

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Gibson Jarvie, the managing director of the United Dominions Trust, Ltd., made another speech in Birmingham to the Business Club in the course of his campaign to popularise instalment selling among manufacturers and traders. We dealt with his address at Luton in our issue of February 2, so need not say much on the present occasion. But there are two passages that should be recorded in addition to those we reproduced then.

"Mr. A. M. Samuel on more than one occasion has fulminated against the system. He has described it as 'drug' or 'dope.' He was wrong. Sell on hire-drug or dope if you like: it is the only alternative to production."

"Mr. Samuel argued that the best thing to do was to save until you could pay cash. That is only one step removed from barter, and takes no thought of our economic progress. This is 1928. That system may have suited the last century, or even a later generation. It produced character undoubtedly, but it isn't the only character-producing quality. We simply could not live as we do to-day, nor could we have built up our highly industrialised State, our modern civilisation, on that totally inadequate basis. The old-fashioned conception of thrift has gone, and a new, wider, and more vital conception has replaced it."

Mr. Jarvie's argument on this point would have been more powerful if he had been more specific. On future occasions he would do well not to assume too much knowledge in his audiences of business men. He should point out how the modern industrial State has been built up in negation of the "thrift" principle by emphasising that bankers' loan-credit for production has always preceded the production itself. In that way, proprietorship in general of all plant and machinery has been acquired by instalment purchase—the loan repayments having been made by the capitalists just the same way as it is now suggested by Mr. Jarvie that consumers should pay while they use commodities. That is about as far as he could carry the analysis for his own purpose. But if he gets business men to realise this truth it will have important conse-

quences from our own point of view, for it will open up opportunities for proceeding to show why consumer-credits are necessary under the present system, and finally, why consumer-credits must be issued on a new principle if they are to fulfil Mr. Jarvie's expressed ideal of a general extension of well-being in the community. We cannot do more than indicate the problem now. It is this—that whereas when a producer borrows credit to erect a factory you provide him with a mechanism—the price-system—for recovering the credit from the consumer, when you propose that the consumer shall borrow credit to consume factory-production you are not providing him with any mechanism for recovering the credit to pay his debt. If the banker lends A £10 to pay B, to produce something, B can in theory buy the production from A, and A can repay the bank. But if the banker, in addition to A's £10, which is passed on to B, lends B £2, and B then pays A the total of £12 for the production, where is B to recover the £2 to repay the bank? It must be from A if from anybody. A little reflection will show that consumer-credits by way of loan become virtually consumer-debits against industry when spent just as producer-credits have always become producer-debits against consumers when spent.

Now, it is a matter of common agreement that the practical reason for advocating consumer-credits is because, without them, industry cannot recover its total costs. The situation is as though A must recover £10 to pay the bank, but B, some-how or other, has only, say, £8. In that case it is a foregone conclusion that if B borrows the £2 A will take it and clear his debt. It does not matter whether B does or does not get more goods out of A immediately (as a matter of fact, he would probably not): the point is that B will now owe £2 to the bank, and the £2 will not exist anywhere—the £10 will have been written out of existence by the banker. That is an elementary fact about banking which not one business man in a thousand yet realises. When they do realise it they will be forced



to the conclusion that consumer-credits must be gratuitous—non-repayable—or they will not solve the sales-problem at all. The justification of the principle of giving, not lending, this credit lies in the answer to the question: How did B originally come to be £2 behind A's lowest estimate of cost? As such an enquiry would take us into a thorough investigation of current costing principles we must leave those who want to pursue it to consult the works of Major Douglas and other literature relating to them.

Mr. Jarvie says:—

"Credit is a valuable asset which should not be a wasted or unused asset. Money is a vital living force, but money means nothing at all unless it can be turned into something else—something to satisfy a human want or need. You cannot eat or wear money. It is only valuable as a token of exchange; and credit is equally valuable as a token of exchange. The trouble is that the intangible thing, credit, has not been sanctified by antiquity (in spite of its age) to the same extent as the tangible thing, money, has."

We need not wait to know what definitions of "credit" and "money" he has in his mind: the importance of this passage is that it presents the money-system in something like its proper relation to the realities of the economic system, and comes from the lips, not of an inexperienced "reformer," but a capable, practical banker. The nineteenth century, he observes, "was the age of production"; the twentieth century "looks like being the age of distribution." It does. And lastly—"Let us establish precedents instead of seeking them out of the past."

Let us now make a long descent from this altitude of common-sense business vision in Birmingham to the depths of futile fumbling at the Hotel Cecil. Here we see Lord Aberconway presiding at the thirteenth monthly luncheon of the Individualist Bookshop movement. The guest is Sir Ernest Benn. The latter gentleman, responding to the toast, says a good deal, but one of his remarks is all we want to record:—

"Taking the world as a whole we find that it is suffering from a surplus of labour and a shortage of wealth." That is to say, a surplus of wealth-producing energy and a shortage of wealth. Very good. And what is to be done about it?

"If it were possible by some miracle to change the mind of the world next week . . . less than six months would be sufficient to reverse the whole position." This is a valuable confirmation of the profound philosophic truth we were once privileged to hear enunciated—that if life were not what it was it wouldn't be that which it is. The particular "change" for which Sir Ernest vainly sighs is:—

"and get everybody thinking, not of wealth, but of the want of facilities for production. . . ."  
One possible interpretation of this passage is as follows: Remove the root-incentive to production and production will ensue. Or: If you refrain from willing the ends you will find yourself adopting the means. Or: If you will only do less shopping, industry will make more goods for you. There are again different meanings in the phrase "the want of facilities." What facilities? Not labour. There is a surplus. Factories and machines? Let Manchester, Oldham, and Sheffield answer. Raw materials? Come on: coal, cotton, wool, tin, minerals, rubber, and so on, indefinitely; is it not notorious that wherever these things are to be found would-be sellers are cursing their stocks and weeping for customers? Lastly, let us isolate and analyse the term "production." Production of what? It surely can't be "wealth," for how is it conceivable that the essential condition of getting it can be not to think of it? Yet it must be "wealth" because Sir Ernest says the world is suffering from a shortage

of it. But we need not give the conundrum up. All we have to do is to lay down two definitions of Production. First: *True Production*; production that is never in demand by consumers. Second: *False Production*; production that is in demand by consumers. Now we can see the *Benn Theorem* in a clear light. The solution of the economic problem lies in getting "the world" to stop thinking of False Production and to think and work for True Production. The reward of the world will be something called *True Wealth*; and it will consist in the satisfaction of watching True Production accumulate. The world is thus to form character instead of flesh, and so attain a holy apotheosis of physical emaciation. We ought not to give all the credit to Sir Ernest Benn for this discovery. It differs in no important feature from that of Mr. Philip Snowden with his preference for heroism over health as the proper object of man's economic existence. And in mentioning these two names we are simply showing two pronounced examples of a state of mind prevalent throughout the ruling classes in general. They all speak and act in apparent ignorance of the fact that moral qualities flow from material sources—that Culture, like an army, marches on its stomach.

The "mind of the world" is the last thing that needs to be changed. The mind to be changed is the mind of an infinitesimal fraction of the world's inhabitants who deceive the mind of the world as it is. The controllers of credit know very well the nature of the "facility for production" the world stands in need of—not to speak of the much more needed facility for consumption. Not being disposed themselves to grant the facility, they take precautions lest the people turn to the original and true repository of credit—their own Government. Accordingly we hear Lord Aberconway saying:—

" . . . members [of the I.B. movement] should not think too harshly of Socialism in the abstract. Every Government seemed to surpass its predecessors in introducing Socialistic measures."

Socialism "in the abstract" is evidently the nationalisation of distribution under State auspices, but under bank control. That, of course, is tolerable to his lordship. But—

"Nothing could be more fatal to the welfare of this country than relying upon the State for anything we had to do."

One must assume that whatever he calls "fatal" cannot have happened yet, for he represents a set of interests who have been powerful enough as yet to prevent anything fatal (to themselves) happening. The "fatality" he is probably envisaging is a general agitation on the part of Capitalism sooner or later to seek from the State the essential facilities for production which the banking monopolies denies it. Both Capital and Labour are learning to understand that it is their combined power and knowledge, directed to production, that enables financial credit to function at all; that if there be any property right in financial credit it is a general right and not a bankers' right; that therefore the State, and not the banks, must be the supreme arbiter in matters of credit policy and credit dispensation. Now when once Capital (let us hope in alliance with Labour) presses in this direction, its demand obviously cannot be satisfied by the process of applying "abstract Socialism" to the credit monopoly, because that is precisely the process now operating—namely, that the State nominally governs a "nationalised" banking system, but actually leaves the bankers to run it without interference. *Effective State control* of banking policy will then be the one issue, and either the State or the banks must win outright in the sight of everybody. It is not surprising, therefore, to see Lord Aberconway coquetting with Socialist doctrinaires, whose anti-Capitalism obsession delays the challenge.

### "The New Age" and the Approaching Crisis.

Last week Sir George Paish lectured to members of the National Liberal Club. His lecture covered the same ground as the one on which we commented in our last issue; but, since the occasion was semi-confidential, he appears to have been more emphatic about the danger of the world situation and much more precise in measuring the pace of its development. He told the members that he expected war in the spring of 1929—say a year hence. We are told that there were four reporters present, and that they left the chamber immediately upon the conclusion of his address, ostensibly to write up their accounts for the Press. Whether a report has since been printed we do not know, but one member of the audience searched three important newspapers the next morning and could not find anything. If any reader has seen an account anywhere we shall be glad to know the fact, and if possible, see the contents. This time-limit is shorter than any other that has been mentioned by authorities able to make a responsible forecast. Its significance lies in its bearing on the policy of those who are advocates of the Social Credit remedy. Readers who were in London for the weekend when THE NEW AGE dinner was held, will remember that they were advised to lay their plans on the hypothesis that a supreme crisis was going to supervene. By a body of superficially-minded sentimentalists such advice would have been construed as a suggestion that they might as well stop doing anything, and sit down waiting for the thing to happen. But it would have been surprising for a body of men and women, who have patiently participated with us in the prosecution of Social Credit propaganda for these last few years, to display any such lack of faith and resolution.

One spirit animates us all—that we are stewards of an economic truth that is certain to prevail in the end. But we shall all recollect that during the very earliest counsels held to discuss how this truth was to be disseminated, one of the dominating factors forced on our consideration was that we were working against a time-limit. That condition arose inevitably out of the general principles of the Social Credit theorem of all other associations of public-spirited individuals. We saw that we had to try to get our programme adopted within a limited time: they, on the other hand, had settled down to lose themselves in the mere exhilaration of propaganda in the vague belief that what they wanted would happen any old time, and that even if not in their lifetime, at any rate they would be together all the longer, and the more they were together the merrier they'd be. Unlike them, we had no idea of thriving as an institution on deferred personal hopes. We were not landscape gardeners on a millennial estate. Armageddon was tomorrow's risk, not yesterday's history.

Time being limited, the obvious strategy was to go first by preference to those who could take prompt action. Hence the sacrifices that readers of THE NEW AGE have made ever since to preserve its existence as an organ of opinion. Its editorial policy has been twofold: on the one hand to discuss economic problems in a way that would merit the respectful consideration of rulers; and on the other to link together, advise, instruct and inspire all the individuals who, in such a great number of cases, were isolated disseminators of the Douglas Proposals. The roll of these men and women, and the

\* There is, for instance, on record somewhere the confident assertion of a member of the Labour Party executive still exist when the books of Douglas lay mouldering in some economic catacombs.

tale of their work, will have to be called and told one day; but it is sufficient to say that to their efforts is ascribable the change in the atmosphere in which the question of credit is now canvassed among the public. What impression has been created directly by THE NEW AGE at the top end of society is a matter on which, in the nature of the case, no direct admission is ever made by the personages concerned. But there is plenty of evidence of disunity in the British banking hierarchy itself, by whatever conflux of influences it has been created.

During the time since Mr. Orage published the first chapter of *Economic Democracy* the circulation of THE NEW AGE has been more than halved. When Mr. Orage laid down his pen and set out for Fontainebleau, giving place to Major Moore, the circulation lost 50 per cent. in three months. Since then it has gone down by about 8 per cent. The present circulation is, we believe it substantially correct to say, now divided between two classes of people; those who definitely support our economic policy and those who oppose it with various degrees of intensity. What may happen to the circulation in the present year is an interesting speculation. But for purposes of action we, like every member of the movement, have to adopt the hypothesis of a war. On that hypothesis we have to assume a gradual worsening of the economic situation leading up to the crisis, in which case some startling things may happen. It would seem likely, as the situation grew more and more critical, that there may be some attempt made to put THE NEW AGE out of action. Apart from that contingency the situation itself may react on the donations which our supporters can afford to give. In that case we should narrow our space to eight pages and devote them exclusively to Social Credit polemics and strategy.

As regards immediate policy it is obvious that the Movement must concentrate on matters which can be accomplished (a) in England, and (b) within a period of, say, one year. We are not speaking now of the adoption of the Social Credit remedy itself; that is always at the head of the argument. But it is rather practical things can be advocated at once or can inspire others to press for. Here is a job any one who likes may do. Address a letter to the Prime Minister calling attention to Sir George Paish's war prophecy and asking what provision the Government is making for the protection of the population against aircraft. Send a copy of it to the local newspaper. Then, if there is a chemical manufacturer or a surgical instrument maker in the town, suggest in a covering letter to the local journal that the Government ought to be ordering gas-masks and impregnation-material from such concerns all over the country. A word or two on the question of how the necessary credit can be created should be inserted, together with a temperate criticism of the banks' unenterprising policy with regard to credit-issues and the dangers to which they expose "innocent women and children" (lay this on thickly). Finally, of course, take care to send a copy of the journal containing the letter to those local manufacturers. If you do this artistically you may easily start something moving. If they are fairly influential manufacturers they might conceivably persuade the editor to send a reporter to interview you. Pose as a plain, common-sense producer-credit citizen, and do not betray that you have any esoteric credit theories. Your real object is by these means to whet appetites for orders and profits wherever you can, and so direct business pressure away from Deflation and in the direction of Inflation. The new strategy of individual supporters must be not to teach sound credit doctrine (or any credit doctrine at all) but to create difficulties for the sponsors and administrators of the existing unsound doctrine.



### Current Political Economy.

Last Wednesday's debate in the House of Commons on the resolution moved by Mr. Gardner, the Labour member for North Hammersmith, on the question of Municipal Banks, was interesting and amusing. It was saved from being disappointing only by the knowledge that Parliament cannot well be educated—or even informed—ahead of the people. Perhaps informed criticism, however, would have been forthcoming after eleven o'clock had the debate not stood automatically adjourned. Mr. Gardner's resolution

"that in the opinion of this House the powers of local authorities should be extended to permit of the establishment of municipal banks"

was a good beginning towards putting the House through an elementary examination in the technique and purposes of banking. The reason why the House should opine that local authorities ought to have extended powers, however—

"for the promotion of thrift, the reduction of interest burdens upon ratepayers, and the more efficient operation of municipal enterprises"

—was only good in parts, and not so good as it ought to have been, inasmuch as the Government's supporters, in replying, answered points which had not been made either by the mover or the seconder. Mr. Samuel, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, properly dismissed the first count in a couple of sentences. "Municipal Banks," he said, "were not necessary to promote thrift. As many as 14,000 Post Office Savings Banks were scattered throughout the country." Incidentally, they were already scattered throughout Birmingham when Mr. Chamberlain, in the first flush of prophetic, if misguided, enthusiasm, composed his paean to the future of the Birmingham Municipal Bank, and demanded in ecstasy if this glorious achievement was to remain unique. As Mr. Chamberlain, however, was not a Treasury Minister but a mere Minister of Health, his undistorted view of banking possibilities was excusable. No doubt his vision has since been corrected by expert opticians, and a warning about the fate of Bluebeard's wives duly administered to him.

An interesting statement by Mr. Gardner in the course of his speech was that

"the Municipal Corporations Association passed a resolution on January 31, dissenting from the recommendations of the Departmental Committee, and urging that the question be considered by a larger committee representative of all the interests affected, and that its proceedings be public."

A nice problem in democracy is provided in the passing of a resolution by the Municipal Corporations Association asking for a public enquiry contrary to the decision of a national Government. If the wishes of the people count for anything a ready way of ascertaining what they are appears to be at hand in the existence of a Municipal Corporations Association. What are of greater concern than the illogicalities of the existing alleged democracy, however, are the signs of opposition on a financial question—although at present merely an administrative question—between the powers behind the municipalities and the powers behind the State. History almost repeats itself; that is to say, in the broad sweep, history does repeat itself. Over and over again throughout the development of the British commonwealth the progressive energy of the municipalities has had to be mobilised for overcoming the lethargic force of the governing power. At one time it was the King; later the aristocracy and the landlords; now it is Finance.

It is probable that in this division of the Municipal Corporations in association on one side, and

Finance, with its ministers and Parliaments together with the City of London on the other, is manifest the political reflex of the economic consequences attendant on the persistence of a crippling financial system. That the Municipal Corporations have not yet perceived that they have not only to challenge a financial monopoly, but to institute a new system as well, is in the nature of the great change which the setting of the stage presages. Let there be no doubt, however, that this at first sight small fact of the Municipalities holding contrary views to those held by the Government is the most significant separation of political forces since the financial system came in for steady, serious criticism. The Municipalities represent the interworking of productive industry and consumption; the State represents the existing financial system. The seed planted in Birmingham promises to compete for the whole orchard. It is no longer a question of Birmingham alone; it involves Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, and Newcastle, to mention only the larger municipalities, the very ganglia of manufacturing England. Textiles, engineering, mining, ship-building, the economic foundations of England, are the life of these municipalities in which the question of municipal banking—not mere savings banking—promises to become the first question.

If Labour sees no more in this than a municipal desire to encourage thrift, to lend money on house-mortgages, or even further municipal enterprise alone, its vision is narrow. These municipalities have experienced the seven years of famine as Government has not, since the cost of relieving distress is a far greater proportion of municipal than national expenditure and revenue. Moreover, the municipalities have suffered on the spot. For them suffering has conveyed fact of experience and not an information conveyed by statistical returns. Employers and employees, and producer-labourers, are mixed together as they can, and consumers in the Municipal Councils as they can. Compared with the Municipal Council, Parliament is remote from the realities of economics and finance. Unconsciously the local corporations are being impelled by the very spirit of future England. It is useless for Colonel Woodcock to argue against the establishment of Municipal Banks on the ground that the Birmingham Bank

"was started in 1919 when money was plentiful, when the money market was better, rates were higher, and there was a big trade boom; and that probably they would not have such favourable conditions again in this generation."

It may well be, as Colonel Woodcock suggested, that the Labour Party's proposal was part of a general scheme for nationalising "banks, railways, and everything." That merely shows that the Labour Party is not what the Government really has to deal with. Although the core of the problem has not yet been reached, it will be found to be not simply the municipal administration of banking, but the use and abuse of credit. If the Government wishes to retain the administration of banking in the hands of the existing banks, the way is to institute a credit mechanism fully responsive to the municipalities' capacity to produce goods and to distribute them among their citizens. Instead of pleading that there will probably be no favourable money period in our generation, it must realise that the cause of the trouble is the fear of this very probability.

Mr. Samuel's reply on behalf of the Treasury will not convince the Municipalities—although Mr. Samuel must be paid the tribute of acknowledgment

that he did realise to whom he must speak—the Municipalities rather than the Labour Party. But Mr. Samuel was aware that the better informed the speaker the more impossible it is for him to find convincing arguments against the Municipal Bank idea. In consequence, for all his expertness and knowledge, Mr. Samuel contradicted nearly everything he said, and will surely contradict the remainder on another occasion:—

"It was not the amount of interest that mattered so much as the security and the ability to get the money out quickly." "Dislocation would follow the withdrawal of money from existing systems of thrift for the purpose of investing it in municipal banks."

Although, therefore, the important thing is to have the money where it can be obtained readily, the whole system will collapse if an attempt to get it is made. In one phrase Mr. Samuel wanted all money free to facilitate conversion of the war debt; in another he advised the working man to invest in building societies; and in still another he said that the very thing we did not want to do in this country was to spend more than was absolutely necessary, with the implication that capital expenditure also should be included in the limitation. This, then, is the antithesis; we can organise credit, expand it for production, including the construction of houses, set our citizens and their children living in them, and increase enjoyment generally; or we can curtail expenditure, contract incomes, refuse to tar the ship for fear of spending the money, and die out homeless and without offspring. For the former—the Municipalities; for the latter—Finance, including the Treasury.

Club Meeting.  
The M.M. Club will meet on Wednesday next, March 7 (not the first Friday in the month as previously).

### Rural Life and Lore.

#### XIV.—IN-BREEDING AND GAMENESS.

I've not seen a game dog for twenty years. You wouldn't think, to look at what are called "pedigree" Sealyhams to-day—nervous little things that start up in a fright if you should cough—that they were first bred to fight the badger. Old Colonel Sealyham—a straight man he was—got the first of them by crossing a white-haired with a smooth or broken-haired terrier.

He did this because the dogs then used for badger hunting stood too high on their front legs. The consequence was that when they entered the hole after the badger they would have to stretch their legs out in front of their muzzles, and lots of them had their legs broken when the badger turned on them. So the Colonel thought he'd get a breed of dog with short front legs—that is, built like the badger himself.

I must stop here to say something about the bitch called Gipsy, which I mentioned when I wrote about badger hunting. That bitch taught herself how to do her job. When she entered the hole she would stretch her front legs backwards and drive herself forward with her back legs only, sliding her head and chest along the ground.

Well, the Colonel got his Sealyhams, and at first they were very good hounds. But afterwards the breed went off. These animals had to be smaller in size, and were bred down by mating brothers and sisters, or else fathers and daughters, or mothers and sons. This led to quicker results. They got the animals shorter on the leg, but they bred the hearts out of them. They couldn't get these dogs to face the badger. And so to-day these Sealyhams—I wouldn't give a shilling a dozen for them. Only yesterday I saw one of them, about which I was told by the owner that he got him free

from a lady because he was too fierce. He had a good pedigree—I mean a good written pedigree. Well, he interfered with an Airedale in a butcher's shop, and that Airedale simply mopped the floor with him. He had to be rescued, and he was taken squealing into the greengrocer's next door. Squealing! Why, never was such a thing known in my time. A dog would fight till he died without a murmur.

I remember one time an Airedale dog called Bob. Kind as an angel to men, women, and children. But let any dog challenge him! He was at that time owned by an old blacksmith who was a dog-fancier. One day another animal of his—a little dog—was found dying. When examined, the cause was seen: somebody had dabbled its organs with turpentine. He'd likely been after some bitch. The blacksmith knew who had done it. The man in question, another dog fancier, owned a large wolfhound. So I made a plan with the blacksmith that I would lead Bob up to where this wolfhound lived and wait till his time for coming out. So up we went; and soon we saw this great hound coming along the road. . . . In five minutes they came and took him indoors, dead. I can see that old blacksmith now when we got back to the smithy. He broke out laughing and crying all at the same time, and while he stooped hammering out a piece of plug tobacco on his anvil to put in his pipe, he kept stopping to wipe his eyes on his sleeve, roaring out: "Dead . . . dead. . . . That'll teach the b— that's teach the b—"  
Yes, there were dogs in those days.

"Sir Otto Niemeyer made a statement to the Bulgarian Press, in which he is reported to have said: 'We expect to see shortly the adoption of a uniform credit policy by all central banks in Europe. It is of the utmost importance that each bank should keep intact its statutory reserve in gold, in order to stabilise definitely the national currency. This is the best method to avoid inflation. . . . It is indispensable that all European banks of issue should be constructed henceforth on an absolutely uniform pattern.'"  
The Financial News, December 6, 1927.

"He (President Coolidge) says that, though Europe would have more money if it sold more merchandise to the United States, it is not certain that Europe would consume more foodstuff, or that, if it did, it would buy the foodstuff from the U.S. . . . Then the President goes on to say that material reduction in the tariff would be disastrous to the farmer, because 'the market for imports is best served by maintaining our present purchasing power. . . . Not this country alone, but the world at large, is concerned in a more balanced American commercial policy. It is unfortunate, therefore, to find ideas about stuck in a rut.'"  
The Financial News, December 7, 1927.

"The time has come for our nation to issue a Declaration of Independence, announcing to the whole world that it is no longer one of the States of the American Union. . . . We have allowed our national life to be invaded and overthrown by things which are not the noblest ideas of our age. The new American power is in money, and mere money and nothing else but money. It may well be questioned if it is fair to say that the American worships the dollar. . . . trouble is that the world worships the American dollar. . . . The American power exercised outside America is entirely and solely the power of money, and has nothing whatever to do with the original ideals of the nations. We are not being influenced by a young democracy, but an already aged plutocracy. . . . It is none the less certain that by such economic pressure the lives of nations may be lost, and that our stands in far deadlier peril than any other."—G.K. Chesterton in the Sunday Graphic, December 4, 1927.

"What is true of the great war is relatively true of any war. It is true that bankers, as a rule, are men of unusual intelligence, and know better than most people how to protect themselves, because they are under no illusions about the meaning of war and its ultimate cost. It is an excellent thing for humanity that they are gifted with such foresight, for heaven knows what the world would do if some class did not know how to keep its head and keep the wheels of industry moving by preserving the structure of credit."—Barron's Weekly, November 28, 1927.



## Art.

## Seven and Five Society.

Most of the paintings in this eighth exhibition of the Seven and Five Society (at the Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Place) defy serious classification. There are a few, a very few, which have a direct appeal, none the worse for being simple. Such are Mr. Jowett's "Cliffs, Chantemesle," and Miss Kathleen Murray's "Roses in Delft Bowl," both of which are sensitive and delicate in colouring. Of a different order, but still understandable, is Mr. Flight's "Into Harbour." Here the kaleidoscopic effect of the sun on the sea and the sails of a yacht entering the harbour is shown by an ingenious geometrical construction. A similar, though perhaps less conscious, construction, is used in "Seine Fishermen," where the directing lines convey both the immobility of the two men in their sugar-box boat, and the swirling of the water around them. For the rest one has the impression that they are playing a game. Occasionally, as in Mr. David Jones' "Contemplatives"—a picture of two cows chewing the cud—and in Mr. Cedric Morris's "Red Grouse," one can join in the fun. But usually the pictures provoke neither emotional nor intellectual response. One can only take refuge in agnosticism. The sculpture ranges from the uninteresting to the unintelligible. Mr. Len Lye's "constructions" recall the work of Granowsky, a Bolshevik sculptor, who puts together bits of tinsplate, bits of wire, and bits of wood, and calls the whole "Abstract forms." When asked to explain the paradox of "abstract forms," Granowsky assured his questioner that "one must be a Bolshevik to understand that." And that, one feels, is the only possible explanation of the Seven and Five.

At the same gallery there is an exhibition of tasteful stoneware pottery by Mr. W. Staite Murray.

## M. Pierre Bonnard.

M. Pierre Bonnard's paintings (now on view at the Independent Gallery, Grafton Street) have many obvious virtues. The subjects are picturesque—ships and harbours, pots of flowers, nudes—there is nothing pretentious in the manner of treatment, and taste is shown in the combination of colours. They have, too, in such pictures as "Le Fiacre," a tree-lined and unmistakably French street, the added value of association. That value has fallen in favour from the wrong use made of it by nineteenth-century illustrators. Yet in a case like the present, where it is incidental, it is easily justifiable. "La Fenêtre," the most striking picture in the exhibition, shows a woman in a greenish costume, with, in the background, a red roof seen in the window. The varied details of the room subordinated to the general design, show that M. Bonnard is more than skilful. Yet one has a feeling, perhaps subjective, that, in this, as in other paintings, M. Bonnard, has been inspired by a sentimental outlook on life.

## M. Dirk Jansen.

M. Dirk Jansen's exhibition of oil paintings of North Africa (at Paterson's Gallery, 5, Old Bond Street) is very restful after a round of modern painting. His subjects are Berber girls, old Jews, the architecture of Morocco, and they are treated in the colourful style to which Oriental shipping companies' posters have accustomed us. The sentimental charm of Berber girls and Berber costume (a charm which is increased by the knowledge that it is no romantic fantasy, but a picture of reality), is conveyed in a direct, accomplished style, which shows M. Jansen to be no amateur. Incidentally, it may be noted that the naturalistic style has never been effectively challenged except by the romantic in portraiture.

When M. Jansen turns aside from the people to the country, he descends, perhaps inevitably. In the pictures of Moorish towns there is no central point compelling our interest; and design is especially necessary if the intricacies of Moorish architecture are to have meaning for a Western eye. Colour there is still, but one has an uneasy feeling (again a feeling induced equally by the reality) that the colour is that of decay. This feeling is not due to historical memory, for otherwise it would be felt equally in the people. It cannot even be defined; one can only suggest that it arises from the same instinct which made Gilbert put a lily in the hand of the aesthete.

WILFRID HOPE.

## Verse.

## "SHE CAME TO PROVE SOLOMON WITH HARD QUESTIONS."

Way for her camels that with proud disdain  
Sniff the spiced airs; open the hundred gates!  
These royal beasts' outspread pads have slain  
What golden leagues of sand! The great King waits.  
The great King stands upon the holy hill,  
And they have named the shepherd's son "The Wise."  
Cease then, O flutes! O dulcimers, be still!  
Here comes a questioner with swift, shrewd eyes.  
A kingdom comes o'er-rare to think upon . . .  
Back from this treasure, slaves! Eumuchs, apart!  
Sheba the Queen brings here to Solomon  
His vastest riddle of her woman's heart.

A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE.

## THE INEVITABLE.

Girl, who, with meteor eyes  
And yielding breast,  
And gleaming chestnut hair,  
Gave me no rest—  
I am impervious now  
To all your charms.

Girl, who with lovely face  
Of ardent fire,  
Have fuelled the growing flames  
Of my desire,  
My love for you that lasted  
But a day,  
Has taken wing and  
Flown away.

Girl, with tender-smiling face  
And dusky hair,  
Whose silken mesh was made  
Hearts to snare.  
No more shall my infatuated head  
Lie on your breast—  
I have escaped—and yet—I have no rest!

EDNA HYLDA MORGAN.

## THE INDIVIDUALIST.

I walk alone. The vulgar throng  
May crowd around; its curse or song  
Beats on my ear as heedlessly  
As raindrops pelt upon the sea.  
Aloof I stride these folks among.

I care not who is weak or strong,  
I care not where they rush along  
Like cattle driven o'er a lea  
Before their masters' mastery  
Of Law's shrewd lash and Church's prong—  
I walk alone.

But ah! Stung by the whistling thong  
I start. Do I then too belong  
To this the mob? Hail, brothers! We  
Will fight together! . . . No; you flee.  
Too slavish then to right your wrong?  
I walk alone!

SAMUEL F. DARWIN FOX.

## Drama.

## Comrades: Everyman.

Emerson remarked of Lord Eldon that, in spite of all his faults, the people cheered him in the streets because "he never ratted." The same writer said that if you were to ask an Englishman his opinion of marriage he would decline to reply if he happened to be married. It is almost a canon of good behaviour in Europe that nobody shall speak more than half the truth about marriage, and that only in jest, for fear of discouraging the young from entering the relationship on which society is built. Indeed, when Mark Twain threatened "to blow the gaff on the human race for two pins," it was probably his marriage that provoked him, and it was certainly his wife who stopped him. The growing popularity of Strindberg's plays in England hints that at long last the bluff can be kept no longer. That Strindberg is a great character dramatist was true before he was popular. Something must have happened quite outside art for English theatres to be filled by multitudes eager to hear this artist in grim earnest "blowing the gaff" on the institution of marriage—rattling, in fact—and exposing most ruthlessly that particular modern form of marriage hallowed by intellectual, emancipated, women with the name of comradeship.

Ibsen not only got drunk, he made Europe drunk, on the romantic possibilities opened to the middle-class democracy and the emancipation of women. To this day-dream of the sexes marching forward hand in hand to ever-greater heights of progress on happy terms of liberty, equality, and comradeship, Strindberg refused to yield. From his own experience—partly influenced by peculiarities of his own nature and misfortunes in his upbringing—Strindberg concluded that the emancipation demanded by woman was not to be taken at its face value. The emancipation women were fighting for resembled in no degree the emancipation they were talking about. Woman showed signs of being always engaged in measuring herself by the standard of man, and finding herself wanting; and of cherishing a grudge against Nature for not having created her in the male image. Impotent to change their sex women directed their hate against those who had received the gift they envied. They declared sex-war. They aimed at pre-eminence by degrading men. Far from being emancipation that woman desired, it was domination. In a word, she attacked man to make him waned and Strindberg has reached the ascendant may be more a sociological than a dramatic problem. It may denote the inseparability of modern drama and sociology.

"Comrades" is almost a modern taming of a shrew. The difference is that Axel Alburg was unable to live with his wife after domesticating her, since it was necessary for him to make other arrangements as part of the process. Still it would be a slight consolation to the new slave-class of males if some other member of the sex could reap the benefit of his labours, and command her in the good old-fashioned way. Although Axel Alburg chose as a substitute for her a woman of the feminine type, he probably gained only the briefest happiness. For one thing he would begin to educate her the minute he got her into his study, and if he did not he would leave her in possession of an antique rarity value in the form of femininity that must surely stimulate overwhelming competition. What provoked his revolt against her seems analogous to what provoked woman's conquest of man. Mrs. Alburg, not content to be master, insisted on the right to exult while he grovelled. If, when it seemed that her picture had been accepted by the Salon and his rejected, she could

have been feminine enough to extend that false sympathy to him by which it is customary among men for the victor to placate the vanquished, she could have remained in dominion yet. But she welcomed with vulgar glee the suggestion of another man-woman that she should stage a public humiliation of her husband by having his rejected picture delivered at her party and exposed there in his presence. O! Strindberg; the idea that it should turn out to be her picture that was rejected, its number changed earlier by the husband for his own, chivalrously to give her a better chance of acceptance, may possibly have been taken from life. But the incident is not of the Strindberg quality of drama. Though it completely turned the tables and threw her into humiliation-hysteria, she had as much right to cry out as if he had cheated at pitch-and-toss with a two-headed penny. No wonder she at once applied all the abandoned arts and crafts of the feminine to put herself under this man's protection again.

"Comrades" was written between "The Father" and "Miss Julie." While it has not the diabolical ingenuity of plot that makes the former play triumphant, nor the magnificent economy of character of the latter play, it is full of subtle psychological observations; it has the characteristic economy of setting and intimacy of presentation. In addition, although written at a period—nearly forty years ago—terrible in its power for "dating" its productions, it is as topical in its problems and expression of them as any work of the hour. That Ibsen has dated and not Strindberg stamps the former as the romantic, and the latter as the prophet.

Ivan Samson's Axel Alburg was a very able combination of grimness and burlesque as the artist who was prepared to leave his material affairs in the hands of anyone who would not grossly mismanage them, and who required a lot of kicking and jarring before he would turn. Axel was one of those cowards, however, who, at last provoked to fight, do not know when to leave off. Perhaps that quality emphasises his own femininity. Herbert Lomas's Dr. Ostermark was a very fine character study indeed. Margaret Yarde's Mrs. Hall was humorous and natural, as good a story of the drunken middle-aged woman as I have seen. It was, in fact, painfully true. But it was too comic for its milieu. Although the play was produced with a minimum of grimness from the beginning, perhaps as lightly as possible, it could not support the farcical touch Margaret Yarde introduced, with the result that there was only tittering in the theatre where the grotesque ought also to have been pathetic. Sybil Arundale's performance as Abel, an example of the intelligent career woman with a passion for burning other people's fingers, was truthfully observed and up to the minute, as was Guy Pelham Boulton's Gaga, the bachelor who, though he preyed on other people's wives, was at least honourably ready to bear the lion's share of their upkeep. Pamela Carme, who played Berta Alburg, gave a performance difficult to criticise alone. If her coldness was cultivated for the particular occasion of this undersexed vampire who had married solely for free fodder and social and artistic ambition, it was well done. But when the time came to part from her husband she left with less fuss than I can imagine any woman making—even Abel.

## Welded: Playroom Six.

Mr. Eugene O'Neill is one of the most up and down of dramatists. In "Welded" he is down. The play deals with an incident in the married life of a dramatist and an actress who ought by all the rules to complete one another. But he regards himself as the key-stone and she is not willing to admit the claim. Each is supersensitive to criticism, jealous of past lovers, and anticipatory of reasons for future jealousy. Each, in short, wants to own the other—and at the







by the cunning. Our institutions are degenerate, and reflect a degenerate life. The laws of society are expressly designed to make the world easy for cowards and liars. Everything conduces to the survival of the slickest. Every invention strengthens the unscrupulous and the crafty ones in their manipulation of the scrupulous, intelligent, refined and noble, as well as of the frankly unintelligent and weak; every development in the complexity of life widens the gap and makes resistance harder. It is a bitter thing to realise; but society is founded not on the ideals, but on the nature of man. His ideals are simply a hypocritical attempt to conceal his nature from the world and from himself.

Again: the social dispositions upon which a natural order rests are far less deeply rooted in us than the individualistic impulses of acquisition and accumulation, of pugnacity and mastery which are inherent in the Will-to-Power. Even the cry for liberty comes from a heart that secretly hungers for power: it is because of that hunger in the human beast of prey that liberty is limited and bound.

"Christian Civilisation" is an attempt to put the Will-to-Power into quarantine. And the "Civilised Christian" is either feeble or unhappy: he is either so poorly vitalised as to have no other needs than Communism could satisfy, or so richly endowed as to be dimly aware of thwarted longings in himself. In the latter case, his instincts fail of their proper employment, and turn upon each other—with physiological and psychological results that are always curious and generally highly repulsive.

In our Christian Democracies it is the weak, the envious, the cunning and the cowardly (the evangelical "Doves" and "Serpents") who by the pressure of majority ideas curtail the freedom of the individual, lest unshackled strength should so widen the gap between itself and the botched mobmen that the social organism would burst, like a growing cell, into a new and Aristocratic Dispensation.

But this *sabotage* of the Spirit cannot go on indefinitely. No government can ever make the weak strong; no government can ever permanently eviscerate the strong. And even within our Christian Mobocracy there are minorities more or less consciously striving, in association, to make easier the path towards the fullest expansion of self. That is a stride in the direction of valid Aristocracy.

We need not cherish the sentimentality that a minority—or an individual—has "Rights." The condition *sine qua non* of freedom is its limitation: life is a balance of interferences, like the suspension of the earth in space. Men are so diverse in capacity and courage that without checks and restraints, based upon a Hierarchy of values, their natural differences and hopeless stratification of the species. The French loved Napoleon because, with all his despotism, he kept careers open to all talents wherever born, and gave men in unprecedented abundance that equality which timid souls love a little more than freedom. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same is true also of Lenin and of Mussolini.

Ages of liberty, therefore, are transitions, brave interludes between eras of custom and order. They last while rival systems of order struggle for ascendancy: when either system wins, freedom melts away. Nothing is so disastrous to liberty as a successful Revolution. For the greatest tragedy that can befall an ideal is its fulfilment.

SAMUEL F. DARWIN FOX.

"The expansion of loans for all banks in the United States during the period from April 1, 1924, to April 1, 1927, was more than 20 times the amount of new gold—the net importation of gold being \$184 millions during this period—and the expansion of total loans and investments was about 35 times."—*Commerce Monthly*, published by the National Bank of Commerce, New York, November, 1927.

## Pastiche.

### THE WAY OF THE BLIND.

The incident took place in a London restaurant—not of the most expensive, or I should not have been a witness. Two persons, almost boy and girl, occupied a table isolated in a wilderness of tables, only the paucity of the diners rendering them noticeable. The eyes of each of the two were magnetised by the other's, so that one could see the beams which linked them like blue and yellow bars of light. The boy was tall, and moved as though constructed of bone and wire. His skin was no more than a covering to hide the metal. Yet his eyes were bright, and his lips moved while speaking as though his mind was whole and single. One would set him down as intellectual, scrupulous, and as possessing immense reserves of energy and vitality, neither Apollo nor Bacchus to look at, rather a descendant of Cadmus. The girl was shorter, probably a year or two younger than he—say, nineteen. She was of the vitalised type that brings the whole body, including eyes and hair, into every syllable, quick in every cell. One might say of her earnestly that it was a joy to watch her speak.

While he sat engrossed in her, now and again contributing some final remark to their conversation, she chattered, laughed her teeth into the light, played with his hands, shook her hair, every movement reminiscent of quicksilver and lightning. At length they prepared to go. As he unfastened her watch, he helped her to put on her gloves, and clasped the watch afresh outside them, he scarcely seemed to dare touch her, as though she were so very, very fragile that a touch might destroy her. Very gently placing her wrap over her shoulders, his finger-tips grazed her neck. It was a very slight contact, but I felt the current ten yards away.

She was so fascinating—and beautiful—that if the truth must be confessed, I sat in his seat and did all that he did, with him far away. Perhaps my enjoyment was even greater than his, for he cannot become aware how exquisite it was until he has lost it. Besides, I saw, whereas he only experienced, I saw how, rising from the table, she almost let the wrap fall on the floor, and how she left it to him as unconsciously and inconsequentially as if she had never played the game before, and yet as perfectly as if she had played it for thousands of years. Round about her, whispering to her exactly what to do, were generations of ghost-women, concerned as this exciting strategical game should be played, in addresses only dream of playing. I remembered, in addition, the fool who called woman man's play-thing.

## Twelve o'Clock.

["Shakespeare strikes twelve every time."—Emerson.]  
EXTRACTS FROM "THE NEW AGE."  
Edited by Sagittarius.

"A tyrant who put some of his subjects to death in order to space out the means of life for the rest, and who left the corpses unburied, would not be behaving in principle differently from a system which evicts people from industrial service and leaves them without incomes."—*Notes of the Week*.

"To fear God is to distrust God; it is to hate God—with-out sufficient moral courage to challenge Him. How often has it been observed that the extreme of Puritanism is atheism; that the atheist in nine cases out of ten is one for whom Puritanism was not Puritan enough, and who had courage to go beyond."—*Views and Reviews*.

"That beam of light in which de Gobineau, Nietzsche, and Blake, perceived how unnecessary it is to be bound in order not to burst is not entirely lost."—*Views and Reviews*.

"Adjustment of productive power and use in the vital economy of society would similarly promote social vigour, growth, and the development of a culture."—*Ibid*.

## Reviews.

- "Religion and Science." By Charles Singer.  
"An Introduction to Botany." By Sydney Mangham, M.A.  
"Hereditry." By F. A. E. Crew, M.D., D.Sc.  
"The Theory of Music." By Greville Cooke, M.A., Mus.B.  
"The English Educational System." By Cyril Norwood, M.A., D.Litt.  
"The English Drama." By H. F. Rubinstein.

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Messrs. Benn's sixpenny library of scientific and cultural essays grows apace. The collector feels inclined to abandon his ways, to destroy all his books, and bring his knowledge up to date by studying these works of over 30,000 words each written by first-class authorities, and issued for the sum of sixpence. When a similar service is done to the novel and essay as Messrs. Benn are doing to general education in this series England will have begun seriously to compete with Germany and France.

"New York Nights." By Stephen Graham. (Benn, 12s. 6d.)

Mr. Graham, like an almost equally famous French writer, caters for the new-style tourist to whom night life is the only light life. But where M. Morand would use one word to mean three things, Mr. Graham uses three words which scarcely mean anything. Perhaps it is the tradition of "descriptive" writing, or perhaps merely the result of living in a country where "make it plain" is a necessary slogan. It matters little, anyway, for the places Mr. Graham describes are amusing, even though he is too uncertain about his moral position to get full value out of them. He seems to have missed none of the semi-Bohemian resorts of the most cosmopolitan of cities, and to have found entertainment in all. One wonders, none the less, whether it was worth while crossing the Atlantic to see what can be seen in any European city outside England.

Marie Bonifas. By Jacques de Lacretelle. Translated by Winifred Stephens Whale. (G. P. Putnam's and Sons, 7s. 6d.)

A clever character study, and a fine portrait of the girl who from early childhood was called "the old woman," and was made to realise that she had no attractions. She grew up to look upon all men as vile and absurd. This was Marie Bonifas. She was a woman who had known little love, who sought glory not for its own sake. She had a sad life, and when at last victory came to her, the happiness which might have been hers, was gone. She was old, and the tears of regret, the feelings of one who had always suffered the misunderstandings of her fellow men and women belonged to her, and to her alone.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### "CRUEL SPORTS."

Sir,—In your initial article under the above heading, and in footnotes to letters by P. T. Kenway and E. J. Broom, you limit the scope of discussion to the question whether there is needless cruelty in fox-hunting. Fox-hunting is only one and, possibly, the least cruel of all the forms of what are called "Blood Sports." But one of the greatest of modern nimrods—Major Harding Cox—has affirmed "All sport is cruel"; and one of the fox-hunting protagonists in the recent discussion in the *Spectator* writes: "Why labour the point as to the cruelty of hunting the fox? Of course it is cruel." Others are equally honest. Where "cant" comes in is when the hunting fraternity claim that it is necessary for the farmer's sake to hunt the fox, while at the same time he is religiously preserved, and a known vulpicide is subjected to social boycott. You correctly say "Hunters hunt because they like hunting," and truth compels the admission that Spaniards patronise bullfights for the same reason. They like them—and our great grand-fathers liked bull-baiting and bear-baiting, and cock-fighting, and other refinements of cruelty because they were amused by them. Fortunately we are no longer amused in the same way, and it is more than likely that our great grand-children will relegate, first deer-hunting and hare-hunting, and then otter-hunting and fox-hunting to the same limbo of non-ethical "sports" as that to which we have progressively consigned slave-baiting, horse-baiting, bear-baiting, and the rest. So mote it be.

EDITH WARD.

[Miss Ward appears not to have seen the original article. The point raised was whether there was avoidable cruelty in fox-hunting. The wider issue, whether hunting in general was desirable or otherwise, was not in question, and is, of course, open to debate.—Ed.]

### THE TWO STANDARDS.

Sir,—Mr. Darwin Fox's quotation from Nietzsche in praise of such pests to mankind as Attila, Jhingiz Khan, and Timurlane, was written, I suppose, from the peace and security of democratic and republican Switzerland, whose unadventurous inhabitants have long preferred to entertain their fellowmen and to purvey cheese and watches, whereas they might have enjoyed themselves by the robbing and destruction of heretical philosophers.

Mr. Fox's quatrain perhaps explains his saltatory excursions into history and ethnology.

MAX.

### THE PURITANS AGAIN.

Sir,—Though I believe that Wycliff and the Hussites were the effective prophets of Luther, yet I will admit to R.M. that there were some casual connections between the Renaissance and the Reformation. For instance, Luther, when a monk, visited Rome and took offence at the extravagant corruption of the Papal Court; the expensiveness of that Court led to a strenuous effort to raise the wind by increased sales of "indulgences" in Germany, which scandalised Luther and annoyed those who, like the English Government earlier, when it passed the Statutes of Praemunire and Provisors to end "Peter's Pence" in England, objected to a drain of bullion to Italy; and the revival of learning led to a German Humanist, Reuchlin, investigating the Hebrew Scriptures as well as the Classics, with the result that the Reformers got theological ammunition against the Catholic Church, and incidentally paid attention to Isaiah while Italy went after Homer.

I regret that I am comparatively indifferent to the motives of action as distinguished from the actions themselves and their consequences. If an enthusiast for sanitation succeeds in reducing deaths from entero-gastritis I care not a brass in farthing how many filth-complexes may be flitting about in his unconscious. If fear of Hell Fire replaces drunkenness with strict Sabbatarianism in the terror-stricken, so much the better, while if a dread of losing eternal bliss prompts legislation for the suppression of kidnapping, better still. So the basis for judging Puritans and Pagans alike is their actions, not their unconscious sicknesses, though their unconscious aims may palliate their mistakes. Incidentally, R.M.'s mention of tuberculosis recalls the realistic basis of Puritan sexual codes, for a cogent reinforcement of the traditional Christian theory in such matters sprang from the importation of syphilis into Europe by Columbus's crews.

Lastly, I suggest that "axiocratic" might serve his turn in place of "aristocratic," which he applies to those of whom he approves. Aristocracy, I maintain, is a social and somewhat mystical category. The princelings of Italy were mostly aristocrats, but Leonardo was not; the Stuarts were aristocrats, but Cromwell and Isaac Newton were not. Mozart was plebeian, but it was an aristocrat who ordered his lackey to boot him down the stairs.

HILDERIC COUSENS.

R. M. replies: Mr. Cousens is still emphasising claims that were allowed in full in the articles from which the discussion arose. As regards the new points he raises on the relationship between motive and action I am astonished that Mr. Cousens cares so little for autonomy in the human individual. Unless the motive is both conscious and flexible the action will go on after it has ceased to be right. Then we may repeat the phenomenon of a continent engaged in an effort to probe and clarify motive. If there is no other possibility than drunkenness or strict Sabbatarianism in the fear of hell-fire I admit that I write in vain. The whole outlook of social credit implies that either or on such questions is out of date. It may be that syphilis was imported from America. As every country in Europe has blamed the other countries, so it is natural that Europe should blame America via the unchastity of Columbus's crews. The main point about syphilis involved here is that our Puritan strain so long presented the necessary measures for dealing with it. Christian ethics and Puritan codes on the problem of sexuality appear to me quite different. The former demand that a man should not commit adultery even while the latter assume that every man commits adultery in his heart, and apparently that all that matters for good in his heart, and apparently that all that matters for evil or evil is the act. The words aristocratic and democratic cause Mr. Cousens more trouble than they need. Neither he nor I condemn Christianity because its adherents have failed to be perfect like their Father in Heaven. My criticism of democracy does not depend on the faults of particular democrats; on the fact that Mr. Macdonald may be vain, Mr. Lloyd George a wizard, or Mr. Baldwin a re-tailer of soporific platitudes. It is a criticism of the fundamental values of democracy as at present conceived. My connotation of "aristocracy" agrees closely with the meaning attached to it by all who have treated of its values, including Nietzsche.



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