THE
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INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER."
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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The issue of the first part of the Simon Report, for which, according to Mr. Garvin, the "world" has been waiting, was made the chief political event of last week by the whole Press. The Report consists, of course, of reasons why India is not yet fit for the responsibility of self-government. The reasons were well understood before the Commission began its work, and are no better understood now that it has finished. Nor is there any ground for supposing that the multitude of evidences supporting those reasons could not have been assembled in London without requiring the waste of time, energy and money involved in sending the Commissioners on tours through India. At least a sufficient body of such evidence could have been produced by officials in the India Office at any time during the period of investigation referred to.

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A lot of emphasis is laid on the illiteracy of the natives as unfitting them for self-government. Presumably when they are all able to read the *Indian Daily Mail* this unfitness will vanish. That is easy enough to believe, because if their ability to read is an essential pre-requisite to their being trusted to vote, the reason must be that *how* they vote will be governed by *what* they read. In other words, the *Indian Daily Mail* would choose the Government. We suppose that thousands of British citizens are reading the Simon Report. But when they have done this their literacy will have served merely to confuse them. They will be stuffed with a mass of assorted items of knowledge which will be of no use in helping them to form an opinion on what British policy ought to be. They will gape and wait to hear what is decided just as impotently as if they had never gone to school.

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So long as the present financial system remains unaltered the Indian Nationalists had better make up their minds that Indian policy will be controlled by external interests. An all-Indian Government, if established to-day, would be dominated by Sterling-interests, Dollar-interests, or Rouble-interests. Mr. Gandhi's agitation, if it resulted in what he regarded as a victory over Britain, would only let in a new external "tyrant" to rule India. It may be an arguable matter whether India might not be able somehow or other to administer her affairs successfully without supervision, supposing she got possession of the *reality* of self-government. But it is no use entering into an argument about it, because Britain herself has not got possession of it—nor has any other Great Power who might usurp Britain's place in India. No political Government can yield up anything that it does not possess. Aladdin's lamp is not in London, or New York, or Moscow; and no rubbing of the new lamps of "democracy" will raise up the genie of Freedom. The old lamp must be retrieved from the financial sorcerers who have deceived the world into accepting voting-power as fair exchange for credit-power.

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In the meantime the political problems of India —as of other countries—are problems for the handling of which the East is not temperamentally equipped. For these require, in the administrator, the *flair* for quick improvisation to meet the succession of crises incessantly caused by the activities of international finance. He must be a man who can get through his job and dodge brickbats at the same time—a man whom unexpected interferences and interruptions do not put out of his stride—a man able to make the best use of faulty tools. He must be always on his feet to patch up proximates, not sitting in a chair contemplating perfection in ultimates. To speak in terms of finance, he must be trained to get the best results out of an economic organisation which is denied access to adequate supplies of money. And who has better qualifications for the task than a citizen of the most rigidly deflated country in the world—Britain?

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Owing to the Whitsuntide holiday we went to press early, and were unable to notice in last week's issue a private letter from one of our keenest supporters.

He offers a formula describing the "first practical step to be taken towards the realisation of Social Credit," namely: "The inauguration of a campaign for the restoration of the beneficial control of the nation's credit to the nation." We agree with him when he says that it is better than was the formula: "Demand a Royal Commission to inquire into finance" which, as he remarks, "suggested ignorance, doubt, or confused thinking on the part of the petitioners."

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But the old, old difficulty arises that however ingenious our formulation of a political objective so as to attract the widest popular support, the money-interests will still be able to evade it while appearing to comply with it. For example, we think that this formula, as it stands, could be consistently adopted by *The Referee*, Mr. Kitson, Mr. Peddie, Prof. Soddy and other advocates of credit-reform. There is no objection to this so long as the object is to make the subject of credit-control, as such, the centre of political agitation. But if we want to evoke reliable and permanent support for Social Credit specifically, this formula will not serve. And we do not know of any general, popular, *political* formula that can; because it is impossible to express in such a formula the crucial differentiation between Social Credit and other credit-reforms.

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What is crucial is not the "proprietorship" or "control" of credit, but the technical use made of it by the proprietors or controllers, whether they are bankers or "representatives of the people." Granted that you were able somehow to mobilise and lead a large section of the public support for the principle of the nation's beneficial control of the nation's credit, we fear that the bankers, in concert with the Treasury and Cabinet, could announce the policy of setting up a National Credit Corporation whose directors would be nominated by the Government, and who would themselves nominate directors for the Court of the Bank of England. This trick would not deceive you, because you would see the snag: but what about your enthusiastic and impatient followers? As soon as they saw in prospect the exodus of the "old financial gang" from official positions of control, and the substitution of Parliament's nominees, they would interpret this as the final victory. And if you warned them not to accept this offer they could turn round on you and say that it was everything that you had been demanding in your formula.

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We do not intend, by referring to this difficulty, to discourage anybody from improvising and adopting any slogan that seems likely to quicken public interest in the credit-question. And no week passes but this aspect of the propaganda-problem is discussed informally between us and experienced, trustworthy supporters of Social Credit, representing both the "public-agitation" and the "secret-permeation" methods. Really there are three possible methods which can be designated: Downstairs, Upstairs and Backstairs. Downstairs—public agitation against the bankers: upstairs—quasi-public or private education in the Douglas Theorem: backstairs—well, any other "business" that cannot be put on the Agenda! The three naturally overlap, but are distinct, and are variously followed according to the abilities and temperaments of members of the Movement. Although, through force of circumstances, we are the repository of all these people's experiences and confidences, we are not entitled to lay down the law on strategy—in fact the more things we hear the less possible it seems to lay down a law even if we were appointed to do so.

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But we are able to say that the strongest impression we derive from this experience is that at the present time *events are affecting strategy much more quickly than strategy can affect events*. The moral of this, in our judgment, is that the more fluid we keep our strategical resources the better we can adapt ourselves to the changing circumstances of the situation. The system has got out of control in the sense that Finance can no longer sit aloof as a unified power and give orders to Parliament and Industry. It is divided in its views on what orders to give; and it has been obliged—and will be increasingly obliged—to take over the function of administering its own hesitant policy instead of, as once, simply dictating a united one. In the political field we have seen it supersede elected Guardians, and in the industrial field supersede private directors, by its own nominees. Further, over a large area of industry its auditors are virtually controlling ostensibly independent companies. All this looks like an increase in the bankers' power, but it is really evidence to the contrary. They are weakening their line by extending it, and are exposing themselves to the danger of a break-through somewhere by alert and mobile enemies. Therefore we conceive it has been sound strategy on the part of the Social Credit Movement not to entrench itself opposite to the earlier financial positions, but to have maintained and promoted their power of quick movement to, and unexpected concentration on, any point along the extended line. The time and point at which an assault is indicated is of course when and where there shall appear evidences of mutiny in the enemy's ranks.

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If, then, we consider "public agitation" as being the front-line force of the Social Credit army there will be no difference of view that there is *potentially* enormous power in it. For it consists in fomenting mutiny in the front-line of the bankers' army. But its *actual* power cannot manifest itself until something has happened to create disaffection there, and has developed it well on towards the point of revolt. Lord Northcliffe's leaflet-campaign over the Germans' lines did not produce any immediate visible result: the Allies had to wait until the acts of the German General Staff, forced on them by the trend of war-events, took place and supplemented the power of the Allies' propaganda.

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The Social Credit Movement does well to have watchers and listeners all along its front, ready to signal, at the proper time, a concentration of "seducers" onto the proper point. In the meantime the line has been left to arrange itself. The bankers' line consists of regiments representing every class and profession and every tradition in society. Here is the lawyers' company, next the policemen's, next the cotton-spinners', next the coal-owners', next the miners', and then the cotton-operatives', and so along the whole range to the Company of Dole-drawers and the Company of the Chairmen and Staffs of the Big Five Banks. Now the astounding thing about the Social Credit Movement is that—in spite of its supposedly being an anti-social assemblage of fanatics with one kind of experience and one language—it has got in its front line a body of men who, between them, possess all the experiences and languages of the regiments and companies confronting them. All they have had to do has been to sort themselves out so that each could face his opposite number on the other side. This they have done spontaneously.

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For the time being, then, there they are—each patiently exercising his own persuasive power on his own counterparts on the other side; trying to elicit what signs he can of any declension in their morale; and reporting accordingly. Now, up to the present, there has been nothing which conspicuously warranted any considerable concentration of these

men's functions at one spot. Hence each has more or less kept his station. The engineer considers that it would be wasting some of his efficiency if he were to stop parleying with engineers to go and join forces with a lawyer parleying with lawyers. Similarly, neither the employer nor the employee thinks it well to be seen in each other's company by his own class in the opposite ranks. But while this isolation of effort is their policy while on duty, there is a transformation directly the reliefs come up in the evening. In the canteen back behind the lines they assemble, exchanging experiences and news, discussing general strategy and prospects, and beyond all that, *living*, for the moment, something of the new social life which they are fighting to obtain for everybody. The inevitable result of this is to deepen their inspiration, widen their social sympathies, increase their technical knowledge, and quicken their intuitions. And on this ground we feel in our bones that directly a real chance occurs for a break-through anywhere along the enemy's line our boys will simultaneously smell it, mob together, and take it—God bless 'em.

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"We are not fighting you"; said Lord Northcliffe's leaflets to the German troops; "we are fighting your oppressors." It was true enough so far as it went (which wasn't very) and must have had its effect—for Northcliffe did know his own job. But with how much greater effect cannot the Social Credit Movement say the same thing right down the line. Even a "Big-Five" chairman would like a little more leisure occasionally (or his wife would like him to take it—which is the same thing—or ought to be) and so no-one in any state of society can truthfully deny that his duty in the present system imposes more restrictions on his pleasure than he likes.

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The bankers' army is composed of conscripts who yield obedience only because this is the only way in which they can get an income. At one time there were other incentives to co-operate in the economic system—the proprietor's sense of adventure in private enterprise; his sense of pride in independent proprietorship; his sense of responsibility arising from his contact with his employees who were, to him, men, not numerals: also the ordinary local bank-manager's sense of pride and responsibility arising from his discretionary power in the matter of loan-policy. It is true enough that while these incentives were operative there were atrocious abuses of the powers connoted by them; but the point is that generally speaking the conditions of existence to-day in the comparative absence of such abuses is, if not actually worse, certainly relatively worse when allowance is made for the fast development of productive capacity since that time. And again, there has been lost the sense of political responsibility. From Parliament down to the Urban District Council and the late Boards of Guardians, the exercise of discretion has been suffocated in the black hole of over-riding financial supervision. Here again it may be remarked that there used to be flagrant corruption under the earlier system. But the elimination of it has not been followed by any amelioration of conditions for the governed. Instead of the many being robbed to benefit the few, they are all robbed to benefit nobody. Ill-gotten gains have been confiscated and transferred to the secret reserves of the banks.

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In the bankers' army everybody has been, and is being reduced in rank and pay, from Commander to Corporal. It is intriguing to speculate on the developing consequences of this affront to the pride and the purse of the officers and men—not to speak of the million-and-a-half reservists compulsorily billeted in the huts and dug-outs of the regular forces. There is no doubt that trouble is coming from it—everybody on both sides has a premonitory feeling that something important is going to happen soon. So it becomes the more necessary for us, of the Social Credit Movement, to make use of all our powers of teaching and spying so as to be prepared to break cover and arrive on the scene where the row starts when it starts.

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There is plenty of choice of likely places—in fact it is because there are so many of them that nobody in the Movement can yet divine which is *the* place. Naturally a revolt of the "Big Five" Chairmen and Staffs against the oligarchal High Financial Command would suit us best, because it would infect all the other regiments. But it may start a little lower. Something may occur which will upset the Federation of British Industries, and lead to some legal test case being decided against the High Financiers on a crucial issue. Or there may be another ratepayers' strike on the model of West Ham, but on a wider scale, and as a protest, not against the extravagant *redistribution* merely of public money by Socialist Guardians but, let us suggest, against the deflationary *absorption* of public money through the raising of property-assessments. Or again, there may be a move among insolvent industrialists to make a concerted declaration of insolvency without first giving the banks a chance to exercise option whether to nurse all or any of them or not. (Bankruptcy carries a moral stigma, but confers financial relief. The second is the cause of the first!) For it is equally good tactics to push the bankers along faster in the logical direction they are going as it is to pull them backwards. It is the sudden alteration in pace that unbalances them. (This is what they mean when they refer to the "extreme delicacy" of the credit-mechanism.) Then, of course, there is the chronic risk of a large-scale strike at home or disturbance abroad. And a world-war overshadows the whole prospect. Perhaps these speculations sound fanciful, but if you can imagine an army whose heavy artillery were firing at too short range and dropping shells into the front lines, and that every regiment in those lines thought that it was being fired on by some neighbouring regiment, they would either go on until they had destroyed each other, or they would find out what was the matter, and destroy the artillerymen. And many fanciful things might happen before they had finished either job.

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Colonel McKenna, if we may so adapt him to our image, has been growling for some time about the range-finding back behind. And the more attentively Capital and Labour listen to him the sooner will each complete its realisation that neither is the cause of the other's wounds. Whereupon they will have to make up their minds what to do—whether to believe the bankers' yarn that there is a law of nature obliging them to fire, and another law fixing the range, and a third law forbidding the front lines to move from their positions: or whether to put them under restraint and send for an alienist or neuropath. "The present trouble," said Mr. Snowden the other day to the Bankers' Association, "is caused by a world-fall in prices." This was exactly like saying to the wounded soldiers, "The cause of your wounds is discharge of shrapnel." He did not explain that the world-fall in prices was itself caused by something avoidable, caused by the deliberate refusal of Finance to authorise the use of the Social Credit range-finder—the "Price-Regulation" device for ensuring the correct trajectory. These blessed bankers are rule-of-thumb men. They calculate the range by observing the dressing-stations. If they see their own front-line troops carried in—oh, then they must "lift her nozzle a bit." And

when they do—whoop! up she goes to the vertical, and the projectile bursts over their own head. "Oh dear!—this is a dangerously inflationist angle," say they; we must have her a bit lower; and when they do—whoop! again, down she goes; "but steady! not so low as before—or is it not so high?—or what is it?" Perhaps the Macmillan Committee will find out for them.

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Returning to the subject of tactics, we may appropriately call the present time the *Fraternisation Period*—the period during which Social Credit advocates along the line seek to inspire confidence, each among his own selected "opposite numbers" who are under the bankers' command. Each of them expounds Social Credit in the particular idiom, and in consonance with the particular sentiments, of the regiment or company whose allegiance he has set himself to detach. The method is equivalent to what the Communist would call "planting cells," but with this vital difference, that, instead of setting classes against each other, the objective is separately to prepare every class for eventual co-operation in revolt against a common tyrant. Thus there are any number of differentiated methods of propaganda—but the propagandists are agreed about the ultimate objective that they want to reach. Thus, all the separate lines of direction are converging on one point.

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The question whether coalescence of propagandist efforts would achieve success in a shorter time is subordinate to the question whether the propagandists are able to finance the process. They certainly cannot do it out of their own resources on anything like an adequate scale. So the problem becomes one of getting the public to pay at least as much money for listening to you (and more if possible) as it costs to talk to them. The attitude of Finance towards Social Credit, reflected as it is in the attitude of the Press, makes the cost almost prohibitive. Practically every other movement, or ideal, or proposal, existing in this country gets *some* measure of free advertisement from time to time in the trust newspapers. But not Social Credit. So the Movement is limited to the laborious and comparatively expensive method of printing and distributing its own circulars if it wants to make contact with the general public. For this reason the public-meeting method of contact has been seen to be impracticable by Social Credit advocates on a wide scale. We were speaking to one of them some time ago, and he recalled that in a provincial town in the early days of the movement he and his group of associates organised two successive public meetings, both of which were a huge success so far as enthusiasm was forthcoming—but nobody offered to pay for his entertainment directly or to join the group, and so pay for it indirectly.

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Speaking for ourselves, the only use to be made of the general public (in the sense of heterogeneous congregations of individuals) is to make money cut of them for employment in other directions. Whatever interest we take in the question of what "formula" or "slogan" ought to be used is confined to the consideration, which of them is likely to bring in most money. Therefore, our standard of valuing these formulæ and slogans has not so much to do with whether this or that of them expresses the Social Credit idea with exactitude, but whether its employment will arouse sympathy and open pockets *on the night*. The masses do not think, but feel. So the proper way to act is to make the "feelers" pay for the instruction of the "thinkers."

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The Finance Inquiry Petition Committee which was formed in 1926 just before the General Strike completed its work with a small balance of money in hand. The Snowden Inquiry Committee formed last year has been paying its way. In both these cases a substantial proportion of the expenses incurred was contributed by people who were not in the Social Credit Movement and knew very little about the Social Credit Proposals. The slogan: "Demand an Inquiry into Finance" was of course not strictly a Social Credit formula—it asked for something which at the best could only give Social Credit a chance of official investigation and report. But it moved outsiders to help pay for that chance. The objective of the later Committee was not expressed in a formula, but it was stated in such manner as to be reducible to the formula: "Watch out that the Snowden Committee do not cheat your intentions in demanding this Inquiry." In this case, too, people who were, to our own knowledge, very uncertain about what their intentions had been or how they could be realised, nevertheless forked out their cash, presumably responding to a feeling of dislike at the idea of being "done."

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Large-scale programmes require large-scale finance. The problem before the movement as a whole is to find out what sort of programme will fetch in most money from outside; for no large-scale programme can be successfully financed by merely altering the allocations of funds already raised inside the Movement. Up to the present time Social Credit opinion has shown its widest unity in favour of the proposition that THE NEW AGE must be maintained in existence. It costs our supporters a good deal of money. They have, so to speak, invested the bulk of their capital in a central general-purposes company. The remainder they have distributed among a number of special purpose syndicates trying out a variety of propagandist ideas, among Churchmen, business men, trade-unionists, professional men, political groups, artists, Hyde-Park audiences, and so on. The great value in these differentiated efforts is that each is testing the temperature of public responsiveness in a different place. These syndicates are like prospecting-parties on the search for the best-paying deposits. There is always the chance that one of them may stumble upon something of such manifest value that everybody will spontaneously agree to convert it into a company. In the meantime there is this further advantage, that these differentiated activities collectively afford scope for the exercise of every sort of talent and experience. So if some who search do not find, at least the task will have afforded them the means of self-expression. This analogy under-states the case, because in the nature of the Social Credit position every activity in its own degree facilitates all the other activities.

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If we are right, it would appear that the best interim form of organisation or association would be something equivalent to a consultive council composed of chairmen of syndicates. The consultation would not have reference to opinions on the comparative values of various syndicates' policies; for this could only result in controversy. It should be an exchange of reports of work done and results achieved. Often the person reporting would not be aware of some of the results, but would be made aware of them by others present who had noticed them in their own spheres of operation. We could spin some interesting yarns on this point if it were politic to print them.

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This last remark brings us to our concluding observation; that the consultations must be confidential—which implies that the parties to it are men whose *bona fides* have been tested. None of this nonsense about newcomers appearing suddenly from nowhere and expecting to join the Movement by reciting a formula and paying a shilling.

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Of course, such consultations have been going on somewhat along these lines since the Social Credit Movement came into existence. But as the general economic situation develops it may be necessary to collect and exchange information at more frequent intervals, and perhaps to arrange for a more systematic treatment of it. In future we shall be glad if readers will understand that as a *general principle* we shall not publish personal opinions on Social Credit policy. The more practical value in any suggestions that may be submitted the greater the advisability of their being discussed confidentially—at least initially. We wish every reader to feel assured that every possibility for pushing the Social Credit Theorem ahead is being watched for by a certain group of members in London who are in consultation on the average at least twice a week, and who, though they have preferences for this or that *principle* of propaganda, are in close accord with each other in the matter of weighing the *practicability* of suggestions that come before them.

American Film Penetration.

[*This article was written in 1927 as one of a series for an English newspaper. It was rejected after others had been accepted—presumably for reasons of advertising-policy.*]

The American propaganda now raging in the cinemas of the world—especially in those of this country and its overseas settlements—should be regarded as part of a larger scheme for the realisation of the great American ambition: to "boss the world." This inelegant Transatlantic expression may serve to sum up the aims which for nearly nine years have inspired the economic, military, and foreign policy of the United States. This should be borne in mind in order to appreciate the part which film propaganda is expected to play in U.S.A. foreign policy. Viewed in this light, the folly of allowing the wholesale importation of un-English, and in not a few instances anti-British, ideas into the country and its colonies becomes painfully apparent.

It is a comparatively simple proposition to make people do as you wish if you can induce them, by suitable propaganda, to regard the line of action or thought which you have planned out for them as either desirable or inevitable, or both, and this applies to things they would not dream of doing if left to think for themselves. Now the three conditions necessary to independent thinking are ability, leisure, and a measure of economic independence; and the point of this article is to establish that, after having exploited the war to take from this country its economic independence, America is now attempting to reduce to a minimum the opportunities and the ability of her chief ex-ally to foster that national individuality without which no State can survive by means of unceasing film propaganda. First, defeat in the economic field; second, war in the field of ideas. . . . Let imagination complete the sequence.

If the people of this country are as gullible as the Yankee Big-Noise Merchants (judging by such films as "Convoy" and "The Big Parade") appear to think, then there is no limit to their capacity for being bluffed. Fortunately, that is not the case, and I think we may look forward to a revulsion of public feeling in this country against the more offensive characteristics of the American film. Producers will have to reckon with this or completely lose their hold on the British market. This may be an optimistic view of the situation, and I must confess that the wish is father to the thought; but, however that may be, there is not the shadow of a doubt that from the day the public begin to recognise the fact that there is a close connection between American foreign policy and the general trend of ideas propounded in American films the Americans' game will be up. More than that, from that day cinematography will begin to come into its own as a form of art. The last word on the question is with the intelligent man or woman among the cinema-going public.

It cannot be repeated too often that whereas the daily Press in any country is bound to be a more or less patriotic affair, the national ideas engendered by that agency cannot possibly survive the ceaseless mass-attacks directed against them from Hollywood, where, for every one film made at home and breathing the spirit of the homeland, hundreds are turned out packed with ideas alien to all that is noble in European traditions, and for that matter all that for centuries has been held in reverence by the white man, to whose race it should be our pride to belong.

Geoffrey Malins, in one of his despatches to the "Cinema," says, writing from Calcutta:—

> "This stranglehold . . . will do more to cripple our foreign trade, undermine the prestige of Great Britain among the native peoples under her flag, and gradually disrupt the Empire than many people imagine. One has only to consider for a moment the colossal propaganda power of the cinema and its doubly-intensified force in the case of the native masses in our colonies who can neither read nor write, and are therefore influenced solely by what they *see*, to realise that my statement is not so far-fetched as may appear at first sight. The educated classes here are thirsting for good films showing British characteristics, her people, and her glorious scenery, her everyday life and customs. They want to see how Britain has grown into the greatest Empire the world has ever known; and nothing can depict the panorama of Britain, her work and play, her drama and humour, her traditions and history, as vividly as the cinema."

Let the thoughtful among the millions who "go to the pictures" ask themselves: Is the cinema screen in this country going to be allowed to take its legitimate place in the cultural life of the nation, along with the stage, the concert room, the public library, the art gallery? Or is it to be prostituted in the service of a rapacious gang of alien power-maniacs, with the certain result of the decay of a racial culture hundreds of years old and held in reverence wherever breathes an upright man?

E. V. L.

"Sir James Mitchell, the Premier of Western Australia, stated to-day that Western Australia's movement in favour of secession from the Commonwealth of Australia must be taken seriously. The great bulk of the people were behind the movement, which would continue unless something was done immediately to reduce considerably the load of taxation and other burdens for which the Federal Government were mostly responsible. The secession campaign was initiated at Perth, Western Australia, where a meeting passed a resolution pledging support for the movement for the creation of a Dominion of Western Australia, and urged the Ministry to give the people an opportunity of deciding by a referendum. The Premier said that the Federation was costing the State £8,000,000, which was a tremendous burden on its 400,000 inhabitants."—Reuter cable from Canberra in the *Evening Standard*, June 12, 1930.

"Accompanied by his wife, Colonel House has been to Europe for his annual holiday. It has not been a wholly happy time for him, inasmuch as he caught a chill soon after he arrived, some weeks ago, and was confined to bed in Paris for over a week. . . . *Amongst others from whom he had visits were Lord Grey and Lord Cecil.*—*Liverpool Daily Post*, June 2, 1930. (Our italics.)

"There is much to be said in favour of the amalgamations which have taken place, but scrapping simply because there is an excess of supply under present prices and conditions has personally no favour with me. *Such a policy looks to me like admitting defeat and hauling down the flag*, and it goes against my grain to do either the one or the other."—Mr. William Strachan, managing director of Messrs. Workman, Clark (1928), Ltd., speaking against the scrapping of shipyards, *Journal of Commerce*, April 24, 1930.

On Clearing the Ground.

By F. Le Gros Clark.

The true revolutionist is like a doctor or a gardener. The doctor is concerned with removing obstacles that prevent the organism from curing itself. The gardener is concerned with clearing away weeds and keeping the hothouse at the right temperature; the flowers themselves do the rest. Both are optimists; they believe in the human organism and in the plant. The revolutionist believes in human nature.

Those who anxiously ask the revolutionist, "What are you going to put in the place of that which you destroy?" can be ignored. Human society will find its own answer. It always has managed to adapt itself, and it always will. If it is unable to do so—if indeed it is growing senile and stiff—then the disease will show itself in any case; and with or without a revolution in human affairs the end is bound to come. In the meantime, since there is still doubt, one might as well be optimistic.

The ground *must* be cleared. This is necessary, not because the clearance would be experimentally interesting, but simply because otherwise human society will choke and degenerate. That the clearance is economically demanded, need scarcely be argued. What it will mean to the psychologist is matter for speculation; and upon this speculation the writer wishes to launch himself.

Now, what the psychiatrist is up against is the patient's ingenuity at finding excuses for not being cured. The excuses are innumerable; and they are composed mainly of appeals to the objective world as the patient sees it. Is the world out of joint? It certainly is. Does that provide us with a reason for our anxieties, timidities, prejudices, conceits, and jealousies? It provides us with no finally adequate reason; but it offers us a whole arsenal of excuses for them.

The clearance of the ground will come as a shock to man, because the sick mind—and most of us are sickly—grows childishly attached to its disease. Consider what will have to be faced.

Any revolution at present visualised implies some degree of internationalism. It involves a drastic elimination of the economic and political excuses for War—at any rate, all such excuses as those to which we are accustomed. What, then, about War? Immediately the human mind will be forced up against the profound problem, as to whether there lies in it an impulse to fight. There will be no chance of evasion. The desire to engage in combat—whatever that desire may be—will no longer have its traditional opportunities for expansion. The human race will be forced to look nakedly at itself and to decide what is to be done about it.

Another inevitable outcome of a sane revolution will be the release of the world's productive forces. This will at once make it impossible for any man to complain that he lacks. No man will be able to excuse jealousy of his neighbours on the plea that the economic machine works in their favour and against his. The steadily improving organisation with which the release of productive forces must be accompanied will remove from every man the excuse of anxiety about the morrow—together with the assumption that hard work is moral. No one will thereafter be able to impose on himself the tyranny of hard work to restrain his natural desires from having a good time; at any rate, this will be increasingly difficult.

It is generally assumed that a revolution will bring with it considerable improvement both in the marriage laws and in those affecting the care of children. Incompatibility will—it is usually granted—be an adequate reason for divorce; and any child brought into the world will be a charge on the resources of society as a whole (though as far as the educational welfare of the child goes, the parents' responsibility will be, if anything, increased). At once it will be impossible for any man to complain that he is restricted by the marriage laws, or to forego the begetting of children on the plea that he will be unable to support them and give them a reasonable culture. He will be driven back to an admission of his own subjective weaknesses; and once he is there will be on the way to curing them.

It is allowed that, after such a revolution as is generally visualised, the system of economic Classes will tend to disappear. In that case a man will cease to be conditioned by "Class" in his relation with other human beings. In expression of opinions he will not have to consider how far outspokenness will effect his employment. There will be no members of a dominant Class, exerting all their ingenuity to find excuses for the social system under which they themselves benefit. There will, in other words, be no external reason against considerable frankness and directness of speech; and—following upon that—little reason why any man should not indulge in all manner of surprising ideas and speculations.

Psychologically—in short—an economic revolution is likely to force back the human mind to a naked contemplation of its own weaknesses and to a consciousness of the devices it invents for evading a realisation of these weaknesses. Man will be driven back to the root of his spiritual discontent—and will find that this root lies in himself. It is my opinion that only then will modern psychiatry begin to come into its own. Together with all the other sciences, it is waiting for the clearance of the ground; and this clearance must necessarily be an economic one. It may have to be a forcible one. Those who believe that psychological understanding will effect a gradual change of the human heart, so that the revolution will take place by general consent, are reckoning without the time factor. The contradictions within the present system are already too acute and are steadily deepening.

Once the emotional ground has been cleared, psychiatry will become not merely important; it will become the essential science. The need for it will be universal. At present it has to exercise itself mainly with the leisured and moneyed sections of society; the data it gathers therefrom are useful, but they enable it to do little more than perfect its methods—so far as possible—against the time when it will have to meet the demands of vastly larger groups.

The foregoing argument is not intended to imply that those who press for an economic revolution can in the meantime dispense with psychiatry—that it is, in fact, of no immediate value to them. On the contrary, a revolutionist needs all the self-understanding and release from hesitation that modern psychological method can give him. He needs them, because undoubtedly the removal of the present barriers to human development is as arduous a task as the mind of man has ever been called upon to perform.

"Social credit is truly in the ascendant out here. Unemployment is provoking thought, and the small band of Douglasites are losing no opportunities to direct thought onto the credit question. There is almost a noticeable cleavage within the Labour movement on the question of credit, and the rank and file are fairly disgusted with the State and Federal Labour Government's inactivity on the unemployment question. You never know, but Australia may yet startle you English folk. There's one thing about it, we are not so hidebound in respect for tradition or authority, that once attaining understanding we shall lack the courage to make the change. But I shall not be too optimistic, for many wooden heads possess 'courage.'"—Letter from an Australian correspondent dated April 28, 1930.

Chingis-Khan and the Everlasting Sky.

Chingis-Khan (1155-1227 A.D.) founded an empire stretching from China to Hungary.

Hordes of wild Tartar horsemen swept across Asia into Europe, but the amazing successes of the Mongol armies were not due to overwhelming numbers carrying all before them. They were due to the consummate strategy and organising ability of one man—Chingis-Khan. Without Chingis-Khan, therefore, these overwhelming hordes of mounted Steppe-men—"the generations dwelling in felt tents," as they called themselves—would have been nothing but a Mass Headless Horseman. We are interested in the man who was the head of the mass.

The name Chingis-Khan seems to mean simply "Spirit-Chief"; his real name was Temuchin.

His whole aim, to begin with, was to retrieve the fortunes of his own clan (or "bone"), which had fallen upon hard times. The Mongol Clan was poor and scattered; one of many clans in a state of nomadic chaos. It had come down in the world and Chingis, as a mere stripling, determined to do his utmost to restore it to prosperity. With that aim—a mere family matter—he set to work to punish those who had robbed and killed his clansmen. In doing the job that was nearest to hand he moved steadily on, almost without knowing it, to the complete domination of the whole of Asia and Eastern Europe. The campaigns—he was fighting almost all his life up to the time of his death at the advanced age of seventy-two—are matters of history. What kind of man was this Chingis? Little enough is known about him, but we know this much:—

He was an orthodox Shamanist believing in the traditional charms and spirits, but on top of this he looked up to something he called the Everlasting Sky, and it was the Sky which led him. However, he was never silly about this. He was always the practical nomad. If he found that the answer of some Shaman divinator, or his own half-fear of magic, was opposed to commonsense, or to the plans he had formed, he always refused to be influenced. Chingis had his Sky—the Everlasting Sky of the wide open Steppe-lands—as Joan of Arc had her Voices. The Sky told him what to do, and it seems to have been always what he wanted to do and what he felt pretty certain he could do. It also helped him to do what seemed to be a task that no one man could hope to do at all. "I am up against it, but the Sky will see me through." When, however, a change of plan was necessary—a strategic retreat, for instance—the Sky had ordered it. In all this mix-up of primitive religious feeling and Shamanism, as in all other things, Chingis kept an even keel and an astonishing freedom of mind.

He had one outstanding gift, or intuitive sense, the gift of understanding a man from the first and making the right choice. He knew how to pick his men—the right man for the job, whatever the job might be. This was the secret of his success as a military organiser and leader, and as the Great Khan of a vast empire.

He came of Steppe aristocracy, and his organisation was purely aristocratic. As at the beginning, so in the end: the best of everything was for the Khan and his ruling clan. Horses, women, serfs, food, booty—the best of all that was captured went to Chingis and his captains.

His structure of empire-organisation was an extension of the clan system, with the Mongol Clan as the ruling clique. He regarded his empire as the property of his clan. It worked perfectly while the Chingis-Khan was alive, and it lasted some forty years after his death; which is remarkable when we consider that it included most of Northern China, almost the whole of Mongolia, Turkestan, and Persia, as far as, and including half of, the Black Sea.

In the year 1206 Chingis-Khan completed the organisation of his Ten Thousand Bodyguard, which was based upon strictly aristocratic principles. His plan was not merely to have a reliable guard for himself and his movable headquarters (he was always shifting about), but an institution of picked men that, under his personal direction, would become an efficient O.T.C. He knew every man personally, and imposed tasks to suit each particular individual.

All his guardsmen were to be of noble blood. Here are his instructions: "Now that the Sky has ordered me to govern all nations, let there be recruited from the myriads, thousands and hundreds, ten thousand men, archers and others, to be my personal guard (*keshik*). These men, who will be attached to my person, must be chosen from among the sons of nobles or of free men, and must be agile, well-built and hardy. . . . Each chiliarch, centurion or decurion who opposes this order will be considered guilty and will be punished." The Guard was given special privileges and distinctions.

Chingis could neither read nor write, nor did he ever learn to speak any language other than his native Mongolian. But—and here shows the genius of the man—as soon as he discovered the existence of writing he saw its enormous importance in the scheme of his Khanship and the needs of the empire he was building. He ordered that reading and writing be taught to his kinsmen and companions, but had enough sense never to trouble to master the alphabet himself. Make use of it, yes; just as one might make use of wireless. No need to become a Marconi in order to listen-in. The Sky led him aright, you see.

In his daily life he "liked to be surrounded by good-looking women," was fond of good horses, and of wine. But in none of these things did he ever defeat himself. A right time and place for everything—and "keep your eye on the ball."

As for the drink, while he discouraged drunkenness in his army, he was no Pussyfoot. He said, "If there is no way to keep a man from drinking, he may get drunk three times a month; more than three times is a transgression, twice is better than three times; once is better still, and the best of all is never to drink. But who can find a man who will never get drunk?"

He revealed much of his personality when he said, "A man's greatest pleasure is to defeat his enemies, to drive them before him, to take from them that which they possessed, to see those whom they cherished in tears, to ride their horses, to hold their wives and daughters in his arms."

There is plenty of evidence to show that Chingis had his temper under perfect control. He was not easily brought to anger; a vital point in the make-up of a leader of men.

He established iron discipline in his army and strict order throughout his empire. Yet he was always generous and hospitable.

Altogether "a good lad," well suited to his own needs, and the needs of his own people in his own day.

No frustrated "libido" about Chingis. He knew what he wanted, and got it. He was the self-controlled, disciplined, and directly practical nomad of the Steppes to the end of his days. There was no swank about him, but he put up with no hail-fellow-well-met democratic cheekiness from anyone.

Ruthless he certainly was. We should note, however, that under his absolute rule the nomadic peoples of Asia, and even the settled communities under the Mongol rule, were never better off for food, warmth, and shelter. He ruled with a knotted knout, but he saw that the people under his control

were able to get what there was to have; and this in spite of the fact that he reserved all the richest and rarest spoils for himself and his ruling family-clan.

He took the very greatest care to encourage the merchant caravans passing to and fro through his enormous realm, and the merchants soon came to realise that Chingis-Khan was a great protection to them. He kept their caravan routes open and saw to it that all merchants were well treated, realising that these men established relations with, and brought him needed information from, the settled and civilised Moslem East. By these means Chingis saw to it that his Mongol nomads, horsemen for the most part who produced but little, were able to tap a new source of supply for the commodities they needed. In the same way, he encouraged and protected artists, craftsmen, thinkers, philosophers, and holy teachers; and under his rigid rule there was complete religious toleration. He would not allow any dust-up between religious sects. He reserved the right to kick up a shindy to himself, and went about it on a huge scale, systematically. In that he was no go-as-you-please Mongol nomad. He was the freak, for he took the utmost pains to work out every detail of his far-flung schemes of conquest and administration.

So far from being in any way specially cruel, he was, on the contrary, unusually self-controlled, when one takes into account the accepted ideas, manners and social conditions of his day. When he destroyed, murdered, or massacred it was not done out of blood-lust. It was done to establish and maintain his empire.

He was the complete acquisitionist who simply accepted and worked by—

> "The good old rule
> . . . the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

He was, of course, the product of his age—who is not? In a kind of half-vision one can imagine Chingis being psycho-analysed, and having all his complexes "drawn" one by one—Everlasting Sky, and especially that nasty anti-social acquisitiveness—until he is reduced to psychic toothlessness, and disappears by adjusting himself to the society in which we live but have no being. . . .

> "Great God! I'd rather be
> A Shaman suckled in a creed outworn"—

Great Sky, it should begin, or Great Life-Force for those who prefer such Shavian Grape-Nuts—but the Sky is just as good as Old Man Libido, and anyhow you can see it.

The facts given above about Chingis-Khan have been gathered from a book just published,* the best and most straightforward account of the little that is known about him, and the work of a scholar who is perhaps the greatest living authority on the Mongolian language and the history of the Mongols.

S. R.

"Mr. Justice Clauson to-day heard a petition by the Imperial Chemical Industries for leave compusorily to acquire the holdings in Brunner Mond and Co., of the small minority of shareholders who refused the terms offered to them on the £95,000,000 amalgamation. The cash offer made to the dissentient members of Brunner Mond and Co. was 30s. for the preference shares and 43s. 6d. for the ordinary. The judge, in granting the petition, said he must be quite sure that a liberal price was given to a man whose property was being taken against his will, and that compensation was made for disturbance of investment. He fixed the price to be paid for the ordinary shares at 55s. 6d. and for the preference shares at 31s. 6d."—*The Star*, June 6, 1930.

* "The Life of Chingis-Khan." By Professor Vladimirtsov. Translated from the Russian by Prince D. S. Mirsky. (Routledge. 6s. net.)

Music.

The Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York.

The succession of visits by great foreign orchestras that have made this season unforgettable culminated in a four-night *fête*, so to speak, by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, conducted by that fabulous and now legendary figure, Toscanini, who thus conducted in England for the first time in his forty odd years of conducting, having always refused to direct an English orchestra, the conditions not being such as he considers necessary, and rightly, for worthy performances. And he was right to make his visit an event of epoch-making significance with an instrument moulded to his hands after some five years' association with himself—an instrument already superb which his genius has raised to a pitch that has to be heard to be believed, an instrment of such lambent glowing beauty of tone, such flexibility, subtlety, responsiveness, as cannot be conceived unheard. I was very unfortunately only able to hear the two Albert Hall concerts, where the echo, damnably active, spoilt a good deal. The first Albert Hall concert, Sunday, June 1, consisted of a quite familiar symphonic scheme, but unfamiliar in that the concert was a continuous revelation of unheard or imperfectly heard things. Never have I heard climaxes so marvellously moulded, so homogeneous, as Toscanini's, yet never is control relaxed, all is ever lightly held in a grip of steel—here is no strepitous, stentorious brass and uproarious explosions of percussion that are the apologies for climax-growth that we have usually to endure, but an organic growth out of the very substance and fabric of the music arriving by inner necessity. The most startling revelation for me personally in the first concert was the performance of the second Brahms Symphony, a work I have always disliked intensely and endeavoured to avoid hearing. But could it be possible that this lovely golden clarity, this glowing beauty of melodic line, this rich and full but sober and impressive colour, this marvellously proportioned and beautifully balanced shape were the work I had always detested? So it was in greater or less degree all through the concert, especially in the unheard of magnificence of the playing of the "Venusberg" music. This was living fire—no other words can describe it, but what superbly graded subordinate climaxes, all kept in their place below the supreme climax of the whole piece! And has a more perfect string tone ever been heard than of those instruments that "sang," yes, really and truly "sang," the voice-parts? I doubt it.

The Goossens "Sinfonietta" opened the second Albert Hall concert, a work that even the transforming magic, the matchless artistry of orchestra and genius of the conductor could not succeed in making other than a piece of up-to-date *Machmusik*, thoroughly empty and hollow with that offensive assertiveness that so often goes with an empty pretentious personality.

The "Tod and Verklärung" of Strauss was unforgettable. One point as exemplification of the superb quality of the playing—apart from the superbly gripping and vital conception. The second, "Childhood's memories," section is, as will be remembered, the theme over a running triplet string accompaniment ingeniously divided. This one always knew was there, but *never* till this time did one hear it as it is written, distinctly as a quietly running figure instead of a vaguely mushy background which might be anything. The final "Transfiguration" section which so narrowly skirts banality and is usually presented to us with sanctimonious hangdog vulgarity as of a cheap and tawdry Salvation Army hymn-tune, under Toscanini's hands really reaches the lofty moving nobility and serenity towards which it strives, and the closing pages of the work were bathed in a clear pure light as of heavenly spaces—a spiritual experience of the first order.

The quality of this marvellous body of musicians seems to occupy an intermediate place between the weight and solidity of the Concertgebouw of Amsterdam and the velvety silkiness of the Vienna Philharmonic. The string tone is brighter and keener, but is superb. All in all it is probably the greatest orchestra we have so far heard here. The individual standard of playing is of virtuoso order on the part of each and every member, and the unity and perfection of ensemble are things to dream of.

Colonne Orchestra: Queen's. 6th.

From these heights it was a sad drop to the Colonne Orchestra of Paris, about half-way to our own people in fact—who can show nothing as good by one half or one quarter. One was struck by the curious hardness and inflexibility of the tone of the orchestra, the sharp angularity of woodwind, the harshness and stridency of the brass, battering all before it in a manner we are too too familiar with, supported by a barrage of undisciplined percussion. But within its limits the Colonne Orchestra is a fine body—we, as I have said, could count ourselves fortunate if we had the chance of never hearing anything twice or thrice as inferior. The programme, consisting of French music entirely, was also on familiar lines—an overture of inflated Wagnerism by Lalo, three post-impressionist pieces by Jacques Ibert, quite insignificant, two nocturnes of Debussy, and "La Péri" of Dukas, finishing up with "La Valse" of Ravel. "La Péri" was easily the best work on the programme except for the Debussy nocturnes. It is a glowing, picturesque, imaginative score with good red blood, and not a thin trickle of red ink instead, but its performance, as of the nocturnes, was not at all satisfactory; it was insensitive, too hard and definite, and singularly unimaginative. "La Valse" was better done, its rather heavy-handed massiveness seemed to suit conductor, Gabriel Pierné, and orchestra better. A "Fantaisie Basque" by the conductor for violin and orchestra, was devoid of any interest except in so far as it afforded the leader of the orchestra chance to show that he is a very fine player (M. Darrieux). "Nuages" and "Fêtes" were played with extraordinary woodenness and little if any appreciation of their high fantasy. It was depressing to hear "Nuages" plodded through like a peasant in hobnail boots through a bed of maiden-hair fern.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

The Films.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa: Marble Arch Pavilion.

Stefan Zweig's novel is the greatest book I know on the late war—I have not read "Undertones of War"—and both in form and thematic content it lends itself peculiarly well to the screen, having a simple and clear-cut story without irrelevant side issues, and one capable of episodic treatment. Yet, although the film has in the main followed the book with distinct fidelity, while the result is a production that has no relation to the screen play of commerce, it greatly disappointed me. Atmosphere seemed lacking; the film must in parts be unperfectly intelligible to those who have not read the book; and to me the only really moving episode was the duel between Schieffenzahn and von Lychow for the life of Grischa. It is extraordinarily difficult to diagnose the cause of this failure, which is, however, partly due both to direction and miscasting. Chester Morris is an excellent actor, but he does not look the part, was too sand-papered, and was unable to get under the skin of the bewildered, illiterate, simple Russian—soldier by chance, but essentially peasant—who is a mere pawn in a tragic conflict of wills and legal systems. The error in casting him for the principal role was matched by that of selecting Betty Compson to play Babka. Miss Compson evidently worked hard at the job, but apart from her marcelled hair, and the fact that when she arrived at the local military headquarters she irresistibly reminded me of Nell Gwynne selling oranges outside Drury Lane Theatre (for both of which I hold the director responsible), she is about as complete an antithesis as one can imagine to the character created by Zweig.

Whatever may be the reasons, the film signally fails to grip so far as I am concerned. I emphasise the purely personal reaction, since this is a production which it would be unfair to select for adverse criticism merely because it did not appeal to oneself, and I recommend my readers to form their own opinion rather than take mine on trust.

The White Hell of Pitz Palu: Regal.

It is incredibly refreshing in these days of largely banal American talkies to see a silent film conceived and executed in the best German traditions, and is still more gratifying when, as in the case of "The White Hell of Pitz Palu," it is not a mere revival from the pre-talkie era, but a production for the first time introduced to the British public. This is one of the most superb manifestations I know of the power of the screen to depict scenes, emotions, and impressions which are collectively, and in some instances individually, beyond the scope of any other medium. It must, literally, be seen to be believed. There is something Dantesque in certain scenes; throughout is a haunting beauty combined with elemental grandeur and terror; and the photography is alone a marvellous and beautiful achievement. Although here mountains and winds, snow and ice, are the real *dramatis personae*, while the story is of the slightest, the human characters are no lay figures, and the acting of the whole cast is notable for its sincerity.

Although without dialogue, "The White Hell of Pitz Palu" is partly synchronised. The result is incomparably the most intelligent use of sound I have yet encountered; almost for the first time the screen has demonstrated the novel possibilities in this direction which have been outlined by Pudovkin. Here are new combinations of sound, an orchestration of music, the human voice, thunder, and the roar of tempests. Not merely regarded from the standpoint of technique, but also for its artistic value and its suggestion of future developments, these sound effects represent a landmark.

"The White Hell of Pitz Palu," which is jointly directed by Dr. G. W. Pabst and Dr. A. Fanck, possesses that rare characteristic of appealing both to amateurs of screen art and to those who are merely in search of entertainment. It is also mentally exciting as well as providing genuine thrills.

Loose Ankles: Regal.

This is another example of a title bestowed for no discernible reason, which does not, however, prevent the film from being most amusing and enjoyable. Real comedy is so rare on the screen that when it appears one should be duly grateful. I am properly grateful to the makers of "Loose Ankles," which is very well cast and acted. Loretta Young's voice and accent make her one of the most pleasing young American actresses whom the talkie has discovered; that sterling veteran, Louise Fazenda, is a joy as a puritan whom strong liquor impels to Bacchic dance in a somewhat riotous night club; and Otis Harlan is as convincingly unctuous as ever. There is a delicious comic servant maid, but I regret that I am not certain by whom she was impersonated.

All Quiet on the Western Front.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the film versions of both Zweig's and von Remarque's books

should reach the English public at the same time. "All Quiet on the Western Front" is being simultaneously "pre-released" at both the Regal and the Alhambra, a dual form of presentation which makes film history. I hope to review this very remarkable production next week.

DAVID OCKHAM.

Drama.

The Pitoëffs: Globe.

That the first production in London by Georges and Ludmilla Pitoëff is the French version of Shaw's Saint Joan adds to the interest of their visit. As this enables a comparison to be made between their work and the original London production, so their presentation of "Le Cadavre Vivant" next week will be of special interest in view of Moissi's recent appearance in the same play. The only thing which hindered Shaw seriously in the writing of Saint Joan was history and tradition. Ignoring these, a philosophy of history, if not easy, is at any rate possible. The history of Saint Joan is simply incredible, the one surely natural thing being that a miraculous tradition should become attached to her for impressing posterity with wonder at what she did perform. Shaw's philosophy has to allow for the creative emergence of the first Protestant, or how could there be Shaw? The Life-force was created to provide for just such things. But Shaw's philosophy does not allow for either the increased fertility of domestic fowls as a sign of divine approval of Joan's joining up, nor for the changing of the wind because the saints to whom she prayed were under instructions from the Almighty to abolish Roman Catholic feudal imperialism in favour of Protestant nationalist imperialism on earth as no doubt in Heaven. Sibyl Thorndike's Saint Joan was a sincere effort to present the philosophic progeny of George Bernard Shaw, and to fulfil every jot and tittle of the law promulgated in the preface; that Saint Joan was a woman of action, a provincial who by venting her wrath and contempt on the spinelessness at headquarters could sweep it up, seize command of the army, and reconstruct and rationalise it into a Shavian model of fighting efficiency. She was a Joan whom nobody would have dreamed of calling saint in her own life-time, since her way of getting anything done was to goad the inefficient males in the manner of the modern feminists. The miracles were so impossible in the English production that one had to explain them by the observation that it would be a peculiar coincidence if there were no coincidences, or by the gullibility of the times. The God who spoke to the English Saint Joan was the same Jehovah who spoke to Cromwell. At the same time, however, the lack of something not of this world made the English Saint Joan no more credible than the miracles. She was so very provincial, at times behaving almost as a simpleton, that it was difficult to believe any of her achievements; such a woman would have muddled even the messages.

M. Pitoëff was no doubt at liberty to produce "Saint Jeanne" without either Shaw at his elbow as dramatist-dictator, or the Law of the Preface as his surrogate. No Shavian pose of anti-romanticism required the preservation of the philosophy whatever happened to tradition. The "Sainte Jeanne" of Madame Pitoëff accordingly is a saint whose halo is obvious, and might not have been hidden for so long but for the already fully developed materialist diplomacy of the English, of which the English Church is in the play already an agent. In spite of the very modern Englishman whose presence has to be excused because Shaw cannot resist being philosophic satirist even when it is his duty to be historian, the Pitoëffs lure the play back, as nearly as the dialogue makes possible, into its nominal period of the fifteenth century as tradition sees it. Sainte Jeanne becomes a soul-image of modern France, the Pitoëffs being Armenian-Russians notwithstanding. This Sainte Jeanne is not simply a woman of action, of whom one could believe that she was a man dressed as a woman before she became a woman uniformed as a soldier; she is a holy, childlike, presence, in which miracles are credible; a presence which accomplished things by radiating inspiration, rather than by flogging with her tongue. Madame Pitoëff's Sainte Jeanne is of the line of Christ; she is never humiliated. When, before the Inquisition, she breaks down, the pathos of her innocence cuts far more deeply than did the humiliation of the English Saint Joan; and the whip-crack of her voice when she tears up the recantation, fire or no fire, was far more inspiring than the English.

If Shaw genuinely hates graven images as fanatically as he asserts, and exemplifies by his metaphorless prose, the setting should delight him, whatever he makes of the interpretation. A simple Gothic triptych on the centre stage serves for exteriors and interiors, and enables the scene to be varied with next to no shifting, the colour and distribution of the hangings being change enough. The method is simple and economical, while giving scope for magnificent formations, the inquisition scene being a work of art almost in itself, as well as a perfect setting for the events.

The Pitoëff production takes Shaw seriously. There are no Shavian caricatures calculated only to evoke only the guffaw; all the characters are accepted as men and women of their period, and not one as a Shaw's marionette. M. Pitoëff, for example, plays the Dauphin as a human being, and not, as Mr. Ernest Thesiger did, to make triple sure of the audience's ridicule. One memory of greatness left by the English production has no counterpart in the French. The inquisitor's speech as delivered by Mr. O. B. Clarence in the London production remains the most memorable feature of both. In the Pitoëff production not very much use is made of lighting in the earlier scenes except to cast a shadow of Sainte Jeanne in her duologue with the Dauphin.

The Way to Treat a Woman: Duke of York's.

"The Way to Treat a Woman" continues the work of the Famous Players Guild, and bears the same hall-mark of first-class production and acting. The irrepressible Miss Marion Lorne makes excruciatingly comic on the stage all the things that, done by women in every-day life, make men drink, swear, and become bushrangers. After seeing her child-like bewilderment at the natural consequences of her actions, and the invariable detection of all her simple stratagems—except the last, which deceives everybody—one realises that the special Providence which takes care of drunken men, nevertheless gives precedence to child-like women.

Four detectives, American, English, French and German, have met in London for the peace-conference, red attempts to assassinate delegates being feared by all but the Englishman, who knows that such things do not happen here. Word comes that an important English official is missing, and the problem of the play is to discover what has happened to him. When he was last seen his car was followed by a woman in a taxi, whose description answers to that of Marion Lorne. The Frenchman says that the way to get round a woman is to make love to her, but he gains nothing thereby. The German advocates force—he should have seen her "frighten her"—and the American is for buying her something, in this play a taxi-cab. The English man fancies an appeal to a woman's sporting

stinct, but what he actually succeeded with apparently was a hint of marriage, which none of them thought of at first.

Mr. Walter Hackett will probably trim the play up until it is as irresponsibly funny as his production of Miss Lorne in "77, Park Lane," some of whose novelties have been adopted. At present the prologue is too long, the detectives' disagreements being too much alike. As long as Miss Lorne is on the stage she is enough, but when she is absent the defectiveness of the other parts is painfully emphasised.

PAUL BANKS.

Reviews.

"The Sex Factor in Marriage." By Helena Wright, M.B., B.S. (Noel Douglas. 3s. 6d. net.)

In his recent book, "Sex and Its Mysteries," Mr. George Ryley Scott pointed out that coitus is an activity which human beings cannot perform properly by instinct, but which they must learn by practice and instruction. In this little book Dr. Wright provides the latter in a very thorough-going manner. Compared with her, even Dr. Marie Stopes is weak-kneed and equivocal. In fact, the book might have well been called "The Copulator's Vade Mecum." It is intended for married people, or those about to be so, though it will probably command a much larger public. No sane person should find it objectionable. It simply supplies in an unmistakable form information of which many married people are in need, and for which they are too embarrassed to ask. It contains an excellent and sympathetic introduction by the Rev. A. Herbert Gray, M.A.

N. M.

"Marriage, Past, Present and Future." By Ralph de Pomerai. (Constable. 15s.)

The institution of marriage is the most natural meeting-place for civil and religious legislation, and when, as at present, the interests of the two parties are largely at variance, this meeting-place is apt to become a battlefield. Secular problems are, after all, religious problems turned inside out. After dealing at great length with the history of marriage as it has developed under ecclesiastical hands, and showing (no very difficult matter) from what a muddle of intuitions, prejudices, fears, stupidities, cruelties, and crudities it has sprung, Mr. de Pomerai suggests that we should turn the problem inside out and see what comes of it. He believes in God (or, at least, does not deny Him), and thinks that marriage has a legitimately religious aspect, but for all practical purposes it is a civil contract. And just as a medieval writer would quote in his defence the Fathers of the Church, so Mr. de Pomerai quotes incessantly the fathers of the future state, Mr. Wells, of course, figuring prominently, while Mr. Shaw and Judge Lindsey run him a close second. Even that old friend of NEW AGE readers, Mr. Edwin Muir, appears upon occasion. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the bulk of the book is quotation. The part of heretical father is played by Mr. Ludovici, and Mr. de Pomerai originally planned his book as a polemic against the writings of that Tarzan of the Apes of Jarathuston. But one does not gather that married people would really be given more freedom by Civil Authority than they were by the Church. The latter took it for granted that individuals ought to be satisfied if their souls were safe, and the former think they ought to be content if their bodies are comfortable. From this fundamental difference in conception spring all the variations in restriction and liberty sanctioned by the two systems. Under Mr. de Pomerai's scheme divorce would be made much simpler and more rational, and he has an excellent chapter on this. No quotations here. This is evidently the heart of his work. I must admit that the financial side of these divorce transactions leave me with the dazed admiration with which I am afflicted by an income tax return form.

But it is in his prophecies of the future that the author's conception comes to fine flower. Listen to him:—

"Maternity . . . is likely to be purged of most of its existing dangers and unpleasantnesses; children will be practically cared for, educated, and supported by the State (the necessary taxation being met by married and single alike); the separate home, as we know it now, will in a large number of cases cease to exist, its place possibly being taken by large, commodious flats, with attached restaurants, and every possible convenience. Working hours, already reduced to eight hours a day, will possibly be halved, considerable leisure will be available for all, and sexual relationships will no longer be haunted by the spectres of disease and involuntary maternity."

Now listen to the "don'ts":—

"The next step will undoubtedly be a State ban upon the marriage of diseased persons. . . . There can be little doubt . . . that a State supervision of maternity will be established in the very near future . . . and it is fairly certain that the State will rigorously attempt to preclude the possibility of mentally or physically diseased persons having children. . . Limitation of the rate of procreation may become very necessary in the future . . . there are obvious limits to the number of persons the earth is capable of supporting. . . ."

It will not do. This is the Utopia of Nobodweldy—a prison house fitted with the most modern comforts, but "Thou shalt not" writ over the door.

N. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE MALTESE PROBLEM.

Sir,—With regard to the critical problem which has arisen in the British colonial islands of Malta and Gozo, may I suggest that the matter is, in all essentials, capable of a very simple explanation?

The Maltese islands, owing to their unique history, have been a stronghold of Roman Catholic clerical power. Nevertheless, the movements of modern progress are making their presence felt there as elsewhere. All history shows that, in such circumstances, the tendency of the Latin clerical power is to go slower than the progressive movement: and a clash thus arises.

That this is the true explanation can be shown by numerous incidents in the recent history of Malta. To give one example: In 1906 (arising out of some Protestant services having been held in the Theatre Royal at Malta), the Archbishop of Malta protested strongly against such toleration. That attitude on the Archbishop's part led the then Colonial Secretary to issue a special declaration that in future it should be recognised as the law of Malta that "all persons inhabiting our said island shall have full liberty of conscience and free exercise of their respective modes of religious worship." Against this the Archbishop then earnestly protested, saying, "public exercise of religion in Malta has always been reserved for over a century to the Catholic Church alone." He accompanied this protest with a petition to King Edward VII. to rescind the new law. The Government, however, persisted in its decision, whereupon the Archbishop said, "I can but signify my deep displeasure at the sanction of liberty of religious worship in these islands."

I suggest that the present incident (on which our Government has issued a Blue Book) is another instance of the same spirit as that of 1906. In the 1930 case, the clerical power endeavours to dictate in politics, even by using the Sacraments to effect such dictation.

W. POYNTER.

The Westminster Group,
Church House, London, S.W.1.

THE CHRONIC FORCE MAJEURE.

Sir,—Your correspondent J. W. H. has revealed some significant remarks made by the late Mr. Wheatley. I cannot help thinking he was right when he advised us to "flood the country" with Social Credit speakers. But how could we do this in view of our slender resources in men and money?

BM/HNRH.

GLASGOW SOCIAL CREDIT GROUP.

A public address, entitled "Poverty Amidst Abundance," on the Douglas Social Credit Scheme, will be given by W. Finlay, of the Glasgow Social Credit Group, in Ross Street Unitarian Church, on Sunday evening, June 22, at 7 p.m. Questions and discussion after the address.

"The conditions of employment in Britain are by far the worst in the world. Mr. Snowden and Mr. Graham tell us in effect that cheap money by itself will presently begin to work wonders. Now cheap money is a sign of economic low spirits. . . . *The initial impulse leading to a world recovery of trade cannot come from this country.* America is the fly-wheel of the world's economic machinery to-day, and must revolve full-speed again before all the wheels can be set spinning elsewhere."—*The Observer*, May 18, 1930.

"Unemployed workers here have started a novel 'hunger strike.' Refusing free meals provided for the destitute by the Salvation Army, they maintain it is the duty of the Government to feed them.—British United Press."—*Evening Standard*, June 4, 1930.

The Social Credit Movement.

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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