolve that if ever his opportunity comes he will "stick it like they did." Armistice Day is the National Advertising Day of the King's Forces. As we said before, we uphold it. As things are, although it may be true that the will-to-war, and preparedness for war tend to hasten the precipitation of hostilities, they are not the cause of war. The cause is economic. War proceeds from the struggle of national capitalisms to find jobs in a world short of customers. No amount of idealism can create new customers. That has to be done with a pen and ink in a bank ledger, not tears in a pulpit. The horrified moralists may just as well do what the soldiers did and pack up their troubles in their old kit bags, and smile as best they can. The *Star*, we see, has discovered that the "Day" is a day for soul-searching. Let it try brain-scouring for a change.

An article in the *Sunday Express* announces that Mr. Churchill has started a "great new drive" against the income-tax payer. The official receipts last year from April 1 to November 5 were £87,582,000. This year, for the same period, they are £66,879,000. Since the Budget next April will precede the General Election by only a few weeks, Mr. Churchill is naturally anxious to avoid a bad showing of figures. Of course, the drive is not Mr.

Churchill's; it is the Treasury's; and it would have to be carried out just the same by a Liberal or Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the meantime the report says that magistrates are working overtime. Eighty cases were heard at the Guildhall, London, in fifteen minutes on one day last week. Two hundred were rushed through at the Mansion House, and two hundred at the South-Western Police Court. At Willesden, during one of the hearings, Mr. Charles E. Lee, the magistrate, said he was strongly opposed to harsh treatment of the taxpayer. A reasonable time should be allowed for payment. Six months' credit, however, should be sufficient. Last week 216 cases were heard at Birmingham, 60 at Liverpool, and 80 at Glasgow. Extension of time for payment will not solve the general problem. All taxes are, in the last analysis, deductions from consumers' incomes. Since these incomes aggregate to much less than total industrial costs as a normal and continuous consequence of present-day financing and accounting, there would be trouble even if there were no taxes. The £20,000,000 shortage that Mr. Churchill wants to recover is only recoverable from the banking system where it exists (together with many times the amount more) in the form of potential credit-reserves. These reserves are the property of the population, and a real Government would decree that they should be actualised as new financial credit and distributed in relief of taxation.

It is not only magistrates who are being overworked, but, more important, the Civil Servants attached to the Inland Revenue Department. At the moment when this is happening to them, the steady fall in the Cost of Living Index Figure has lowered their salaries. An article in the *Civil Service Argus* reflects, in a discreet way, the discontent to which this has given rise. A "good deal of thought" has been expended on the subject of the Index Figure. Some important Local Authorities, says the writer, have pegged wages and salaries to a selected Index Figure of seventy, but it remains to be seen, he continues, whether the satisfaction of the staffs will be justified in the long run. They will be all right so long as the actual index figure remains at or below seventy, but if it rises beyond they are not entitled to any more. For this reason he says that the leaders of the Civil Servants have resisted pressure from the rank-and-file members to consolidate salaries at a fixed figure, arguing that "returning industrial prosperity will bring with it an increase in the cost of living." But in any case the writer properly suggests that the principle of basing wages on the cost of living is unsatisfactory.

"In a civilised country which is making progress socially and economically there should be a steady improvement in the standard of living. Such an improvement is only possible if the value of wages improves relatively to the cost of living. To rise and fall with the cost of living is to keep pace but not to improve processes. The use of machinery, the use of improved processes and of new methods of manufacture and distribution should make possible the gradual lowering of prices. If a fall in prices is off-set by a reduction in wages and salaries nothing can be gained by mechanical improvements and by better methods of manufacture."  
 "The ideal would be stabilised wages with a gradual fall in the prices of all commodities. This ideal will be approached when it is more generally realised that the principal market for commodities is the earnings of the people in our own country."

This is common-sense. Whether Civil Servants get their wages fixed or leave them on the sliding scale they will be gambling in respect of alternative price-tendencies, either of which the banking hierarchy has the power to encourage or discourage at will. In fact, the central bank of any country can make prices what it will by the process of lending or refusing to lend credit or causing the joint-stock banks to follow

one or other of these policies. The central bank is limited in this respect by its agreements with central banks in other countries; but it remains true that bankers can alter the price-level up or down. We think it most probable that if the wage and salary earners of the country agreed to fixed remuneration, and could be depended upon not to reopen the agreement if prices rose, prices would be made to rise. The banker professes to be obliged to limit his credit-accommodation to a certain ratio to his cash reserve. So long as his increased loan-credit does not give rise to a larger drain on his legal tender (his notes and coin) there is no technical obstacle to his issuing more. Now speaking generally, wages and salaries are paid in legal tender and constitute the drain on the banker's cash resources. Peg these down to a fixed amount, and you free him to finance production more freely. This causes a rise in costs which in time flows on to the consumer markets. So the workers lose their bet. On the other hand, if they agree to take less and less cash as prices fall, they increase the bankers' margin of safety another way round—the practical difference here being that as the money demand for consumable articles would be decreasing, the loan-credit set free would not go to industries catering for the public, but into those making capital goods, mostly for export.

The writer of the article correctly formulates the "ideal" arrangement, which he says should provide that there should be a rise in bonus when prices rise, but no deduction when prices fall. It sounds like "heads I win, tails you lose"; but there are two precedents for it. One is that whenever a Government happens to get in more taxes than it estimated in its previous Budget, the surplus is not returned to the taxpayer, but is applied to the reduction of debt, that is to say, it is used to liquidate banker's paper assets. The other precedent is that bankers' arrangement by which the lowest number of currency notes in circulation during any one financial year becomes the legal maximum (which the Government itself must not exceed) during the next. The latter precedent may not hold after November 22, when the Bank of England takes over the manufacture and control of currency notes, because then the quantity of currency will be subject to the Bank's judgment, and the "public" are assumed to be ready to allow a discretion to the Bank that they cannot trust to their elected representatives in Parliament.

Lord Birkenhead has gone into business with Lord Melchett. The low emoluments of Parliamentary office are alleged to have driven him into this action, and a great deal has been said about this subject as a result. Lady Oxford's complaint will be remembered. Our own opinion is that money spent on politics is money thrown away; and we would not pay a halfpenny to anybody, whether member or minister. We must, however, in common with the electors generally, be content to pay something for the hobby of kicking somebody out of office when things go wrong. That is really all you buy with your vote nowadays. The key position in politics is that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—the policies of all other Departments of the State being conditioned by his policy as purseholder. But he, in turn, is only a disciplined functionary of the banking system who learns his job from Treasury officials. Any man of ordinary intelligence would make as good a show as any Chancellor of recent years. He has nothing to be responsible for. The degree of divergence between a Conservative, Liberal, or Labour financial policy is so fine that the "responsibility" of choosing any one of them is not worth a pound a week. Lord Birkenhead has, wittingly or not, obeyed a sound principle—he has gone for his income to the interests which will

benefit by his services. We would like to see all the other Ministers follow his example. The members of a Government whose policy is controlled by the banks ought to be on the salary-lists of the banks.

Lord Birkenhead's association with Lord Melchett in the Imperial Chemical combination may prove to have an international political significance, but it is enough for the moment to recognise that any Minister who has been in the inmost counsels of the State is necessarily a business asset on account of the secret knowledge he has acquired at the taxpayers' expense. Lord Melchett, it appears, went over to the United States in the hope of fixing up a merger between the Imperial Chemical Combine and its American counterpart. His hope was disappointed, and there are some observers who think that his speech, in which he told America "not to butt in" on the European Reparations questions was motivated by the wish to have a parting kick at the American interests who would not come to terms with him. However that may be, we must add a word about our reference to him last week. We showed that his attitude apropos of Americo-European politics was consonant with British interests, but it must not be hastily assumed that Lord Melchett's ultimate policy lies along the lines we wish. While it is true that unless and until Britain reattains to financial independence of America, nothing can be done towards reconstructing the internal consumption-market, it does not follow that the statesmen who are pulling against America have any such intention. But, on the other hand, whatever their intentions, we believe on general principles that whatever measure of independence they win, they will be forced to consolidate it by some device or other for increasing Britain's internal consuming power if they want to provide against a counter-attack. That is the reason why we have recently spoken as we have on Anglo-American politics. Lord Melchett, Mr. McKenna, and Sir Austen Chamberlain are trying to settle various issues, all of which, when settled, will create new issues. We do not repose our hopes in their immediate acts, but in the more remote acts which these must render necessarily—acts which will appear more and more obviously necessary to the public as time goes on.

The success of Labour candidates at the municipal elections is healthy. So long as any Parliamentary Government permits Departmental bureaucrats to rule England by means of oppressive Orders, it is a good thing to have on local bodies a heavy representation of people who are opponents of the Government. Out of the conflict some rough sort of justice results. It is said that the Party which sweeps the municipalities comes to a tragic end at the General Election. If this is true, it shows a sound instinct on the part of the elector. It is as though he said: If I elect a Conservative to decree laws I will elect a Socialist to carry them out. And the resulting friction conserves for him what little freedom he has left. As an illustration, wherever the functions of Boards of Guardians have been reposed in non-elected paid functionaries sent down direct from the Ministry of Health, it is a good thing to see their mad economising checked, where possible, by a strong Labour Council. Similarly if a Labour Government started any fiscal nonsense like organising a hunt after the "idle rich," it would be necessary for Conservatives to man the Councils and try to spoil the show. It is the fashion while than Parliamentary politics. It may sound trivial to have a row on a Council about the "parish pump," but at least it can be said that when the battle is over and the vote declared, something does happen about the parish pump. Contrast that with a Parliamentary debate on foreign policy.



In the supplement to the *Daily Telegraph* of November 6 there is a full-page advertisement indicting Mr. Baldwin for his neglect to safeguard British industry. It is issued by Messrs. Hailwood and Ackroyd, Ltd., glass makers and metal stampers, of Morley, near Leeds. A footnote to their advertisement is as follows:—

"One of the many British firms struggling to pay crippling taxes and fair wages to its employees, and one that does not believe it is necessary, manly, or just to squeeze workers' wages any lower or to increase the hours of labour just because Continental slaves accept disgraceful conditions. Hailwood and Ackroyd Limited contend that British workmen have a right to a decent living wage and conditions, and that British manufacturers have a right to a reasonable profit, and that importers who by their cheap sweated imports throw magnificent British workers idle should be pitched out of the country and forced to live among the foreign slaves they have created and supported."

Although we hold that safeguarding will do nothing to settle the troubles which Messrs. Hailwood and Ackroyd complain about, we are glad to see their protest. It exemplifies an attitude which we have tried to encourage among business people, the attitude of judging an economic system by reference to *how they themselves fare under it*, and not by reference to theories purporting to be based on that elusive consideration "the general interest." This firm is presumably an efficient organisation. It has a responsibility to its shareholders and to its workers; and its first duty is to fulfil this responsibility. If conditions outside its control impede the smooth and remunerative working of the organisation for all the people associated with it, its duty is to make things uncomfortable for the politicians, who do, ostensibly, control those conditions. It is true enough that if every firm in industry sent in to the Government a schedule of its minimum requirements these documents would appear to be mutually irreconcilable. But that would arise because those firms would not be content to say *what* they wanted: they would go on to express an opinion *how* it should be secured. That is a great mistake, because the sum of the "whats" does not involve irreconcilabilities, whereas the sum of the "hows" does. Directly you tell your politician how you want your grievances dealt with he is easily able to prove that they cannot be dealt with that way. Messrs. Hailwood and Ackroyd's advertisement is a case in point. They say in effect: We ought to make enough money by our work to content our shareholders and employees. That is where they should have stopped. But they go on to claim a safeguarding duty. Immediately they lay themselves open to the charge that they want to benefit themselves at the expense of their customers and the general community. The astute politician justifies his ineptitude by exposing the conflicting nature of the advice thus offered to him. The proper attitude of the manufacturer is to say to him: This is what I require, and what I insist on having: it is your business to find out how to do it: if you cannot, don't come to me with explanations why; I am not interested in them: I want results, and all I know is that if I don't get them, out you go! This indicates the right spirit, but unfortunately the threat is not much use, because when one politician goes another just like him takes his place. Messrs. Hailwood and Ackroyd threaten Mr. Baldwin and the Conservative Party that the electors of this country are not frightened at the prospect of a Labour Government. But with Mr. Snowden back as Chancellor of the Exchequer, we should say that safeguarding would be more remote than ever. As a matter of fact, none of the three Parties has a policy that can touch the root of the trouble. It is a purely financial problem, and the means of its solution have been passed over to the control of the banking system with the general

consent of Parliament. A fitting sequel would be to close the House of Commons. Capitalism could then try to do a deal with the banks. Even if it failed, at least it would have the satisfaction of knowing that it had been negotiating with principals and not servants.

But once let the leaders of the Capitalist Party (to give it that name) become aware of the nature of the contribution to economic reconstruction which the bankers have in their power to make, and there would be no failure. Capitalism would not even need to negotiate. It could simply say to the banks: "This is what has to be done: are you going to do it? If not, we are." Moreover, Capitalism's decision what to do would be endorsed by every trade unionist in the land, irrespective of what political Labour leaders might have to say about it. Since the banking system is able to provide money to get British goods consumed in foreign countries it is able to do so to get them consumed at home. Capitalism must take Mr. McKenna's analysis of credit as a working basis and insist on relating the quantity of credit to productive capacity. Credit costs nothing to create, and the limit of its quantity must be the measure of the ability of industry to use it. Next, Capitalism must realise that credit manipulation can be linked with industrial costing in such manner that an expansion of credit can co-exist with a contraction of retail prices. There can not only be "more money about," but every monetary unit can buy more, not less. The industrial system as a system has, of course, to recover its costs and profits by sales to consumers: hence it would seem that falling prices would jeopardise its solvency. But there is no necessity for low prices to consumers to mean low revenue for the industrial system. It depends upon whether another source of revenue can be made available other than the pool of consumers' wages, salaries, and dividends. There can; and it will come in the form of grants of credit created by the banks for the purpose of supplementing personal incomes.

"Before a general conference of the Institute of Politics, Dr. Raymond Leslie Buell made a sharp attack upon the Firestone rubber concession in Liberia, and upon the policy of the State Department in 1925 authorised led up to it. The loan agreement signed in 1925 authorised a 40-year loan of \$5,000,000, of which only \$2,500,000 are to be issued at present. Liberia stipulated that Mr. Firestone himself should not take it up. But the American finance corporation which Dr. Buell described as 'mysterious body,' apparently a subsidiary of Mr. Firestone and the National City Bank, was formed to take the bonds. There are 7 per cent. bonds, to be issued at \$90. More than \$2,000,000 of the \$2,500,000 which they will realise must be applied to refunding the existent 3 and 5 per cent. debt. The agreement, said Dr. Buell, 'thus refunds a 5 per cent. issue upon which interest was regularly being paid, and which will not expire until 1967.'—*New York Herald Tribune*, August 29.

"Professor Schmalenbach, Germany's greatest authority on industrial economics, at a lecture delivered at Vienna, stated that the inevitable trend of industry is to increase the fixed production cost element. Rent is one of the items, but he refers in particular to the supersession of human labour by almost automatic machines, which are enormously costly, and which, therefore, create heavy fixed interest burden. The result is frantic attempts to prevent loss by forcing production. The time is coming when this will no longer be available. Competition will kill industry. This process is being tried by competition by substituting 'tied industry.' The cartels with already under way. Those industries in which the ratio of fixed to variable costs has risen most have themselves tried to create monopolies, mainly by fusion. It is not men, their abuses represent a transition stage toward State-determined and State-regulated monopolies. 'It is not men, says the Professor, 'but powerful economic forces that are driving us into the new economic era.'—*Commerce and Finance*, July 11.

## The Inescapable Conflict.

By C. H. Douglas.

II.

Before applying the test of idolatry, or abstractionism, for the purpose of obtaining an idea of possible national groupings, it is desirable to consider the relationship of ballot-box Democracy to it.

It is evident upon cursory consideration that if the mechanism of democracy, as at present understood, is accepted as a method by which peoples are to be governed, it is certain that they must be governed by abstractions. In order to get, let us say, fifty million persons to vote upon any subject, that subject must be a wide generalisation. Further than that, it must be a generalisation susceptible of about fifty million interpretations, to make it accord with the private views of each of the fifty million voters. This is exactly what happens in a modern democracy. An election is held upon some abstraction which may be labelled "Chinese Slavery" or "Safe-Guarding," or practically any other subject which the average elector may be safely trusted not to understand. So long as he votes, it is probably not of much importance what he votes for. It is, however, vital that he should vote in order to keep up the illusion that he is controlling his own destiny.

Having voted and duly elected a body of representatives, pledged to the furthering of some wide generality, the way is left clear for a dictatorship, either of finance or administration, to interpret the generalisation in terms satisfactory to itself.

Now, it must be observed that this subservience of ballot-box Democracy to some kind of a dictatorship is inherent, and it is indissolubly connected with the idea that the relationships of different individuals to the same situation are similar. It is consequently a system of Government depending for any workability it may possess upon an electorate possessing a low degree of individualisation. If it be applied to the animal world one can imagine a successful election on the subject of the most satisfactory dog biscuit. An election amongst Frenchmen upon the question of, let us say, an omelette or a beefsteak as the only article of diet, would, however, probably show signs of dissolving in disorder.

Applying this conception to the political and international situation, it is easily seen that certain factors start out into relief. There is, for instance, probably no country in the world where the politics of the ballot-box are taken so seriously as in the United States, a country containing, together with many highly developed individuals, a considerable majority of the type immortalised by Sinclair Lewis in "Babbitt." Similarly, the Socialist party in this country and elsewhere naturally assumes the fundamental soundness of decisions arrived at by the counting of hands, because, as I understand it, the Socialist Party does not recognise any important difference between any one individual and another. The United States, as a world force, and Collective Socialism, as a world movement, widely different and superficially antagonistic as they may appear to be, have yet this in common with each other, and with dictatorships of the Russian and Italian type, that each arrogates to itself the position of a "moral" leader, and is fundamentally sympathetic to the idea of an abstract morality. For instance, Mr. Snowden, the Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the "Banker" for May, 1927, remarks of the Bank of England (an institution perhaps responsible for more economic misery than any which

has ever existed) that it is "perhaps the greatest moral authority in the world."

It may be suggested that it is as arguable that the relation of one individual to a given situation is similar to that of any other, as is the converse. But apart from any theory on the matter, I think we are in possession of important evidence to prove that the trend of evolution is towards Individuality, and that Individuality demands its own unique relationship to circumstances. There probably never was a time at which such conscious effort was being made to endeavour to make people think alike. We have a syndicated Press, selecting and adapting the news of the world to suit a unified policy. As a result there never was a time since the invention of printing when people paid less attention to the opinion of newspapers. On the whole, so far from the modern newspaper impressing its views upon its readers, its influence varies almost directly in proportion to its absence of evident bias, which is another way of saying that it varies as it represents the opinion of some individual, rather than the machine-made policy of some large interest. Similarly, there never was a time in which the mechanism of Education was so centrally controlled as at present, and there probably never was a time in which the revolt against orthodox, uniform, or machine-made teaching was so active and widespread.

It is impossible to consider these matters with any seriousness, however, without realising that there is a force, which may be conscious or unconscious, which definitely resists the evolution of the individual. Ranged with this force at present are all those influences which may be described by collective terms such as "Industry," "Labour," "Capital," terms, in short, designating functions of the body politic. At the risk of straining an analogy, I think it is helpful in obtaining a just view of this situation to consider that, in the case of the human body, one function after another, after having engaged the sole attention of the individual, has been relegated from the main object of existence to that of an automatic function. Speaking under correction, I believe it is a biological fact that such a function as breathing, now practically automatic, was at one time almost the sole concern of pre-historic man.

If we imagine the function of breathing to resist this relegation from the centre of the human stage to that of a function, I think we get a just idea of the attitude to be adopted to these groups, which represent the functions of the body politic. It is a mistake to imagine that perhaps any one of them is fundamentally undesirable. They merely have to be put in their place as servants of the individual, in the absence of whom their existence is meaningless.

Nevertheless, this resistance to the emergence of the individual from the group is real and strenuous, and the conflict is daily widening in extent. Returning again to what is one of the main battle-grounds of this conflict—the United States of America—it is becoming evident that "Big Business," Finance, and the "Machinery of Government" are enlisting forces which a few years ago would have been regarded as extinct in the Middle Ages. "Fundamentalisms" of a crude form, which would have provoked a smile in the theologian in the fifteenth century; "Moral" laws, which would have been resented in the time of the Tudors, and an organised system of Commercial Espionage and Blackmail reminiscent of the worst days of the Inquisition or the Star Chamber, exist to-day side by side with an exaggerated individualism, far removed from genuine individuality. On the other hand, there is a not inconsiderable minority, possessing great and increasing influence which is thoroughly alive to the issue. But it does not, I think, control United States foreign policy.

(To be continued.)



## Music.

Katherine Heyman. Wigmore: October 25.

All the airs and graces of the pretentious "artistic" studio, that is to say, of the concert-halls multiplied into themselves, were to be observed in the only two items of this programme to which I listened, the Chopin B minor Sonata and the last of Scriabine. As might be expected, it was all slack, nerveless, and feckless, no sense of logic or structure, but meaningless little point-makings offered, no doubt, as subtleties of interpretation. I have never yet heard the first statement of the theme of the Rondo of this Sonata made to sound perky and pert. It was amusing, for a moment. The Scriabine Tenth Sonata is not the utterly flaccid, spineless composition the pianist made it sound, but it does require a pianist capable of cogent, coherent thought if it is to sound sensible and logical.

Of the immensity of the *gaffes* that musicians, particularly composers, can be guilty of, especially in respect of other composers, as a rule a "modern," on a great master to whom they are generally in the proportion of one to infinity, it was hardly necessary for Monsieur Maurice Ravel, Mus.Doc., Oxon., of Paris, to remind us. In doing so, however, he utterly blew the gaff on his own judgment and intelligence with that now notorious criticism of his on Berlioz, of whom he said that, although he was a genius ("Madam, have you considered what your praise is, before you beslaver me with it?") he could not harmonise a waltz *correctly*. Note that word "correctly"; it expresses all the pedantry so often implicit in Ravel under all his own superficially and apparently audacious "incorrectnesses." It is possible for anyone to retort that Monsieur Ravel's own "Valse Nobles et Sentimentales" are incorrect in every imaginable particular, or, for that, any work, no matter what, of his which can be shown to be chock-a-block with every conceivable incorrectness of harmony according to Stainer, Prout, Riemann, Gevaert, Féti's, and the rest of them. But what validity would even Monsieur Ravel admit to the criticism that the opening bars, to take one example at random, of his piano trio are "incorrect" because of the consecutive fifths and false relations that are scattered lavishly? Is it possible that Monsieur Ravel's ear is so deadened by the routine of his own long since stereotyped "errors" as to be unable to endure any others, or that he fails to see that Berlioz's "incorrectnesses" are an essential integral and vital part of his harmonic style as much as Monsieur Ravel's fourths, major sevenths, and other delights are of his?

Medtner: Royal Philharmonic. Queen's; Nov. 1.

Obviously, such rehearsal as was available had been mostly devoted to the "Falstaff" of Elgar, while Medtner, whose presence at the piano in his own second concerto was an event of prime interest, had to be content with one of the ghastliest scratch orchestral performances I have heard, a proceeding as unfair as it is grossly discourteous to a leading visiting foreign musician, in a first London performance of an important work. The Elgar "Falstaff" is an established work more or less (as the result of the persistent efforts of my admirable friend Robert Lorenz), and a little less effort spent on it and more on the Medtner would not merely have been more reasonable but also more becoming. Even with all these disadvantages and the singularly dull, ineffectual (though very capable) playing of the composer the work was very impressive by reason of its splendid mastery, its high, reserved thoughtfulness, its ample and broad conception and fine shape, its richness,

beauty and inventiveness of treatment, especially in the splendid solo part, which, as I can vouch, who know it well, is a joy under the fingers, springing from the creative spirit of a composer who has the heart of the piano in him, as few have, fewer far than is generally supposed. No instrument is written for so much, and no instrument has so little written for it—that is, of the piano pianistic. Medtner is of the few born writers for the instrument. In spite of the inherent lacks in Medtner's own playing, complicated by the fact of his obvious discomfort at the uneasy conditions, the audience seemed to perceive that they were listening to a work of no common quality from no ordinary mind, though no one who does not know the work well and still less no audience could possibly grasp and appreciate at once the innumerable masterly details and ingenious and delightful conceits of workmanship and musical inventiveness. A speedy re-hearing under proper conditions is imperiously indicated.

The orchestra bumped, banged, rattled, and jolted its way like a heavily loaded lorry over cobblestones through the third Brandenburg concerto. To say which were the more lamentable, the apparent insensitiveness of the conductor (Sir Landon Ronald) to any feeling for fineness of line or flexibility, or the unspeakable playing of the orchestra were not easy. Almost every time one goes to an orchestral concert nowadays one hears playing that one is sure is the worst one has yet heard, but that one is sure appears to be in store. It was, therefore, not perhaps only wear that made Dr. William Wallace's once pleasant sounding "Villon" sound so bad this night. But it did sound a most sorry accumulation of commonplace and *cliché*, without any interior logic or cohesion, and this I do not think was entirely due to the conductor. Then came Elgar's really great "Falstaff," an astonishing work flooding over with a verve, *une sève* as the French say, a richness and suppleness of ideas and treatment not reached by the composer before nor since. But immensely as the work impressed me as music, I confess not to being able at all to relate it spiritually to its literary *provenance*. It seems to me to have nothing at all of the clumsy, blundering good nature and horseplay humour of its namesake, and its close has none of the supposed pathos of Falstaff's end. For me all that is not in any imaginable way a fault. It seems sufficient that, whatsoever or wheresoever the inspiration that prompted its writing, it stands, and stands splendidly, as a great and powerful piece of music, full of dark, sombre, and often sinister emotions—indeed, often in it I feel the "dark night of the soul" as one of the great Catholic mystics calls it. No Falstaff ever did or could go through the immense spiritual experiences of which it seems to me "Falstaff" is the expression, and superb expression. It was by far the best played amount of pains programme, and showed a certain amount of care in performance, though the camouflage of false brilliance ("wind, drum, blunderbuss, and thunder") with which our orchestras are wont to cavort in front of our eyes in order that we may not (as they think) see the rags, was always too much in evidence. It is a naive dodge, the exact counterpart of the bad pianist, who having got himself into an unholy muck of smudge, wrong notes, and so on, proceeds to try and stun you with a damnable welter and footfuls of "loud" pedal.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

Mr. H. E. B. Ludlam will address a meeting at Lincoln's Inn Restaurant, 305, High Holborn, W.C., on Wednesday, November 14, to which he invites all readers interested in Social Credit. There will be a discussion on propagandist policy. Time 6 o'clock.

## Views and Reviews.

### CONSTRUCTIVE RE-EDUCATION.

A few weeks ago, discussing the places of psycho-analysis and social credit in the present individual and general chaos, Major Douglas referred to "Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual" by F. Matthias Alexander. He regarded this book as descriptive of a more useful technique than psycho-analysis. Mr. Alexander's method consists in the re-education from outside—that is, by both instruction and demonstrative manipulation—of the individual's control over his postures and movements. Mr. Alexander is an Australian, now apparently in America, who began his method as the result of hard experience. He was an elocutionist and an actor. Suffering from clergyman's sore throat, he went to a doctor, was sprayed and drugged, and was cured. When he came to recite again, however, he got the throat again; but when his doctor proposed to give the mixture as before, he saved his money on the commonsense ground that what he really wanted was to know how to use his vocal organs so as not to inflame them. With the aid of a mirror he studied how he made himself hoarse—and stopped doing it. He went farther; he watched other movements, how he stood, sat, walked, etc., and came to the conclusion that, viewed from a detached point of view, his body, though he *felt* it to be right, was a very ill-working and power-wasting contrivance. He saw possibilities in psycho-physical re-education and saw the reasons for its necessity. He began to develop a system for teaching badly co-ordinated mind-bodies how to get work out of themselves without wearing themselves out in friction.

Savages and barbarians were pretty well adapted to their environment. Their minds, instincts and bodies formed a unified, co-ordinated, instrument, which did what was expected of it for the reason that nothing unusual was expected of it. Very little that was required from a savage is required from a citizen of London or New York, and that little is done awkwardly as though by one out of practice. Much is expected of the modern civilised man or woman that the savage had never dreamed about, and which has been learned by stumbling towards the goal of the action, and leaving the means to take care of themselves. We do not know such simple things as how to walk or run; we only know putting out extra effort, and are unable to calculate its output in work. On the mental plane how many people regard "concentration," which the mental schools advertise so much, as screwing their minds into a piercing instrument with which to penetrate the subject. How few regard it merely as ceasing from doing the things they are not, at the time, wanting to do. As Mr. Alexander says, when a singer wants to increase his thoracic capacity to correct a defect, he forces and strains himself by breathing and breathing in such a way as to increase any and every defect he may have. He makes himself tense, he may even add to the size of his chest muscles, but he does not get what he wanted. He only knew what he wanted. He did not know, and neither instinct nor educators taught him, *how* to get it. The way to breathe deeply, says Mr. Alexander, is not to suck at the atmosphere extra hard. It is to use the muscles by which the size of the boney box holding the lungs can be increased. The lungs will then fill themselves to avoid a vacuum.

A great many people nowadays are suffering from "nerves" and other disorders, due to the haste of the modern world. They are trying to do a thirty-six hour day—multiplying length by intensity—on

\* "Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual." By F. Matthias Alexander. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

an engine and mechanism adjusted for a twelve-hour day. It is well known, to illustrate, that flat-foot is prevalent among old postmen. It does not affect all old postmen, however. Some may have had weaker insteps, others may have walked in a manner calculated to induce flat-foot. If all men had to walk as much as postmen there would be a great prevalence of flat-foot, in the absence of conscious re-education in an improved method of walking. Because the middle-classes have to do finer work with the eyes than, say, the working classes, they have more astigmatism, more headache, and more spectacles. I should very much like, by the way, to ask Mr. Alexander, if he can re-educate a person "psycho-physically" so as to cure astigmatism. On the theory it ought to be possible. What is of concern at the moment, however, is this. In the haste, high-pressure, and complexity of modern life, on all planes, the unfittedness of the psycho-physical mechanisms of most people causes them to have the equivalent of flat-foot or astigmatism. They get "nerves," they over-run themselves, and they break down. They have mastered no technique for their way of life. In their way they are as foolish as the woman in London who, hearing that her mother is ill in Birmingham, at once begins to run there. She knows only her goal, and fails to consider or control the means of attaining it. Recently on the stage a type-writer was used by one of the actors. He used only his two first fingers! It is to prevent such heavy work for such little result that type-writing is *taught*, and that people are not encouraged to pick it up. It is for the equivalent of that on every plane, from thinking to hitting a golf-ball, that Mr. Alexander's method of cultivating conscious control of the muscles is designed.

There is no antagonism between psycho-analysis and Mr. Alexander's objects. As he remarks, it is futile for a person to be cured of anything, even of neurosis by psycho-analysis, if he at once goes back to live in the same way as made him ill. It is just as foolish as for the improving consumptive to go back to the same job, the same slum, and the same habits as those in which he got consumption. But psycho-analysis does not send him back the same person. The individual psychologist sends him back with a conscious in place of an unconscious goal. That method of analysis which is intended to find out at what stage a neurotic began to pursue an unattainable worthless, or anti-social goal, and to re-educate him is almost complementary to Mr. Alexander's method; which teaches the means whereby the individual can attain worthy ends efficiently and economically. Both branches of education and treatment have come into existence as a response to the strain and stress of modern life, with their consequences in psychic breakage and psycho-physical mal-co-ordination. Lying, thieving, boasting, funk-ing, and a score of other defects among children and adults require psycho-therapy just as many consequences of mal-co-ordination between objects and one way of moving towards them require Mr. Alexander's re-education for conscious control. It is interesting to note how, say, Dr. Adler and Mr. Alexander both emphasise the essential unity of the mind and body, and the folly of considering them separately.

Full particulars of Mr. Alexander's technique cannot be given here. He gives far less than he ought in his book, which does his ideas less than justice. It is one of those books reminiscent of the pub which is always just round the corner, but which never comes in sight. But some illustration is given, from which the persevering reader, if he be sympathetically inclined, can get a good idea of the method and its application. Each patient has to



be taken back to the alphabet of sense-perception and conscious control. He must not only be taught to understand what is said to him in instructions, he must be shown on his own body what is required of him. To treat flat-foot, for instance, Mr. Alexander might not treat the foot at all; he might teach the patient how to sit, stand, and walk, properly, and, just possibly, how to write without strained arms and fingers. If a person is wrong he is all wrong, and all of him has to be set right. Mr. Alexander has undoubtedly something of great importance to give to re-education, and, of course, to education, though his enthusiasm probably leads to an over-estimate of what his method can do. In addition, he ought certainly to cultivate in himself the means whereby ideas are communicated in books. Efficiently expressed, many times more could have been put into this book, and its study made a pleasure rather than a duty. To sum up, however; to cultivate the same psycho-physical co-ordination in face of modern life as a whole as, say, Cashel Byron on his prize-fighter's feet, or the house demolisher on his few inches of wall, would undoubtedly help to remove a great number of modern maladies.

R. M.

## Drama.

### The Silver Box: Everyman.

The inhumanity of the law to poor persons; the indifference of the legal machine, which, once started, grinds down pitilessly those unfortunate enough to get caught in it; the middle class's rigorous application to its inferiors of the harshest Jehovistic moral principles, which are invariably suspended when it deals with its own kind—all Galsworthy's themes are sounded in this earliest of his plays, "The Silver Box." Jones stole the silver cigarette box from the same motives as Jack Barthwick's for taking the prostitute's purse. Jones got a month's hard labour, with all the consequences to a poor man who lives by selling his labour to the self-righteous. Jack Barthwick got sympathy from his stupid mother—there are lots of middle-class women at least as stupid even to-day—and from his father, apart from petulant protest, the money to buy him out of his scrapes.

This difference between what happens when poor and well-to-do people commit theft is, of course, true. But Galsworthy overweights his case as though fearful that nobody would see it. He becomes the propagandist of the obvious. When he has coloured the Jones' a natural whitish grey and the Barthwicks' a natural blackish grey, he chucks the whitewash bucket over the Jones' and the tar-bucket over the Barthwicks'. Jones' offence is extenuated by every possible provocation and misfortune, while Barthwicks' is enforced by every possible hypocrisy. Jones' wife is thrown under suspicion, arrest, and torture in a manner for sob-melodrama. After her arrest, as night falls, the crying of her children outside the Barthwicks' house would please only "The Ticket of Leave Man" fans. In the dock Jones is prevented from telling his story by the Barthwicks' solicitor in a way which no magistrate I have seen would allow. Galsworthy got Jack Barthwick out of both the purse incident and, to make the worst of a bad case, the worthless cheque incident, with much greater ease than would have been possible in reality. Barthwick, senior, would not have been able to satisfy the robbed prostitute by compensation at par. All this weighting of the dice detracts from the dramatic truth of the play while adding nothing to the force of its propaganda. The Barthwicks, instead of developing into characters as they would have done in Ibsen's hands, become only caricatured object-lessons in middle-class smugness, too one-sided for character, too mild for satire.

The setting of the Jones's tenement was wrong and inadequate. It contributed to the over-emphasis of their miseries, which it under-emphasised on points needing emphasis. Their furnished room at nine shillings per week, let to husband, wife, and three children, would be a hovel at the best. But it would contain more sleeping facilities than a single bed. It would contain a cupboard of some kind, and evidence of the presence of children, both of their sleeping and waking life. Apart from this, the production, supervised by Galsworthy, is exceptionally good, and filled with good performances. Malcolm Morley's Jones was the best I have seen. Martin Walker, except that he did not look young enough in the first scene, interpreted the weakness of Jack Barthwick with quiet sincerity. "The Silver Box," however, is more than justified by one character, the eternal Mrs. Jones. She is the English Juno. She is to be found in every slum. Without a murmur of complaint she carries Atlas and the world on her back. She is the only genuine philosophical determinist in existence, for she never considers good or evil, will or freedom. Everywhere she sees only necessity. The simple words of her charwoman vocabulary burst with meanings that the schools have flogged language for in vain. Why certain idiots, not the audience take Mrs. Jones for a comic figure, even God knows. That they do is almost enough reply on behalf of Galsworthy to all my criticisms. Una O'Connor's Mrs. Jones accomplished what Galsworthy does not accomplish. It made me participate instead of watch. This actress never wears georgette and never undresses. She is almost her name takes a modest type. Nobody goes to be taken for granted as Mrs. Jones. Nobody goes to see her apart from the play, or gurgles in drawing-rooms about her sweetness. But she is a great actress, and her Mrs. Jones is work to be seen, heard, and felt.

### Rampa: Gate.

The Gate Theatre, in Villiers Street, now re-organised except as regards dramatic policy, which needed no revision, promises another unique programme of experiments during the present winter. Every person interested in the effect of modern life from economics to psychology, on the theatre of the future, is under obligation to himself to assist by his presence at the Gate's experiments. The present ferment of mind and emotion in Europe and America works in stronger ferment at this theatre than at any other. The plays chosen show an equal determination that the theatre shall be a conscious and growing art-medium. This theatre does not invite star-gazers, though the eye alert for acting may sometimes see a new star born. Because it is experimental the theatre will make mistakes; while there is no risk of error there need be no trial. The Gate is not up-to-date in the sense that the latest craze may be found there—the odds are infinitely against—it is one to itself in that the last invasion by a dramatist of a sphere hitherto dramatically "unconscious," and the most novel experiments in stage technique, can be looked for there with confidence.

"Rampa," by Max Möhr—translated and adapted into English by Susan Behn and Cecil Lewis—has been generally condemned by critics as a misanthropic play, no doubt on the partial evidence of its obvious satire on human vices, on most of all, pride and vanity. Although the term "adapted" may cover a multitude of things, the play as produced is precisely the opposite of misanthropic. The first scene shows two explorers lost in Greenland, tired of waiting for rescue. One, sick and discouraged, shoots himself to relieve the other of the burden. As Rampa, the surviving one, said, however, it is not

good for man to live alone. He regresses, as Rampa foresaw, half in relief and half in terror, to the animal. In the second scene Rampa, having been rescued from life among the bears, is the property of a pair of touring music-hall clowns, who sell him to a mental specialist. The wives of both the clowns and the specialist doubt the worth of the service which would be rendered Rampa by cure. In the third act he is so nearly cured that he begs for freedom, to which the specialist does not want to agree because he wishes Rampa to become a more perfect advertisement of his doctor's prowess. In the final scene Rampa is a penniless loafer in a northern harbour-town, hoping for means to get back to the dream life of the snow. With him is the doctor's wife, who has had enough of the sort of consciousness manifest in her profession obsessed husband. Here, however, Rampa realises the magnitude of the sacrifice made by this Norma to help him back to Greenland, and this realisation convinces him of his obligations to his fellow-human creatures. Consciousness and responsibility, too great for one, can be borne by two. Thus Max Möhr solves the problem of making the pain of growth bearable by the discovery of woman, very much as the Almighty, according to Holy Writ, did in the beginning. All birth is suffering, said the Buddha, and devised a technique for getting without unnecessary time or trouble to Nirvana. Rampa had been to Nirvana with the bears; he had shared their dreams. But Rampa and Max Möhr, at one on the question with both Jesus Christ and Friedrich Nietzsche, affirmed that re-birth is worth while, and can be borne for love's sake.

Other analogies could have been found, of course, for the theme of the play. These serve to show those who have made the accusation of misanthropy that they have simply failed to spot a modern miracle play. This dilemma of whether the happiness of the unconscious—of the animal, in other words—is an acceptable refuge from the agony of consciousness, at present afflicts Europe as a whole, including the psychologists who have diagnosed it, Jung, for example. Möhr has dramatised it, proposing the only possible human solution. Rampa is a well-constructed and concentrated play. Of necessity which arises from its theme it appeals more to the mind than to the emotions, but it nevertheless retains dramatic power. Mr. Peter Godfrey has produced the four scenes with originality, even the naturalistic music-hall dressing room scene containing novel ideas, such as the mirrors. The last setting in Rampa's lodging, however, was to my observation the dessert of the production. It suggested, convincingly, the whirl of Rampa's mind, its near insanity between the call back to animal simplicity and the drag to civilised complexity. There are several good performances by the actors, particularly by Gravelly Edwards as Rampa, and William Pringle as the clown. Frances Clare as Norma began rather un reassuringly, but her performance included three truly brilliant passages.

PAUL BANKS.

"The Bank of England operated not on the principles of economics but on the principles of the Dark Ages. It curtailed the supply of credit and money beyond what industry and industry has never recovered from it. We want industrialists and business men now to take a leaf from the book of the Mond Conference. Let them study the effects of monetary policy: let them stand up to the Bank of England and say they must have a voice in deciding how credit is to be managed; let them insist with might and main on a business men's inquiry into the effects of the Bank's policy in recent years. If they do not take a hand in this matter, things will not mend, for everybody in the City knows that the Bank is bent on further and unnecessary reduction of credit."—*Business Organisation Magazine*, September, 1928.

## The Screen Play.

### "Sorrell and Son."

This is a moving and sincere story based on the love of father and son, a theme which, despite its universal interest, has so little been used on the stage, the screen, or by novelists, that it almost has the charm of novelty. The film should be seen for the superb acting by H. B. Warner, but as a screen play it bristles with defects, including some perfectly inexcusable errors in production, such as the appearance of the very latest type of London motor omnibus, immediately after the armistice, and a reference to a "Preparatory school for Oxford"—why not "Oxford College"? The ending is also by way of anti-climax, since the father's death is not essential and appears to be dragged in for the sake of "sob-stuff," while the still more superfluous scene in an operating theatre has not even novelty to recommend it. The worst production error of all is in the casting of Carmel Myers as the wife of a country innkeeper; she is frankly incredible; the "vamp" of the New York underworld, complete with hand on hip and cynical smile, strays into Reigate. Even if the United States were really "dry," such a conception would seem impossible to an American producer, if it were not that nothing is impossible at Hollywood. "Sorrell and Son" has all the elements of the worst type of popular success; but for the sake of Warner it should be seen by all lovers of good acting who can bear to see a jewel shining in an unworthy setting.

### British Instructional Films.

On Thursday last, when the new studios of British Instructional Films, Ltd., were formally opened at the Welwyn Garden City, I was afforded the opportunity of seeing a remarkable degree of recent progress in the British industry. This is the company which was founded in 1919, and started production in half an army hut, where it turned out such excellent war films as "Ypres" and "Zeebrugge." Its recent screen plays include "Bolibar," "Underground," and "Shiraz," this last an Indian film which has moved the most hardened critics to praise. The new studio, which is self-contained, having its own electric lighting plant, carpenter's shop, paint shop, and plaster shop, is as up-to-date and well equipped as anything in Hollywood or Berlin. It is an interesting commentary on those who have tried to sabotage film production in England on the ground of climatic unsuitability and lack of sunshine to note that natural light has expressly been excluded from this new studio, the whole of the lighting being by electricity.

DAVID OCKHAM.

## Reviews.

**Dewdrops.** By Margaret Kennedy. (William Heinemann, Ltd. 1s. net.)

A nice little story about the Schwaermerei of two provincial schoolgirls for their English master. Miss Kennedy understands the type. Is there, by the way, a market for single short stories at a shilling a time, or shall we buy this one for a rise? L. S.

**Denmark.** By H. C. Clive Holland. Illustrated in colour by A. Heaton Cooper. (A. and C. Black, Ltd. 7s. 6d.) The fact that this reviewer's predilection is for travel books written as works of art, as Kipling and Golding and Stella Benson write them, must not impel him to harsh complaint because Mr. Holland cannot write that way. He has tried to avoid writing a mere guide book, and unfortunately, while doing his duty honestly, as a man ought, has not succeeded in being nearly as interesting as Baedeker, or half as well documented. He knows his Denmark, and quite obviously appreciates the qualities of charm which that pleasant little land undoubtedly possesses. But he has not been able to convey the sense of them with anything like the delicacy of his illustrator. No one would call Denmark a country of outstanding attraction, in landscape or in architecture. Yet the charm is there. It may



lie in the nice, quiet, decent, and friendly people, with their modest and untroubled background of sand dune, pine copse, shadowy lake, and wind-swept, cloudy skies. Mr. Holland should have gone to his illustrator for some of the colour which is lacking in his letter-press. L. S.

**The Victorian Illusion.** By E. H. Dance. (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.)

We must confess that we very nearly missed this clever book. It is clever, because it ought to have bored us—and did not. The title is heavy, and so is the jacket; intentionally so, perhaps. And the great pages of unbroken print repelled us at first. But this man has something to say. We do not quite know where he finishes, for he sets out on a pilgrimage of vindication, and gets nowhere in particular. But he is a thoroughly interesting guide, well-informed and chatty. And he manages to convey, with his exposition of the mistakes our grandfathers made in policy at home and abroad, a sympathetic understanding of the difficulties which brought them about, and would doubtless have beached us on the same shore. In other words, Mr. Dance uses his common-sense, without any Guedallejahs. L. S.

**Gladstone and Palmerston.** By Philip Guedalla. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd. 16s.)

These are disappointing pages. When they were first mentioned, we suspected a good deal of talk about nothing. Mr. Guedalla, however, is always exceptionally industrious and painstaking, and obviously he put into the arrangement of these letters and the writing of his "commentary" a great deal of honest work and good historical judgment. But his literary judgment must have been asleep, for the "commentary" has little of his accustomed sparkle, and in the letters there is nothing but dullness. We predict a very sad fate in Charing Cross Road for this particular piece of bookmaking. Mr. Guedalla must never do such a thing again. L. S.

**William Bateson, F.R.S.** By Beatrice Bateson. (Cambridge University Press. 21s.)

Is it astonishing to find a wife so frequently the author of the best possible memoir of a distinguished husband? Perhaps not, where a woman has loved very much, and still remembers how much of that love was bound up in making allowances for genius. Bateson was a man of such quality that he was never just a name to awe "Stinks" men in their botany schools. He was one of those well rounded, accessible, lovable figures that Cambridge produces every now and then, men with friends in every corner, and not above taking their part in Townee affairs. He came back to Cambridge, after some years of invaluable botanising vagabondage in the Near East, to a Fellowship of John's. It was the first real triumph in a career which his father, who was Master of the College, had watched with some anxiety ever since Will failed to sweep the obvious board at Rugby. He was one of those boys who know very early in life that they must be masons of their own immortal niche; and it takes a very shrewd headmaster, pre-occupied by hundreds of other growing problems, to spot and bring himself to cultivate the boy genius in the classroom. Bateson was a genius. He had a genius for his subject, a genius for travel, a genius for friendship. His memoir, which takes up about a third of the book, the rest being reprinted essays and papers, gives a picture of the man rare in its tenderness and truth. He flourished at a time when there were other botanical giants flourishing, Punnett, Wood, Biffen; and the test of the man was that they, too, loved him. For Will Bateson was just about the most human Don that any university could hope to have, and the most delightful husband any woman could win and mother. L. S.

**"My Brother Jonathan."** By Francis Brett Young. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

The majority of novels can be of no interest to anyone who values his time. Even of the few which, after a rigorous elimination will remain, how many can hold the attention of a reader whose standards were formed and are sustained by a constant perusal of the classics of our literature? Were I a "taster" of fiction for such a reader, I would not dare to offer him more than one book every other month, and not always so often. This month, with some confidence, I should give him this long tale by Mr. Francis Brett Young, *My Brother Jonathan*. It is the story of a doctor's life during the first quarter of this century in a town in the Black Country. There are four leading figures, the doctor and his brother, the woman they both love, and the woman who loves the doctor. These are living beings, so completely realised by their creator that, as in the finer type of play, whatever they do seems to be the inevitable result of the

clash between their wills and feelings with the people they love or hate, or with the objective accidents of circumstance. The subsidiary characters are mostly as well drawn as the major ones, and the figure of Hammond, the old doctor of Wednesford, is, in particular, a masterly portrait. In some half-a-dozen pages, Hammond is allowed to tell the whole story of his life, and does so with such vivid completeness that he almost puts the novel form to shame as an unnecessary elaboration of unessential detail—as, indeed, too many novels are. The town of Wednesford is the constant background of Mr. Young's story, and becomes a real personage in the drama in a number of selected vignettes and sketches which are admirably calculated to possess the reader's consciousness with the individual flavour of the town, without loading the mind with too many facts or halting the story with long descriptions. The author's style is a good one, and carries him and his reader with easy grace over the emotional pitfalls in some highly dramatic situations; but it is not impeccable, there are occasional clichés which might easily have been avoided. But these are very minor blemishes. My personal disappointment is with the ending, which the author has made a tragic one. He kills his hero suddenly, by an accidental death, just as he is winning into a safe harbour; and although the accident is neatly ironic—he poisons himself while operating on his enemy and professional rival, and saves the man's life—the rest of the book had been told with that art which brings the complete illusion of reality, so I did not like the deliberate, conscious irony of this accident, which has no artistic justification; for accidents are not tragic. J. S.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### "NO ROAD."

Sir,—I like the reply of J. S. to my criticism so much that I cannot understand why I liked his review so little. His objection is just, and had already occurred to me in almost his own words.

I will certainly make a point of looking into "No Road" next time I am in the Times Book Club.

By the way, when I said "that sort of book" I was referring to a genus and not a species.

N. DUDLEY SHORT.

### SACRIFICE AND SOCIAL CREDIT.

Sir,—I am doubling my subscription this time to help your funds, and will do so until further notice.

Let me congratulate you on your editorial stand against the demopathic dilution of Social Credit teaching. If we can get at the few men who can do things, we can afterwards afford to build and equip clinics for the treatment of social and individual neuroses, but if Social Credit must wait until a sufficient number of us are cured of our complexes, myself included with everybody else, and not excluding the gentlemen who "protest" against criticism in *THE NEW AGE*—then, then I fear we shall all be damned before many of us can be even a little better. I, myself, as a priest, would like to "protest" against the degradations of the idea of Sacrifice.

The sacrifice, the finished oblation of Christ, celebrated by the Church, is a closed event. It is of a retrospective and memorial character, and pleaded now as the ground of expected benefits. Its stimulus now is not to subordinate the will to necessity either economic or psychological. The ascetic value of self-denial—and it is a thing that experience forbids us to deny—depends upon its being entirely free and an expression of responsive love.

Necessity, deprivation, by persuasion or force or fraud—legalised robbery, or submission to the highway robber—these cannot be classed as sacrifices. Mr. Reckitt is running a dangerous and negative cause, when he asks people to throw away (not "sacrifice") their social position and advantages. Most of the impulses which cause a man to fight for advancement and the maintenance of status are healthful, nay! they are necessary for society's own health.

It is best, it seems to me, to develop the line of argument which you have expressed hitherto. To tell every man that he need not be deprived of anything, he will be a different man; as different as a free man can be from a slave. He shall have liberty even to be odd, and even imagine himself a king. His kingship will be the more glorious, because his neighbour, equally untrammelled, will be able to be what he likes. Egalitarianism after Social Credit, if you please, Before Social Credit it will mean not only begging my neighbour, but preach, physic, hound, and legislate him to desperation. I have just seen one of those glorious old Soldiers who never die, stiffen his back, with a flashing light in his aged eyes, when His Excellency the Governor

—the King's man—shook him by the hand and saluted him. Now those two men were really somebodies, and they gloried in it. There was the true sacrifice of the King's Service. I am grieved that so many ecclesiastics have urged the people to sacrifice to the interests—to the image of Mammon. They are killing their own cause, not to speak of lending divine sanction to the financial process that promotes the social and moral sins of bankruptcy, malnutrition, despair, suicide.

Why, even St. Paul, who was only "protesting" against sponging on people already indigent, insisted that a man should offer himself a "living sacrifice" to God. People saddle the Apostle to the Gentiles with too much when they make him responsible for the teaching—no work, no food: for he implies rather the contrary. "Let him work with his own hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give him that needeth." Showing plainly that the end of industry is the satisfaction of our wants. But the Church as well as her opponents has equally degraded the word and idea of sacrifice. So the best thing to do is to drop the word out of economic and financial discussions and use words more nearly descriptive of what we mean—to say that there is no need to deprive anyone, etc., etc., but to increase, etc., etc.

A CHURCHMAN IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

### ECONOMICS AND SCIENCE.

Sir,—The attention of readers of *THE NEW AGE* is at present drawn rather to schemes for putting Social Credit into operation than to the theory itself. In order that it may be put into effect, however, it will still be necessary for believers in Social Credit to make as convincing a case as possible, and to be ready to answer objections. The usual objection will not be a criticism of the Credit Theorem, but a frank appeal to Authority. How is it that the theory is not accepted by bankers and economists?

This objection is reasonable. People who have spent their lives studying a subject ought, in the ordinary way, to know more about it than the man in the street; and those whose business it is to handle credit ought to be credited with knowing something about its use. The Social Credit exponent will appear presumptuous unless he can answer the objection; he may even feel a little presumptuous in challenging not merely every "practical" banking and financial "expert," but the whole body of orthodox economic science unless he is perfectly certain of his ground.

The reply to the criticism is simple. That it is accepted does not make a theory true. Of all sciences astronomy is the most exact, and chemistry the most practical and productive of result; yet each was preceded by a body of ideas once voluminous, detailed, precise, logical, and—wrong. Before the astronomer came the astrologer, and before the chemist the alchemist. In both cases the modern science came into being in the face of every orthodox belief, and the discoverers of the new paths were in a minority, with every professor and every "practical" man in the country against them. Yet they stuck to their guns, and events have justified their faith. So the objector, if he be merely superficial, may be asked pointblank who was right, the Inquisition or Galileo.

As compared with their modern successors, astrology and alchemy showed certain definite features. Both rested less on observation and experiment than on abstract deductions from assumed first principles. Both claimed a sort of "expert" character for their teachers and were intolerant neglectful of verification. Both gave common words astonishing meanings with no special regard to their everyday uses. Both tended to become vague and mystical, and had nebulous theological and philosophical affinities. In comparison with modern science (though not, of course, absolutely) both were somewhat barren of result. On the part of astrology, at any rate, there was a tendency—real, though earnestly denied by its advocates—to develop a sort of fatalistic do-nothingness and submission to the will of heaven.

The same features can be readily traced in orthodox economic science. They appear in advanced "standard" works, diluted economics for children, popularisations like that of Mr. Belloe, and "cram" manuals for matriculation or B.Sc. (Econ.). The traditional science rests on assumed first principles, and is not so much interested in what happens as in what ought to happen in accordance with the theory. It claims to speak with authority, and not as the scribes, and expects the common man to listen with reverence to the "expert." It is quite satisfied with itself—so that, for example, it will not even try to confute the Douglas Credit Theory. It uses words with little relation to their everyday meaning; thus "rent" in economics may have little enough to do with the payments we make for

a dwelling-house or a piece of earth to live on. It is apt to leave the enquirer bemazed and bewildered in a jungle of words. It has little to suggest in the way of practical applications—one of its more hopeful theories, for example, is that trade "slumps" are due not to an artificial restriction of credit, but to increased activity on the part of sunspots! (And it does not even suggest a method of guarding against such a result of an astronomical phenomenon that goes in cycles and can be foreseen and calculated well ahead.) Finally, it leaves the impression that there is nothing to be done. The miseries around us cannot be altered without endangering the sacred system. All we can do is a little in the way of palliative work, ranging from casual charity to "uplift," and to benefit ourselves in the hope, in some mystical way, of benefiting the community. For the rest, we are subject to the "iron laws of political economy" or we cannot control the sunspots, and there is an end of it.

In this light it does not seem unreasonable to regard orthodox economics as being not a science, but the pseudo-scientific forerunner of the real science of the future. (It will be seen that this is not a deduction from the Douglas Theorem. It would still be true if Social Credit were proved wrong or had not yet been thought of.) Such considerations should be sufficient to remove any doubt from the mind of the Social Credit exponent that he is guilty of spiritual pride in denying the accepted theory; and they should probably be sufficient to silence, if not convince, his opponent.

I. O. EVANS.

### IT'S OUR MONEY WE WANT.

Sir,—During the last few months I have been among those who have been carefully studying the ideas and methods of Kibbo Kift, more especially in their connection with Social Credit, and in common with a fast-increasing group in our so-called movement I have found myself every day more fully in accord with them.

One of my good friends, however, much abler than myself, is stayed from assent by the following consideration. He says, "John Hargrave proposes to enroll followers who will have enough faith in their leaders to obey orders, without ever having fully grasped the logic of the Douglas analysis. He will merely dope them into unquestioning obedience without any serious attempt at intellectual conviction, and that is the sort of thing to which I most strongly object."

Accepting for the moment this accusation as in some cases a possibly true one, the reply which suggests itself is a quotation from Kipling's immortal slum worker, Badalia Herodsfoot, who, anent the rector's dread of pauperising the half-starved fold in her charge, remarked that "they were bloomin' well pauped already." For in any case it would be but the replacing, with a new and freedom-giving mixture, the lying stuff with which they have been doped so long. And, further, think how ridiculous it would be to prevent a child from walking until he should have mastered Newton and even Einstein!

While considering our attitude towards the "K.K." I have bethought me of a passage in that store-house of good literature, the Jewish Bible, relating to the experience of Peter and others when "up" before the Sanhedrin. The situation at Jerusalem was not, of course, an exactly parallel one, but near enough so to be interesting. That worldly-wise old lawyer, Gamaliel, gave his opinion as follows:—

"Ye men of Israel take heed to yourselves what you intend to do as touching these men.

"For before these days rose up Theudas boasting himself to be somebody; to whom a number of men, about 400, joined themselves; who was slain; and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered and brought to naught.

"After this man rose up Judas of Galilee in the days of the taxing, and drew away much people after him; he also perished; and all, even as many as obeyed him, were dispersed.

"And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught. But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.

And to this they agreed; and when they had called the apostles and beaten them, they commanded that they should not speak in the name of (Social Credit?) and let them go."

Mark that the big committee, while ostensibly agreeing with the advice given, did not refrain and let them alone.

In our own case, however, let us send them forth not only unchastened, but with our hearty blessing, and even, when called upon, with our eager help.

PHILIP T. KENWAY.

P.S.—May I express a hope that those who disapprove of "K.K." ideas will be encouraged to state their objections openly in your columns.



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