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EDITED BY ARTHUR BRENTON.

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THE

NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

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The Morning Post confuses THE NEW AGE with *The New Leader*. Mr. McKenna's new book containing his speeches since 1920 as Chairman of the Midland Bank and his address to the New York bankers in 1922—analysis of the American address. The *Daily Mail's* appreciation of Mr. McKenna. Lord Melchett's admonition to America—"don't butt in."

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In a paragraph concerning the dismissal of Mr. Percy Glading from Woolwich Arsenal, because of his alleged Communist activities, the *Morning Post* of October 27 quotes a comment which it says is taken from "the current issue of the '*New Age*,' *the official organ of the Independent Labour Party*." The intended reference is presumably to the *New Leader*. We are communicating with the *Morning Post* on its unfortunate mis-statement. The predominant feature of our public policy is its complete independence of Party politics, and THE NEW AGE is bought on that understanding by men and women of all Party affiliations and none. The quoted comment from the *New Leader* supports the policy of total disarmament for this country, a policy of which we have frequently emphasized the danger in the present state of international, economic relationships.

* * *

There are two noteworthy features about the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna's collected addresses*: the first is the date of publication (October 25), which falls in a period when European statesmen and financial experts are on the verge of dealing definitely with the practical consequences of Reparations; the second is the inclusion in his book of an address which he gave before the American Bankers' Convention in New York City in the autumn of 1922 on "Reparations and Internatonal Debts"—an address which is so apposite in every particular to the problems now to be faced in Paris that it might well have been drafted to serve as a Presidential Address to the commission of experts when they hold their first session.

* * *

As a rule, speeches which have been delivered at yearly intervals over a period of eight years might be expected to fall flat upon simultaneous republication; but in this case the reverse has happened. Their juxtaposition in chronological order enables the reader to see a plan underlying the whole series, a plan which the discontinuity of annual instalments must necessarily have obscured except in those high-financial quarters where it was a matter of professional necessity to grasp their import as a synthesis in the shaping, and to calculate the consequences of its impact on political consciousness. In rough outline, and eliminating unavoidable repetitions and overlaps in the eight London addresses, it appears that the first three analysed the condition of Britain's economy ("currency," "prices," "Treasury policy," "unemployment"), the next three extended the analysis to international trade in general ("credit and trade," "monetary policy," "commodity prices and the gold standard," "the transition to gold"), and the last two gave the analysis a political direction ("American prosperity and British depression," "the world on a dollar standard"). The remaining address (delivered in New York) belongs in essence to the last category, although its form was studiously non-political.

* * *

We have a dim recollection of a story of Mark Twain's (we think), in which his "hero" was a high-born lady who, to get round the law of primogeniture, had disguised herself as a man. There came a day when another high-born lady fell with child outside wedlock and laid the responsibility on the "hero," doing so with such weight of circumstantial evidence that there was no means left of proving innocence but by revealing "his" sex. This happened in a land where the penalty of the sin was death. So the "hero" had two alternatives: to own to the baby and die, or to disprove paternity and be stripped of "his" inheritance. . . . That was the end of the story; the author saying that having got his hero in a mess like that there was no option but to leave him to get out of it as best he could. Mr. McKenna has presented orthodox finance with the same dilemma. The baby is international debt. Who claims it? Addressing the

* Heinemann. 150 pp. 7s. 6d. net.

creditor statesmen and bankers of each nation in turn, he says in effect: Did you actually fertilise your debtors with a money-loan on behalf of your citizens? In that case you must secure for your citizens the repayment; but if you do they will lose their jobs. Or did you only pretend to your citizens that you had lent the money? In that case you must renounce the repayment and tell them why; whereupon they will refuse to let you tax them to make good a false deficit. Thus ends Mr. McKenna's story. He now leaves the international experts to invent a happy sequel.

* * *

It may be objected that this analogy hardly applies to indemnities, because an indemnity does not represent a debt contracted by previous borrowing. But the fundamentals of the dilemma still apply, and even more harshly than in debt-settlements. A formal loan of money to another country is achieved by an actual delivery of goods to that country. While the delivery is proceeding, there is an increase in trade prosperity in the lending country due to the fact that home producers are handling the money represented by the loan. There is "more money about." If and when the borrowing country repays the loan, this process is reversed. The lending country receives goods. Home trade now suffers a subtraction from its prosperity equivalent to the previous addition thereto. Historically, the "plus" and "minus" cancel out, and trade is, so to speak, "as you were." But when it is a case of receiving an indemnity, the "minus" is a net quantity, there has been no previous "plus" to counterbalance it. Trade is "worse than you were." Well might Mr. McKenna remind the American bankers, as he did in his speech, of the story about Bismarck, who commented, after the war in 1870, that the next time he defeated France he would insist on *paying* an indemnity.

* * *

But let us conclude our analysis. There is a sense in which the payment of an indemnity can be regarded as the repayment of a loan. Britain may choose to regard her cost of fighting Germany as a moral loan to Germany. In that case, the financial figures of the "loan" represent (a) exports of shells to Germany delivered out of the mouths of British guns, and (b) exports of food, etc., to British armies abroad. As these "deliveries" were being made, they, of course, involved the same concurrent trade prosperity in Britain as we have seen to happen in the case of a straightforward "peace"-loan. Looking at the subject this way round, the missing "plus" of prosperity can be restored to the equation; and the essential identity between debts and reparations recognised so far as the consequences of paying them are concerned. And the Allies' problem is exclusively bound up with *consequences*, not with theoretical distinctions between the natures of the two kinds of debt.

* * *

We propose, this week, to confine our further remarks on Mr. McKenna's book to the address he gave in New York. We may be quite sure that in deciding to include it he was carrying out a calculated policy, having the practical intention of affecting the decisions which the Reparations Conference will shortly have to reach. Before proceeding, let us again emphasise a point that we have several times insisted on in these Notes, namely, that no single banker, of however high eminence, assumes responsibility of the magnitude now under notice unless he is assured of a weighty body of opinion behind him. To measure the significance of Mr. McKenna's statements and arguments, the reader should regard him more as a barrister than as a witness. He represents, in our judgment, the interests of British commerce as against the interests of cosmopolitan finance. And since America's predominant position with regard to gold-holdings gives her, under the rules of the game, an automatic domination over cosmopolitan financial policy, Mr. McKenna's criticism of the gold standard, which is the master-rule of the game, implies a challenge to American domination—the master consequence of the game. At the same time, he is able to escape the taunt that Britain is trying to alter rules which she was once content to accept when they suited her interests, because he is able to demonstrate that their application at the present time will be ruinous to the creditor whose rights they support.

* * *

Mr. McKenna invited the American bankers to consider the case of the French indemnity under the Treaty of Frankfort in 1871. It was fixed at 200 million pounds.* By September, 1873, the whole sum had been paid to Germany. He adduced the following reasons why this became possible:—

1. French nationals held large blocks of foreign securities.
2. France was able readily to obtain foreign subscriptions to her loans.
3. In her efforts to increase her exports she was not hampered by high tariffs.

The first of these reasons, he said, was the chief; namely, France's "accumulated reserve of wealth"—her holdings of foreign securities. By selling these she acquired German marks or other foreign currencies exchangeable for marks. Foreign subscriptions to her internal loans gave her the use of further foreign currencies. Additionally, her economic activities were so stimulated that an average excess of imports of £13 million a year in the four years, 1868-1871, was converted into an average excess of exports of £10 millions a year in the four subsequent years, representing a total average export-increase of £23 millions a year. In the meantime France had collected £30 millions worth of gold and silver coin and German banknotes and currency which had been in possession of her nationals, and had delivered these to Germany. So in the four years subsequent to 1871 France's export increase aggregated to £92 millions, which, added to the last-named £30 millions, gives a total of £122 millions, leaving £78 millions to be accounted for by sales of securities and proceeds of loans. By September, 1873 (that is, only half-way through the four-year period), France, although liable for loans she had issued, was "clear of any *direct debt* to the German Government, and, indeed, of all foreign debt payable in *any but her own currency*." (Our italics.)

* * *

So much for France's side of the account. What of Germany's? Let us quote Mr. McKenna:—

> "In Germany, on the other hand, there was a very different experience. The receipt of a large amount of gold and silver had, with other causes in operation, a serious effect upon German internal prices, which rose rapidly. In 1872 there was a brief trade and financial boom, followed in the ensuing year by a crisis which was the beginning of a period of depression. It would not be correct to say that the trade conditions in Germany were entirely due to the payment of the French indemnity, but undoubtedly it was a contributory cause of material importance."

Coming to the Germany of 1922, Mr. McKenna contrasted her position against that of France in 1871. He pointed out that the factors which enabled France to pay her indemnity were not operative in the case of Germany. Germany's surplus from the export of goods and services probably "never exceeded £20 millions." Most of her foreign investments were now gone—seized by her enemies; her shipping was largely confiscated; and she had been obliged to cede some of her most productive areas. "All the sources whence an exportable surplus might have been drawn have been greatly impaired, if not wholly destroyed." After elaborating this side of the question, Mr. McKenna turned to another. Even granting, he said, that Germany's capacity to pay were to be demonstrated, "we have to consider what the effect of this enforced payment would be on international trade."

* * *

On this point Mr. McKenna's general argument proceeded on lines familiar to the readers of these Notes. It amounted to this: a nation cannot receive reparations or debts and yet hold its trade. On one specific element in this Grand Dilemma he was particularly interesting. Referring to a creditor-nation's policy of erecting high tariffs to keep out a debtor's goods, he pointed out that while such tariffs could achieve that object, the protected industries behind them, in order to retain their hold on neutral markets, would be compelled to reduce wages and cut profits down to the debtor's export price-level.

> "And thus Germany's effort to extend her foreign trade must be confronted with the opposition of the whole manufacturing interest of the rest of the world, and could only be successfully countered by a general lowering of the standard of life."

Mr. McKenna closed this section of his address with the observation: "*No solution of the reparation problem is possible unless political considerations are subordinated to economic facts.*"

* * *

He next proceeded to show that the problem of the Allies' debts was the same as that of Germany's reparations. He instanced Britain's loans to France, showing how France had to get supplies by borrowing.

> "The price of the goods bought by France was naturally high. Commodities produced to meet an urgent war need can never be cheap. But France was obliged to have the goods, whatever the price, and a great stimulus was given to American and British trade."

He then pictured the reverse of the process, and the difficulties it would create.

> "If the general trade organisation of the world permitted the absorption of . . . additional French output, I have no doubt that her industry would be capable of the effort necessary to enable her to pay interest and sinking fund on her debt. But would there be any willingness to receive the goods?"

The answer was "certainly not." Neither England, he said, nor any other country, was prepared to "pay for and consume goods on an *exceptional scale*." The "*immense demand* created by the war had no parallel in peace." And yet how was France to pay unless an "*exceptional demand*" existed? (Our italics.)

> "The truth is that her debt is far *too great in relation* to ordinary international trade possibilities. It was incurred by the purchase of goods required in war and bought at *war prices*. It could only be discharged by the transmission of goods not wanted in peace, *and sold at no less high prices*." (Our italics.)

This argument, delivered on October 4, 1922, is a virtual reproduction of a clause in Major Douglas's letter to Mr. Lloyd George dated September 11, in the same year, in which he outlined his suggestions for Britain's repayment of her debt to America. Major Douglas's proposal was that the British Government should address a Note to the United States Government in which it should point out that the British debt was a debt for *goods*.

> "And that the capital appreciation incident on the supply of those goods accrued to the United States nationals, together with the financial media representing that appreciation."

In less diplomatic language—the British Government got American goods at war prices, and American citizens handled the dollars supposed to be lent. Major Douglas logically proceeded to formulate the offer which the British Government should make, in these terms.

> "That the Allied Powers, and Great Britain in particular, are now prepared to deliver at the same rate, over an equal period of time, *at prices ruling during the periods at which the various debts were contracted*, goods to the value of the debt, in return for U.S. War Bonds, which will be cancelled on receipt." (Our italics.)

That is to say: it was now the turn of the American Government to receive British goods at war prices, and for British citizens to handle the pounds supposed to be repaid.

* * *

Mr. McKenna concluded his address by reviewing England's experience as a creditor nation. For over two centuries England had been selling surplus production against long credits.

> "Taking the aggregate of the transactions, British creditors have received a good return on their investment, but the ability of the debtors to pay has been dependent, generally speaking, on the development of their country being fostered by the receipt of further loans. If we take the whole field of British investment we shall find that *every year England has returned in loan more than she received in interest*, and the balance of the world's indebtedness to her has been steadily growing." (Our italics.)

Referring to the pre-war period, during which America herself became indebted to Britain for not less than £600 millions, Mr. McKenna said that while America's exportable surplus at the outbreak of the war was sufficient to pay interest on her foreign debts—

> "Repayment of the capital . . . would have been beyond even your capacity for a very long period had it not been for the opportunity afforded by the War. As you know there arose then an inexhaustible demand in Europe for American goods which led to an immense increase in your exports. Payment for these exports was largely made out of the proceeds of the sale of stocks and bonds held in England, and thus a capital liability which had been growing for over two centuries was almost entirely discharged in a few years.
>
> "We see, then, that a debtor nation may in certain circumstances pay off its foreign debt with remarkable ease and rapidity. The indispensable condition for such rapid repayment is that there should be an extraordinary demand for its goods, a demand which is a *natural accompaniment of war, but does not exist in peace.*" (Our italics.)

Mr. McKenna's object in giving his address was, he said, to emphasise the "duty of bankers" to help in forming a "sound public opinion" on the subject of international debts. What bankers, as a body, have done in the six years that have since elapsed has been to try to persuade statesmen to see the advisability of writing down capital debts or reducing repayment-instalments. But even if or when they were to succeed in equalising debts to the debtors' capacity to repay, everything in the McKenna analysis tends to show that the debtors' capacity to repay would exceed the creditors' capacity to receive. For instance, in one part of his address he remarked of English export policy during the last two centuries that the prosperity of her industries was dependent on continuous and progressively increasing exports on loan account. Therefore the receipt of loan repayments of any dimensions at all must undermine the prosperity of the recipient nation by relatively diminishing its exports. The logic of Mr. McKenna's address is: Cancel all debts. Possibly that is his policy. It remains to be seen how far the Reparations Conference will follow along that line of reasoning.

* * *

The implications of Mr. McKenna's thesis are, however, false in an important particular. He keeps speaking (we now change our tense because his past addresses have a present application) as though the

* These and all following amounts are arrived at by converting dollars (in terms of which Mr. McKenna gave his figures) into sterling at the rate of five to the pound.

existence of international war debts and indemnities is itself the cause of the struggle to export. That is not so. After a war victors and vanquished alike manifest the same compulsion to export. This compulsion arises from the fact that, in a state of war, every national industrial organisation expands its productive capacity, and this increased capacity persists after the conclusion of peace. Reflecting this increased capacity is an increased capital valuation of the organisation. Industry has now to earn, at a low peace-price level, the means to defray the cost of productive installation calculated on a high war-price level.

* * *

Mr. McKenna would have done much better if he had invited the American bankers to investigate why it was that although on balance America owed nobody anything, and was a creditor of the world in general, she was just as touchy about losing a foreign contract—even more so—than any debtor nation, Germany included. The answer is that it is the internal debts of the nations, not their external debts, which drive them to snatch orders from each other. That is why that question was not put. It requires very little analysis to reveal the fact that these internal debts are practically *consumer-indemnities*. The population of Britain, for instance, have been treated by British industries in much the same way as the British Government was treated by American industries: they were grossly overcharged for goods during the war, and *debited with the overcharges*. "Reverse the process," as Mr. McKenna is fond of saying, and the British population ought now to be grossly undercharged for goods and credited with the undercharges.

* * *

The total internal debt of every country is an enumeration of national-accountancy defalcations. The producer-capitalists handled the proceeds, but did not keep the money; they handed it to their banks to defray their borrowings; and the banks destroyed it. The money has gone, but the costs remain. Reverse the process, and the money ought to reappear to defray the costs. It must reappear from where it disappeared; and for it to defray existing costs it must not be loan-credit—for that would only increase existing costs. It must take the form of an issue of *gratuitous* bank-credit. And the beneficiaries of the issue must necessarily be private consumers, because the only kind of purchase which defrays national industrial costs is a consumer-purchase. This is the Social Credit principle of debt repayment. Social Credit relates international animosity directly with personal penury. The moral is for those who hold the world's destinies in their keeping. Next Armistice Night, when the solemn oath "Never Again" has been duly registered, you may care to curse at the tomb of the Unknown Warfomenter. It is a seat on the Thames Embankment.

* * *

The *Daily Mail* of October 27 publishes a prominent article on its leader page about Mr. McKenna and his policy. It is a biography written by the City Editor, and its effect is to boom Mr. McKenna as a financial genius.

> "He has his own views on the gold standard, and when he wishes to *make it the servant, and not the master,* of the country's finance and trade, he does not hesitate to act alone." (Our italics.)

The writer refers to Mr. McKenna's new book, so the article constitutes a fine advertisement of it—an advertisement which will be all the more appealing since he points out that Mr. McKenna "*is first and foremost for home trade*"; and that "*the stimulation of activity within the United Kingdom is his great aim.*" If the *Daily Mail* goes on like this we shall feel ourselves entitled to claim Lord Rothermere as a "New Age" conscript.

Indirectly Lord Melchett is speaking McKenna language. A day or two ago at a function in New York he advised America not to interfere in the European negotiations about Reparations. In almost these words, he said: "We have difficulties enough to surmount without your butting in." Naturally the "English-speaking" pacifists in London were rather disturbed; one comment being that Lord Melchett was not a happy after-dinner speaker, and that his observations need not be taken too seriously. We shall see. In the meantime it is significant that in the field of industry Lord Melchett seems to be identifying himself conspicuously with the same aim as is attributed to Mr. McKenna—the "stimulation of activity within the United Kingdom." Moreover, he has occasionally said some blunt things about gold-standard credit-policy during debates in the House of Commons. . . . On the whole it has been a pleasant week.

The Inescapable Conflict.

By C. H. Douglas.

I.

In a recent issue of THE NEW AGE, the editor brought to the attention of his readers, perhaps seriously, the predictions of "Old Moore" in regard to the coming year. The predictions are based on astrological considerations.

It will be fresh in the memory that the *Morning Post*, during the early part of the year, published, presumably at advertisement rates, a lengthy series of articles on the Great Pyramid predicting, at more or less similar periods, a state of crisis similar to that to which the astrologically-minded might also point.

My knowledge of these matters is not either quantitatively or qualitatively sufficient to express an opinion upon them. I should certainly not accept their predictions as a basis of action without further knowledge. At the same time, I do not think that our knowledge of the real nature of the universe in which we live is anything like sufficient to justify ridicule in regard to any theory which has not been very fully investigated. In any case the predictions in question could hardly be further from the truth than those of our statesmen and bankers.

Having said this, I must confess, however, that I am impressed, as no doubt many other people have been impressed, by the fact that such apparently unorthodox prophecies seem to point to the occurrence of a world crisis at very much the same time as that which some ordinary statistical and political knowledge would suggest. For instance, Sir George Paish some time ago, prophesied a financial crisis in the spring of 1929. I have myself always suggested that the financial system would encounter difficulties about the end of the decade. The complications which seem likely to attend the election of a new President in the United States of America, and the almost synchronous election of a new government in this country, the resurrection of problems arising out of the Treaty of Versailles and the Dawes scheme, together with the well nigh unbelievable political situation in Italy and Russia, all point towards a world situation not less problematic than that which is obvious in the internal policy of nearly every country, not excluding Great Britain.

It will probably be agreed that some idea of the lines of demarcation in this situation would be helpful to those who take it as seriously as I, at any rate, think it should be taken. In the first place it is obvious enough that mere national labels will not help us much. The problems which confront the world are not primarily geographical. So far as any one adjective will describe them, they are fundamentally cultural. That is to say, they relate to

objectives, to ideals of life and its uses, and the conditions under which individuals will co-operate to reach these objectives.

To make this clear let us examine the reaction which is becoming evident to the first of the propositions which THE NEW AGE has put forward—that finance is the mechanism which controls policy in the modern world. After ten years of derision, denial, boycott, and misrepresentation, this proposition has now been fairly generally accepted, even by the Labour Party. In their recently issued supplement on policy this Party proposes: (1) The control of the Bank of England by a public corporation containing representatives of such essential factors in the community as the Treasury, Board of Trade, Industry, Labour, and the Co-operative Movement (!). (2) The extension of existing banking facilities to people with small means by the spread of municipal and co-operative banks throughout the country. (3) Such changes in the banking and financial system as will secure that the available supply of credit *and* of *savings* shall be used for enterprises of national advantage, as distinct from those that are useless or socially injurious, and an inquiry into the best method of achieving this purpose. (4) The carrying out of the Genoa Conference proposals of 1922 for the regulation of the value of gold by international agreement. It comments: "An extension of banking facilities for the workers would facilitate small savings."

All of these objects, it might perhaps be remarked, are not worth five minutes' effort on the part of anybody, even if, as is not the case, they would result from the steps proposed. The interesting point to me, at any rate, is that they assume a culture of a repellently Puritanical nature, without admitting that this culture is in itself suspect.

It is not my object to examine at any length the supplement in question, but it will repay study as indicating the point I wish to make, which is the determination exhibited, not less by the Labour Party than any other, to use any and every means to subordinate the individual to the group. A far-seeing writer, a long time ago, said that "the eyes of a Fool are upon the ends of the earth." It is this species of folly which animates men who, while unable to solve the problem of giving the individual worker a decent existence, are only willing to try their hand with the financial problem if it is considered as a world problem and not as a domestic problem, just as, while unable to resolve the differences in any one industry such as the coal industry, save by recommending their continuous enlargement, problems of the magnitude of world-wide peace, disarmament, and foreign relations have not appeared to present any difficulties to them.

Now, I do not believe for one moment that the majority of the individuals who belong to the Labour Party, or any other Party, are congenital idiots, as the utterances of their leaders might lead one to conclude. But neither do I believe that it is an accident that the accredited spokesmen of the Labour Party utter this peculiarly vicious nonsense. They are, in my opinion, assisted to attain and to retain their leadership because of their ability to foster and manipulate a characteristic which is essential to the dominance of the group over the individual. The characteristic which I have in mind is that which I have on various occasions called abstractionism. The theologians call it idolatry.

I should define idolatry as the practice of taking some object or virtue, and without understanding or even trying to understand its true nature, investing it with attributes which do not belong to it. It is, I think, a characteristic of immature intelligence and at first sight would not appear to be a serious matter. But it is, in fact, the very devil.

To explain what I mean, let us return for a moment to the recommendations of the Labour Party's Supplement. Consider as an example the remark that "the extension of banking facilities for workers would facilitate small savings." We have here a typical instance of idolatry. Saving is put forward as a virtue in itself, and we can only conclude that those responsible are either without any understanding of the true nature of money saving, or are influenced by that attribute of idolatry which makes it so dangerous that it delivers its victims bound hand and foot to any unscrupulous interest which sees through the delusion.

The line of demarcation for which we are in search consists then, in my opinion, not so much in the particular abstraction or idol to which a nation or party is committed, but rather between the idea that it is possible to say that such things as thrift, work, discipline, sobriety, and, in short, the complete Pantheon of the austere virtues, can be said to have an absolute existence, and are, as a consequence, susceptible of imposition on large masses of individuals to their benefit, or whether, on the other hand, such abstractions require individual incarnation, and are insusceptible either of general definition or mass application.

This division may seem to take us a long way from the immediate issues of contemporary politics; but I believe it can be applied with some measure of success to the estimation of the forces aligned for the coming struggle.

(To be continued.)

The M.M. Club will meet on Wednesday, November 7, at 5 p.m. Discussion at 6.15 on Mr. Hargrave's recent article.

"One of the most fallacious proposals involving the welfare of the people and the right of men to live and do as they prefer, is the suggestion of organised crop restriction; such restriction, in the view of the uncertainties of seasonal difficulties which no man can determine before the harvests, would, in my estimation, be downright inhuman. Attempts by individuals to control their production somewhat in accord with their own guesses as to what the supply and demand will be do no harm, but an organised attempt to control the acreage planted might so surely limit the acreage in some year of unfavourable weather conditions as to cause total production to fall below the needs of absolute necessity, while without organised restriction there might have been enough. It therefore seems obvious that we must not authorise or permit any individual or body of men to assume the responsibility of directing an organised restriction in the planting of the necessities of life. What we need at all times is a surplus, with the minds of men directed at the possibilities of adjustment to that surplus and its benefits."
—*Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, September 15, 1928.

PLUS TWO.

Great things from little causes spring;
Two cigarettes inside a box
Will make an aeroplane take wing,
And as it turns, and danger mocks,
Will write across a Naples sky,
The kind of fags you ought to buy.

A rival firm's two extra smokes
Has sent above advertisement,
In fear of all the public mokes,
Who might with ten not be content.
And so you see what makes me sing,
How big affairs from trifles spring.

C.-DE-B.

Views and Reviews.

A GREAT CONTRIBUTOR.

By Philippe Mairet.

In his little book on psycho-analysis, otherwise as admirable as it is brilliant, Dr. Ernest Jones dismisses the schools of Jung and Adler as founded principally upon contradictions of Freud. This little pleasantry might be pardonable as such if it were not misleading to the uninitiated. In such a book as Jung's new *Contributions*,* for instance, there is very little polemics of any kind, and only a fraction of what there is is directed against Freud. The great psycho-analyst's essential discoveries are accepted, confirmed, and even defended. Jung's psychological work must be understood partly as a continuation of Freud's, partly as a legitimate and necessary development, and also, not least, as a fresh aspect and a discovery. *In toto*, a great contribution.

In the Freudian view man is in peril of destruction by his Unconscious. To Jung the Unconscious holds his hope of salvation. This higher conception of the Unconscious is Jung's primary difference from Freud. Though it is the difference of a religious from a merely rational mind, it is quite reasonably maintained and substantially demonstrated. If Freud divined the activity of an unconscious mind, and conceived it as the sum of all the individual's memories since birth, Jung was entitled, without being a whit more "mystical" to conceive it as the sum of all prenatal memories also, as the unconscious mind of the race. If the infinite organism of the human body can come through the microscopic focus of the ovum and spermatozoön, may not—must not—the store of racial memories be transmitted also?

What follows from this staggering conception of the Unconscious mind? Not that the individual is a marionette moving by the unseen government of vast forces of universal experience. He is not thus ridden by his ancestry; he *is* it, in living actuality. And the racial memory lives in him, not accessible in any chronological order, but all the great experiences of like nature have telescoped into each other. They have become a set of *types* of perception and reaction. Father and mother are such types among others, all of which Jung calls "conditions of intuition" or "*Archetypes* of apperception." The therapeutic importance of this conception lies in the fact that the individual soul in trouble (the neurotic) unconsciously conceives his own case archetypally, whether it be frustrated ambition, thwarted love, or any kind of inner conflict. If he can become conscious of its archetypal nature, he realises that his trouble is a super-individual matter, and that, instead of concentrating it in himself to his own destruction, he can fight it out in a wider field as a communal problem of man. His release is in the discharge of an "archetypal" function—not that Jung uses such a phrase.

Jung's conception of the Unconscious also gives a different meaning to the phenomenon of psychic regression. A neurotic, confronted with a reverse or a new difficulty in life, often loses all courage, initiative and inventiveness, and appears to fall back upon infantile ways of coping with reality. His mind, instead of being normally exercised with the objective problems of life, becomes filled with objectionable material, the nature of which has been exhaustively discussed by Freud. Jung, however, does not understand this "regression" as a flight from life towards death. On the contrary, it is an activity of life. It is the man's conscious attitude to his environment which has been proved inadequate; and the inadequacy is due to its onesided character. He has lived too much by one function, has overstrained one of the typical methods of dealing with reality—the method of feeling or thinking, for instance, or of sensation. Such an overworking of one faculty is bound to land the subject finally in a situation he cannot deal with: and the forced cessation of his principal kind of activity causes an insurgence of material from deeper levels. What thus emerges, however objectionable, is due to the Unconscious bestirring itself for the man's salvation: in it we may discern the activity of those neglected functions, long repressed into the Unconscious, by the proper exercise of which the situation would be saved; although they can now only force their way crudely into consciousness and appear disfigured with "the slime of the deep."

This recognition of a grain of true method in every madness is one of Jung's leading motives. He justifies it by his analysis of the psyche into four functions, any of which may be repressed or overworked. But while one must believe that Jung, the great psychiatrist who has cured lunatics, has a power to divine even in a mental chaos the vital principle which caused it, it is doubtful if it can be communicated without long and intimate study.

Of more general validity is the advance which Jung has made upon the Freudian notion of transference. Transference is not merely a problem for the psychological physician, since it is an important factor in social life generally, and is becoming more consciously so with the widening of psychological knowledge. Quite apart from professional and clinical conditions, it is the natural course for a person in need of orientation to transfer a large part of his initiative and responsibility to a stronger personality. Without this transference, which is about as much voluntary as falling in love (and similar to it in other ways also) the Freudian psycho-therapist cannot get the necessary ascendancy over his patient. While in this dependent position the patient's ideas and psychic reactions can be very profitably remoulded, but although he becomes capable of a new and independent life, he imagines himself spiritually subordinate, and every vital decision remains vested in the analyst. The Freudians, obliged by their hypothesis to regard the transference as sexual, try to *break* it at the appropriate time; with the disadvantage that the patient, though resigned to physical separation from his preceptor, has never reached equality with him: and must go on through life with a little less than full personality. It is no compensation to know that the doctor goes on his way, too often, with a rather bigger notion of himself than he ought to have.

To Jung, transference is not a sexual manifestation in the restricted sense of the word. The weaker personality sees the stronger in an archetypal form —he "projects" his own unconscious notions upon the physician. This is not a true human relationship, in the psychological sense, nor has the physician done his work with the patient if it does not end in the sacrifice of his own ascendency. In Jung's own words:—

> "The touchstone of every analysis that has neither terminated at some preliminary stage with a more or less satisfactory practical result, nor come to a standstill without result, is individual relationship. By this I mean that psychological situation, where the man in the patient confronts the man in the doctor upon equal terms, and with the same merciless criticism that he must inevitably learn from the doctor in the course of his treatment."

This book contains a long essay upon the theory of the Libido, and more popular essays upon marriage, poetry, woman, and education. In this last we read practically nothing of the child's sexuality. In the earliest years the child may be regarded as, psychically, an appendage of the mother, and Jung considers every childish neurosis as induced by neurotic manifestations in the parents.

* "Contributions to Analytical Psychology." By C. G. Jung. Translation by H. G. and C. F. Baynes. (Kegan Paul. 18s. net.)

Rancid Romance.

By Old and Crusted.

There is a nimiety—a too-muchness—in all Germans. It is the national fault.—("Table Talk of S. T. Coleridge," June 2, 1834.)

We asked no social questions—we pumped no hidden shame—
We never talked obstetrics when the Little Stranger came:
We left the Lord in Heaven, we left the fiends in Hell.
We weren't exactly Yussufs, but Zuleika didn't tell.
—("The Three-Decker," R. K.)

* * *

Why the deuce "The Deuce"*? Why not "The Devil"? After all, the title of Alfred Neumann's psycho-analytic *roman* is *Der Teufel* and not *Der Henker*. Now, "the deuce" has always been regarded as a rollicking buck-of-the-Regency expletive, conjuring up the picture of a rather jolly sort of fiend, a cheerful misleader of humanity, rather than a deliberate wrecker of souls. Neither does "the Devil" quite fill the bill, at least not for Englishmen who have been nurtured on Milton. That haughty aristocrat whom

> ". . . the Almighty Power
> Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,"

has nothing in common with those two mean obscene companions in treachery and lechery, Louis XI. and Oliver Neckar, better known to us as "Le Dain." Perhaps Goethe's Mephistopheles, the "Spirit that denies," was the model on which Neumann framed his "Devil"; that strange spirit which was

> "Part of that Power that would
> Ever the Evil do, and ever does the Good."

Whether Good has been the final outcome of the Evil wrought by Louis XI. and his "Conscience"—as he called his *alter ego*—by stopping at no crime in the pursuit of their policy of consolidating the realm of France, is a matter of opinion. A mighty good case could be made out for the maintenance of the Burgundian power and the growth of a strong buffer-State between France and Germany—but that is historical speculation, and here I am dealing with romance.

Lovers of Scott—and are they not of all nations and kindreds?—will have *Quentin Durward* haunting them all the time they are plodding through the blood and sludge of *The Deuce*, making comparisons between the German "psycho-analyst" and the courteous ingenuous Scotch story-teller, and not always to the advantage of the former. But then, Sir Walter set out to write a pleasant romance—he was not concerned with probings into the mysterious depths of personality, about which we prate so much and know so little—and he succeeded in giving untold pleasure to generations of English-speaking readers.

That Scott was something more than a successful writer of romances all the world knows; and it is that "something more" that tells in the long run. He was also a great gentleman. He had the good taste and reticence of his caste. He could no more have described in detail the culminating point in *Der Teufel* when Neckar listens outside the bedroom door than he could have told a lady a salacious story after dinner. We have changed all that. As the new Bishop of Chelmsford said the other day:—

> "it was now impossible to pick up a novel without finding that it contained a boring and nauseating scene of the breaking of the Seventh Commandment."

Alfred Neumann treats us to more than one, and his illustrious contemporary Lion Feuchtwanger is not a whit better. We have indeed drifted from the "romantic" to the "rancid."

But the significance of *Der Teufel* lies not in its literary merit or demerit, but in its naive revelation of a certain kink in German mentality; that nimiety of which Coleridge complained; that tendency to gross exaggeration untempered by humour that threatens to mar a revival of the novel. One shudders to think what a painstaking German "dichter" will make of it when he—or probably she—sets out "to beat the band" with a perfectly documented, fully detailed "Cesspools of Sodom." To one who spent many happy hours in his early years in the company of Freytag, Hauff, Hoffmann, and many another, and who, even to-day can reread *Soll und Haben* and *Die Verlorene Handschrift* with delight—why it is enough to make his beer turn sour on his stomach.

. . . . . .

What are we to do about it? How are we simple souls to retain our belief that the majority of the men and women in this muddled world are clean-living decent folk who do not give two hoots for the sex problem, who obey their natural impulses as simply and unaffectedly as they take their beer and enjoy their 'baccy, and who are quite content to leave the degenerate and the abnormal to the physician and the healer of souls. Censors are no good. I have been one myself and know what futile people they are; but here is a practical suggestion: Issue all novels in green wrappers—like bottles of poison—with a statement of contents printed in red and black. For example:—

TRIPE AND ONIONS.
By
Messalina Jinks.

This book contains—
25% Adultery,
15% Fornication,
10% Sapphism,
5% Sodomy,
45% Tosh.

Then we would know what to avoid. As it is we ordinary every-day sinners are constantly in danger of swallowing an emetic without knowing it. It is not cricket.

Consider what may happen to any one of us. After a strenuous morning in the City, where things have gone none too well, John makes a bee-line for Walton Heath, knowing by experience that fresh air, genial companionship and generous exercise will take even the taste of money out of a man's mouth. Well, after being laid out by five and four, losing the bye, and succumbing to the final irony of holing a long approach at the eighteenth; after having a puncture on the way home, arriving an hour late for dinner, and having to satisfy a healthy appetite with tepid soup, flabby fish, and flaccid mutton; after finding the last bottle of Pontet-Canet corked, and hearing with dismay that those insufferable Porsons are "coming in for coffee and bridge"; after sticking it all with Christian fortitude and finally escaping to the library for solace with a book and a peg, it is positively maddening to have the flavour of the most peaceful hour of the day spoiled and the enjoyment of a good story ruined by this:—

> "Silently and on tip-toe, Oliver crept up the secret stair, moving slowly forward step by step. Before long he was standing behind the panel-door. He heard Louis' careless drunken words, and Anne's voice tenderly whispering. He heard the panting movements of their bodies—he heard the King gasp—he heard her faint cry: 'Oliver . . . Oliver . . .'"

Faugh!!!

. . . . . .

As for the critics who belaud these crapulous chronicles, they make me squirm. Hazlitt, who knew his business, if any man did, says, in his essay on Criticism,

> "Criticism is an art that undergoes a great variety of changes, and aims at different objects at different times."

* "The Deuce." Alfred Neumann. Translated by Huntley Paterson. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.)

It does. To-day it would appear to be the apotheosis of the lewd—or as G. B. S. puts it,

> " . . . in the eighteenth century passion meant irresistible impulse of the loftiest kind. . . For us it has come to mean concupiscence and nothing else."

And when shall a decrepit moth-eaten Tory seek consolation? Why, amongst the seers of the old school who had a right judgment in all things. Of all that school commend me to Mr. Weller, senr., whose *obiter dicta* are amongst the literary treasures of the race. Did he not enunciate the great principle that

> " the man as can form a ackerate judgment of a animal can form a ackerate judgment of anythin' ! "

And what juster example of "ackerate judgment" can any living critic produce than Tony's criticism of Sam's letter to Mary:—

> " 'Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin',' said the elder Mr. Weller, 'is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy? '
>
> " 'Ah! what, indeed?' replied Sam.
>
> " 'You might just as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a King's arms at once, which is wery well known to be a col-lection o' fabulous animals,' added Mr. Weller."

And that describes to a hair the erotic female anamorphisms of the "Rancid" school. They are fabulous animals.

Drama.

Fortunato. The Lady From Alfaqueque: Court.

Prohibit tea and bedrooms as well as cocktails, and how many writers in English, French, or American could make a comedy? By the enduring generosity of Mr. Anmer Hall, which public ingratitude does not dry up, we are able to meet another Spanish dramatist who needs none of these comic ready-mades. These two plays by the Quinteros, "Fortunato" and "The Lady from Alfaqueque," light as they are in manner, and improbable in their details, are both alive, and sprung from genuine feeling. "Fortunato" is a tragic farce, as all farce worth while is tragic, and all tragedy farcical viewed from a great enough altitude; lovers of Don Quixote will understand without explanation. Fortunato is one of that struggling class which can do a little book-keeping and knows a little French, but finds itself checking invoices one year and doing odd jobs the year after. Discharged from an office four years ago, and out-of-work—that is, regular work, as any member of the class realises—ever since, he is reduced to appealing for charity. In the meantime he had had a job as a bricklayer's hodman, but he was always, he said, a coward, and he trembled so badly on the ladder that he had to look for something else. His begging, like his working, was amateurish; it lacked the confidence which enables apprenticed beggars to suit their technique to donors. The glittering prizes of begging were consequently carried off by professionals from under Fortunato's nose. Thieving was no more his *métier*. When logic and the thought of his hungry children had proved his right to steal, nay, when he had the booty in his hands, he put it into a pocket with a hole in it. As he picked it up his conscience took him unawares, and he had to give the stolen money back to his victim. At last, in despair he replied to an advertisement for a help, only to find that the job was farther than ever out of his line. The great show-woman crack shot wanted a man to hold the apple on his head, or something like that, for her to keep her eye in shooting it off. As Fortunato does the job, he matches the pathetic humour of Charlie Chaplin at its rare best. It is a fine farce, whose tragedy is stronger afterwards than at the time.

"The Lady from Alfaqueque" has similar qualities. The lady lives in Madrid with her husband, but her home is in Alfaqueque, where she was born. Every boy or girl who leaves Alfaqueque and its wonders for Madrid, and the prospect of earning a living, is directed to the house of this lady. She becomes foster-mother to them all—she has no children of her own—and her husband has to foster-father them, finding them jobs in his "poor factory," or taking them into his domestic service. They come from Alfaqueque—and only angels can issue from Paradise. Be they clumsy, ignorant, and imprudent, the saint of Alfaqueque watches over them. The meeting between the young oaf just arrived from Alfaqueque and the older woman born there is as delightful a passage as any at present to be seen. Though it is shown in a light of ridicule, this patch of Alfaqueque in Madrid has the quiet enchantment of the smell of hay in Bloomsbury. The beauty of Spanish humour is that it can love what it laughs at.

The second act, unfortunately, does not open well. After so much both novel and pleasing, anything foretelling a conventional Don Juan would threaten anti-climax. Soon, however, the comedy for which the first act was preparation is in swing. The lady has been imposed upon by a young poet from Alfaqueque, lodged in her house nearly a month on the strength of his origin and a string of lies. He blows away her anger by announcing that he has been writing a poem on Alfaqueque; and although it might describe any village she falls into rapture while he reads it. The Quinteros here recall Barrie, with this distinction, that Barrie is by far the greater theatre-technician, but the Quinteros bear thinking about afterwards.

For a long time I have watched the work of Mr. James Whale with great interest. On this occasion he is wholly responsible for the production. Everything comes finished from his hands. In these two plays something has been made out of every part, no matter how small. As with his stage designs and his acting, so with his production; insight and conscientiousness, without forcing themselves into notice, are evident on examination. O. B. Clarence's Fortunato, Fewlass Llewellyn's Don Victorio, the professional beggar, and Miriam Lewes's Amaranta, the crack shot, were all brilliant performances. Indeed, every part of "Fortunato" was well done. Maris Morden is another "pupil of Italia Conti," with a future. In the second play Gillian Scaife's Fernandita, "the lady from Alfaqueque," was the best performance I have seen her give. Now she begins to draw her audience into the mood of the character. Antony Ireland as Nicolas and Geoffrey Wincott as Realito also gave good performances, but the plum was Eric Stanley's Don Pascual, sceptically, but lovingly, humouring his wife's prior attachment to Alfaqueque. As the poet, John Gielgud did not take toll of opportunity. He made Felipe too feminine and too neurotic. Felipe was an adventurer whose terror and fit were counterfeit. Mr. Whale ought to tell one of his actresses to keep still when others have the boards.

The Critic: Lyric, Hammersmith.

The first part of Sheridan's "The Critic" is sheer dialogue, in which the speakers have no use for their hands but to hold newspapers if they would avoid oratorical gesticulation. The second part is further dialogue with an awful example for illustration. Thus the dialogue-play is not a really modern thing, and Shaw has more in common with Sheridan than he ever will have with Shakespeare. Sheridan's dialogue is superlatively brilliant. Not only has it supplied, while ridiculing them, all the clichés of criticism since it was written, but will probably do so for centuries to come. It has often puzzled me why Sheridan did not show a little of a play by Sir Fretful Plagiary or Mr. Sneer as well as the rehearsal of Puff's tragedy. All the wind is knocked out of Puff long before we have done with him, and it would at least have done something to save our reputation for fair-play if Puff had been enabled to speak as freely at a private view of Sneer's work as Sneer did at Puff's, which he was actually allowed to hold up for the purpose of unloading his cynicisms. Both Sheridan's insolence to dramatists and critics and the burlesque facilitated by the rehearsal are so glorious that it is vexatious for them to end. The audience is left with an unsatisfied appetite for a further meeting of patron and critics, with Sir Fretful Plagiary taking a hand. This character's early oblivion is the more regrettable when acted so vigorously as by D. A. Clarke-Smith on this occasion. James Dale's Puff was equally good. Puff himself could not have made the impression of self-absorption more real. This whole production of "The Critic" is a rollicking combination of farcical burlesque and intellectual satire.

"Two Gentlemen of Soho," by Mr. A. P. Herbert, followed. Except for the lamps, which were hung too low, and got unpleasantly into one's eyes as one followed the players, the setting of the stage was a very delightful picture. The piece, which is a parody of Shakespearean tragedy, is just a light, amusing sketch, not as well shaped as it should be. It was distinguished, however, by a very close parody of a well-known purple passage, in which Hay Petrie ordered a cocktail. This was fine parody finely delivered.

PAUL BANKS.

Music.

Florence Austral. Queen's: October 20.

A profoundly moving artistic experience. Here is a singer who, like her compatriot, Eva Turner, must now be placed among the half-dozen greatest living dramatic sopranos. Such a flowering from the seeds of earlier years as Miss Austral's is without precedent in my experience. The whole artistic personality, the voice, the emotional conceptions have emerged in a way that makes one think of the moth from the chrysalis, and the distance in development that Miss Austral has covered is at very least as great. In a programme ranging from the monstrous and terrific *Abscheulicher* from *Fidelio*, through two groups of Lieder, a sentimental French chanson to the great aria from *Un Ballo in Maschera*, Miss Austral accomplished a series of most widely diversified, but superbly complete pieces of singing and splendid interpretations. Never once was the tremendous standard she set for herself in quite the most wonderful performance of the *Abscheulicher* (to which I have referred above) that I ever remember declined from. Not one soprano in ten thousand has the power to dig out of this immense *aria* all that it contains, with the result that it has become a byword for dullness. But sung like this, the spiritual floodgates of the immense music are opened—and with what overwhelming results! From this Miss Austral passed to two groups of German songs, Brahms and Strauss, and finer Lieder singing it is not reasonable to expect from anyone. The lovely *mezzo voce* and quiet intimacy of *Der Tod das ist die kühle Nacht*, and *Wie Melodien zieht es mir*, a tensely restrained and subtly imagined performance of *Morgen* of Strauss, quite spell-binding, the fresh exultance, lightness, and *en train* of the same composer's *Ständchen*, the passionate ardour of *Der Schmied* (sung as extras), of *Zueignung* and *Cäcilie*, all set one thinking of the various famous German singers who so frequently sing them, and that which they set one thinking was how much finer was Miss Austral's singing. One thought of Lotte Lehmann in two, Gerhardt in another, Hempel in yet another, but one was made to realise with delighted astonishment, never had they made these songs sound like this! And on top of this we had a staggering performance of the *Walkürenruf* as another extra! I shrink from the word, but what can one do? It *was* a revelation. Miss Austral has had the advantage of the ever-present example of consummate breath control, phrasing and musicianship in her brilliant husband, John Amadio (who, by the way, is an Englishman), one of the greatest living wood-wind players. And on the importance of a fine wood-wind player as an example to a singer see Sir Henry Wood in his *Gentle Art of Singing*. And of the prodigies of technique and masterly musicianship to which Mr. Amadio treated us, it is fitting to say that they were a right and proper match for those of Miss Austral. Particularly delicious was his playing of *La Flûte de Pan*, of Debussy, an *hallucinant* little fragment, insinuating, voluptuous, subtle and caressing, eerie and unhuman, a marvellous evocation, realised with utter completeness by the player. The splendid accompanist, Sanford Schlussel, must be saluted: such as he do not grow on the hedgerows. A very wonderful and stimulating afternoon; the audience were deplorable. One would have thought that even the concert-goers would have heard by now that one of the greatest singers of the day was singing, and have packed the place to the doors. But no. I often hear it said that the British concert-going public persistently ignores its own people. It is much worse than that. It ignores its fine artists, but crowds to its bad ones. It is plainly not that pro-foreign snobbery of which we hear so much. What then is it? Sheer ignorance, plus another sort of snobbery. It looks so well (does it not?) swarming to Bach concerts, for instance, at which the performers, though usually wretched, are so "artistic," and such "interpreters," and possess, in addition, the clique and social log-rolling and Press-nobbling facilities peculiar to these gentry.

Eduard Steuermann. Grotrian. October 22.

A programme, it is true, of only three works, but two of them of the immensities of music, the Reger Bach Variations and the Hammerklavier Sonata, the third a piano arrangement of the knotty and intricate Chamber Symphony of Schönberg by the pianist himself. That such a programme was carried through so successfully is proof of a musician of singular powers, and it is small discredit to him that but one living pianist could triumphantly ride through three such works. The Schönberg was the most wholly successful achievement. It is a superb arrangement, and its performance was masterly, and though the treatment was too broad and powerful, the grasp, impulse and cogent power of the music were well conveyed. One was struck by the great lucidity of the work, its inevitable justness of movement from point to point. The intellectual and digital task of adequately presenting a most intricate work of 144 full score pages written for fifteen solo instruments, in which reigns the utmost freedom of contrapuntal movement, may be well imagined. The Reger was the least successful effort of the programme. Herr Steuermann is not sufficiently a "philosophic" player for this work. His phrases, too, were slack, his dynamic contrasts too extreme and badly gradated, and one was reminded quite forcibly of the vices of Arthur Schnabel, the great exponent of this method of playing, which consists in an exaggerated underlining (but no great clarity of treatment), of decorative and subsidiary details forcing them out of focus to the destruction of the broad lines of the phrase. The Beethoven was a great improvement, a very good performance, except for the fugue, whose overspouting exuberance was not sufficiently asserted, and which quality is the very essence of its place as the climax of the whole work. It is in the gradations that Herr Steuermann is deficient. His playing is "all out," either one way or the other, all the time, which is a pity, for in some he is a fine artist and a distinguished musician.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

Reviews.

The Realm of Money. By H. R. Scott, Kodaikanal, S. India. Published by the Author. No price stated.

This is a booklet of 127 pp. containing reprints of letters addressed by the author to various newspapers and publicists, criticising their views on money questions in general and the gold-standard in particular. There is a fair quantity of money-lore to be found in the book, but, of necessity, it is not continuous, and does not do what the author claims, namely, show how the money system produces " its effects on all human relationships." As the articles and speeches which have provoked Mr. Scott's replies are not printed, and, at best, only very roughly summarised, it is often difficult to know what his argument is about. One can at least gather that he challenges a great many orthodox assumptions on the part of economic and financial publicists; therefore his influence is on the right side. But to heckle orthodoxy in its own jargon is not the way to interest the layman. The great exemplar of dynamic propaganda was Christ, who never spoke to the people without a parable. Mr. Scott never speaks with one. They must have *pictures* . . . . *pictures*.

J. G.

Three Plays. By H. R. Lenormand. (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.)

The three plays by M. Lenormand included in this volume are " The Dream Doctor," " Man and His Phantoms," and " The Coward." M. Lenormand, who is about forty-five years old, had plays produced in Paris, but his post-war work definitely attaches him to the psycho-analytic school of suggestionists. We use the latter term deliberately as the technique, exploited more in France than anywhere, for letting the audience get into the characters' minds by hints which the audience builds upon cannot be described as impressionism or by any other term in use. It is a very dangerous technique, and in capable hands may win only a verdict of thinness because all the padding has been taken out. Both " The Dream Doctor " and " Man and His Phantoms " are too analytical, and the author does not seem to be sure whether the psycho-analysis which he handles is of God or the Devil. Not that there is any obligation on his part to be sure—but he should be noticeably unsure. When he gets away from exhibiting analysis, however, and simply uses it, on a character of social importance apart from his interest in analysis, he creates a fine play. Well produced, " The Coward " should provide a very fascinating drama, of intellectual as well as of emotional interest. It is a war play, and takes place in Switzerland, where the foreign residents at the moment are invalids and malingerers avoiding military service. Its chief character is an artist, who goes there with his wife. He pretends to be tuberculous in order to pursue his art. He is an objector to war, and reckons himself superior to the common humanity that gets itself embroiled. Naturally, people see through him. His gradual collapse under the forfeit of social self-respect, and his willingness to get meanly embroiled in the effort to recover it, give the author a chance to work in from various characters analytic remarks and psychological comments that it is good to hear. Where there is true crisis or conflict knowledge—the most modern knowledge—is a legitimate help to its presentation. If there is not modern knowledge is no substitute. Public performance of the play in England is unlikely. English people find such works harrowing, and they will not stand anything harrowing. The technical method of M. Lenormand is to develop his theme in a series of brief tableaux—" The Coward " contains ten—each one suggesting, more by what is left out than said, some aspect of the hidden minds of the characters. The public able to take an interest in M. Lenormand's themes is also the public which felt grateful when Strindberg lengthened his acts. That movement towards playing straight on instead of having the curtain down every ten minutes was a good one. The " tableau " method of composition is a handicap. Both dramatist and audience should be able to bear a sustained piece of composition lasting an hour. Drama cannot compete with revue at tableau making, and ought to get rid for ever of the idea of " breaking the matter up."

P. B.

Empire Government. By Manfred Nathan, K.C. (Geo. Allen and Unwin. 10s. net.)

This is a useful book for reformers. The chapter on " The Crown " is particularly important, as it deals with the Royal prerogative. On p. 187 we read, " At common law the Crown has the exclusive power of making and issuing coins as a legal medium of exchange. These powers are now largely regulated by Statute . . . "; and on p. 189: the Crown has " the sole right of summoning Parliament " and " of terminating the life of the House of Commons by dissolving Parliament." On p. 178 we read, " Although the King cannot make laws at his pleasure, yet he has powers in regard to administrative matters which may be exercised without consulting Parliament. In the words of Bagehot, ' not to mention other things, he could disband the Army . . . he could dismiss all the officers, from the General Commanding-in-Chief downwards; he could dismiss all the sailors, too; he could sell off all our ships of war and all our naval stores; he could make a peace by the sacrifice of Cornwall, and begin a war for the conquest of Brittany. He could make every citizen in the United Kingdom, male or female, a peer; he could make every parish in the U.K. a university; he could dismiss most of the civil servants; he could pardon all offenders.' " " There is, however," writes the author, " no fear that the Sovereign will do these things, or any approach to them. . . . " A chapter might have been added explaining how and by whom these obsolescent regal powers are now dispensed. Some, of course, have fallen into desuetude, and so far as they are no longer necessary the decline of the monarchy is natural and good. Others of the prerogatives, however, have passed into the hands of bureaucracy, and are carried on impersonally. As to those connected with coin the situation has become anomalous. We have made a distinction between paper currency and metal currency. If the King's head has a power of validating a token, obviously paper currency needs it more than metal currency—whose virtue is its real or supposed " commodity " value. Would that the King had given a kingly refusal to his Ministers when they advised him to part with the most necessary royal function of all. Indeed, bearing in mind how the King's Ministers have dealt with those powers which by the constitution are the King's, by exercise the Cabinet's, and by theories of sovereignty Parliament's, there is a strong case, as Mr. Belloc used to argue, for stronger kings.

L. S.

The Gipsy. By W. B. Trites. (Gollancz. 5s.)

This work of fiction—it is neither a novel nor a short story—has been published before, but only in a limited form by the author himself. The present publisher informs us that only a very few copies reached the hands of reviewers. What a pity. I mean, what a pity even a few copies reached them. For really, the snippets from their reviews which are pointed on the jacket of this edition are enough to prevent any sensitive reader from buying the book. Not that they did not praise it! Just listen to the eulogy by one Dorothy Canfield, who is quoted as saying: " One of the great creations. I don't know when I have felt more surely the authentic thrill of the contact with greatness." Bless her little heart! Our Dolly needs must love the highest when she sees it—even if she sees it every other minute. Gerald Gould calls " The Witch " " a work of genius." But that's of course. Gerald writes in so many papers about so many books, and he calls most of the novels works of genius. C'est son metier. And the late Sir Edmund Gosse was so excited about Mr. Trites's book that he managed to say the same thing twice in one line. He called " The Witch " " a powerful tale, a strong and vivid story." However, let us run past this barrage of clichés and open this alleged masterpiece.

Mr. Trites is an American who writes in English. Why? Why do these highbrow American fictioneers affect to write in a foreign language? It is sheer snobbery. And it is not the way to create a native art. Mark Twain, the only great creative artist America has so far had, wrote in American. So did Whitman. James was an exception. Mr. Sinclair Lewis, when he was writing " Elmer Gantry," became, for that time, a writer of some importance in contemporary American literature; he writes in American. So should Mr. Trites. After all, we have plenty of people who can write this sort of thing: " A myriad little silver lights, like candle lights, played over the pale blue surface of the sea " (p. 15), " The sea's pale blue expanse, sparkling with little silver lights, grew vaster and still vaster as they climbed " (p. 23). Our more expensive illustrated papers can turn out this kind of purple passage by the yard: " It was the sunset hour, and in the sunset silence a bird hidden amongst the olives sang a loud sweet song of passionate joy. . . . The light had the sunset quality for which he had been waiting—mysterious faint blues shot with mysterious faint golds. The vivid red of the waxen pomegranate flowers . . . "

Is this so very wonderful, Mr. Trites? And is your " powerful tale " any more powerful than your description? In both cases, the answer, Mr. Trites, is No. No, this is not " one of the great creations," this tale of an elderly painter's infatuation for a gypsy girl is not going to be read by posterity. Alas, posterity will have its very own reviewers to boost their Mr. Triteses to them as " geniuses."

J. S.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE KIBBO KIFT AND REGIONAL PATRIOTISM.

Sir,—Arising out of my article, " The Kibbo Kift and the Third Line " in your issue of October 18, it is a curious thing that anyone who puts forward ideas which are not in strict conformity with those of the Conservative-Liberal-Labour mass is accused of being a Communist.

I suppose it is very natural, the theory being that no new labels can be printed, and, as the only ones in existence at the moment are *Conservative, Liberal, Labour, Communist*, any opinion can be described by an appropriate " sticker " and duly pigeon-holed for future reference.

The other day a business man of my acquaintance said to me, " Hargrave, it seems to me you are a Communist and your movement nothing more than a sort of play-acting Bolshevism."

I quickly succeeded in convincing my business friend that he was in error, but other accusations of a similar nature, and an enquiry from a Sunday paper with a large circulation, have made me think it worth while to state the attitude of the Kibbo Kift towards the British Constitution.

The Kibbo Kift is not merely a loyalist, but a royalist, movement: its own constitution is based upon the idea of kingship.

What the Kibbo Kift resents is that the Throne is powerless to remedy abuses which are apparently cheerfully countenanced by Ministers. The Kibbo Kift wants no Republic with its changing figurehead, wants no anarchy with the subsequent inevitable disruption of a cultured society. It is satisfied with the British Constitution as it stands, but it is not satisfied that the King of England, his Ministers, and the hereditary and elected representatives of the people should remain powerless before the financial monopoly which is the effective ruler, not only of this country, but of the world.

The Kibbo Kift, being a humane movement, a peaceful movement, would like to see the whole world happy, but we must begin where we live, and, being composed of English men and English women living in England, the Kibbo Kift strives to set England free first, and it is to that end that The Kindred in these islands is working.

The domination of English interests either from Wall Street or from Moscow is equally deprecated and will be resisted with equal vigour.

JOHN HARGRAVE.

" NO ROAD."

Sir,—The criticism by J. S. of *No Road* by Philip Gribble in THE NEW AGE dated October 25, led me to the following somewhat obvious reflection.

A critic is either catholic in his tastes, in which case, assuming of course that he has a true feeling for aesthetic values, he is qualified to appraise all kinds of work; or he is a specialist, in which case he is qualified to appraise only those works which are within his range of appreciation.

Perhaps J. S. is of the latter class, and *No Road* is the sort of book he simply can't stand. He may have realised this, and so, very fairly, made most of his criticism a quotation.

I have not read the book and I do not know Mr. Gribble or his work, but the extract quoted, which I find interesting, recalls a psychological study of a young man in a tube train which appeared in THE NEW AGE some time ago, and which I thoroughly enjoyed.

I say " Scribble, scribble, Mr. Gribble," but not mockingly, as your critic does.

N. DUDLEY SHORT.

" SOCIAL CREDIT IN VACUO."

Sir,—My summary of the discussion would be this:—

" I don't like psychologists who use their knowledge to dope and tyrannise."—(Mr. John Grimm.)

" You are right. To pretend to cure a man with a curved spine by changing his outlook on life is dangerous quackery."—(Major Douglas.)

" All the same, there is a great similarity in the views of Adler and Douglas on the existence of a morbid craving for power. Is not our chief enemy psychological? "—(Mr. Mairet.)

" We aim at superseding a competitive by a co-operative society. For this the necessary physical change must be made first. Douglas first, Adler after."—(Mr. Symons.)

The psychological realism of all this is admirable. What is the moral for practical politics? That the restless impatience of the masses under the present régime denotes rather a mass of atomistic Wills to Tyranny than a co-operative Will to Plenty. That the impulse may be used towards Plenty is admitted, but it will need to be skilfully deflected. We must beware of confusion with Communists, whose Dictatorship of the Proletariate is an appeal to cupidity.

Society is new in the history of the human race. How many champions of freedom are prophets of a new order, and how many are criminals, i.e., regressions?

I hope to follow this up with some considerations that have occurred to me on the place of " Social Credit " in the history of society.

I would add a word to Mr. John Grimm. The Medical Profession contains proportionately at least as many examples of a morbid craving for power as the rest of mankind.

DOUGLAS CHANDLER.

" THE THIRD LINE."

Sir,—May I suggest that readers should carefully consider the advisability of supporting the Kibbo Kift in their attempt to forge a " linkage " with " Surplus Labour." This term is a decided improvement on the unemployed, but it should not be forgotten that these men are suffering acutely from financial poverty.

To educate Surplus Labour to understand the cause and cure of their unfortunate circumstances, without at the same time being able to do anything to bring about the slightest relief is surely adding insult to injury.

The Kindred admit that they must wait until the breakdown of the present financial system—our old friend the catastrophe—before action can be taken to introduce Social Credit. These unfortunate men must therefore wait in vain for any relief.

The curious belief of many advocates of Social Credit in the coming of a catastrophe is really pathetic and reminds one of the religious fanatics who devoutly believe in the coming of " Christ." How many times must the catastrophe be prophesied and postponed before the Movement will wake up and get down to practical problems?

Of course the unemployed are willing to accept the Social Credit idea. Who would not under their circumstances? It would be much more satisfactory to direct the propaganda to the whole trade union movement, especially when it is known that the unemployed are largely members of trade unions.

The industrialist-producer is a more legitimate field to which the Kindred might address its emotional appeal. In addition there is a miniature catastrophe now taking place in the form of bankruptcies and financial difficulties. Why not concentrate on this fruitful section and forget the catastrophes and breakdowns which may not happen after all?

EDWIN SWALE.

DOLES AND DIVIDENDS.

Sir,—Someone has said that one can learn how time " flies " best by borrowing money on a three months' note and then watch how quickly payday comes. A subscription to THE NEW AGE would serve as well to illustrate the flight of time. Time is merely a relative idea, dependent on our personal emotions and feeling. In order to keep up with the procession, to know how the tide is running, I am sending for another six months' term of THE NEW AGE. I am betting that I will survive that long, like the Scot who was given up by the doctors and started for home buying a ticket from each station to the next, so as not to die with a lot of unused (to him) ticket on his hand if anything were to happen in the meantime. It would appear that the End is near, for even here the Dole is being discussed. The Dole and Old Age Pensions are merely the forerunners of " *Dividends.*" By adding Knowledge to the other three factors in the Old Economics we would have rounded out, for the time being, a *New Economics*. Land yielding Rent; Capital giving Interest; Labour getting Wages; and Knowledge yielding " *Dividends to All.*" Possibly this would bring Economics to the point of being a real science, and also give Stephen Leacock a new lease of life as a Professor of " the Dismal Science." Of course it will ruin the World, but it is time our present world was ruined a little in spots. " For, behold, their eyes were holden and they knew not that they saw Him." What a strange world it will seem after the mere change of a view point.

" AVALON."

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