

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

No. 1807] NEW SERIES Vol. XL. No. 26. THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1927. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

As we forecasted, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has pledged the Labour Party to make the repeal of the Trade Union Bill its first task when again it comes into power. This will keep it out of mischief for a session—perhaps longer—while the financial Government gets on with its own measures. That it is a "class" Bill, and therefore a bad Bill, needs no argument. But that is not the point. It is a futile Bill; and a wise Labour leader, one who knew what were the realities behind political government, would, instead of cursing its originators, scoff at them in the manner of Elijah. "You are going to call fire from heaven" he would taunt them, "very well, we'll take a front seat and watch you do it."

But this pre-supposes recognition of the fact that economic power precedes political power. There is no sign of it in the attitude of political Labour. Time and again, Mr. Orage and other writers demonstrated this truth in the columns of THE NEW AGE nearly twenty years ago. Were not, for instance, nineteen-twentieths of Labour's rights "won" from Capital, and registered in statutes by silk-hatted gentlemen long before Labour displayed its first cloth cap in the House of Commons? What was the force which induced those concessions but the power of Labour in the industrial field? And to-day, what power has an assembly of seven hundred individuals sitting in Parliament to recall what has been conceded, if the balance of economic force between Capital and Labour has not been altered?

These questions lead immediately to a consideration of what actualises economic force. The balance of potential forces may be assumed to be what it was. If anything, it may be safely assumed to be more on the side of Labour than ever before. But potential force cannot become actual force except through psychological catalysis. And the catalyst is the Human Will. It is from this point of view

that the significance of the Trade Union Bill should be measured by the rank and file of Labour. We will leave out of account our own interpretation of this event—namely, that the Bill is not expected to do anything; and will assume the official point of view of Labour that it formulates the real intention of Capitalism. That granted, we ask: Where has Capital found the faith whereby it expects to impose legal repression on direct action? We answer: It has picked it out of the dustbin of Eccleston Square. In the same measure as Labour has lost faith in economic defensive action so has Capital gained the courage to illegalise such action. This Bill is merely a record that the leaders of Labour have sold Labour's economic birthright for a mess of political pottage. It may be the hand of profits that has drafted its clauses, but it was the voice of wages that inspired them. The leaders of the Trade Union Congress, by calling off the General Strike, literally asked for this Bill. If as they were so quick to declare when the Strike collapsed, the case for direct action had been destroyed for ever, on what but mere academic grounds do they resent the registration of this attitude in an Act of Parliament? If striking is of no advantage to the worker—is economic waste—is social danger; why should it not be made illegal?

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and colleagues, in threatening to go over the top against this Conservative emplacement, will doubtless rehabilitate their reputations as courageous leaders in the eyes of the unthinking. But in reality (we now revert to our own interpretation of the strategy behind the Bill) they are advancing under a rain of blank charges and under cover of a supporting bombardment by Liberal, and even some Conservative, gunners. The fact that newspapers of all political colours are, in their various degrees, condemning the Bill, and are giving free publicity to Labour's own condemnation, should arouse a suspicion in the minds of all intelligent workers that there is a snag somewhere about this "grave issue." It wears a funny look when a

Capitalism ostensibly attacking Labour is at the same time making it first favourite in the betting.

Probably some such feeling as this was at the bottom of the Independent Labour Party's action in refraining from nominating Mr. Ramsay MacDonald for the treasurership of the Labour Party. Commenting on this significant event the "Labour Correspondent" of the *Observer* says:—

"The real trouble between the I.L.P. and Mr. MacDonald springs from the fact that since the war the young leaders who have gained ascendancy have not been content with the earlier evangelism which sought to create a Socialist spirit without very definite relationship to concrete measures."

After adding that the negative results from the late Labour Government led to the formulation in the I.L.P. of "elaborate plans" for immediate application when Labour regained power, he says that this and other manifestations of a desire to exercise a greater control over the next Labour Cabinet, and to lay down its legislative programme in advance,

"have drawn from Mr. MacDonald the blunt criticism, based on the experiences of 1924, that the practicability of particular measures can only be decided in the light of the circumstances existing when action has to be taken, and that the new policy of the I.L.P. may lead the Labour movement into a disastrous position."

The passages which we italicise are illuminating. They bear out what every keen student knows, namely that the ideal of the political careerist is to have plenty of evangelism unrelated to concrete measures—to invoke a great outpouring of Will. But when one asks: Will to what?—the answer is clearly suggested above, namely, the Will-to-Accommodation-to-"Circumstances." Yes, and the "circumstances"? Financial circumstances of course—the kind of circumstances which Mr. Snowden recognised when he told the bankers that he was their Minister. Mr. MacDonald apparently thinks he has done his duty when he has referred the findings of England's conscience to the laws of England's national Bank. The people may, as it were, vote for synthetic nitrates; but the concrete question of whether those nitrates be turned into fertilisers or high-explosives can only be decided in the light of the circumstances existing when action has to be taken. Financial policy, in a word, is to be a perpetual insulator between conscience and action. We hope the diagnosis of the *Observer's* correspondent is correct, and that the "young leaders" of the I.L.P. are refusing to acquiesce in that attitude.

Such a refusal, however, if unconnected with a concrete scheme for remedying the situation, will itself remain nothing more than a protest of impotent conscience in another form. So far we gladly concede that within the I.L.P. there are people who realise this. They have come to see that the impediment to the current of conscience is financial, that financial credit has to be changed from being an insulator to being a conductor of useful economic production and consumption. On this immediate point we have sympathy with the speaker at the recent Conference who boldly plunged for the repudiation of money and a return to barter. The idea was quite logical even though impracticable; for if the national economy is to be wired up discontinuously it may as well not be wired up at all. But, assuming the discontinuity to arise from a shortage—or a pretended shortage—of wire, the reasonable step is to get hold of more wire in order to complete the credit circuit. The new idea in the I.L.P. is to get the Bank of England under popular control for that purpose. It is embodied in Mr. Mosley's "Birmingham Proposals." Nevertheless, in addition to efficient financial wiring, the wire itself must be conductive. An electrician who wired up a house with drawn glass would quickly be invited to join the

historic angler in the lunatic asylum. You can remedy breaks in the circuit by expanding financial credit, but you have also to perfect the conductivity of credit itself. The first can be done by a national system of bank accountancy: the second by a national system of factory accountancy. The accrediting of production is one half of the economic remedy: the costing of that production is the other, and equally vital, half. This is the Social Credit standpoint. Naturally, the inclusion of the second half of the remedy necessitates the conscious and willing co-operation of the producer-capitalist. Mr. Mosley shies at this. His idea is to control banking and to use that control to coerce Capital into subserving a workers' policy. Like all Labour leaders with political ambitions he must foster anti-Capitalist sentiment among his constituents while taking great care to discourage anti-Capitalist action on their part. Hence it is not surprising that he took occasion at the I.L.P. Conference to indict Major Douglas by name, asserting that his Social Credit theories were definitely anti-Socialist, and should therefore have no place in their policy. Well, we can bear the misfortune of Mr. Mosley's disfavour. There is one small consolation that accrues to us in the existing competitive rivalry of political parties, that whichever of them openly repudiates us sends our stock up among the others. We are thankful for the smallest advertisement, whether hostile or otherwise. We prefer anything rather than to be ignored.

As Mr. Robert Blatchford mellows, his wisdom grows riper. In the *Star* of April 22 he discusses the franchise apropos of the fears expressed as to the bad effect of the "Votes for Ladies" measure, as he calls it. Reminding its readers that, after all, "women are human beings." He proceeds:

"The principle of democratic government is majority rule. Does the majority rule? Has the majority ever ruled? Will a female majority rule? All of us who have had political or social experience know that in every club, union, council or party, the majority leave the work of organisation, propaganda, and policy to an energetic few. The crowd, as a crowd, has no initiative. The crowd must be awakened, rallied, instructed, led. Under the influence of gifted leaders it changes its mind: the minority becomes the majority. This is so, and always was so with a male electorate; why should we think or fear that it will be otherwise with a female electorate? To believe such an alteration possible we must believe also that women possess more political sagacity than men."

This is good common-sense. His peroration is worth recording too—

"When the franchise was granted to women of thirty . . . ominous mutterings were heard in Fleet Street. But Big Ben still keeps time; Father Thames has not burst into flames; the papers continue to print portraits of beautiful brides; he-milliners go on juggling with the waist-line, and our wives and daughters play sonatas as correctly and make as good Yorkshire puddings as of yore. Courage, brothers, we shall muddle through."

Well said. And he might have added that Christabel Pankhurst's victory broke her heart.

The financial crisis in Japan may well prove to be one of the gravest happenings since the war, as a London newspaper characterises it. Not grave in the sense that there is no way of dealing with it, but in the sense that the methods by which it has had to be dealt with will undoubtedly undermine the force of banking propaganda everywhere. The history began with the threatened bankruptcy of the Suzuki Company, a huge trust with interests covering wheat, breweries, celluloid, rubber, steel, mines, insurance, and banking. Not only does it represent the widest range of physical production, bounded by food at the one end and natural mineral resources at the other, but includes the mechanism of self-finance as well. It is a "horizontal trust," and Madame

Suzuki, the chairman of the parent company, is a Japanese Hugo Stinnes. Alas; these horizontal trusts all have the same breath: as the one dieth so dieth the other.

We said just now that the history of the debacle began with the insolvency of this concern. We meant by this the revealed history. The unrevealed history enshrouds the reasons why it became insolvent. One of them is no secret to students of finance. The Suzuki Trust must have been denied credit facilities, or else it would not have allowed its difficulties to become public knowledge. However, the censored account begins with the insolvency and tells how the Trust appealed to the Government to afford it relief "in the interests of Japanese credit." The Privy Council, presided over by the Emperor, refused, whereupon the Imperial Government resigned. A new Cabinet was formed by Baron General Tanaka. This Cabinet has since presented a Bill to guarantee emergency advances to the Bank of Japan, and as a sequel the *Daily Mail's* correspondent reports the issue of "seven tons of bank notes" by the Bank, to enable the Osaka banks to withstand the run on them by their panic-stricken customers. Up to April 22, four banks, with about 100 branches, have closed, in spite of the fact that already more than £100,000,000 has been distributed in currency. And now there is a moratorium into the bargain, which means that not only have the banks got cash with which to honour their engagements, but an extension of time in which to honour them. An interesting incidental item is that thousands of depositors have transferred their money to the Post Office savings banks, whose accounts are said to show a "huge increase." Evidently the man in the street is under no illusion as to whose credit is the superior, as between the Government and the strongest bank.

Now let us tell the story as we see it. First the background. Japan has been one of the best customers for authoritative works on Social Credit. We believe that the translation of one of them into Japanese has been published. We do not wish to overstress this fact, but submit that its bearing is worth taking into account. Consider now the contingent risk to private finance when a Trust consisting of a practically complete mechanism for production and its finance applies to the Government for assistance, a Government which, by virtue of its legal control over currency, possesses the one factor which would enable the Trust to dispense altogether with professional financial accommodation. Without saying for a moment that such a possibility was in the minds of either party, we can at least say that if the Government had assisted the Trust and had thus bound itself into a virtual partnership with it, the possibility would sooner or later have been recognised by one or other of them. But, as always, while politicians and capitalists are fumbling after a new idea, financiers steal ahead with an obstructive *fait accompli*. So, to continue our version of the story, the Bank of Japan vetoed the subsidising of the Suzuki Trust. The Government resigned. A new one arose under the premiership of General Tanaka. (Observe how all over the world the financiers use military innocents as their agents.) And what has this General done? Let us quote the words of the *Daily News* of April 22:

"An ironic sequel is that the new Cabinet of Baron General Tanaka has now been forced to take even more drastic measures [than the previous Cabinet] to avert a national money panic."

An ironic sequel indeed. But the point is not that the new measures were more drastic; it is that they were directed to support the banks and not the Trust. It is quite clear, is it not? The banks, sooner than see a few million pounds issued by the

Government to save the Trust, preferred to land the succeeding Government into many times that expenditure to enable them to smash and capture the Trust. That is how we read the affair. Whether we are right the future will show. Like the Stinnes properties, so will these be separated and distributed among various vertical trusts—mines to mining, wheat to agriculture, steel to steel, and so on—until the "danger" of an all-in trust with financial self-determination is entirely dissipated.

Mr. Coolidge refuses to co-operate in an aggressive military policy in China. The *New Republic* speculates on the reasons, and since this journal is a firm sponsor of international amity its remarks are worth noting. It makes some comments on what it calls the "British predicament." The British Government, having taken credit for introducing western civilisation in China, does not know how to answer Nationalist demands, supported as they are by appeals to western political principles.

"In the old days it [the British Government] would have garrisoned the treaty ports, occupied Canton in force, blockaded the line of the Yangtse River, dispersed the Nationalist armies, and tried to set up a pro-British dictatorship. To-day it lacks the resources and the will to pursue a power policy alone. . . . Yet it does not dare to try the only realistic alternative. It does not dare . . . to surrender its privileges as Russia and Germany have done."

Instead, the British Government has tried to play both games at once, promising to revise the treaties but strengthening its armies in the meantime. For the second of these measures the British and American communities in Shanghai naturally keep up a constant agitation. To support this end, and to overcome scruples in London against a policy of force the excesses of the Nationalist armies have been so magnified in cables to England that both the French and Japanese Governments "felt compelled to distribute" through their own agencies, "warnings against the anti-National propaganda" which these correspondents had cabled from Shanghai. If Chinese Nationalism is given time to consolidate its power British concessions will "vanish, practically without recognition." That is why they are so determined to bring about a collision. On the other hand, Britain cannot provoke a war and carry it on alone. The expense would be huge. It cannot do without American or Japanese assistance. By obtaining it Britain would "divide the expense and yet monopolise the benefit." So, the *New Republic* concludes, Mr. Coolidge will not submit for the present to the pressure of British and American business interests in Shanghai. A set-back of the Revolution would vindicate the "British policy of territorial concessions" rather than the "American policy of China for the Chinese."

There is only one argument on which we have space to comment. It is the assertion that Britain is inhibited from provoking war by reason of the expense. That is politically true, but intrinsically false. The truth is that the Bank of England is not free to accredit (or to authorise the accrediting of) a Chinese war except after reference to the Federal Reserve Board which holds the balance of control in the international financial trust. But it is equally true that Britain is inhibited from yielding up her disputed commercial privileges for just the same reason, that the Bank of England cannot make good the financial losses thereby sustained by British commercial interests. To fight China or to give in to China would involve "inflation"; and since inflation would disturb Anglo-American banking arrangements, Britain is left halting between two opinions. That is the best answer to hotheads like Mr. Bland in the *English Review*, who are all for teaching China and Russia a lesson.

Scotland and the Banking System.

By C. M. Grieve, J.P.

(Member, Scottish National Convention),

II.

It is utterly irrational to find all the real practical issues of a nation "outwith the sphere of practical politics"; and the "sphere of practical politics" monopolised by professional-politician issues few of which have the most indirect bearing on national realities. It is utterly irrational to find a whole electorate bemused and misled (for all practical purposes) by such an abracadabra. That is the position of Scotland to-day. All the Scottish papers aver that the demand for Scottish nationalism is made by a "handful of fanatics," and has no real weight of "public opinion" behind it—but what is "public opinion," and how far is it reflected by a Press which, in a country which has always been overwhelmingly radical and republican, and where to-day a third of the entire electorate vote Socialist, is solidly anti-Socialist. The *Glasgow Herald*, in a recent leader, observed that there was no need for street-corner oratory in these days of a great free Press whose columns are open for the expression of all manner of opinions, and its editor, Sir Robert Bruce, is frequently to be heard dilating on the high status and professional integrity of the journalist to-day. Yet it is simple fact to state that there is no free Press; and that journalists hold their jobs by opportunism and cannot afford to "own their own souls." A man with "ideas of his own" is of no use in a modern newspaper office. The vigilance of the Press censorship—the ubiquitous range and insidiousness of the policy behind it—is such that even the *Glasgow Herald* does not, and cannot, permit signed correspondence on such subjects as Scottish music or drama, for example (let alone politics), if these go against the ideas of the vested interests concerned with these departments, not to speak of the veiled interests behind these vested interests which "hold all their strings in their hands." Interplay of opinion is confined to opposing views within a certain range; but the essence of the matter all the time, so far as the ultimate interests are concerned, is "heads I win, tails you lose." It is this that makes a goblin of our vaunted Scottish hard-headedness and practicality—induces the amazing supineness of the successive protagonists of Scottish Devolution Measures when these are rejected by the English majority at Westminster—prevents any real Scottish issue emerging into the realm of "practical politics"—makes the systematic neglect of Scottish interests of all kinds a subject for stereotyped jokes in the Scottish Press (professedly favourable to "legitimate" nationalist aspirations—in China!)—prevents different sections of the Scottish public realising that their diverse grievances and difficulties spring from a common centre and denies them those publicist services which would effectively relate effect to cause—and foists, not least upon Scotsmen themselves, that stock-conception of the "Canny Scot" which is so belied by the actualities of our national position that it can only be accounted for by saying that if, as M. Delaisi argues, government is impossible unless a myth of some kind is foisted upon the "people," then, so far as Scotland is concerned, its present disastrous condition is due to the fact that the existing myth is out of touch with economic realities to a degree so abnormal that history presents no parallel to it.

Discussing the possibilities of a Scottish Renaissance*, I have suggested that it is probable that the proposals of Major Douglas will be "discerned in retrospect as having been one of the great contri-

* See my "Contemporary Studies" (Leonard Parsons, Ltd.), pp. 324-5.

butions of re-oriented Scottish genius to world-affairs," and I went on to say that I wished "to record my unqualified pride and joy in the fact that of all people in the world a Scotsman—one of the race which has been (and remains) most hag-ridden by commercial Calvinism, with its hideous doctrines of 'the need to work,' 'the necessity of drudgery,' and its devices of thrift and the whole tortuous paraphernalia of modern capitalism—should have absolutely 'got to the bottom of economics' and shown the way to the Workless State."

The Renaissance spirit will have to develop at a greatly accelerated rate before an effective proportion of the supporters of the new Draft Bill realise the "true inwardness" of the matter—the real cause of the superficially-incredible stultification of the Scottish Home Rule Movement. Grasps are being made at the shadow-play of politics; and the substance of real affairs behind them is entirely missed every time. The present Bill will undoubtedly go the way of all its predecessors—and its protagonists (or the great majority of them) will accept the result with the amazing supineness which has hitherto prevailed. I say the "majority of them" advisedly. Happily there are a few readers of THE NEW AGE and students of the New Economics amongst them—notably Mr. Wheatley (to whose special significance in this connection, as to the bearing of the Trade Union Bill on the Scottish political situation, I shall return shortly)—and such articles as that on "Irish Affairs" (THE NEW AGE, January 6, 1927) have not been without a certain effect in turning a few of the more alert minds in the movement to the crux of the problem.

It is significant that practically the only, and certainly the only real (if, unfortunately, only very partial and temporary) political triumph Scotland scored over England since the Union of the Parliaments took place just over 100 years ago: and was associated with the name of a great Scotsman and with precisely that type of business which it has since become almost physically impossible to think—let alone speak—about. The Banking System! I refer to Sir Walter Scott's "Letters of Malachi Malagrowther." Just how much Scott (albeit a Tory of Tories) was roused by the Government's proposal that Scottish Banks should cease to issue notes "in order to unify paper currency throughout the United Kingdom," can be gauged from his veiled threat that "claymores have edges." Scott's agitation was so far successful that the Government dropped their proposals inasmuch as they related to the Scotch pound notes—for the time being. "Very probably," says a recent writer, "they realised that there was real determination behind Scott's reference to claymores—even if it did not mean actually the wielding of these lethal weapons to enforce the protest." All who are in earnest about Scottish Home Rule should take note of that. Evidences of "real determination" must be forthcoming if anything is to be achieved. The Parliamentary record of the Scottish Home Rule question would long ago have driven protagonists of any mental and moral calibre to the realisation that an irresistible premium had been put upon recourse to militant methods, and that anything else is a waste of time—"an expenditure of spirit in a waste of shame."

But a great deal has happened since 1826. The existence of a Scotsman of Sir Walter's calibre was a nasty snag for the Government of the day—but the policy behind them could afford to wait, to pretend to yield; it is not every generation, happily, that throws up such a giant to thwart its purposes. There has appeared no Scotsman since of equal size to do anything analogous and to expose the tremendous losses to Scotland through the financial unification of Scotland with England that has long since been

consummated.† The dangers that Scott apprehended and warded off a hundred years ago are fully batten- ing on Scottish interests to-day, and they are power- less to defend themselves. How powerless may be appreciated by two facts (1) The fact that the Scot- tish churches, which have lately become alarmed about the "menace" to "Scottish National Charac- ter" owing to the "Irish Invasion" (a new-found nationalist concern dictated—like the Union of the churches secured through an English Parliament, hostile to all real Scottish interests—by their empty- ing Kirks)—are so destitute of all sense of economic reality that the solution they propound is that further immigration into Scotland should be prohibited by law, while an appeal should be made to god-fearing Scottish employers to employ only fellow-country- men—even if they have to pay higher wages to do so!

(2) By the fact that the Scottish Press (whose columns are shut to all discussion of national reali- ties) gives prominence to such ridiculous statements as that of Mr. Ridge-Beedle, prospective Unionist candidate for the Camlachie Division of Glasgow, who says that "it is owing to the Scottish Home Rule Movement that new industries are not settling in Scotland; industrialists are preferring locations in England where continuity and settled conditions are assured." Thousands and thousands of Scottish electors are so hopelessly bemused that they swallow an absurdity like that as if it were a self-evident truth. If it were, the difficulties of the Scottish Home Rule movement would be over. Our English competitors would be falling over each other to sub- sidise it and ensure its success.

The Yea and Amen of Social Credit.

By W. T. Symons.

Social Credit is the Yea and Amen to the human conquest of the earth. The curse of Adam has been worked out. The essential labour of man is transferred to the realm of character, wherein the driving force developed in the struggle with inert material and the infinite resource attained in the achievements of hand and brain are turned inward for work upon the inertia of the will, and upon the inexhaustible subtleties of protective armour by which the responsibilities and the joy of social being are evaded. In this inertia and evasion the ex- haustion of an aeon's feverish activity is exhibited.

Man cannot stand still; he goes forward or he turns backward. The fetters placed upon his achievement in the physical realm; the dam erected across the stream of his productivity, are turning him backwards, at the very moment when his real impulse is to fling off the egoistic concentration of centuries, and make festival with Horns of Plenty and rediscovery of human fellowship.

The dark power that puts restraint upon him has been extruded from his own being, and has therefore a subtle hold still upon his imagination, in suchwise that although it is truly an external re- sistance from which he suffers, it finds mystical support in his race-consciousness, and clutches him by fears that have beset the whole of his age-long struggle with the reluctant earth. Until he can pour out the full abundance of his hands, confusion chains his spirit. How that confusion throws him into torment and drives him into every by-path, is exhibited in the universal breakdown of normal human association. He is turned in upon himself; not in an ecstasy of release from the multitudinous barricades that have been erected between himself and his fellow man through the centuries of sweat

† Although Rosebery confessed that Scotland is "the milch cow of the Empire."

and intellectual coruscation, but in morbid and ridi- culous blindness to his own conquest.

He is drowned in the plethora of his "many in- ventions," and suffers the torment of a check to his spirit, imposed from without by the return—as devil—of the very self that reigned as angel in his breast in the former aeon of his existence and pro- pelled him to the threshold upon which he now stands.

He has called down fire from heaven to such pur- pose that the hard substance of the earth flows in molten streams at his bidding and hardens at his will in shapes and utilities that replace the labour of his hands. But in so doing he has bound in tension the solar plexus of his own body.

Now that the struggle is over, he still holds him- self braced to a tension that turns the soft fibres of his sensitive flesh back to the hardness of the earth he has made fluid. The genius of the race demands that the fire from heaven be permitted to relax, in his proper person, the strain of the ages, that the deep stream of the immeasurable past may flow freely in his body unharmed and unharmed, be- cause it but flows *through* him, carrying the heat of molten personality into all human relations. Whilst that stream is dammed in his own being it burns and destroys him.

Social Credit is the essential mechanism for pass- ing the molten earth into common human usage, as social being is the essential relationship for passing the molten human consciousness into perfect inter- change. Without the one, the labour of the ages is frustrated; without the other, society and the body are disintegrated, with every circumstance of social outrage and bodily disease.

PRESS EXTRACTS.

"Nearly two years have elapsed since the gold standard was re-established in Great Britain. The lavish promises of a revival in trade that were made in many quarters when, at the end of April, 1925, sterling was relinked with gold at its nominal parity, have certainly not been fulfilled, and the twenty months that have passed since this event have witnessed the darkest pages of our economic history since the collapse of the post-Armistice boom. Naturally enough, there has been a growing tendency on the part of observers of the situation to link our economic ills with various factors that find their root in our recent monetary policy."—*The Statist*.

"The banks could, of course, ease the monetary situa- tion (in England) by being content with a lower cash ratio, though this is unlikely, as it has been fixed by agreement among the banks, as Mr. Leaf, the chairman of the West- minster Bank, recently disclosed in his book on banking. . . . The crux of the whole situation is the future course of money rates in New York. If there is a fall in the Federal Reserve rate in New York it may be possible to reduce the Bank of England rate and still retain sufficient foreign balances to ease the credit stringency in Britain."—*Wall Street Journal*.

"The Bank of England in effect dictates Treasury policy. The rate it charges for lending money against Government and other first-rate securities governs all transactions. When the Bank rate is 5 per cent. the Treasury must offer nearly as much for the renewal of its loans, and the ordinary banks must allow 3 per cent. on deposits. . . . Why should the King's Government permit a private trading company like the Bank of England to dominate Treasury policy?"—*The Shoe and Leather Record*.

"The proposed listing of the securities of foreign corpora- tions, in their original form and currency units, on the New York Stock Exchange, may, if consummated, prove to be the greatest step in the enhancement of New York's position in international finance since the establishment of the Federal Reserve system. . . . It will tend to lessen London's premier position."—*Wall Street Journal*.

"If a repetition of the coal strike disasters must attend every attempt to prevent real wages from rising above the level that can be reasonably paid by industry, we may well despair of our industrial future."—*The Statist*.

From Tolstoy to Gandhi.

A STUDY IN CONSTRUCTIVE INDIVIDUALISM.

By Samuel F. Darwin Fox.

The teachings of Gandhi and of Tolstoy have this much in common, that both are based upon the bed-rock principle of Non-Violence. The differences between them are therefore purely strategical and superficial, and concerned with practice rather than with theory or essential doctrine. But it seems that, even here in the West, Gandhi's doctrines are much better understood and appreciated by intelligent people—and, indeed, cut more ice—than Tolstoy's. So, for instance, that great European, Romain Rolland, though himself the admirer and biographer of Tolstoy, concludes his noble study of the Master by admitting that his ideas are "Utopian" and impossible to realise. And he has since rallied to the standard of the Mahatma.

Let us put the two systems side by side, the better to determine which of them may be better adapted to the waging of the world-wide battle, now in progress, for Regional, Social, and Individual Freedom—in Heine's famous phrase: "the Liberation-War of Humanity." To my thinking, the Russian Prophet and the Indian Apostle part company on two most important points:

(i.) Tolstoy was an anti-patriot: Gandhi loves his country passionately.

(ii.) Tolstoy was concerned only with individual efforts, and professed nothing but disdain for collective action: Gandhi simultaneously preaches personal activity and the organisation of co-ordinated efforts.

Now, it is manifest that he who loves all mankind with an equal intensity and ardour is morally and culturally superior to him who more or less restricts his sympathies and interests to his fellow-countrymen. The true cosmopolitan or universalist approaches immeasurably nearer than the patriot to that personal attainment of the Free Spirit which is the "Open Sesame" of the Higher Man to Zarathustra's Cave. But if patriotism be under no conceivable circumstances a *duty*, it may nevertheless be conceded to human frailty as a *right*. An individual is entitled (if he pleases) to cherish a particular affection for his own countryside or province, just as he is entirely free to prefer a Nation other than that to which he happens, by the accident of birth—in the foolish and barbarous jargon of to-day—to "belong." Moreover, it is all to the good that a self-confessed patriot should have proved, both by preaching and by practice, that the patriotic sentiment is not inextricably bound up with any necessity or fancied obligation to condone or participate in measures of brutal violence, and that a man need not be a common murderer in order to serve or defend his country or—that new-fangled "loyalty"—his "class."

As regards the second point of difference, Gandhi's method is unquestionably superior to that of Tolstoy, whose great error lies in the illusion that the *isolated* action of each individual can in all circumstances be adequate and efficacious. Non-co-operation, as Gandhi conceives it, is not the only form under which men may without violence do battle for their rights and liberties. Other kinds of communal action, exacting less *personal and individual* heroism, may freely and fruitfully be employed (as, for instance, the General Strike). Gandhi also mentions, as a non-violent weapon, the infliction of economic sanctions in the case of an aggressive Nation. And it is by the adoption of such means that the Chinese Patriots are going to triumph.

But the idea of *Ahimsa*, or Non-Violence, will find general acceptance, and become "practical politics," only when men have at long last learned that by far the most potent and effective of all possible methods of fighting evil are those which exclude murder.

It is therefore particularly necessary carefully to distinguish the concept of power, or strength, from that of violence. Some words of Gandhi's express this difference very clearly:

"I do not ask India to practise non-violence because she is weak, but in the full knowledge of her strength and of her power. India has no need to learn the use of arms in order to make proof of her strength. My desire is that India should realise that she possesses a soul which can never perish, and that she can triumph over all her material weaknesses and hold her own against the material coalition of the whole world."

The language of Tolstoy makes a supreme appeal to the heart; but that of Gandhi is better calculated to satisfy the requirements of reason. The very term "non-violence" is in every way preferable to the ambiguous formula of "non-resistance." For evil, or unreason, *must* be resisted—and resisted actively and manfully—but by other means than murder.

In every body of doctrine we must distinguish the principles which are absolute in value from those which are conditional or relative. If ever we are to achieve civilisation, the repudiation of manslaughter should be considered as a categorical imperative permitting of no possible exception, qualification or mitigation at any time, under any circumstances, or in any country.* But the idea of non-co-operation, as Gandhi has conceived it for India, does not possess this absolute, permanent and changeless character. It is a particular (if very plausible) method of warfare which may wholly or partially succeed or fail according to the accidents of place, time and circumstance.

To proclaim "*Peace! Peace!*—where there is no peace" is the contemptible prerogative of a ninny, a hypocrite, or a Prime Minister; and we have many a battle still to fight until the peace be won. But Tolstoy and Gandhi have not lived and laboured in vain. And the day will surely come, when the integral revolutionary pacifism of the adversaries of violence will be recognised, not only as (in Gandhi's own phrase) a "practical idealism," but even as the most practical of idealisms. For, indeed, it is the only alternative to the racial extermination to which we are rapidly heading.

COME STORMY SKIES.

Come stormy skies: no more the plummy willows,
Adding the starlight's silver to their own,
Lean whispering waterwards, but make a moan
Of protest petulant, while tiny billows
Break the frail moongleams through the clouddrifts
thrown.

Come stormy winds: and on their dream-tost pillows
Children awake and fear the hollow tone
Of chimney's echoes and the hard-breath'd groan
Of old grandfather finding that he still owes
Rheumatic homage to dank winter's throne.

Come stormy skies; like aery armadilloes
Umbrellas toss upon the breezes blown,
And there the gutted scarecrow, frore and lone,
Answers with flapping rags the beggar's chill
"Ohs!"

That speak of wind-pinched flesh and aching bone.
Come stormy winds: in youthful peccadilloes
The old maid mourns her straggling wild oats sown
And in the yew-dark churchyard o'er a stone
Mutters a wind-tost prayer; no more the willows
Whisper at eve but make all day their moan.

D. R. GUTTERY.

* Yet I am personally inclined to concede one single exception to this rule in the case of legitimate *individual* defence in the strictest sense of the word, and when no other means of defence is available.

The Unconscious Goal in History.

By Philippe Mairet.

III.

"Thought," said Mr. Bertrand Russell in his recent wireless discourse, "is almost as blind a force as the forces of Nature." He was speaking of Newton, and of the dislike which that scientist would have felt for many or even most of the consequences which followed from his great discoveries. Certainly Newton would have deplored much in the modern world, and few things more than Mr. Bertrand Russell's philosophy. To call Nature a blind force would have seemed a senseless blasphemy to him, and Mr. Russell's remarks upon thought would simply have proved to him that the speaker was not a philosopher, as they do, I hope, to most people of intelligence.

But thought such as Newton's is firmly based upon the infallible intuition that Nature, far from being a blind force, or anything chaotic, is a reasonable harmony—a creation. It is an affirmation and even demonstration, that Nature and Consciousness are akin. That primary intuition—the basis of all real discovery in Science or any other sphere—extends beyond the phenomena Newton investigated, to the whole of experience. It includes human history in its scope, no less than the growth of vegetation or the courses of the planets. It is that which entitles us to regard history as a process achieving the life-goal of humanity, and nations and individuals as the bearers of the unconscious ideas by which that process is effected. By thought a man makes his idea into a force or a fact in the drama of History. It is true that he cannot foresee the transformations and the uses that will be made of it when it passes through the dialectics of human action and interaction, but such is his contribution and his part. According to its sincerity and clearness of expression is his human value and also his inner integrity of soul, that is, his unity with the Unconscious, which is striving through him to give birth to that very idea. Every man has a meaning, and would like nothing better than to make it clear.

It takes time, of course, for the meaning of a great man, or of any State or institution of men, to become widely and rightly understood. The meaning of the Christian Church, for instance, will be great to the consciousness of the Socialistic world-civilisation which we are approaching through the menace of such deadly disasters. It will be great, but it will be different from its conception of itself in Medieval times. The Church itself, moreover, had a different and higher understanding of the three great community-ideas of which it was built—Christianity, Teutonic tribal Communism, and Roman Imperialism—a point very well made by Mr. Penty. These ideas were the material which the unconscious Idea in Medieval humanity had to build into its own expression—its own historical realisation. However a man may profess to be living by the ideas or traditions of the past he is really only using them as so much material for the expression of his own unconscious Idea. As thinker, he is a brain-cell in the ever-living body of the race, which is dominated by the immediate urge of its life-goal, and only *conditioned* by its past history.

But if Humanity is wholly motivated by an unconscious life-goal, will individuals ever be conscious of what that is? An instinctive intellectualist is revolted by the notion of being, willy-nilly, a means to a pan-human realisation he has never contemplated. To a student of psychology, however, the idea should not be in the least strange, for he must know that every individual, even the most intelligent, is dominated by

a life-goal which he is only gradually bringing into consciousness, and that his most reasoned acts often come to disclose a new meaning to him after the doing.

Both individually and altogether, mankind is conscious of the need to achieve its destiny in full consciousness, and is becoming more able to do so. And it is being helped to do this by the racial developments which the Unconscious achieves, often by over-ruling the decisions of the most intelligent. A mind such as Bertrand Russell's feels threatened or thwarted by the possibility that such a super-individual power and wisdom exists. But far from being a hostile power, the Unconscious is achieving for individuals themselves far better positions and ampler opportunities than they could possibly devise for themselves.

There is much evidence that an increasing freedom for individuals is in the very life-plan of humanity, historically considered, and it is worked out parallel with the development of economic ideas. In the ancient world, for instance, where slavery was the rule, a man himself was owned as property, a system without which it would not have seemed possible, at that time, to create civilisation and the division of labour. The working out of a very private conception of property in the Middle Ages went with the mitigation of slavery to serfdom, and a subtly graded hierarchical system of degrees of freedom. The Middle Ages also completed the replacement of the system of barter by that of money, a change of great technical importance in the achievement of freedom for the individual.

The third phase in this progress, which is the rule of capital, was only made possible, psychologically as well as practically, by what Medievalism attained, which had provided populations of free labourers with the right aptitude for the new technique of industry which capitalism needed.

Free Capital, however, is an idea which develops, comes to maturity, and must perish after its task is completed. Historically, its work is the preparation of the ground for the next stage of freedom founded upon a further extension of economic independence. This is the fourth and last clearly visible development, that of Free Association. Capital has been necessary to prepare this, just as slavery was once necessary, and it is significant that a strong element of slavery still persists in Capitalism. In the future state of free association the element of Capitalism which will survive will be what Major Douglas has indicated—a universal banking system, by which money and credit will be communalised. This vision of the new banking is a good example of the unconscious Idea of an individual coming in time to take its place in co-operation with other unconscious ideas which are preparing a new phase of human life. Its progress into actuality, of course, involves a dialectical process with many living ideas, before it emerges into a complexity and all-sustaining system in the communal life.

The most potent and far-reaching ideas that move into our world-consciousness—those of which whole nations are the bearers—can seldom take effect without the dialectics of war. The actual ground upon which wars are provoked and fought are mostly trivial—seldom representing the interests of more than small minorities, and even those not true interests. The unconscious need which makes war inevitable is almost always the need of a new idea which can only come by a *fusion* of two world-ideas—and the fusion can only be achieved *in time* by violence. It is hard at present to see an escape from this grim necessity. We see in our world systems as remote in idea as the English trading Empire, the egalitarian democracy of Russia, and the plutocracy of America, each frantic with national pride, which is the suppressed and unconscious sense of world-mission.

Such times are moments of terrible tension on our way to the Unconscious Goal of History.

Catastrophe can only be averted, or at least mitigated, by those who can divine, with a sort of prophetic insight, the Idea to which the Unconscious of the race is straining, but such men are not rare. They are often unheeded, but that is because men and almost whole nations lose faith in the Unconscious altogether. They lose the sense of continuity between themselves and their own Unconscious, between themselves and Nature, and much more lose the intuition of any sublime unity in human destiny.

It could be shown that the most vital nations, in their most vital periods, have had much of this intuition through religion. But this brief attempt to justify it owes much to psychoanalysis and more to Hartmann. One thing must be added before leaving a theme to which I hope to return. The conception of the Unconscious, extended to cover the phenomena of history, ought really to be called the Super-conscious.

The Tree of Life.

By J. R. Donald (Vicar of Bradwell).

II.

THE UNCONSCIOUS.

TAPLEY: How are you getting on, Sykes, with Gustave Geley, "From the Unconscious to the Conscious"?

SYKES: I've just read it through after a fashion, and was turning up a few passages with the Padre before you came in. Very good, but I do not follow him all the way. When he gets on to his Dynamo-Psychism I feel he's nearer the fact than any one yet. But what about palingenesis, and materialisations?

TAPLEY: I can't quite see eye to eye with him, on what you might call non-physical thought. His Dynamo-Psychism seems to fit in well with "ancestral inheritance of father's life and character," "germ plasm," "élan vital," "vital energy," and "libido." Incidentally he doesn't appear to admit that it is ancestral. But has he proved his point that thought can be independent of brain-action? I don't feel he has. Again, suppose he has proved it, he has only shown that there is some failure of correspondence between facts of consciousness and visible, tangible brain matter. Such a discovery is of much less moment than he tries to give it. For, even physically, there is matter of much greater subtlety than brain-matter; the luminiferous ether may not be the only substance of this kind, and that is only inferred from some of its properties, for it is imponderable, invisible, and probably indestructible.

SYKES: I see what you mean. *Consciousness* may have material change corresponding to it, even if that change is not itself discernible by our senses. But, in any case, the whole science of Psychology is independent of any such correspondences, and you press that point often enough in your *Metaphysics*. One of my difficulties in the book is that, like you, I can find no suggestion that this Dynamo-Psychism is inherited. Brain and "instincts" are inherited, but what about the Dynamo-Psychism?

PADRE: He obviously gets his indifference to the likelihood of its being inherited from the showing of "subsidiary" personalities in mediums, and in other people temporarily or permanently disintegrated as "persons." But it would need more evidence than he adduces to show that a single one of such "subsidiary" personalities was not ancestral. The character and personality of any ancestor is at home in me, and is welcome to much consideration, but that of a *real* Egyptian prince would be an intruder. A pretended Egyptian prince is another matter. I'm capable, at times, of acting a part myself.

SYKES: I don't see that he produces a particle of evidence that any not-inherited personality is ever

"in charge" either in mediums, or in others. But his Dynamo-Psychism appeals to me. And I like it, too, for the driving force of our Psychic life. But for a clear cut definition of the Unconscious, give me Tansley.

TAPLEY: I thought Freud was your prophet.

SYKES: Yes; he's the originator. But nomenclature has yet to be obtained. Our labels have long ago run out. They were exhausted with the first discoveries. Light on the subject is little but twilight as yet. Freud groped in darkness. Tansley's work has been of value in that he has used what light there was to some effect. Let me sketch his mind picture. Arranging the contents of the mind—for the sake of clearness—as an ascending series, from the Unconscious to the Conscious—from within outward is perhaps better, but not so easy—near the bottom we have what he calls "the Freudian Unconscious" full of memories and concepts of what has, at one time in the individual's life, been conscious, a kind of memory receptacle of all one's past conscious life. Below that he places what he calls "The Primary Unconscious" stored with the full ancestral inheritance, "instincts," and *perhaps* other things that have not come from the individual's own life experiences, a priceless addition to the picture. Then, above, we get Sub-conscious, Fore-conscious, and Conscious, five in all. That's a good idea of his that consciousness is a surface phenomenon. It explains the fact that the Psyche is vastly more unconscious than conscious. But Tansley is full of good ideas.

PADRE: These people somewhat reduce the value of my favourite sermon, though I still harp on its theme. I like to bring in the text "your agreement with hell shall not stand, and your covenant with death shall be disannulled." I show how we choose a line of action, mainly for our own convenience, and *then* find reasons for it, hedging it in, and bolstering it up, till our track is the best-revetted road in Christendom, the true motives for action being carefully forgotten. But I find I am drawing a picture of all human life, of which the true motives, in the unconscious, frequently fail to appear to the actors, who then hunt for reasons for their actions, which they give in good faith. The Psychologists call this "rationalisation," not to be confused, as I'm inclined to confuse it, with hypocrisy.

SYKES: You're on the track there Padre. We don't know why we do things, but your notion about hypocrisy isn't altogether wrong, for we dimly suspect. The New Psychology will have justified its existence if it only gives us an occasional glimpse of our real driving forces, the things that send us on the paths we actually take.

TAPLEY: I shall begin to believe in you if you can do that. How do you like this from Freud, "Dreams are the royal road into the Unconscious"?

SYKES: Just this, that with a bit of imagination thrown in, you've there got a bigger log than you can split. For what can you do with the questions: Do dreams take us deeper than the Freudian Unconscious? If so, how much deeper? Can we, as some appear to believe, dream of events of our past lives? In that case, are such the lives of ancestors?

TAPLEY: Why, what else could they be?

SYKES: I'm with you all the way, and I don't like Geley's apparent indifference. His firm belief that complete memories of events in our past lives can come back in dreams is, nevertheless, interesting. Such memories for him—he does not, like Jack London or Samuel Butler, use the word, or implication, "germ-plasmically"—are made possible by the persistence of the Dynamo-Psychism, in something—call it "atmosphere"—like ether, or something even more subtle, which retains the memories. Why not a subtle germ-plasm? Now has he opened out a fresh vista of possibility, beyond that marked by Stanley Hall, when he says, "There are no such

things as Psychic entities. There are only Psychic germs"?

PADRE: I am not hopeless as regards the attainment of the power to consider it, if only to see where no further progress can be made.

TAPLEY: Hold on, Padre. You've got more "Drive" than "Lead" in this Unconscious of yours.

PADRE: I know that. I can't help it, and can't deal with it to-night. But what was that piece in an article on Conrad you showed me, Sykes, in THE NEW AGE for March 3?

SYKES: Here you are. Author, Marie Dabrowska. PADRE: Thanks.

"The sentiment of responsibility is the rigid principle which his heroes and Conrad himself obey. Even unconsciously Conrad impressed it on all his creations with an over-ruling force. From the sentiment of duty and responsibility towards the accepted task, from things belonging rather to the domain of pure reason, Conrad created as it were a fifth element. He created an instinct."

Now, Tapley, any "Lead" about that?

TAPLEY: Yes, I think there is. But I don't see Sykes swallowing "pure reason" with gusto.

SYKES: Nor I. But the qualification "*things belonging rather to the domain of pure reason*" may save the situation. For however much "Lead" you get, there'll be nothing done without "Drive."

Drama.

Marigold: Kingsway.

A note on the programme of "Marigold" puzzled me. That the play was "presented by arrangement with the executor of the late Charles Garvice," begged in me the dread that the plot was not, as I had thought, left by some prehistoric tale-teller, rather as Caesar's walks and arbours, to scribbling folk and their heirs for ever. Perhaps Mr. Garvice, who ought to have been as French as Madame Marly, he found so many ways of dishing up a potato, had a hand in the details. My earlier impression was that the authors of the play, L. Allen Harker and F. R. Pryor, the first-named of whom I understand to be a lady, had re-written it every one of the many times a manager rejected it, and finally had decided to launch it themselves, in faith that it is what the public would want if the public knew about it. As it is the second piece in a fortnight to succeed against the judgment of theatre-managers, and as both plays in question are permeated by sentiment, this one by sentiment of a very delicate order, there is danger that managers will confess their error all together, and put the luxury on tap, to their undoing.

"Marigold" lives in Scotland, but the place where a lovely high-spirited maiden is submissively betrothed by her strict father to a solemn landowner—elder of the Kirk—and who falls in love immediately afterwards with a soldier, penniless but an officer, whom she marries, might be anywhere. Yet one might as well protest against the plot of "Beauty and the Beast." This plot, with local variations, has been one of the half-dozen salves against the bruises suffered in a square world, the efficacy of which time has proved. Besides, the same high intelligence has apparently written and re-written the play as cast it. I do not call to mind a play in London where in a fairly large cast all the actors and actresses appear to have been measured for their parts.

The time of the play, 1842, a demure child, learning from the "Young Ladies' Guide" to say *yes* appropriately, shows how lately dead are tradition and authority that they should be mourned so little; and how earnestly life was regarded that a thing so trivial as an engagement should be rehearsed. This was a man's world, full of pompous lies that men,

and pretty lies that women, had to tell to keep the pretence that man was also lord. The Minister's wife at the procession, in a little clandestine finery, would make sure of its being back in its place before the Minister came home. If woman does not change, the Victorian conventions secured far more fun for her in being herself than the tolerant anarchy of the sixth George, in which one cannot gain the satisfaction of having asserted one's self moderately without passing the extreme limit.

This comedy is domestic life in Victorian Utopia. Jean Cadell as the Minister's wife, in public frowning on all instinct for love or display with wifely loyalty, and in private siding and scheming with youth to give Nature and heart's desire its innocent head, would attract anyone to be her niece. To hear her compress the practice of the whole doctrine of suspended judgment into one *aha*—there's no obvious alternative spelling, and the accent is on the first syllable—is in itself a treat for the intelligence. I am compelled to reiterate that for actors and actresses costume and period make opportunity. Modern comedy may give scope for posture, but this kind of comedy makes room for deportment, for style.

In her beautiful crinoline and an open bonnet that tied with ribbons under her chin, Angela Baddeley was unforgettably and beautifully reminiscent not of Marigold so much as of spring flowers, of the narcissus—in all but name. Although there are more men than women in the play, these and Beatrice Wilson as Madame Marly, runaway and actress mother of Angela Baddeley's Marigold, fashionable, energetic, as unconventional as the preservation of virtue for reconciliation allows, stand out for their arcadian fairlikeness. But with the whole cast the authors have as nearly eliminated risk as is conceivably possible. Deering Wells as Archie Forsyth of the 53rd, obviously must marry Marigold from their first meeting; public opinion would rise for that as for nothing else. The humour is bright, no common-place foible of the Scots is overdone, and the dialogue is exceptionally well composed; while those players to whom Scots dialect is unfamiliar, made a very good attempt at it, without straining the audience's ears. The whole production furnishes a dainty and happy experience.

The Vagabond King: Winter Garden.

Anyone who fears or hopes that in the kinema the potentiality is being released for competing the theatre out of existence, may visit "The Vagabond King" if he can bear disillusionment. Here the men and women who live by the theatre have not sat down to weep at the threat of the kinema, with its stereoscopic, colour, and sound producing, inventions swooping down on them like giant dragons, but have determined to stand up to it. "The Vagabond King" reconquers any territory annexed by the kinema, and consolidates territories in which the pictures cannot venture for a long time. It is a first-class exhibit of what musical comedy can encompass. It incorporates, to begin with, Justin Huntly McCarthy's play "If I were King," including the person of Villon, and the witness who is not delighted by the dove-tailing of music, poetry, play, humour, and stage-setting, has no mind for team-craftsmanship.

This, in its own field, ought to please Mr. Ashley Dukes, for it certainly takes the theatre and the stage as a frame to be filled by an organic and proportioned whole. Nothing new, of course, is done in drama or music; what is welcome and important is the quality of the ensemble. The description of the piece in the programme as a romantic musical play fails to satisfy only because there ought to be one word for it; it really is all three. Villon, just out of gaol, while being welcomed at

the tavern, throws off ballades, and, while boasting and drinking, gets into trouble with a stranger who happens to be the king. In the end the king takes him at his braggart word and promotes Villon to Grand Marshal for a day. All that happened in that day, the wager that Villon should not hang if he won the hand of Katherine de Vaucelles for love alone, the wooing, the battle, the comic interludes, and the tragedy that gave way for a happy ending so as not to spoil the evening, stirs the action to such rapidity as almost to justify revival of the dramatic unities.

This kind of piece may not be the dramatic renaissance, but it ought to prove a herald. To romanticise a poet or a hero has a far greater artistic value than romanticising the boy in the office, since the hero has to be given coherent shape; and if a character is to be romanticised it is preferable for him to come from France rather than from anywhere else, since then sentiment will be tempered by wit. In this production there are some fine phrases. Winnie Melville's Katherine de Vaucelles was aristocratic and beautiful, except in one or two of her songs, and in these it was the songs not the execution that robbed her of her rank. H. A. Saintsbury's Louis XI. was well and sincerely performed, while Derek Oldham made the romantic and crowded day of Villon grip. Mark Lester's Guy Taberie, in the character of Villon Sancho Panza, was excellent pantomime comedy while still part of the whole. Tribute has to be rendered to Richard Boleslavsky's staging. It is a triumph of efficiency, of beautiful setting and artistic grouping, the thrill of the movement being intensified by a fine male chorus, particularly in the basses. The vigorously rendered, rousing, choruses set the blood tingling at a pace to put the silk back into the flags.

PAUL BANKS.

Music.

L.S.O.

A glorious programme including the "Sea-drift" of Delius and the "Te Deum" of Berlioz under the incomparable Beecham. "Sea-drift" is one of Delius's most moving and poignant nature poems—in this work as nowhere else but in the "Song of the High Hills," he has expressed the unutterable sadness of vast spaces with at times an almost unbearable pathos and beauty. No wonder the little gangs and cliques reject this great Master because he is not "English" enough—he is of the whole earth, air, and sky, which speak and sing through him in a way that is perhaps unique in all music. The dreary, tiresome, fuddled mock-symbolic *Fumisterie* of the Whitman poem is transmuted by this marvellous music into high poetry. As far as Beecham was concerned, the performance was magnificent, but Mr. Roy Henderson is quite lacking, not only in vocal adequacy, but in the imaginative intensity and depth, to give expression to the wonderful baritone solo, the difficulties of which were beyond the reach of his colourless capabilities. That magnificent, menacing, and superb monstrosity—the word is used in no derogatory sense—the Berlioz "Te Deum," followed. Grisly, awe-inspiring, and sinister, it is a fit companion for the tremendous Requiem—there is the same almost crushing grandeur, the volcanic power, the almost Satanic audacity—the same amazingly triumphant fulfilment to the very utmost of the designed effect. Surely no more intensely original mind has ever appeared in music than that of this extraordinarily fantastic genius, before whom one bows again and again in reverence, as before Liszt and Alkan, who were so much akin to him in spirit, especially Alkan, so little known, so hopelessly misunderstood and belittled. The performance was consummate, though one wished the heavy brass of the orchestra

had been in tune with the organ. During some of the great antiphonal *fortissimi* between orchestra and organ there were some uncomfortable moments. The Philharmonic Choir did admirably in the "Te Deum," and in the Delius.

Mr. George Parker. Aeolian. April 12.

There is no doubt in my mind that Mr. Parker is one of the finest singers to be heard to-day. As well as a magnificent voice, superbly controlled and schooled, used with supreme skill, he has musicianship of the highest order, and intellectual and artistic sensibility as keen as it is rare, and a creative imagination of vividness and power. Why in the name of all that is sacred to Apollo and the Muses does one not hear more of this splendid artist in preference to certain other baritones with immense and quite undeserved followings, who are not worthy to unloose the latchet of Mr. Parker's shoes? His singing of the wonderful Ernste Gesänge of Brahms was consummate—everything in his singing of these and of a group of Wolf showed him to be an inspired Lieder-singer, especially the beautiful "Über Mitternacht." His admirable independence of mind is shown by his inclusion of a group of the scouted and unpopular (in England) Reger, among which was the "Aeolsharfe," one of the most beautiful songs in existence. Here is the vast cold purity of inter-stellar space expressed in music of agonising beauty. The singing was superb.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

Pastiche.

THE FRANCHISE EXPLOITATION SYNDICATE.

By John Grimm.

It was a lively night at "The Crown." The lounge was full. Over an incessant rain of chatter, the articulation of a name occasionally flashed out, followed by a thunderclap of shouts which gradually subsided into a rumble of argument. It was not always the same name. It was an alternation between three. For three depressions had floated in over Mugville—three storm-centres were agitating Mugville. In a word Mr. Stobby, Mr. Nippy, and Mr. Basher were contesting the constituency for the job of designing the architecture of the New Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. Three hoarse men of the Apocalypse.

I suppose it was the expression on my face which encouraged the overture. I was standing apart at the bar, idly speculating on the prospects of the candidates, but otherwise minding my own beer and business, when a smartly dressed, alert-looking stranger came up next to me, and, after a couple of furtive glances, ventured a tiny cough, and addressed me as follows:

"Excuse me, Sir, but I fancy I'm correct in supposing you to be a trifle fed up with all this"—indicating the assembled company with an incipient sweep of the forearm. I smiled. "To tell you the truth, I am," I responded; "and you are of the same mind yourself, I perceive."

"You are right, Sir. And let me tell you this: even these excited people here, if you were to take them one by one and examine them, you would get a good half of them to confess that they knew nothing of politics, and hoped less. And if these, how much more all that great majority outside?"

"Yes, I agree," said I. "But there you are. These things always have been, and I suppose always will."

"Not necessarily," he interrupted. "In fact you bring me to the reason for my having addressed you. I and a few friends have formed a scheme to exploit the franchise in this constituency."

"Exploit the fr—?"

"Yes. The 'Franchise Exploitation Syndicate' we call ourselves."

"But, pardon me, you appear a trifle inconsistent. You see, Messrs. Stobby, Nippy, and Basher are already exploiting the franchise—"

"Yes, yes, I know. But in their own interests. My syndicate works in the interests of the electors."

"Come, that won't do," I retorted, "you know very well that the three candidates are urging exactly the same thing."

"Quite true," he answered unperturbed. "Each will say to you, 'Vote me into a position of emolument and

prestige, then I will do so-and-so for you?' In other words they are offering to buy votes on credit. My syndicate, however, proposes to sell them votes for cash."

"But—but," I feebly interjected, "surely—"

"No, I'm not speaking figuratively. I mean quite literally that they must bid hard cash for votes."

"But, my dear fellow, that is bribery and corrup—"

"Bribery, if you will, Sir; but corruption, no. It's a square deal. You, as an elector, help a man to a salary. You present him with a ticket of admission not only to Parliament proper, where the electors' interests are given away, but to the members' smoking room, where directorships are given away, where dead cert. snips for stock speculation are whispered round. Then there is the sporting chance of a Ministerial post thrown in. I ask you, then, as a business man, do not these things amount to what the lawyers call a 'valuable consideration,' and if so, are not the electors justified in putting a price on it? The Syndicate insists that an election is a purely business transaction, and must be dealt with as such."

"Y-yes," I ventured, "I begin to see your point. But one objection is that there are three candidates. If all of them were going to be elected I would grant your case. But since only one can be returned, your syndicate is taking the responsibility of discriminating in favour of the highest bidder with the risk of returning the worst candidate."

"Come, come," he rallied me, "can you tell me which of these gentlemen—Stobby, Nippy, or Basher—is the 'best' or the 'worst' candidate? Isn't it just because all their sentiments are equally noble-spoken that you are confused, and, as you have confessed, fed up? That is where the Syndicate comes into the picture. Instead of gaping in impotent wonder at the tricks of these gentry, it introduces a simple and concrete standard of appraisal, namely, 'How much cash can you cough up?' The 'best' candidate is he who bids the highest."

"But," I expostulated, "don't you realise that in such circumstances the richest candidate would always win? And yet you object to the term 'corruption.'"

"First of all, I would not say 'richest candidate'; I would say, 'candidate supported by the richest clique.'"

"Well, grant that. You do not dispose—"

"Listen to me. What gets things done—words or money? I haven't time to analyse the structure of real government, nor do I think I need to with you, for I am certain you'll agree that when all is said, money has the last word. Now it may give the electors a nice feeling to elect a 'good' poor man to talk in Parliament, and to turn down a 'bad' rich man; but it is business when you consider that the 'bad' rich man has the power outside Parliament to dictate what the 'good' poor man shall do inside. The richest interests are bound to have their way in the long run, so the electors may as well vote for them first as last. An adverse vote would not defeat those interests: all it would do would be to occasion them a little more trouble and delay in achieving their ends. To save that little more trouble and delay the moneyed interests will find it worth while to pay; and the business of the Franchise Exploitation Syndicate is to collect their cash and distribute it to its members. It is all the electors will ever get out of politics. Moreover, a question of principle arises. If electors were mistakenly to elect a Parliament of poor men, actual government would thenceforth be conducted outside Parliament and against its will; and there would be an end of our democratic Constitution. Therefore, the Syndicate's policy is a potent factor in the maintenance of the Constitution. Thus it appeals simultaneously to the pockets and the consciences of the electorate, a combination of pragmatism and principle of which the beneficent potentialities will take generations to explore."

"I'm overwhelmed by your eloquence, Sir," I said; "what you urge, moreover, is so novel that I do not feel competent to offer further criticism just now."

"Quite so; take your time," he smiled genially. "Finish up and have one with me. Let us have gin and pep. We'll toast Basher. Gin for tears—you know, 'the woes of the worker'; and pep for confiscation—the 'kicking out of the capitalist.'"

We accordingly toasted Basher.

"Now," he continued, "let us get down to brass tacks. To join the Syndicate will cost you sixpence. One man one share only. In joining, you give a gentleman's undertaking to vote for the candidate chosen by the Syndicate or to refrain from voting at all in the event of no candidate sending in a tender."

"A tender—!"

"Yes, I'm going to tell you. A day or so before the poll the Syndicate will send a letter to each of the candidates' Agents. It will say that the members of the Syndicate are so many and that their votes will be cast in a solid block for

the highest bidder. It will announce that the directors will attend at a certain place at a certain time on an appointed day to open tenders. The tenders are, of course, to be in the form of parcels containing £1 notes. Each parcel will contain, besides the money, merely a slip of paper bearing the candidate's name. No signature will be required, of course, nor any indication as to who puts up the cash. The appointed place will probably be this bar, and I shall be the recipient of the tenders. There's no place so private as a crowded bar. In the Syndicate's letter a pass-word code will be communicated. Take for a basis the saying 'One good turn deserves another.' Two key words are chosen: 'turn' and 'another.' On the night, a messenger comes in and whispers to me, 'Turn.' I respond, 'Another.' He slips a parcel into my hand. And so on. When the time limit is up I and my co-directors go upstairs with the parcels and make our selection. The night following the poll we meet to distribute the dividend."

"But suppose you get two or more parcels," I inquired, "how do you return the money of the lower bidders?"

"Ah, yes. We have considered that point. In each parcel there is to be a half of a £1 note. The bidder retains the other. After the election I am in this bar with, let us say, two parcels. I give each up without question to the person who produces the missing half of the divided note. Mum's the word—not a whisper to the wife—you understand?"

"But, allowing all that; do you think you will get enough shareholders to elicit these tenders?"

"Well now, I ask you. Point one: it's a bit of sport. Point two: it's a gamble. Point three: it's a novelty. Point four: it's a good joke. Point five: it has a spice of danger."

"Danger," I said, "that's just the snag. The more members you get the more quickly the secret will get out."

"Oh, that doesn't depend on the membership. The rejected candidates will kick up a fuss in any case. But it remains to be seen how much can be proved. We shall take all the precautions we can. Of course, the risk is there. The Syndicate might get into hot water."

"And the successful candidate might be unseated," I suggested.

"Oh, that's his funeral. Our contract is to use our best efforts to get him in. He must use his own to stay in. But mark this: if he is unseated, although it will be a misfortune for him himself, it will be of advantage to the organisation behind him, for the electorate always turns against people who interfere to upset its decisions. And, as I told you, the Syndicate's deals are ultimately with organisations rather than individuals. But that is by the way. The great fun is this. The—"

Here I suggested a little more refreshment. This time we toasted Stobby in the most opaque stout in the house.

"Now," he went on, "just imagine our highest bidder gets bowled. There has to be another election. Imagine the tremendous advertisement the Syndicate will have got during the unseating proceedings, and the moral support it will receive from the supporters of the candidate proceeded against. Man, I tell you, every sport in the constituency would join us, if only for the joke. We could swing that new election as we liked, and do it at a cheaper price—discount for quantity, so to speak."

"But," I objected, "the candidate would again be unseated."

"That's the beauty of it. The more the merrier. This little constituency of Mugville would enjoy an election every few months, with no prospect of ever stopping. The eyes of the civilised world would be upon it."

"You won't pull it off. You'd be suppressed as an illegal association in a very short time."

"That is possible," he assented. "But before judgment there would have to be a hearing. And believe me, the Syndicate would make a fight of it. By the time it got to that point I calculate that the Syndicate would represent virtually all the voters in the constituency. We should submit that we were more entitled to sell a seat in the House of Commons than a Party Prime Minister is to sell a seat in the House of Lords. Secondly, if Democracy means anything, it implies the right of the electorate to decide on what terms it will vote. If voters decide that it pays them best to elect the man who stumps up most money, who is to say they shall not? 'Illegality!' Why that is like the Irish soldier who swore that the rest of the regiment were out of step with him. 'Corruption!' Burke once said 'you cannot indict a whole nation,' and I say that you cannot indict a whole electorate. If it decides to be 'corrupt,' then *ipso facto* corruption is legalised. And, *a priori*, the efforts of the Syndicate to induce electors to make that decision cannot be illegal."

"But do you suppose," I interjected, "that the Court would allow you to go into these matters?"

"Court be hanged. If not in Court, we'd argue outside. The Syndicate would become a Party—the Electors' Party—preaching the extension of the Law of Supply and Demand to the case of votes just as in the case of any other valuable commodity."

"You certainly open up some very wide issues," I conceded.

"You've hit it; we do. When we become a national Syndicate operating in every constituency, we abolish elections altogether. We eliminate the middlemen—all those agents, printers, newspaper magnates, and so on who now intercept the good hard cash dispensed by political interests. The money—and, believe me, it's a gigantic sum—rightly belongs to the people who produce the goods—the voters."

"As an elector I must confess you make my mouth water," I laughed.

"Good. That's what I want. Isn't it a change from Stobby's, Nippy's, and Basher's sob-stuff that's always making your eyes water? . . . And now to business. But first, we must be fair and toast Nippy. Let's see; he's a Prohibitionist, isn't he? We'll have a Tonic Water."

We had it.

"A concoction of grape-fruit, I believe," commented the stranger, smacking his lips—"rare and refreshing fruit, eh?—ha, ha! . . . Well now, how about it? Are you game for a little flutter?"

"Oh certainly. I'll come in," I responded, handing over my sixpence.

He thanked me, gave me a numbered card, and took my name and address.

"Now listen," he said, buttoning up his coat. "I don't know, but I fancy Nippy will turn up trumps this time. The Jews are behind him. Anyhow, say the Syndicate tips you Nippy. If then you want to strengthen the good-will of the Syndicate and can sport a few shillings on your sentiment, offer odds to your friends against Nippy. That will send them off to vote for him. Or, if you want to do it cheap, just shout down everybody as a silly fool who supposes Nippy can get in. Make them wild with you as a 'Mr. Know-all.' That'll fetch them almost as well. And now, a last word. Try and rope in members yourself, and send them to me. My address is on the card. There'll be twopence commission for you on each —"

"—yes, I insist. This is business. If you care to bestow the twopences in charity like Mr. Montagu Tigg, that is your affair. The Syndicate's affair is to pay for services rendered. . . . Well now, do your best. You'll hear from us in due course. I'm off now to the 'Carrot and Donkey' to see what my canvassers have been doing there. Good night."

He shook my hand and took his departure.

Strolling slowly home I caught a fragment of a distant peroration:—"a tide in the affairs of men . . . taken at the flood . . . leads on to —"

"Yes," I reflected. "Stobby's—perhaps Nippy's—or maybe Basher's . . . I hope the Syndicate collars the boat."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"THE HERESY OF THE UNDERMAN."

Sir,—Your correspondent who has written the above article in the *New Age* of April 21 is enthusiastic in his propaganda, but not nearly clear enough in his reasoning nor definite enough in his terms. He does not explain what are the qualities possessed by the "fit," nor can we gather from him whether all "fit" qualities are also desirable ones.

The "goose gabble" of the "bleating Democrat" upsets him, but is his own noise any better? Democratic geese may be futile, but are they any less desirable than neo-Darwinian foxes?

Geese, though futile, are not entirely useless, but of what use are human foxes unless it is to give sport to the gods? Perhaps that is what they are preserved for.

HAROLD W. H. HELBY.

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Published by the Proprietor (ARTHUR BRENTON), 70 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, and printed for him by THE ARGUS PRESS, LIMITED, Temple Avenue and Tudor Street, London E.C.4.