

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Norman Angell has just accepted the editorship of *Foreign Affairs*. In an appeal for new subscribers he says:—

"The issues of foreign policy . . . have become so complicated that the busy citizen is apt to find himself utterly lost in debates that run from Chinese Civil wars and the Singapore base to details of the Dawes Plan, Hungarian frontiers, German reparations, American debts, relations with Russia and the obligations of Article XVI. of the Covenant, the relations of Battleships to trained reserves, and of the Kellogg Treaty to the Locarno Pact.

"Yet it is the opinion of the ordinary citizen which ultimately settles these things. How can he keep abreast of them?" [Our italics.]

Mr. Angell's answer is that this citizen wants a "periodical summary of the situation," a "stock-taking," an "interpretation," which will enable him to see "what the issues are," and to know "the essence of what the best authorities have to say thereon." [Our italics.] Mr. Angell admits that to make such a summary in a brief space is difficult, but not impossible. Anyhow he is going to have a try, and he hopes that the public will encourage him with their 4s. a year for *Foreign Affairs* (post free).

Let us try to estimate the power of Mr. Angell's hypothetical ordinary citizen to "settle" these things. We will take any large newspaper office in Fleet Street. Here sits an editor. Behind him are—what?—ten, twenty, individuals of like passions to the bulk of their readers. These twenty-one, then, create a policy and impose it on their readers. They will not admit it. Out of say, 100 inches of matter, they will tell you that 90 contain what the public want. But the ten contain what they want the public to want. And since the daily ten inches are continuous, concentrated, and tendentiously coherent, while the ninety inches are discontinuous, diffusive and visually disconnected, the public are imperceptibly led to expect their ninety-inch entertainment and instruction on the ten-inch wave-length. To apply a musical analogy, as long as they hear their news

sounded on the ten-inch *pitch*, they do not trouble what kinds and combinations of *overtones* are added within the ninety inches. The policy-imposers set the pitch by three methods—the *leading* article, the *leading* news-headlines, and the *leading* selection of news. They employ simultaneously the frontal attack, the encircling movement, and the distant blockade. The first tells readers what they ought to think, the second suggests it, and the third *withholds* from them the material for thinking otherwise. The whole Press of the world does not present more than a vanishing fraction of the facts in the world. It cannot. So the "public" opinion mobilised by the editors and proprietors is their own opinion. Hence the doctrine of "Free Speech" means the doctrine of the "Free Press," and the doctrine of the "Free Press" means the right of every newspaper proprietorship to create public thought-forms out of partial truth, and direct them to its chosen uses. This right corresponds exactly to the larger right conceded to the banking system of selecting and activating a fractional part of the country's economic power—a function exercised by the dispensing of credit. The freedom of the newspaper Press reflects the freedom of the note-printing and cheque-printing Press. The second freedom conditions the first. Just as the newspapers divide the public opinion into conflicting sections, so do the banks divide the newspapers. The world's high financiers are the world's ultimate Editors.

This chiefly concerns home news. When foreign news is brought into the survey other elements enter to weaken the force of public opinion. The international news agencies select what news they will distribute to newspaper proprietors. The international diplomats select what news they will distribute to the news agencies. Sometimes the public hear the phrase "leakage of news," and when they read such news they are thrilled by the thought that it has been blown to them like a dandelion seed straight from the fact-field. Never. "Truth will out." Yes, but somebody lets it out, and that somebody knows that if he lets out true news against the

policy of all the censors, his career is finished. All leakages are permitted leakages. One hears of wheat-pools holding back supplies to maintain prices. But no one is told of the news-pools which do the same thing to maintain the value of the opinion-producing assets of the Press and the banks. You get your loaf only on conditions which enable the farmer to keep faith with his banker. You also get your news only on conditions which enable the editor to keep faith with his capitalist masters and they to keep faith with their financial masters.

We can now measure the value of Mr. Norman Angell's affirmation that it is "the opinion of the ordinary citizen" which "settles these things." It is not true. And even if it were true as a general proposition, at least such individual opinions would have to be formed independently of "what the best authorities have to say thereon." The most disinterested specialists can do no more than describe events and explain their immediate causes, whereas the settlement of problems requires knowledge of root causes. Mr. Angell's ambition seems to be confined to making *Foreign Affairs* a descriptive catalogue of diplomatic squabbles. Even so, it could be made a useful journal of reference—especially if he were occasionally to publish a copious index to the items—but useful only to those who hold the key to their meaning.

Foreign policy is an extension of domestic policy. International antagonisms are an extension of domestic antagonisms. For instance, Mr. A. J. Cook may be regarded as the "Foreign Secretary" of the Mining "nation," just as Sir Austen Chamberlain is the Foreign Secretary of the British nation. Mr. Cook's so-called "Communism" corresponds with Sir Austen's so-called "navalism." They are both "direct-actionists." The reason is because neither can afford to rely exclusively upon peaceful negotiation as a means of securing what they are each obliged to demand by virtue of their respective responsibilities. These two responsibilities are one in nature, and differ only in dimensions. They are to secure permanent remunerative jobs for their clients. The penalty of failure is the ruin of the trade union in the one case, and the ruin of the nation in the other. Mr. Cook's insistence on getting remunerative jobs for the miners from the colliery owners in particular, or the British capitalist system in general is paralleled by Sir Austen Chamberlain's insistence on getting jobs for the British capitalist system out of this or that country in particular or the world in general. Sir Austen's policy contains Mr. Cook's policy and amplifies its militant tone. British productive capitalism must itself get jobs before it can give jobs. The reason, as our readers are aware, is that the industrial capitalist, being prohibited from creating credit, is powerless to create jobs either for himself or for his workpeople. All jobs begin in the bank.

Communism is militant Labour: Nationalism is militant Capitalism. And just as Capitalism considers military Labour a menace so does High Finance consider militant Capitalism. Communist strategy involves, among other things, the "occupation" of industrial factories as a manoeuvre in class war. The strategy of militant Capitalism involves the occupation of credit-factories as a manoeuvre in an international war. The only difference is that whereas the Communist manoeuvre is consciously determined beforehand, the corresponding Capitalist manoeuvre is not, but happens, as it were, by itself. The Communist means to expropriate the employer, but the Capitalist does not mean to expropriate the banker. But their respective intentions are irrelevant: the point is that the expropria-

tion happens. Confining our analysis to external affairs, the outbreak of a great war floods the world with jobs. A world-war is a cosmic consumer whose needs must and will be satisfied up to the extreme limit of capitalism's resources of material and energy. When troop-trains are under steam it is no use for the bankers to close the gates of their level-crossings. They are no longer financial signals have to but merely signalmen whose financial signals have to obey the political time-table. Figures do not condition the event, but the event the figures. The war-administration is the general manager of the line: it is the effective banker. All that is left to the professional banker is two lungs to gasp with.

The reader may like to reflect on the following curious circumstance; namely that all the time a war is being fought to get jobs, the war is providing the jobs. Hence, a state of war realises the objective of war. While the fight is going on, the incentive to fight does not exist. Conversely a declaration of peace creates the cause of another war. Capitalism at war with each other find that they have already got at home what they were looking for abroad—work and money. It is a huge piece of magic humour. Imagine two down-and-outs. Neither has a farthing on him. They are reclining in a dark stable. Each reaches out a hand to pick the other's pocket, hoping to get the price of a drink. Their groping hands meet. Then the row starts. After the manner of diplomats they address obscene *viva-voce* "Notes" to each other, and soon fall to fisticuffs. Whereupon—wonder of wonders!—every time they lick their hands preparatory to a new bout of loshing, each finds a ten shilling note stuck there. Ectoplasmic currency!

That is the sign that the war-spirits vouchsafe to their devotees, in the low-lit chamber of war; and until the peace-spirits can repeat the sign under the light of heaven man will continue to be "born to sorrow as the sparks fly upwards."

It will be seen that Mr. Norman Angell, Mr. A. J. Cook, and Sir Austen Chamberlain are all concerned, in reality, with the job-problem, whether they realise it or not. It will also be seen that, as British citizens, they are concerned with the British job-problem. Given a world-situation in which there are ten nations, each requiring 100 jobs, and only getting twenty-five internally. If no Government can discover how to add twenty-five to seventy-five, much less can any international council of Governments hope to do so. Mr. Cook's requirements the League of Nations cannot satisfy those of Sir Austen Chamberlain. In fact, it was only a few months ago that Sir Austen caused a great outcry among pacifists by virtually telling the League that it must not think it could do just what it liked irrespective of Britain's capitalist interests. This was an exact parallel to Mr. Cook's warning to the "League of Trade Unions" at its recent Congress. They are both regarded as disturbers of good-will. Sir Austen Chamberlain got away with it better than Mr. Cook, but that is because Sir Austen represented the interests of British Capital plus Labour against an external bureaucracy, whereas Mr. Cook represented that of a section of British Labour against internal bureaucracy, backed by the rest of British Labour backed by British Capitalism, backed by the Bank of England, backed by international finance. Sir Austen, moreover, could emphasize his view in terms of ships: Mr. Cook was limited to picks.

Even the pacifist section of the Trade Union movement cannot get away from the job-problem.

delegate at the Congress feared that the Executive's programme would commit the workers to the "horrors of Free Trade"—namely, the stealing of British jobs. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald attempted to reassure him by undertaking to prohibit absolutely the importation of foreign goods made under "unfair conditions." We will discuss presently the implications of this proviso: for the moment the point is that Mr. MacDonald is a job-protector. The one eminent leader of the Labour Movement, definitely out of tune with this instinctive policy is Mr. Philip Snowden. While Labour Ministers are, as it were, striving to spread seventy-five jobs over 100 applicants, the Banker's Minister bobs up and says authoritatively of Labour policy: "Only the rich idler need fear it, and I do not know that the Labour Party exists to show any consideration to that class." So Mr. Snowden's solution of the problem consists in sending, say, 120 applicants after the seventy-five jobs. Of course, he may have discovered a process by which the demand for a job by an individual creates a job for that individual. Perhaps such a discovery was the basis of his secret plans, which he told the Congress that he was preparing as Chancellor of the Exchequer when the Labour Administration inconveniently fell out of office. If so, we can see the propriety of his offering to communicate them to Mr. Wheatley when that gentleman takes office as Chancellor, for Mr. Wheatley is particularly interested—almost inconveniently so—in investigating economic and financial "magics."

In the meantime the job-problem remains as the initial obstacle to domestic and foreign peace. Leaving the question of money aside for the moment, let us look at the problem from a physico-economic aspect. Now, in our present context, jobs are intrinsically worthless. They are sought after because they are an indispensable condition of consumption. "No work, no food" is the accepted common-law of economics. But since its logical outcome, "death to the workless," would not be tolerated by the common law of humanity, there is a statutory law which provides that those who cannot find work shall be supported by those who can.

In a primitive community struggling with the forces of nature there is no need for the compromise. Everyone can find work, and is compelled to do it. The community makes things to eat and eats them. It is only later, when the community makes things to make things to eat, that the excess of people over jobs becomes manifest. Scientific knowledge lessens the quantity of human energy required for a given quantity of goods. But lessening of the ratio need not necessarily cause trouble because the community may decide to make more goods, in which case it can provide work for all its members as before. If it does not so decide, some of them must cease work. This can go on until one of two limits is reached: either that the whole of the basic materials available are being converted into goods supplied. Let us use some figures to illustrate the first, middle, and final stages in the development of the job-process. We will assume a population of 100, which shall remain stationary throughout. In the first stage let the 100 people be producing 100 articles. In the middle stage let them be producing 500 articles, but only 50 of them working. In the final stage, let them be producing 500 articles, but only one of them working. Now it is quite possible to conceive of their living contentedly under the compromise-law referred to, namely, that those in work shall keep those out of work. If the total production of goods were equal to the total needs of the

100 persons, whatever share the workless section needed would be a superfluity in the employed section. It would not matter whether the so-called "right" of the "workers" to the whole produce of their labour were formally endorsed or not: they would be physically incapable of exercising the right. So when the tax-collector came round to gather in their superfluous goods he would be welcomed in much the same spirit as nowadays we welcome the dustman. If he did not come regularly people would send for him. (We recommend this vision to Somerset House, with the assurance that it can be realised.)

But this picture has to do with the ideal end of the process. What of the previous stages? We will tabulate all three of them:—

Stage.	Goods produced.	People employed.	People unemployed.	Worker's possible share.	Citizen's possible share.
Primary	100	100	0	1	1
Medial	500	50	50	10	5
Ultimate ...	500	1	99	500	5

We have here assumed that during the primary period the total production has been gradually increasing; and that when it has reached the 500 mark shown in the medial period it has overtaken the total needs of the population. The satiated community now directs all its scientific knowledge to lessening labour instead of increasing production. The following progressions are shown:—

- Output of goods, 100, 500, 500.
- Reduction of human service, 100, 50, 1.
- Increase of human leisure, 0, 50, 99.
- Average consumption per citizen, 1, 5, 5.

We may as well add a guess as to what happens in the primary stage as between the average consumption of the working citizen and the workless citizen. During that stage production is under the satiation mark of 500, progressing, let us say, in the sequence 100, 200, 300, 400; while employment diminishes in the sequence, say, 100, 80, 70, 60. In that case, the average possible share of the worker progresses (roughly) as follows: 1, 2½, 4½, 6½. Now, we have assumed his average maximum capacity of consumption as a citizen to be 5. But he can live comparatively contentedly at a lower level than that, say 2 (for he began by living on 1). Now, supposing the unemployed to be brought in to share equally with the employed, the worker's share, instead of progressing 1, 2½, 4½, 6½ would progress 1, 2, 3, 4. We can ignore the first item of each progression, because it refers to a point of time when there are no unemployed. The succeeding items show that even when the necessary deductions are made for the unemployed, the worker still enjoys a positive increase in his consumption. If, on the other hand (as is probable in the early periods) the workers hold a moral prejudice against a "dole"-share being equal to a "wage"-share, and it is deemed expedient to give the unemployed a share represented by 1 for a time, the worker's share will then progress roughly 1, 2½, 4, 6. He will thus reach the satiety level of 5 earlier than before. But as his comfort increases so will his prejudice waver, with the result that he will probably soon be offering a periodic increment to the unemployed.

Now all this sounds like a fairy tale. To those who think so we will excuse ourselves on the plea that we have not got it out of our own heads. We have had it from the mouths of the world's scientists and industrial engineers. They may not tell us that they can fill the world to satiety this year or next, but they can prove modern industry to possess to-day the energy-resources and materials requisite to fill the existing consumer demand several times over. The reason why it does not

make and deliver all the goods it can is that consumers are not empowered to take them. Unfortunately, the function of investing them with the power is denied to men of that genius which has solved the production problem. Mr. Baldwin once said playfully that Britain's economic difficulties would be alleviated if Germany, as a productive organisation, were to be sunk in the sea but her consumers were to survive. This is true enough in an industrial world fast pushing on to a position where there will be a factory provided for every customer. But we can trump Mr. Baldwin's joke with this: that the world's economic difficulties would disappear if we could drown our bankers, and let the power-engineers tackle the problem of purchasing-power. A short glance at the hypothetical case we have just presented will show the reasonableness of this suggestion. If he had got his goods-production up to the 500 mark he would have got his distribution to the population up to that mark. To his mind, it would be a prime axiom that the goods should be cleared right out of industry into the possession of the population. It would not concern him so much in what proportions various individuals or classes got them, so long as together they took the lot away and left him a clear run to replace it with another. Having settled that principle it would be child's play for him to devise a general licence-system to instrument his policy. Suggest to him that he could not invent a licence mechanism that would enable him to transfer goods he had got to a population which wanted them, and he would ask what asylum you had escaped from. If he had not been able to solve much more intricate measurement-problems than that he would never have been an engineer. That is to say every power-engineer is a trained banker if he only knew it.

The adoption of this policy entails the adoption of a changed credit-policy. The Labour Party have decided to press for the Bank of England to be put under the control of a non-political corporation. Mr. Snowden, supporting the "non-political" qualification, argues that if a political Government were in control it could eliminate unemployment during its last few months of office, and use its success as an electoral appeal for return to power. So it could; and we are glad Mr. Snowden vouches for the fact. It is true that he added that the price to pay afterwards would be terrible. But one thing at a time: the thing could be done. This means that industry, if provided with credit, could increase production on a vast scale in that short time. It seems curious from the physical aspect that the doctrine of "produce more" should entail retribution when practised. Of course, Mr. Snowden is thinking of "inflation." But inflation is not a law, it is a bankers' device for restricting consumption. Why should Mr. Snowden assume that his hypothetical Government would pervert that device? Might it not apply another device having the result of reducing instead of increasing retail prices? It could; for such a device has been discovered and is pretty widely known in high administrative circles. We suspect that behind Mr. Snowden's attitude there is the bankers' fear that it might be tried.

This week we publish the second and concluding part of Mr. Symons's article "Social Credit in Vacuo." We ought to point out that Mr. Symons had completed the whole article before Major Douglas's article of last week appeared, and has not altered it since: hence it must not be read otherwise than as a reply to Mr. John Grimm who initiated the debate.

New Germany.

By Leopold Spero.

IV.—THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Berlin's Tube is new and natty, and polished like a saucepan. And if you look very carefully at the tunnel walls, you will find all sorts of funny little sculptured bores, as if some Bohemian friend of the Chief Engineer had insisted on hanging around all the time the work was going on, and slapping out a frog or a lizard or a bumble bee whenever the big man's back was turned. But Berlin's buses are dingy, grey, and clumsy—though to be sure we are reminded that five new ones have been ordered from London. And in the difference between the two colleague systems of transport, you find a significant landmark. For although the Tube was projected before the war, when a party of fat town councillors made a solemn tour of Underground London for the purpose of seeing how it ran, it was not completed until two or three years ago. The buses were the product of the hungry and shabby days between 1919 and 1923. And then Berlin woke up one morning feeling all fresh and young again, and finished off her Tube. It runs down now into green and pleasant suburbs like Dahlem, where new blocks of flats are arising gracefully in a framework of poplars and garlands, flanked by their own lawns and kitchen gardens, nodding affably to the bright little villas across the way, and winking at the eager piles of bricks stacked in readiness by the side of the smooth roadways. Berlin's architects have thrown off the yoke of the speculative builder. They dot their houses generously here and there, picnic fashion, holding it no sin to leave wide spaces of green, and clumps of trees intervening. And the air smells sweet, moist, and warm from the kiss of the kindly earth, as the tired city worker runs up the stairway from the Breitenbachplatz Station out into the Sud-West Corso.

In the city itself, there are changes which even the Berliners do not quite understand. They will tell you that the fashionable shops have all moved west from Unter den Linden to the Kurfuerstendamm, where certainly there is a great to-do of building fronts designed against all the conventions of Hohenzollern architecture. But you might easily arouse a dozen furious battles if you asked which was the smartest street in Berlin. For the matter until she Berlin does not want to make a decision until she settles in her own mind just how smart she wants to be. She is already neat and trim, but that is consistent with cultured poverty. And although she has come out at last in an expensive blaze of calcium carbide as a rather naughty City of Light, she is anxious not to overdo any appearance of wealth. There was far too much gilt and stucco in William's time, and she has done with him for ever. It is a far better republicanism to sprinkle your good shops everywhere, and to let Schoeneberg and Schmar-gendorf show main streets as graceful and polished, as smooth and busy, as any of the score of Central and West End thoroughfares which would crown themselves with the laurels. But do be careful, whatever you do, and turn your head when you pass down the Siegesallee. For if you look too seriously upon these statues of comic-supplement Victory, will only provoke your host into an extremely embarrassing outburst of civic self-depreciation. Berlin of 1928 is very, very sorry that the Siegesallee ever happened.

You are not likely to waste comment over the Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtnis-Kirche, that ugly ecclesiastical wart which spoils your parade through the

fashionable West. Germany has the loveliest of Catholic churches. But oh! the horrors that Hohenzollern Evangelism has visited upon unhappy Prussia! The Londoner only realises how religious he is when he finds himself looking forlornly for something to compare with St. Paul's or the Abbey, or any of the forty lovely creations which Kit Wren scattered between Ludgate and Whitechapel. The impish guide, balancing himself precariously on the edge of our queuing charabanc, turns with relief to point out the spreading, shady Legations, and the handsome private villas now invaded by Commerce.

But nowadays the smart thing to do is to go all rustic, build your shack in the Grunewald, and bob up suddenly with your plump wife to wave at us through the tall trees like an amiable brownie in a fairy tale. We read stories of naughty goings-on in the Green Woods, where they do say as how the worship of the Altogether is practised with whole-hearted enthusiasm by a rapidly growing circle of devotees. Naturally, that makes fine reading about Berlin for London, Paris, and New York; and it is just about as true as ever the doings of a few score fanatics can be true of a city of four millions. But the gage has been flung down to the gods of stuffiness. In the streets of Berlin you will see many bare heads, young and old, bald and hairy, egg-shaped and bullet-round, cultivating the fresh air like fun. With the first encouragement of the sun off come the coats. And when in the summer weeks Berlin migrates westwards for its Sunday holiday, most things except bathing slips come off, not only on the sandy shore of Wannsee, but in the silent woods, where you live if you can afford to buy a house, and if not spend every precious hour of ease. Here, hiding among the pines and larches, we light upon houses of every shape and size, and "Settlements" of blue and biscuit-coloured cottages line whole stretches of the pleasant roadside. An astoundingly light and graceful spirit has touched even the least of them, each with a subtle individuality of its own. It may be the sunlight, the scent of burning brushwood, the grave guardianship of beech and pine, helping out the illusion. But surely the architects who planned these houses, and the builders who laid their bricks, had notions of comfort and beauty in their minds.

But here we are, by the banks of the Havel, an amusing stream with a penchant for capricious expansion into lakedom. It flows genially through the forests to the west of Berlin, now spreading until one shore hardly knows what the other is doing, anon narrowing to the intimacies of river life. Berlin, which regarded these parts for two centuries with awe as the holy preserve of the Imperial Family, now takes liberties with every stretch of their sandy beaches, with every dell and glade their woods afford. Never was such a spreading of arms and legs, such a sniffing at the pines, such a display of neighbourly nudity as distributes itself from conglomerate centres like Wannsee into the utmost recesses of these woods and waters. It is with very special relish that the new Republic disports itself over the preserves of well-compensated Hohenzollerns. To bathe in the sunlight, to take meals on the grass beside the cool waters, to sit among your family, shoulder to shoulder with a thousand other families, unembarrassed by the exposure of your own figure and the sight of your neighbour's; this is the Great Idea, the New Mithraism. We British proprietors of the word "bathe" take it to mean just the application of water to the person. The German of to-day is not so narrow-minded. He enjoys of air baths, of light baths; and these he will enjoy by the side of waters in which a thousand others are swimming and splashing, and never wet himself throughout the season. If he does not like

what we call bathing, he is under no slavish compulsion to go in and shiver miserably against his own better judgment. In the past two years, and particularly last winter, Berlin and other German cities have laid out huge sums in the equipment of bathing sports grounds, to which the people are admitted for a few pfennigs. Here the middle-aged may bask, the young folks float and swim, the toddlers shout and roll on the grass, all in next to nothing. And here, from the boat which takes us over the quiet waters towards Potsdam, past the Peacock Island of Victoria Luise, and the hidden chimneys of Spandau, the yellow tongues of beach protruding from the green woodlands are blackened by a hundred thousand democratic heads.

Twelve O'Clock.

"Shakespeare strikes twelve every time."—Emerson.
EXTRACTS FROM "THE NEW AGE."

Edited by Sagittarius.

"... heavy capitalisations of industries need present no problems to a Government who can see straight."—Notes of the Week.

"And what ought to appear stranger still is that the 'misery of unemployment' is not offset by any perceptible increase in the happiness of employment."—Notes of the Week.

"Our ancestors were afraid of bad harvests: in these days we are afraid of good ones."—The Fetish of Abstinence.

"It is a roughly true generalisation to say that the wages, salaries, and dividends of the community are sufficient to pay only the direct charges on production. The overheads chargeable on that production must therefore be met by money provided gratuitously by the banks."—The Fetish of Abstinence.

"Nobody can reasonably claim that the atrophy of female organs gives one a right to pretend to have male organs."—The Sexpres, T.D.H.

"One can affirm superman or Utopia, and discipline oneself to bring it about."—Views and Reviews, R. M.

"If sometimes she (Marie Ney) appeared a little self-conscious, that was not altogether a bad thing; it only indicates anxiety to go on growing."—Drama.

"We said that the granting of the vote had nothing to do with gratitude to woman, or nervousness of them, on the side of the ruling class, but was part of a deliberate policy of diluting the franchise."—Notes of the Week.

"At the date when the Trade Unions began to buy capitalist securities they began virtually to give the capitalists the grip on the shafts of their spears."—Notes of the Week.

"Not entirely disconnected from these comings and goings and dodgings among the diplomats is the news that Mr. McKenna is shortly to publish his speeches of the last two or three years in book form. That means that the interests behind the Midland Bank, whose outlook runs parallel to behind the Chamberlains and Lord Milner, are keeping up their attack on the anti-national policy of the Bank of England."—Notes of the Week.

"The banks which treat with industry and industrialists direct are already finding themselves in opposition to the Bank of England, whose proposed relaxation of the rigours of deflation is an effort to buy off the enemy."—Current Political Economy.

"Similarly there is an increasing awareness that industrialists and trade unionists are not natural foes, or, at least, that there are at present common bonds of adversity to hold them in alliance against a common opponent."—Current Political Economy.

"For the present economic output of this country banks are the one commodity of which there is glaring over-production. It is something that the disproportion between banks and shops is beginning to be noticed."—Current Political Economy.

The Growth of Mind.

In calling his book "Poetic Diction,"* Mr. Barfield has suggested a limitation of outlook which is quite absent from the work itself. His main contention, which runs from cover to cover, is that the most fundamental concepts are of the nature of a mass-impression, and that it is only as our mental apparatus improved in complexity that this mass impression became subdivided into the more concrete things and attributes with which we now deal, and that many of the wide-reaching ideas used by the poet, or found in ancient languages, have not been reached by a process of synthetic thought, as is often assumed, but are the raw material from which our more limited ideas, which, as it were, radiate from them, have been produced by analysis.

Hence, he maintains, in order to be able to understand the poet, or the ancient writer, or the savage of to-day, we must be able to put ourself into the frame of mind which he was using.

He quotes the description, by a South Sea islander, of a steamer:—

"Thlee-piecee bamboo, two-piecee puff-puff, walk-along-inside, no-can-see,"

and continues,

"Now, when I read the words I am for a moment transported into a totally different consciousness. I see the steamer, not through my own eyes . . . for a moment I shed Western civilisation like an old garment and behold my steamer in a new and strange light."

And again a few pages later,

"Thus, an introspective analysis of my experience obliges me to say that appreciation of poetry involves a 'felt change of consciousness.' . . . Appreciation takes place at the actual moment of change. It is not simple that the poet enables me to see with his eyes. . . . He may indeed do this, as we shall see later. . . . It depends on the change itself."

Would that some of our psycho-analysts had more acquaintance with this change, which may in an instant "magic" us out of our "normal" twentieth-century world, where all is set, dead, defined, and catalogued, into that world of the poet where all is alive, and "things"—in so far as there are any!—only the changing lights on that wonderful Bubble that we call the Universe.

"Now my normal everyday experience," he continues, "of the world around me depends entirely on what I bring to the sense-datum, from within. . . . Where it was wholly absent the entire phenomenal cosmos must be extinguished."

Here he is but following Kant and Bergson, who in their turn followed Heraclitus, Thales, and the rest, but it is a clear statement of the situation which many may grasp to whom the name "metaphysics" is as a warning to trespassers. It is, however, very probable that Mr. Barfield has not followed Kant or Bergson, for there is considerable evidence in the book that he has gone for much of his inspiration right back to that well of wisdom, the old oriental literature. Here, too, he is doing a service, for without the fundamental *feel* of things which can only be got from this well, all modern thought, and the modern philosophy which runs in harness with it, is but indiscriminate guessing, with no coherence between the different guesses.

Whether the guesses be called Religion or Science, the form which they now take depends almost entirely on Me, and ignores that great Mother of All, whose very name, Substance, has been removed from our modern vocabulary, though it is only through a knowledge of Her that the "I" which religion seeks (not to be confounded with the Ego of the Egoist) can be born.

M.B., OXON.

* "Poetic Diction. Owen Barfield. (Faber and Gwyer, Ltd. 9s. net.)

Criminals in the Making.

The close connection between juvenile delinquency and mental deficiency has long been recognised. Dr. Grimberg,* however, after studying 498 delinquent girls, shows that delinquency and mental deficiency are by no means interchangeable terms. On the contrary, his cases fall naturally into two groups, first those who show marked mental defect when subjected to intelligence tests, and, second, those whose Intelligence Quotient is either definitely within or on the lower border of the average group. All the cases, however, showed definite emotional disturbances, in the form of waywardness, impulsiveness, and lack of emotional control; and along with this there was often notable aberration in the endocrine system, especially in the thyroid gland.

Dr. Grimberg, therefore, concludes that the essentially faulty sphere in the delinquent is not the intellectual but the emotional one, and that this in turn depends upon a constitutional and inherited inferiority in the endocrine system. A delinquent is thus a criminal in the making, but not a "born criminal." Her delinquency is the result of the impact of an unsuitable environment upon her constitutionally defective emotional make-up. In studying the influence of environment several interesting facts are elicited. The economic factor, as a direct influence, is unimportant, since the delinquents become pickpockets or prostitutes from impulse, and never from a thought-out policy of "bettering themselves economically." Indeed many of them leave comfortable homes in a fit of temper to follow such precarious callings.

In the family environment, vice, drunkenness, crime, and lack of discipline are obvious factors, though many of the delinquents, as has been said, come from good homes. But, as an American observer, Dr. Grimberg notes also the large percentage of delinquents coming from non Anglo-Saxon families. This he attributes not only to the delinquent's inability to adapt herself to family life, but also to the inability of the foreign family as a whole to develop harmoniously in the American milieu. This must be a very real problem, though the author's bias shows too plainly, and one cannot help sympathising with the foreign parents of a delinquent who were "entirely unable to conceive the nature of American freedom." As a familiar influence also, the author notes one or two cases with a definite Oedipus complex, which might have been exorcised by a psycho-analyst.

The case histories of the girls show an appalling monotony. Incurability follows waywardness, and prostitution incorrigibility, like recurring decimals in a nightmare. There is no individualisation. This is in part the fault of the method. The author's social and religious conventionalities, at once, a strength and a weakness. On the one hand it gives him a definite and clear cut norm with which to compare his cases, while on the other it hinders his psychological understanding of them.

The reader will look in vain for epoch-making discoveries or illuminating points of view, but a thoroughgoing research correlating the postmortem findings in the nervous and endocrine systems of such cases, if undertaken from the point of view of this book, ought to prove fruitful.

At any rate, if Dr. Grimberg helps to hasten the tendency to take the delinquent out of the hands of the lawyer and the policeman, and to place her in the care of the doctor and the psychologist, he will not have laboured in vain.

NEIL MONTGOMERY, D.P.M.

* "Emotion and Delinquency," By L. Grimberg, M.D. (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d. net.)

Views and Reviews.

AN EMINENT VICTORIAN.

By Maurice B. Reckitt.

"Autobiography," it was once acutely remarked, "is often occasioned by a fear of biography." Hyndman, the author of two of the liveliest volumes of political autobiography in the language, may have had this motive in publishing his "Record of an Adventurous Life" and "Further Reminiscences." Yet he might have known that the hope was a vain one. The object of so continuous a piety, the chieftain of so devoted a clan, could not reasonably hope to escape the biographer. The S.D.F., after all, was never much more than an extension of Hyndman's personality, vivid certainly, since that personality was vivid, but of little significance apart therefrom. Mr. Gould, whose respectful veneration, though characteristic enough of the S.D.F., strikes an unusual note in this age in which biography has become a department of social satire, claims for his hero the title of "Prophet of Socialism." The title is one that may be disputed. The type of Socialism that Hyndman borrowed and re-adapted from Marx was something that has not only signally failed to find itself established by the events of British social developments, but has never made any appeal to those in this country who have desired to claim the Socialist name. Apart from a few "piecemeal reforms" (as the S.D.F. itself would have described them), nothing that Hyndman "prophesied," in any sense, has come off—unless it be the Great War, in respect of which Hyndman scarcely presented himself to the public in a characteristically Socialist guise. Hyndman spent half his life in proclaiming "the cosmic inevitability and omnipotence" of Socialism, and the other half in finding reasons why the inevitable was not happening and why the omnipotent was proving impotent. Mr. Gould seems to have fastened upon the title "prophet" because of the difficulty of describing Hyndman as anything else. He was not—in either the better or the worse sense—a politician, and even his biographer seems to think that the electorate of Burnley showed a correct instinct in refusing to return him to Parliament. He was not—though he wrote much—essentially a writer; still less could it be claimed that he was a thinker. What he most truly was was an intelligent Victorian aristocrat, disgusted by the selfishness and stupidity of his own governing class. If he was a prophet it was only in so far as he lived out his strenuous life without honour in his own country.

Yet Hyndman's life, though he renounced the approval and surrendered the leisured ease of the comfortable class from which he sprang, and never gained the confidence of more than a fraction of the masses he sought to serve, was a singularly happy one. He gained, through the Federation he founded and which he treated throughout as a feudal lord might treat his vassals, the means to express his essentially egotistic nature in an altruistic mode; he was for forty years the unchallenged leader of a devoted clique; he indulged the sentiments of Patriotism and Internationalism alternately without the least consciousness of incongruity; he was served and adored by two women; and by escaping political responsibility he was never placed in a position in which events could plainly prove him wrong. Consistency was his *métier*, and it enabled him to dispense with good conscience (as he heartily did) not only a governing class pluming itself upon reforms it had stigmatised as disastrous when first demanded by its opponents, but the smug adroitness of the Fabians and the sentimental incoherence of the I.L.P. For pure Toryism Hyndman had a sort of ingrained respect which he could never wholly shake off; but about Lloyd George, Sidney

Webb, and Ramsay MacDonald he said, and enjoyed saying, much the same thing—and it was not complimentary, though generally true.

Hyndman's consistency, and even monotony, of utterance has added to his biographer's difficulty in composing this book.* Stirring speeches and challenging manifestos of 1920 are apt to contain almost precisely the same material as those of 1890, yet Hyndman's life consisted so largely in the output of these things that a biographer cannot wholly avoid them. Mr. Gould's enthusiasm never abates, so that his style at times appears fulsome, and he is apt to fall into the sentimental, especially in relation to Hyndman's second marriage, which Mr. Gould's intimacy with Rosalind Travers has led him into treating at somewhat disproportionate length. The contrast between the astringent qualities of Hyndman's autobiography and the ethicalist heartiness of this biography is rather striking, and it is from the former rather than the latter that posterity will get the truer taste of Hyndman's authentic quality.

Mr. Gould is commendably anxious to avoid offence, but the subject of his biography was not so by any means. The result is not only to blur the picture of an essentially combative personality, but at times (e.g., in regard to the break with Morris, which is most inadequately treated) to make it difficult to discover what it was that Hyndman was quarrelling about. Mr. Gould does, however, take some pains to make clear Hyndman's national outlook, and to reconcile it with his view of Socialism as an international movement. Hyndman being by instinct a violent patriot, really persuaded himself that England was the country in which the Social Democratic Revolution, duly voted in and initiated (therefore!) in orderly fashion, without any of the vulgarity of Direct Action, was historically destined to begin. Any opponent of Britain, therefore, was an instrument of reaction and an enemy of Socialism—as even German Socialists (of whom Hyndman had a low opinion) ought to be able to see. Similarly, for a revolution to break out in the name of Marx in a notoriously "backward" country like Russia was not only an economic impertinence of the first magnitude, but an affront to Hyndman's national pride. Lenin had usurped the rôle which economic destiny had intended for the Founder of British Socialism, and his contempt for the orthodoxies of political action only made his offence the more glaring and unforgivable.

For all his astuteness, there was something naive about Hyndman. No man ever believed more profoundly that he had Providence (a strictly secularised providence, born in Germany, but naturalised in Britain) wholly on his side. Mr. Gould, in excusing the failure of some of his prophet's prophecies, declares in an epigram that "prophets correctly see things happen at the rate of their own enthusiasm." We need not complain that nothing has ever happened at the rate of Hyndman's enthusiasm. More radical inquiries are whether what he thought was happening was what was actually happening, and whether in any case it ought to happen. Mr. Gould makes large claims for the subject of his study. His "success is engraved in British history . . . in the totally fresh direction taken by the community mind." What is that direction? Is it a consciousness of corporate inter-dependence, and a collective hope? Or is it submission to centralised initiative in the (largely false) expectation of material benefits? If the latter represented the quality of Hyndman's Socialism, then his success may yet be only too disastrously engraved in British history. To be fair to him, it does not. While he never penetrated through the shams, fallacies, and inadequacies of political

* "Hyndman: Prophet of Socialism." By F. J. Gould. (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

democracy, while he never took real pains to distinguish between official centralisation and a system of co-ordinated liberty; while he was blind to the validity of the guild aspirations of the trade unions, and to the nature, if not to the fact, of the primacy of the financial elements in the capitalist control of society; yet he did care for the dignity of the common man, and it was on his account ultimately that he took his stand under that Socialist banner which has cloaked so many miscalculations and such incongruous diversities of outlook. The gesture was far more significant than the creed. "I did start Socialism as a cause in England, and I did keep the courage of the revolution high," so he cried in his old age. The former may be his claim to remembrance; the latter is his title to our gratitude and our regard.

Social Credit in Vacuo.

By W. T. Symons.

II.—PRACTICE.

"It is necessary not to fall into the error which has its rise in Darwinism; that change is evolution, and evolution ascent. It may be; but equally it may not be. That is where the necessity for the revolutionary element arises; using, of course, the word revolutionary in a constructive sense. . . . A comparatively short period will probably serve to decide whether we are to master the mighty economic and social machine—or whether it is to master us, and during that period a small impetus from a body of men who know what to do and how to do it may make all the difference between yet one more retreat into the Dark Ages, or the emergence into the full light of a day of such splendour as we can at present only envisage dimly. . . . To have a clear understanding of the principles which underlie the problem is essential to those who hope to play a part in its solution. . . . While the evolutionary process depends most probably on the formula to which the present civilisation is working, and, given adherence to that formula, is independent of human psychology, it is fairly obvious that the effectiveness of 'constructive revolution' does depend, to a large extent, on this latter factor alone." "Social Credit," by C. H. Douglas. Pp. 216-218.

John Grimm has perhaps left his study of Individual Psychology at the point of its preliminary rejection of egoism as the road to human fulfilment; he has not pursued the constructive path of encouragement which follows.

The mere negation of egoism would indeed be dangerous; and if Individual Psychology led to passive acquiescence in servility, which is undoubtedly the objective of the present financial world-government, Mr. Grimm's fear of its influence would be very fully justified.

The truth, however, is quite otherwise. The psychological analysis shows on its negative side the ineffectiveness of revolt against social injustice inspired unconsciously by mere desire to occupy the tyrant's pedestal. But that analysis is followed by the constructive observation that the same energy expended in opposition to the same evils, for achievement of human freedom, is health-giving to the reformer and is socially valuable.

Individual Psychology justifies in the individual a revolutionary attitude towards the present world order. But it safeguards him against exploiting his own a-social or anti-social tendencies under the guise of public spirit. Dr. Adler presents no "coherent scheme" of social or political procedure, for the same reason that any specialist working in one sphere refrains from detailed plans except in the sphere of his own knowledge.

Now to be quarrelsome with Mr. Grimm, and take up "points" in his article entitled "Adlerian Sociology." The distinction between soul and body, upon which the greater part of the article is based, is wearing thin in modern medicine under the influence of psychology. It is at least doubtful whether any mental or emotional trouble can now be diagnosed as due to "exclusively psychic disturbances." Individual Psychology traces in the body's efforts to

compensate for any local disability a *general* deflection of energy which affords a key to psychic illness, for an unbalanced physical effort produces the evil of *over-compensation* and so strains the whole system. Thus the psyche is drawn into the struggle; and the individual seeks over-compensation for his feeling of weakness amongst his fellows, by subjecting other people to his purposes.

In this matter Dr. Adler has been the pioneer scientist, whose conclusions have the more weight that a great reputation in the field of biology preceded his greater reputation as a psychologist.

His method is scientific not polemical. He does not

"teach that every individual (1) owes a duty to the community; (2) his performance of that duty is essential to his mental health."

Dr. Adler *observes* that every individual is in greater or less degree inhibited from feeling other men's interests equally with his own, and that from his failure to "love his neighbour as himself" follows in like degree a painful feeling of isolation, which he strives to overcome by reducing his "neighbour"—by infinitely varied devices—to a position of subjection to his will. This observation suggests a basis in natural law, which has in fact been discovered by Dr. Adler.

The law of human equality is proved to be natural by the fact that neither the extravagance of "loving" the neighbour more than himself nor the resistance of "loving" him less serves to remove the individual's unhappiness, whereas the attainment of an attitude of human equality is curative.

The weapon the psychologist would add to the "armoury of the economist" is precisely that accuracy which may be expressed in the mathematical formula 50—50, the political formula of Equality, the economic formula of Social Credit, or the religious formula "love your neighbour as yourself"—neither more nor less.

Consequently, whilst the answer is emphatically "yes" to Mr. Grimm's question,

"whether the adoption of the Social Credit Proposals will not of itself eliminate the prime cause of nine-tenths of observed Social mal-adaptations,"

the declaration in itself has no volition, and rests upon the superficial validity which attaches to the oft-repeated statement that Social Credit demands no sacrifice from anyone. It does not demand any sacrifice which would be felt as such by a psychologically healthy man. But it demands that which costs the human soul in our Western civilisation the greatest sacrifice—that of inequality, with its intriguing possibility for each one, of superior welfare over another or over all others. This heavy sacrifice—in prospect at any rate—is demanded by Social Credit, under the conception of "dividends for all," from everyone above the destitution level, everyone who has any kind of *position* in the social structure. The truth that his actual position will not be assailed and that the true inequality of ability and variety will be enhanced is small compensation to his nervous objection to the elevation of his "neighbour" on the step below himself. The simple fear that domestic service will be hard to come by and that respect for monetary position as such will be completely lost, is an immense factor in blinding the eyes of men to the salvation that lies in Social Credit.

The sacrifice by the oppressed of his dream of revenge upon the tyrant is only the other side of the coin. What might not the Labour Party do if it were relieved of the blindness induced by the motive of revenge against the rich!

Can John Grimm deny that the great, solid resistance to Social Credit, apart from the objections of the hierarchy of financial power, is of this character, however much it may be dressed up on the one hand, as conscientious scruples against giving

more liberty to people unaccustomed to its use; and on the other, as righteous passion against oppression? The scruples are more or less honestly held; the rage is believed to be divine fire. But the psychologist's "why?" pierces the moralist's armour.

It does more. It pierces his armour, but it does not reduce him to despair; for in revealing his ego-centric aim, it reveals him only as a man amongst his fellows, neither better nor worse; and gives him the weapon of an enlightened understanding. It gives him the technique to prove for himself the peace and exhilaration which may be his, by substituting conquest over his inherent weaknesses for the conquest attempted in strife to "take it out of" other men.

The "objective the psychological practitioners have in view" is the release of that happy, free, responsive individual whom every man might be. Individual Psychology does not "picture an ideal society," but it does—keeping to its sphere—propose to create a civilisation of spiritually free people.

It is surely such men to whom Major Douglas refers in the words quoted at the head of this article. He claims that "the effectiveness of constructive revolution" depends "to a large extent upon human psychology alone"; and that without minds capable of constructive revolution, civilisation will remain the absolute victim of a distorted Darwinism, drearily repeating "the survival of the fittest" as the world becomes netted more completely by the small gang whose "fitness" is now known to be an extreme form of psychic perversion, unrestrained by any properly human criterion of the "fit."

This, psychology has come to remedy; and Dr. Adler, working in the whole rich stream of psychological research, has discovered the demonic force expressed in the "social neurosis" of which men and cultures are dying, and by which Civilisation is so gravely imperilled.

How many "just men" are needed to turn the scale, and whether numbers have much to do with it, are questions impossible to answer. So is Mr. Grimm's question whether "the people" must be made desirous of Social Credit or fit for it. As many as possible must be made both desirous and fit; but how many in either or both categories will "tip the beam" no man can know.

And it is here that John Grimm and Dr. Adler may be left to shake hands, for the flower of Adler's wisdom is expressed in the arresting phrase "Dare to be imperfect,"—the kernel of his "doctrine." The attempt of men and institutions to impose "perfection" upon others, and to set up a fantastic image of perfection for themselves, comes of the striving for anti-social power. Come down, say Adler and Grimm; make mistakes in good fellowship with other men. You will be mad in a mad society without that fellowship in imperfection. Any man who achieves a balanced relation with his fellows will be giving an impetus, the force of which no one can calculate, to Major Douglas's vision of—

"the emergence into the full light of a day of such splendour as we can at present only envisage dimly."

"Formation of a world-wide association of banks was proposed by Thomas R. Preston, president, American Bankers' Association, in his address opening the 54th annual convention of that organisation: 'I would recommend the forming of an International Bankers' Association. . . . If the United States is to maintain its financial and industrial supremacy it must continue to lend, invest, and sell abroad. Foreign business will be more important in the future than in the past. It would be desirable to have a meeting of representatives of all the banks of the world at some convenient point like New York, London, Paris, or Berlin, at intervals of two to three years. . . . The American Bankers' Association, I think, should take the initiative in inviting such a conference, not in a patronising way, but in full recognition of the fact that this would be mutually beneficial to all.'"—Report of American Bankers' Association, October 2.

Drama.

The Master Builder: Everyman.

The idea that Ibsen fashioned "The Master Builder," as an allegory on the theme that who would rise high must mount alone holds only a little water. It may be that he started out with that idea. But he had too much common sense, as well as genius, to believe that rising alone was ultimately worth much. Indeed, rising alone represents that form of suicide called lunacy. It is an ascent into complete isolation from one's fellow creatures. Up above the world so high may be very well for stars, but it is death for gods and men, who must fall from their heavenly estate into that of common humanity to get any satisfaction whatever out of creation. Solness on the tower resembles Nietzsche signing himself "The Crucified." In each case the victim could not jump the gulf that separated him from common mankind. Unable to become one with it, he had to pretend to be above it.

It is astonishing that people should ever have supposed any virtue in Solness's allowing himself to be egged on by Hilda Wangel. The only reason possible for the perception of virtue in it is that a host of souls have in the last generation sought to excuse themselves in advance for a similar kind of suicide. Ibsen, in short, had to pass through a temptation and a travail similar to those which afflict every intelligent person. Is the crazy, stupid, wasteful world worth saving; or should we not, to avoid being driven frantic, urging the apathetic people to assert themselves, just save ourselves; and dwell aloof on our own towers like mad saints protecting themselves from contamination. The evidence of Ibsen's truthfulness of vision was that Solness fell. The evidence that there was this conflict, for those with minds to appreciate it, is that Solness could not turn to the building of homes for the people without wanting to build towers on them.

Starting out with the idea of creating an allegory on the loneliness of genius, the truthful Ibsen—truthfulness was his supreme virtue—could not help showing all the facets. Gradually, as the work grew, he kneaded in his criticism as well as the extreme proposition he began with. The result emphasises not the glory of standing alone so much as the opposite; that the sufferings of loneliness are deserved, and that will-to-power and will-to-power alone leads to self-destroying isolation. Genius, when it is whole, is at one with human-kind, as were Shakespeare and Beethoven, and, if one like to add him, that mythological folk-creation, Christ. Solness was for Solness—and against mankind. He was tormented by bad conscience for exploiting the younger generation to his private glory; for holding his young Ragnar Brovik's brains, for instance, in his own service, without recognition or reward, when the youngster ought to have been well on the way to becoming a master-builder on his own account. Solness had bad conscience about the power of his wishes. He tortured himself with the belief that his evil wishes called up devils to realise them. He believed his wishes responsible for the fire which destroyed his wife's ancestral home, and which, incidentally, gave his lust for a monopoly of glory its chance.

Ibsen's art is the expression of an age of dis-eased consciousness, in which instinct, thwarted and abused for a long time, could give no impulse for the future without its being entangled in all the conflicts of the present. Homes for the people or spires to the glory of unique men is one of the problems still unsettled positively, though rapidly settling itself negatively by the curious way in which idolatry of uniqueness passes away. Hilda Wangel might well be the instinctive soul of Solness. When he had first found her, ten years before, she had thrilled and danced to his voice. Then, the

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

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