

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER."

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Some time ago in Cape Town a deputation of unemployed waited on Mr. Boydell demanding work at decent wages. Speaking in his official capacity as representing the Government he made the frank and conclusive reply: "I have no control over the money." These seven words embrace the complete admission and explanation of the universal ineptitude of politics in the face of urgent economic problems. They constitute a perfect formula. They eliminate all moral considerations, such as whether a man has a right to a job or whether, having a job, he has a right to a decent wage for doing it; that is to say, they rule politics out as irrelevant. We are glad to see that one of our supporters in South Africa, Mr. E. S. Tomalin, seized on the text provided by Mr. Boydell, and wrote an article in which he discussed the subject of production and distribution from the Social Credit point of view. The article was accepted by the *Cape Times*, and appeared in the issue of May 25. It fills two columns under a double-column spread of headlines which run as follow: "When Unemployment Means Prosperity."—"Is Our Financial System the Only Barrier to the Leisure State?"—"How Science Could Free the World from Drudgery." It appears on the same page as the leading articles and is set next to them. These headings indicate pretty clearly the trend of Mr. Tomalin's thesis, which he handles most efficiently. He cites Professor Bowley's statement that four hours a day of the time of every fit man between twenty-one and forty-five could provide the people of Britain with a higher standard of life than they have to-day. He indicates how, by mentioning the thrasher-reaper which, with only two men to work it, can "gather and garnish" forty acres a day, cutting the corn, threshing it, filling it into bags and sewing them up. He then rubs in the lesson. Do we want a Work State? If so we must "gaol the inventors" and multiply jobs by resorting to primitive implements again. Or do we want the inventors to continue this work of dispensing with labour and enforcing leisure on the

displaced workers. If so we must desire the Leisure State, in which everybody gets an income irrespective of work. Mr. Tomalin devotes the latter part of the article to an analysis of the moral considerations for and against work considered as the sole title to an income. He shows that the difference between what we call a "job" and what we call a "game" is fundamentally the difference between work we want to do and work we do not. Psychologically we turn from anything we are ordered to do, towards something we choose to do. Thence he proceeds to the theory of rewards and punishments, plausibly questioning the psychological value of the punishments as a force for getting work done efficiently. Rewards, yes: let every one whose skill and knowledge are required in co-operative production receive a proper wage or salary for his work. But punishments, no: let both those in work and those out of work receive incomes adequate to maintain life—incomes based on citizenship and not on a controlled function. The conclusion of Mr. Tomalin's article can be best indicated by the following paragraph:—

"What is there to prevent our having such a system? We return again to the Minister of Labour, who, quite unwittingly, has given us the answer—I (we) have no control over the money."

"Money is necessary to distribute the product of industry. It represents the pipe-line necessary to convey goods from the reservoir of production, which we have seen to be enormous, to the kitchens of the people, who we have seen to be in need of them. Clearly, then, the trouble is in the pipe-line—the money system. Through it we are being rationed; and the ration is not enough."

"Who controls it—this supreme form of government? Do political governments control it? Greater men than Mr. Boydell have said they do not."

This is a very good piece of work, and we congratulate the author on it, and commend the editor of the *Cape Times* for publishing it.

There is one comment which we will make on the "job" versus "game" analysis. Mr. Tomalin takes as an illustration golf as the game, and the

construction of a bridge as the job, and discusses why an engineer golf-player is keener on the golf than on the bridge. It is that he need not play golf whereas he is obliged to build the bridge. This inspires the reflection that supposing we had a "Play-State," with rewards for participating in games, and punishments for doing work, we should even then probably have many more people applying to do work than there was work for them to do in this age of mechanical production. You can imagine the young engineer saving money out of his games-salary so that he could take his annual month's holiday from golf to go and build bridges. When the month was up the engineer would wire the secretary of his golf-club: "Can I have a week's extension?" Back would come a "No," with a confirmatory letter to say

"I am surprised at your asking. You know that it is Smith's work-month off, and you are down to take his place in the Shropshire Tournament. Don't be a slacker, now; you ought to be quite fit again after a month's idleness."

We ask any thoughtful man: is this picture over-drawn in the slightest degree? It does not matter how or why people may get incomes—whether with or without qualifying conditions—for every bit of work that needs doing will be done. The job would only need to be advertised in the papers and the next morning the management would publish the following announcement:

"Our advertisement, which was to have appeared again to-morrow, is cancelled. The services invited were over-subscribed four times in this morning's post alone. Letters of allotment will be despatched with as little delay as possible in the circumstances."

Let us finish the story as follows:

Scene: Public house. Three days later.

Brown (showing letter of allotment): Hooray; look here. I've got a month.

Smith (disgustedly): Well, I'm damned. I put in for a month, and they've only given me a week.

Brown (triumphantly): Ah, that's where you made a mistake. I applied for four months. Ha, Ha. Got ahead of you there, old chap!

Smith (laughing ruefully): Oh, well; perhaps it's for the best. As a matter of fact, I'm not too flush of cash at the moment, and it would have been a tight squeeze for me to last out a month. The wife will be pleased, anyhow; she was only saying to me this morning: "You know you can't really afford to do any work at all this year."

If there are any budding playwrights among our readers here's a theme for a curtain-raiser. Whether it would raise the wind for them is another bet altogether.

Mr. Thomas Lamont writes in the current issue of *World Trade*, the journal of the International Chamber of Commerce, on the proposed bank of international settlement. He regards it not merely as a temporary expedient, but as a permanent aid to the credit-structure of the world. The *New York World* speaks of this article as being

"widely interpreted as the opening gun in the campaign, backed by the powerful financial forces which he and the other American experts to the Paris Conference represent, to force the administration to acquiesce to American participation in the bank."—*Reuter* (our italics).

Contrast America's interest in the European Bank where the beer is drawn with its aloofness from the League of Nations where the froth is blown off.

In *Lloyd's List and Shipping Gazette* for June 25 there is a full-page chart showing the fluctuations in freights from 1904 to 1928 inclusive. The figures taken are the average rates paid for all steam tonnage of all sizes on time charter for each quarter of each year. As will be expected, the graph looks something like a row of workmen's huts with an enormous chimney-stack in the middle. The base of the stack is seven years wide, so to speak (1914-21), and it

tapers upwards through a five-year diameter (1916-20) to reach a two-year diameter at the top (1917-18). Anyone can reconstruct the graph fairly closely from the particulars we will give; but the original chart is well worth getting, not only because it contains much more information than we can reproduce but because the size of the graph enables speakers to display it with advantage to their audiences. It appears that in 1900 the average freight had been 6s. 11½d. per ton dead weight. For 1904 (the first charted year) it averaged 3s. 10½d. For 1912, 6s. 4d. For 1913, 4s. 4½d. Here we come to the base of the chimney stack. In the last quarter of 1914, the price was over 6s. In the last quarter of 1915 it has risen to over 21s. In the first quarter of 1916, to over 32s. (and during that year, up to 38s., down to 33s., and up again to 37s.). In 1917, first quarter 47s., second quarter 57s., and then down to 45s. in the last quarter. In 1918, second quarter, it had fallen to 38s., but by the last quarter had broken all records at just over 58s. In the second quarter of 1919 it had dropped to 29s., and in the last quarter had bounced back to 48s. In 1920 it dropped to 45s. in the first quarter, to 29s. in the second, to 24s. in the third, and 17s. in the fourth. Then down to 11s. in the first quarter of 1921, 8s. 6d. in the second, 7s. 9d. in the third, and 7s. 3d. in the fourth. At this point the outline of the chimney-stack is finished; or let us change the image and call it a lighthouse, which enables us to describe the rest of the graph as presenting an outline of jagged rocks extending from 1922 to 1928—the top of the highest being 7s. 6d. (1924, first quarter) and the bottom of the deepest pool being 3s. 11d. (1925, second quarter). At the end of 1928 the figure was 5s. 6d.

The chart also shows annual averages of freights as percentages on the basis of the year 1900 (6s. 11½d.) being 100. Thus, 1904 is 55.68. Then follow:

1914	62.87	1922	109.58
1915	231.73	1923	90.41
1916	505.98	1924	88.62
1917	705.38	1925	63.47
1918	707.78	1926	84.43
1919	513.17	1927	88.62
1920	418.56	1928	76.64
1921	123.95		

The extremes are in the years 1909 (46.10) and 1918 (707.78) representing the actual average prices for those years respectively of 3s. 2½d. and 49s. 3d. That is to say, the highest average during the period was barely less than sixteen times the lowest. Mr. E. A. V. Angier, F.I.C.S., of Messrs. Hall, Angier and Co., Ltd., who prepared the chart, states that all his figures represent prices at which freight was actually chartered, and are based on reports of "many thousands of fixtures," covering steamers ranging from 500 tons to 10,000 tons, time contracts ranging from a few weeks to two or three years, and trades varying from that of "coasting round these islands to running across the Pacific." He makes the incidental comment (which, however, it may be useful to record here) that during the war the quarterly averages were distorted, for news came erratically, and sometimes in a single quarter reports of foreign fixtures might be included which should properly have been distributed over two or three previous quarters. Therefore it is safer to rely on the annual than the quarterly averages for the war-period.

In this chart we have a beautiful blue-print of the Price System at work under the "law of supply and demand." Just think of what most undoubtedly happened on a huge scale during those merry days. Mr. Brown has a steamer which cost him £10,000.

He has been making, say, £500 a year profit by renting his boat to Smith, and Jones, and Robinson. The war comes; and Brown's profits rise until they reach, say, £5,000 in a single year. On a five per cent. basis of capitalisation this makes his boat "worth" (as the saying goes) £100,000. Now, next to Brown himself, the people who best appreciate what is going on are Smith, Jones, and Robinson, because it is they who are paying Brown his revenues on this tenfold scale. Of course, in spite of this cost to them, they, too, are having a merry time, and are accumulating profits on a war-scale. They think they will invest them, because (a) they do not know what else to do with the money, and (b) they feel it their duty to "spread their risks," and widen the foundations of their solvency. Where do they look first? Surely to Brown—and directly Brown is disposed to float his boat as a company, Smith, Jones, and Robinson swoop down like eagles to snatch up shares. Freight-owners as well as manufacturers and exporters!—what an unassailable economic fortress they are building! And now all four of them are partners. What they probably do then is to order another boat from the ship-builders. The price is awful; but that does not scare them, for are not prices rising all round; will not their costs of to-day be swallowed up in the profits of to-morrow? Everything is exuberantly thought out—except just one thing: where is the source of all these profits? For now is the time to ask: "Where is the money to come from?" But not a bit of it. There's a magic pool somewhere for certain, because if there weren't, where has the money they've already got come from? Wherever it is, a lot more is bound to come from the same place if only they keep hard at it, and build up their productive assets. ("It's work makes money, my boy, and never forget it.")

It is not work that "makes money" in the colloquial commercial sense; it is the subsequent transaction of handing over the products to someone in exchange for money. You become financially prosperous by parting with economic wealth. The paradox is made to look logical because it can be shown that the money you accumulate is a claim on economic wealth and that you can use this money at any future time you like to buy things for yourself, and thus acquire economic wealth without working. So the individual who is making money by working is really lending his services to the community, and becoming a creditor for goods; and the community are becoming debtors for goods. His accumulated money is virtually the community's I.O.U. for physical things or personal service. Now, if there were a law under which only a few selected people were allowed to make money, there would be some plausibility about this theory. But both law and custom at the present time enjoin on every individual in the community the duty of accumulating money. If a whole community makes money it becomes a creditor of itself and a debtor to itself for goods and services. As long as it is able and willing to enjoy its financial "prosperity" by reading the figures on its I.O.U. from itself to itself (counting its money) very good—the system is intelligible. But individuals to-day are not content with the quantity of goods they are getting: they want more—more of everything, from Rolls Royces to fish and chips. The reason that they are short is obvious. For collectively they are endeavouring to do what the individual did whom we have just referred to, i.e., part with present economic wealth in order to set up a claim to future economic wealth. But the time of future enjoyment never arrives, because so long as they concentrate on enlarging their claim they cannot exercise it. For they are obeying a law which says: Part with goods to get money, and avoid parting with money to get goods. So, in the

nature of the case they must go short of goods. Yet, in the nature of the case they must continue to make something, and sell it. That something must take the form of factories, machinery, tools, and so on—comprehensively, the enlargement and multiplication of what are called productive assets. These physical assets represent the money—the claim—the I.O.U. One may reasonably compare the I.O.U. to a photograph of industrial equipment. In that case you have a situation in which the community considers that an extra oven in the photograph is worth more than an extra loaf in the bread-pan. What is this photograph worth in a real sense? It is nothing but a representation of the claims of the community against itself. It symbolises actual wealth which they have collectively renounced. Of course, they comfort themselves by estimating the huge productive capacity of these resources, but do not realise that they are continually using this increasing capacity to increase itself, not to make and supply themselves with the things that they want—the things that they really work to secure.

We are aware of the difficulty of getting people to listen to any arguments which take the whole community as a unit. Buying and selling between individuals and groups, making profits, accumulating savings, have gone on since everyone can remember; so the paradoxes and self-contradictions that we expose sound far-fetched even in theory, and the symptoms of them which occur in actual life are not recognisable as such by business men. None of them can bring himself to consider the hypothesis that everyone is in the same boat. Each assigns his business rival to another boat, and his employees to yet another. But there is a consolation in the fact that the bankers are themselves helping to destroy the illusion. They are reconstructing economic enterprises into larger and larger units, and are thus approaching towards an all-in system with an all-in accountancy system to match. Naturally they are going to disguise the anomalies that we have been discussing, but the more massive the integration of productive organisation the less simple will it be to stop intelligent administrators and accountants from taking fresh observations and drawing new conclusions. For example, take the logical end of the financial idealism expressed in political propaganda to-day—a world of nations under one bank—no tariffs—unchecked transfers of materials—every nation a department of a World Trust—and this Trust having the whole world's populations as customers. One of two things would have to happen: either a revolution in the principles of costing as explained by Major Douglas, or the astounding phenomenon of an unsaleable surplus of world-production, putting the Trust under the apparent necessity of discovering an undeveloped planet to export the surplus to, and of raising a credit to finance the operation. Imagine the proposal for a Mars Railway Scheme to be carried out by a World-Bank-loan, guaranteed by the World-State, as the only alternative to the World's financial insolvency and economic ruin. This is looking far, far into a visionary future; but every step in that direction is also a step out of the shadow of ignorance into the sunlight of knowledge. A new fact on any single plane of human experience becomes a stimulus on all the planes of human imagination. The Social Credit Theorem is comparable to the formula for a tremendous new high-explosive. Its acceptance and dissemination by a comparatively few choice people in the world is equivalent to the manufacture of the explosive. The quantity made does not matter. The few ounces of it that exist are sufficient for what it has to do. But the explosive is not the explosion. Whatever its quantity, it cannot go off—it lacks its peculiar detonator. As concerns detonators in general, it is

the associated interests behind the present financial system who are manufacturing them. In this way. Every duty directly imposed on industrial capitalism by the principles of what is called "sound finance" may be likened to the act of making a detonator. And any refusal to carry out any one of these duties may be taken as representing the firing of that detonator. There are thus a multitude of heaps of detonating materials scattered throughout the industrial and social systems. They are of all kinds and are present in a wide range of quantities. Needless to say they are not being made with any objective—certainly not for the deliberate purpose of exploding anything. They are created by multitudinous acts of blind obedience to unsound laws. And the more general this obedience, and the longer it lasts, the greater in quantity, and the more multitudinous in character, will be the resultant detonating material—which means that the wider will be the extent and the more various the opportunities for the "firing-act" of disobedience. It seems that month by month there are more things that people want to do which they are forbidden to do, or find themselves prevented from doing. To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. So this compulsion to unwilling obedience must sooner or later create desperate disobedience somewhere or other. The conundrum is: Where? What particular duty, imposed on whom, will be repudiated in such wise as to constitute an act of detonation? Again: out of the multitude of possible detonations, which is the one which can set up just that exact vibration which is required to disintegrate the Social-Credit high-explosive, and bring about the sudden and final revolution in financial policy?

Our readers will see the bearing of this analogy on the perennial problem facing supporters of the Social Credit Theorem, namely, the question: "What can we do?" or the answer to the challenge: "The time for argument is over, and the time for action has come." On the analogy the problem can be posed thus: "Shall we simply go on adding to the quantity of high-explosive?" (Expounding the Douglas Analysis)—or, "Shall we disseminate general inducements to people to strike detonators?" (Political agitation against banking policy)—or, (possibly) "Can we do a bit of striking ourselves?" (Direct Action). Again: shall we all do one of these things only, or shall we all do all three, or shall we separate our functions? It is not the business of THE NEW AGE to lay down the law on these questions. The springs of our readers' individual policies lie too deep in their natures for any arguments of ours to deflect their lines of direction as a body. The one thing we regard as essential is to present the issue itself in as clear a form as language can make it. If the agenda is intelligible the vote is practically decided.

We may adopt the term "economic frictions" as representing the detonators of which we have been speaking. To name some of the types—there is friction even in the counsels of the banking hierarchy itself—a difference of view about general policy. Properly speaking this should be called a financial friction; but its effect must be to create a feeling of uncertainty among those industrialists whose policies depend on the outcome of the bankers' quarrel. And any uncertainty among industrialists about what plans to make is equivalent in its effects to economic friction pure and simple; the difference is that it is more subtle: it is, so to speak, an atmospheric stimulant to the other frictions. These are, strikes; lock-outs; business competition between individuals, firms, trusts or nations; resistances of workers to reductions of wages and lengthenings of hours; revolts of firms against high Trust-prices for their materials and equipment (taking the form

either of deferring purchases or of searching the world for alternative sources of supply to defeat the Trusts); the more or less passive resistances (which may become active at any time) to rate and tax imposts; the growing and influential outcry against bureaucratic government through Departmental Orders instead of through legislation debated in Parliament; the rivalries between groups of financiers to control natural resources; their struggle for the right to lend money as the means towards that end; the scrambling of Central Banks severally to buy gold against each other; international disputes about debts, armaments, tariffs, and so on.

Now, in the past a good many of these frictions have visibly sparkled, e.g. the Great Strike. And other detonations have occurred. Yet the Social-Credit high-explosive has remained inert. The nice attunement of vibration was missed. The speculative problem before the Social Credit Movement is whether the desired explosion will be brought about by an old, familiar, or by a new and entirely unfamiliar, detonator. The problem is complicated because there are so many of them, and because of no one of them can we tell beforehand that it will send out the disintegrating vibration. We shall only know when somebody strikes it. But *what is it? Where is he? Who is he? And how will he be induced to act?* Will it be someone who acts spontaneously, not expecting the ultimate consequence; or will it be someone who knows what to expect, desires it, and is in a position to achieve it? It is a bewildering question: there is no fixed point from which to start. What any one person or group may do at any given time is conditioned by what every other may be doing at the same time. What we know is that everything that is being done day by day is converging on the precipitation of an overt act of revolt: and we know why. But we cannot measure the speed of development. The lesson which we draw from these reflections is not (as has been sometimes charged against us) that advocates of Social Credit should "sit still and wait for it all to happen": it is that everyone should be on the alert to exploit events as they happen. By "events" we do not necessarily mean the vital and final act, but we mean any "subversive" act (as the bankers would call it) which looked like leading up to it. Let plans for seizing opportunities be thought out by all means, but do not make too sure that the opportunity to be seized will come in the form, the place or the time you may picture to yourself. There is a lesson to be learned from the bankers' own dictum that they must keep their assets "fluid." Idle money—money kept on current account—is "doing nothing"; but on the other hand it is available to do anything at an instant's notice. Active money—money invested in a particular enterprise—is "doing something"; but it cannot be used for anything else, except, and in even the most favourable cases, with some loss and a great waste of time.

Two developments in the home situation are taking place. One is the decision of the N.U.R. to give notice of the determination of their Agreement with the Companies (negotiated by Mr. J. H. Thomas) under which they contributed 2½ per cent. of their wages as a subsidy. The other, and more immediate, is the decision to knock 12½ per cent. off the wages of the cotton-operatives. It is expected that the operatives will decline to countenance the reduction, and that consequently they will be locked out until they do. The cotton industry, as we know, has been "reconstructed." Now a reconstruction is also a lock-out—of investors. In ordinary circumstances the Government as arbitrator could point this out with effect to locked-out work-people.

could say: "Look here, my boys, fair's fair: the investors had to suffer a reduction in the value of their shares; now it is your turn to make a sacrifice." But in this particular case that otherwise plausible admonition is inadmissible; for these work-people were also investors, and were stripped of their little savings in the first lock-out. Moreover, proportionately to their financial resources, there is little doubt that their losses were some multiple of those sustained by the non-worker investors. This ought to be well rubbed in, and our supporters in the cotton area would do well to take some exercises in the massage of skulls between now and the end of the month, when the crisis is due. There need be no doubt which side to take. The issue is one of the banks versus the people—with the employers as cats-paws. There is a necessity for this to be made clear too, for we heard a gentleman with a cultured voice, speaking last Saturday on the wireless about the coming crisis, say that here was a great opportunity for the Labour Government to intervene—to hold an inquiry! Not an inquiry into the basic reason why the cotton industry (like others) could not get orders enough to pay full wages, but into how, accepting the fact itself as a law of nature, the industry might perhaps reduce the proposed cut in wages by economising in another direction, i.e., re-organising to reduce overheads. From what he said it appears that the Trade Union leaders concerned are responsible for putting forward this very suggestion. Apparently they have satisfied themselves that there is, as the employers claim, not enough money in the till, and cannot think of any way of putting it there except by some method of stimulating exports by reducing expenses other than wage-costs. Of course the Trade Union leaders or employers must know whether a saving of overheads equivalent to a 12½ per cent. wage-cut is possible, and also whether, if it is, the resultant reduction in prices will secure them the new overseas markets they dream of. That is their business, and it is how they will debate the question, no doubt. The attempted exposition of the inmost truths about the credit-system will do little good in this sharp and localised controversy, unless there are opportunities here and there to do it privately to selected individuals. What is wanted is to think of the next best thing to talk about—that which will get both sides to see the situation as nearly as possible in our perspective. We may take it for granted that the ubiquitous and tireless Communists will be there to incite the men to "stick it out." The advice itself is well enough insofar as it forces the employers to divert their economy-programme from wages to overheads. As a fundamental economic principle it is better that a firm pay less money to other firms and institutions than less to private individuals. And as a practical principle for the local area affected it can be seen to be better. Take Oldham for an example. One thousand pounds a week off wages means one thousand pounds a week out of Oldham's shop takings. But the same amount per week off overheads distributes the loss of revenue throughout the country. In theory every item in overheads should be reduced; but in practice the reduction would have to be borne wholly by interests which were unable legally to exact full payment. Rent (if any), rates, taxes, mortgage or debenture-interest, bank-loan repayments, and interest, industrial insurance-premiums, etc., would remain unabated, leaving the burden to be supported chiefly by business concerns which fed the cotton industry with materials and services. But only some of those concerns would be operating in Oldham, the majority probably being elsewhere. But the Oldham shopping trade is conducted by Oldham shops, and particularly in the case of the threatened operatives, who do not patronise Selfridges. So we are entitled to say that

the wage-cut is on balance a distinct menace to Oldham's retailers. We are deliberately refraining from any discussion of secondary and subsequent consequences, because we are trying to prescribe arguments to serve in a localised struggle over an immediate issue. It would be quite easy, as our readers know, to prove that the operatives' success would in the end prove unsuccessful from the general point of view of the workers within the present financial system; but we recognise that in this struggle the success of the day is all that matters to them, and they will not want to listen to dissertations on economic ultimates. They will be needing to hear all the assurances they can why the resistance they are putting up is sound both in morals and economics. On the other hand a fair proportion of them, realising the employers' dilemma, will not want to listen to indiscriminate abuse of them. Nor, most certainly, will the retail business interests. So a Social Credit speaker or consultant will find—if our judgment is correct—the ground prepared for sowing the seed he has to scatter. We ourselves should make these points: (a) that the operatives are fighting the battle for Oldham's local trade; (b) that the idea that the community will benefit in the event of their renouncing wages is a lie. Nobody else will receive what they give up. Certainly somebody else will be pressed to give up what they refuse to; but to that argument there are two answers: (a) the pressure will be applied later on; (b) it may be successfully resisted—and will the more probably be successfully resisted if Oldham sets the example.

It is rather a nice point in tactics to consider how and when to bring the banks on to the stage—whether during the progress of the lock-out or afterwards. We are inclined to the principle, during the lock-out, of attacking the banks for their sins of commission and omission over the period including the cotton-boom and slump up to the present crisis; but of deferring until afterwards any attempt to show that they have the power to put things right. One reason is that while the lock-out is proceeding the men will be relying more or less confidently on getting their terms by declining to resume work at less. They will have backed their own horse. Another is that relations with their employers will have been formally broken off, and the atmosphere will not be right for a constructive credit-policy to be discussed—because such policy involves joint pressure on the banks by masters and men. You cannot very well propose a new sort of fight while the old sort is going on: it is quite hard enough to engineer a truce. The odds seem against the men winning: at best there may be a compromise on the amount of the wage-cut or an arrangement for the whole cut to be reached gradually by instalments. But whether both sides win in this way, or one wins outright, the time will have come to talk constructively. The victors will still be nervous, and the losers chastened. In such an atmosphere, it seems to us, can the positive case for Social Credit be best appreciated. But until then, prepare your ground by telling all the facts you can about the relationship of the banks to the cotton industry. The story can be so told that while its implications will of necessity prove the employers to be passive agents of the bankers in everything they have done, it will not emphasise the fact and make you appear to be "taking the masters' side." You can bring that out later on when the trouble has been patched up. But, as we say, these points are matters for the personal judgment of the man on the spot who can sense the directions and strains of the tensions there. There will be further opportunities of comments, so we will not extend these remarks.

It is remarkable how the Jewish financiers and Mr. J. H. Thomas admire each other. Our readers will remember Jimmy Wilde's account of meeting him with Mr. Solly Joel at a boxing tournament at Olympia. Then there was a Press report that Lord Melchett came home specially from the United States to be present at the wedding of Mr. Thomas's daughter. Again, soon after the Strike when Mr. Cook was shying at the Samuel Report, Mr. Thomas reproached him in the words: "Won't you take the word of a gentleman who has been Governor of Palestine?" And now, on Tuesday of last week, this report appeared in the *Star*.

"Sir Abe Bailey, who was dined at the Mansion House last evening, sprang a surprise on the racing public to-day by winning the Maiden Plate at Salisbury with Roral, who had not run before.

"After the dinner the Prince of Wales said: 'Sir Abe Bailey has put money on many a dark horse in his time. Sir Abe apparently put some on this one to-day!'

"Mr. J. H. Thomas chipped Sir Abe, saying that he had given him many losers, but had promised him a winner for to-morrow. We wonder if this was the one?"

The peculiar thing about this horse "Roral" was that it had not been out before, and there was no public form to attract the support of the racing public. Nor did any newspaper racing-expert seem to know anything about it on the morning of the race—not even the *Sporting Life*. Out of thirty-six newspapers which between them tipped several runners in this race, only one of them mentioned Roral. In the betting forecasts in the *Sporting Life* and the *Midday Standard* on that morning several other horses were allotted prices, but Roral was not. It was "not in the betting." It was relegated to the category of "others" with the long odds of 100 to 8 and 20 to 1 respectively by these two papers; and it can be taken for granted that these prices were estimated at about the same figure in all the other newspapers. Yet at 1.30 on that day, when betting opened on the course the utmost price that the bookmakers would offer about Roral was 6 to 4; and by 2 o'clock when the race was started the price had gone down to 5 to 6. Thus, the bookies made it the favourite from the beginning. That means that before the racegoers on the course had a chance to show whether they had a fancy for this "outsider" the bookies opened with a price which plainly told them that there was a lot of money on it already. And of course that money was what we can call the Mansion-House Fund, probably invested in the horse overnight or early that morning with bookmakers all over the country. Course bookmakers work in conjunction with their established colleagues in the towns, and would be kept advised from 8 o'clock onwards how the betting was going away from the course. The account of the *Sporting Life's* Correspondent on the following morning is interesting:

"*Betting*. Right from the start the market was particularly sensitive where Roral was concerned, and although several clever backers managed to pick up 9 to 4 and 2 to 1, there was very little about. Immediately operations commenced in earnest he was nominated at 6 to 4, and without a halt worked right through . . . to 5 to 6."

The lowering of the price on the course is of no particular significance because a lot of racegoers make it a habit to back favourites, and their additional money would explain the slight difference. It is the slump from 20 to 1 to 6 to 4 beforehand over the heads of the public (who probably would not have backed Roral at all) that is so illuminating. It is a matter of guesswork what the amount of all the ante-post inspired betting reached and what prices the "investors" got. They ranged somewhere within the above extremes and probably averaged

something nearer the top than the bottom. Of course the "market was sensitive," and of course the ordinary gambler in uncertainties had to supply the profits of investors in "good things." Politics is not bunk after all.

Among the schemes mentioned under Mr. Thomas's unemployment proposals is the development of copper resources in Northern Nigeria. As Mr. Solly Joel and Sir Abe Bailey know their South Africa so well, it is to be hoped that Mr. Thomas will not neglect to consult them. They are probably not so preoccupied with their "diamond pool" as to be unable to give their attention to copper. Copper is of course a key metal—as the English General Electric Company found out when the United States monopolists raised the price against them some time ago. So it would be a good thing for England to get hold of her own supplies—if she does. It looks like it in one way, because the money will be put up under British Government guarantee. But in another way it does not, because British Government credit itself seems to be upheld by a Wall-Street guarantee. So who will control the copper and its price?—Uncle Sam? John Bull? Mr. Thomas? Mr. Joel? Or will it be "Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke; Old Uncle Tom Cobby and All—Old Uncle Tom Cobby and All?"

We have reason for bewilderment because Mr. Thomas warned the railwaymen at Southampton last week that the Labour Government was not in power although it was in office. So Mr. Thomas in office can only propose; it is the interests in power who dispose. Now the people really in power are naturally "sensible" people. Hence Mr. Thomas could only promise the railwaymen, as he did, that he would carry out sensible or "practical" policies. "But do not expect more," he said, "or you will be disappointed." Another observation of his was:

"It is far better to find work for people than to pay them to have their character demoralised." Quite so. It would never do to tip winners to the poor.

Speaking of what had to be done to get work for the poor Mr. Thomas mentioned "getting customers all over the world to come to us." His way to do it is interesting, namely: "to free the world from the hell, horror and fear of war." Exactly. The point is clear as crystal. Mr. Thomas is in the position of an inventor who proposes to render railway-transport safe. He shows you a marvellous fog-signal which will make a hellish, horrible and fearsome noise: it will roar the locomotive to a standstill. But it will not explode in a damp atmosphere. You must choose a fine day; there must be a bright sun, warm air—in fact, even hot air. The last commodity is cheap enough: you can get illimitable quantities for £5,000 a year.

"Before one's eyes is the grotesque spectacle of United States industry and agriculture running a neck-and-neck race for the favours of the State, while American farmers, dreading Nature's bounty of a good harvest, clamour to be relieved of their excess corn by gratis distributions to the Chinese or any other method. The industries clamour in counter-chorus for higher tariffs, and this at a moment when the dollar threatens to show a chronic over-appreciation against the other currencies, and notably sterling. America's whole efforts are now concentrated upon developing her own exports, and keeping out other people's. The situation which is thus developing casts its shadow on every hope of industrial revival in this country."—*Manchester Guardian*, June 26, 1929.

The Technique of Showmanship.

(Some Further Observations by an Advertising Man.)

In my last article, on *Advertising Social Credit*, I said that, where something very like a Press boycott existed, the only publicity channel open was The Human Tongue.

I want to revise that. There is another channel, and a most effective one if it can be exploited. I shall call it the art of showmanship. By the term "showmanship," I mean real showmanship; the kind of showmanship that Sanger of circus fame would have understood—that Cochran understands; that Garibaldi, Mme. Blavatsky, Trotsky, Gandhi, Sun Yat Sen, Mrs. Besant, and Mussolini have practised in this form or that, for this purpose or that.

You may say that it is easy enough (given the cash) to put on a show, a revue of some sort, such as "That's It, Is It?" or "Up Tails All!" because there is no propaganda to get home. The same with a few cages of doped lions, elephants, tired-out ponies, and a sawdust ring. Easy enough (again, given financial backing) to develop the right showmanship when you are taking advantage of some sort of "inferiority complex" which is to be fanned into open revolt and then canalised into a revolutionary dictatorship. One can see, more or less, how the showmanship takes place almost automatically. Or when you have some "occultism," some "mystic teaching," some "key to the hidden mysteries of the universe" to get across. Given the right type of showman, the show will just happen. Amy MacPherson, for instance.

So evidently it matters very much what the show is all about? There will be some things that cannot be put into any form of showmanship? So you may think, at the first think or two.

General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, linked the Down-and-Outs with Jesus. That was not difficult, and the money for that kind of showmanship was fairly certain. But Darwin's Theory of Evolution needed quite a different kind of showmanship, and called it forth. Professor Sanger of Darwin's Circus. "Walk up! Walk up, Ladies and Gentlemen! and see the Monkey evolving into Man! This way for the Missing Link, the most amazing proof of Darwin's remarkable theory!"

Einstein's theory? That required no showmanship? Wrong again. To reach the mass of people—even the mass of mathematicians—it needed, and it found, its own form of showmanship. Professor Eddington was the showman for the fairly well-educated; and papers like the *Sphere* had exciting diagrams of what it was all about; as exciting as a picture of Wells's story of *The First Men in the Moon*. The daily newspapers coined the right slogan for the masses: "Light Caught Bending!" Between them they got the idea across (not the mathematics of it, but the general notion); the idea that things are only what they seem because of something else that seems to be different. Everything is relative.

The fact is, there is nothing that the mind of man can think that cannot be made generally understandable by the right showman and his showmanship.

Certainly Social Credit is just about the most difficult idea that any showman could be asked to show. But it is not something that cannot be shown. Eventually, and perhaps before very long, it will find its right form—its own "Shown To The Children

Series." The children, of course, are all of us who are not fully competent new economic technicians. I don't claim to be that, anyhow. I'm just one of the children. That being so, I want to see the show begin. If you tell me, "There ain't goin' to be no show," I must, if I am truthful (and I am that, you may depend upon it), admit that I am just a little bit disappointed. I might even drift off to see some show that is going on. Why not? I might drift along and watch Freud's Shadow-Show. Look at the advertisements! "This way to see the Naked Oedipus Complex! Wiggles like a worm! Come and see the Woman Who Fell in Love with a Fountain Pen when she was a Little Girl of Five, and Dare Not Stroke Velvet in the Dark!" Perhaps it does not matter whether I stay on in the hope of seeing, and taking some part in, the Social Credit Show or not? That's for you to decide. From my point of view, as a child, the show's the thing. If only it were a show, I could see, and hear, and touch, and perhaps I could shout, or beat time with one foot, or wave a flag, or join in a chorus, or throw a rotten egg . . . something, anyhow.

If it does not matter about me, it is no use my writing any more of this article; because my policy is, "I'm for ME!"

So I shall take it for granted that I do matter—simply because I want to, and because I have something more to say.

If I matter, everyone matters. I am one of the non-technicians. We assume that it would help a good deal if the mass of people who are "me"—had a general notion (not the mathematics) of the Social Credit idea. The Human Tongue can reach us, and there actually does seem to be a bit more talk about "credits" and "banks" and "gold standards," and such-like. What exactly it is all about I don't quite know, but one does hear it now and then; here and there the subject of finance and economics crops up. More than it did before, anyhow.

But I must say I should stop and wonder, and listen, and be either angry or pleased, if I saw and heard the Show. I should run to the window to see. I might even call out, "Here they come, Auntie! Look—the Social Credit Show! Be quick, or you'll miss it!" I might even put down my glass of ginger beer, or the half-pint of bitter, as the case might be, to see and hear for a moment the flutter of colour, the gay uniforms, the tramp of feet, the beat of the drum, the lilt of the song (or whatever form the Show happened to take), and, being what I am, turn to the barmaid and say, "Piffle! . . . lot of piffing rot!" And she might agree, heartily. Or, she might say, "What is it?" And then I should explain what I thought it was—"A lot of Credit Reform Cranks with A+B in their bonnets, who imagine that no one need do a stroke of Work, and that everyone can be a Millionaire by printing lots and lots of New Money. Bah! Makes me sick!" Thereupon, Flossie, the barmaid, would naturally agree with me, but just as I was about to give forth some more of my sound common sense, she might say, "Listen! They're playing 'Tuck me in my little bed, Mammy' . . . oh, I do love that," and then, to my annoyance, she might join in, humming the tune.

"They look fine, don't they?" she might say, when the show had passed along. "Lot of piffing idiots," I hear myself mumble.

"Oh, I know. But I love to see them, don't you?"

And the worst of it is, I do. I'm like Flossie—like everyone else; the swing, the tramp, the noise, "gets me down." What Kipling has called "the spell of ordered action," hits something—well, I don't know quite how to put it—something below the surface. I answer Flossie with

a grumpy "No! I hate the sight of such drivelling fools." But actually I am like the Peace Crank whose heart does a goose-step of pure joy when a regiment comes marching down the street with its colours flying and its band playing.

The War Office does not hold meetings to convince me that "Killing People is Necessary! We Must Have War!" Oh dear no! It puts up a good show. It stages a Wembley Tattoo—with superb showmanship. It plays "We don't want to lose you," and "Pack up your troubles," and "It's a long way to Tipperary"; and all sorts of intimate, sad, joyous and exciting memories come flooding back. My logical mind says, "Bunk! That's all just War Office propaganda to put a coating of sugar over the bitter pill." But something deep down inside says, wordlessly, "Gosh . . . ! That brings it all back. After all, we had a jolly fine time, in spite of the beastliness. Remember when Lance-Corporal Snooks upset the Major's shaving water? Lord, that was funny. . . ."

And when the old Union Jack flutters—oh, I know it's all rot, and perhaps some of you are not so easily moved—I don't know. . . . somehow—I like it. It's just the same when the King drives by in State. I know he's only a man, like the rest of us, but . . . well, you can't describe it. There's a "sob" in it somewhere that I keep telling myself is nothing but the very cheapest brand of popular "sob-stuff." But there you are . . . that's "me." And I'm such an awful lot of other people. We're all so alike. And, what's more, I don't want to be different.

I'd like more money, of course. And, if things really "got a move on," I'd join in the shout for more money.

It would be something like the old days of the Women's Suffrage Movement, I imagine? There was first-rate showmanship for you! I forgot what the W.S.P.U. colours were, exactly—white, green, purple? I can't remember, but I know they "made a good show." I saw them. And the banners fluttered—"Votes for Women!" I was dead against the movement. But I did enjoy the Show.

If they had just talked about how they ought to have a vote, and how, perhaps, if the People at the Top would only listen, they might—if things happened just right—be given a vote, they would have made very little headway. But you could not "argue the toss" with a Hyde Park-ful of rampant women determined to be seen and heard. They just swamped everything. You knew that they were dead set on getting that vote. And when the Press put up the very best boycott it could, the women knew how to break it. They became what Fleet Street calls "live news." They put treacle in letter-boxes. They smashed a window or so. They mobbed the Prime Minister. They burned a church or two. That broke the "Send-them-to-Coventry" stunt of the newspapers.

And, in the end, they got their silly vote. No use to man, woman, or child, but they accomplished their objective. Showmanship did it! Mrs. Pankhurst was a first-class showman.

As a professional advertising and publicity expert, I say that I do not believe the Social Credit movement has the ghost of a chance of seeing a Social Credit System put into force (and I take it that is the objective) without developing its own special form of showmanship.

Let me say, however, that the Social Credit idea contains certain other ideas within it that you will never be able to put across, either by argument or by showmanship.

These ideas will not be "swallowed" until they are actually translated into fact. In order that the

right form of showmanship may begin to develop, let me set down two lists. List I is the *Taboo* List, of ideas that cannot be accepted, do what you will. List 2 is the list of ideas that *can* be accepted, and should therefore form the "guts" of the Show.

List I. (*Taboo*).

- (a) That you can have Money for Nothing—without Working for it. This is the Work Complex, and you will never get rid of it by argument of any kind. It is the biggest "snag" in Social Credit propaganda—the "something-for-nothing" snag. As propaganda it defeats your objective. (It is as though the Votes for Women movement has said: "And, when we do get the Vote, we're going to kill all the male children at birth.")

I find that there is only one category in List 1, and that all the items I could tabulate under this head are really covered by (a) the Work Complex. Try it yourself. I think you'll find they are all connected with this, directly or indirectly?

List II. (*for Public Use*).

- (a) That we could all do with a bit more Money.
 (b) That Trade and Industry are bad because Money is "tight," "dear," "scarce."
 (c) That better Automatic Machinery and automatic processes in Industry would do a great deal to speed-up Production, and do away with much of the toilsome machine-minding.
 (d) That the root-cause of War is economic: the international scramble for Raw Materials and Export Markets.
 (e) That Social Credit would develop the Home Market. "Ourselves First, eh?" Something like the Sinn Feiners, "Ourselves Alone!" slogan.
 (f) That Industry ought to pay good Wages and Salaries, but cannot owing to high cost of production.
 (g) That Industry, and, indeed, the whole British People, is in the hands of the International Moneylenders. They "rig" the markets, and ruin our trade.
 (h) That the U.S.A., especially, has "got us down."
 (i) That it looks as though Banking is just about the best money-making stunt going. What about that corner-site in the High Street—seen the new What-you-call-it Bank going up? Like a palace—must have cost God knows what!
 (j) That, if Social Credit were in working order, all the Unemployed would be absorbed by the great spurt given to Production for the Home Consumer Market.
 (k) That, in time, with the introduction of automatic production, less and less human labour would have to mind machines. Then you could get on with all sorts of jobs that you have always wanted to do. Yes, there would be a National Industrial Dividend for everyone without distinction, based on what we could produce as a community. Why not?
 (l) That if goods and services were sold at a price which we could all pay—the Exact Price—our Trade and Industry would pick up right away. It's the Bank Loans included in Price that stop that, at present.
 (m) No, no, no—all Party Politics is piffle, and Voting is a kid's game of naughts-and-crosses that gets us nowhere. Parliament, as it is now, is just a very useful place for letting the people's elected representatives "blow off steam." It's a frothblowers' club. Quite silly.

No doubt there are many other points to be added to List 2. My contention is this: whether you use The Human Tongue, or Showmanship, or both, List 1, and all the points you can set out under (a), is *taboo*. You may know that it is logically true, but the Work Complex is far deeper than one might think.

If you want your propaganda to spread, just leave out the bit about having "Money without Working." We cannot swallow that. And, because we cannot swallow that, we brush your schemes and ideas aside as being hot air—fantastic nonsense.

When you have established a Social Credit Regime, then we shall find out in action that we need not work as we do now. We shall not only accept it as true—we shall live it. We shall have some leisure without "going on the dole." E. L.

Drama.

Young Love: Arts.

While their host and hostess were out at an all-night party consuming rum-runner gin, young David and Fay passed their time in contemplating the stars, in reading "Romeo and Juliet" aloud, and in sexual intercourse. As each confessed in the light of dawn, it was the first time, but, as Don Juan remarked, nobody can have a second time until he has had a first. David and Fay had the excuse of being in love as well as of being modern, and the boy was eager, with the male's traditional conscience in such circumstances, to marry the girl. But Fay was a feminine rationalist, with the experience of others before her. In all the constellation of married couples that she knew there was only one unblemished star, that of their host and hostess. But for them she could not believe in marriage at all; indeed, with them before her she could hardly trust either herself or David not to make the familiar wreck of it. Was there no fiery ordeal to which they might submit themselves, and demonstrate finally their fitness or otherwise for a matrimonial mariner's certificate?

Life, said less fearful and more romantic generations, is one long test. David and Fay were tested soon enough, and in keeping with myth and tradition, the woman duly fell while the man behaved like a prig. While David and his hostess made breakfast, Fay asked her host some intimate questions about life, with special reference to happiness, fidelity, and morals. She learned that her host and his wife both looked elsewhere for stimulation, and at home only for repose; and that he was ready to prove himself a lover as well as a husband by crooning poetic speeches of ardent and hitherto restrained passion into her ears on the spot. Fay glowed under this poetic massage as every woman does who fails to run away at the first stroke; in the well-known order, she was first afraid, then happily secure, then terrified, and, last, ashamed. Let the host not be blamed too much for making love to his guest's beloved. The host and his wife had made up their minds that marriage between the young couple in their raw state would be disastrous, and had agreed that both ought to be enlightened a little about the world as it really is.

While Fay is off-stage—weeping for shame or listening to more poetry—David receives his dose of medicine. Would he not be better off, his hostess enquires archly, if, instead of a mere girl sweetheart who knew nothing of the art of pleasing a man, he had a mature woman, patient in soothing jaded nerves, and skilled in giving the best value for love with her mind as well as her body. David only half tried the suggestion out. He kissed her, and then kissed her again, but the second was only to show that the first meant nothing. Young Fay, when confidences were exchanged, very properly became a fanatic, as fanatic for the ordeal of infidelity as the nineteenth-century eugenic idealists were for masculine purity. She would sleep with her host, and David must sleep with the hostess, after which they would be able to tell how firmly the foundations of their love were fixed. Whether she did sleep with her host was not clear, though both she and he acknowledged having done so. There seemed to be some sort of lady's and gentleman's obligation between them to say that they had performed sexual intercourse whether they had or not, as in a recent notorious court case. David, let it be confessed in shame, funk'd his part of the ordeal. Perhaps he had not courage to ask the lady; perhaps he first wanted to be sure that Fay had gone through hers in fear of her crowing about her superior fidelity for the rest of their lives in the event of his being the only one to see it through.

The latter possibility becomes a probability through the fact that he traded on his not having carried out his bargain by spurning Fay as a fallen woman, and starting out to Africa, whither he had before arranged for her to accompany him, alone. Thereupon Fay broke down in hysteria, and when David came back to fulfil his bargain, she begged him on her knees to cancel it, and to come to her arms.

The conclusion is, of course, the breakdown of reason, which seems the conventional ending for free-love plays. Jealous possessiveness, every author seems to say, is too strong for rational conduct to be tried to its conclusions. This is not true of all cases. It simply indicates the breakdown of the authors. By assuming superiority over Fay, which he was able to only by traditional morality as a result of failing to keep his bargain, David proved himself totally unfit for her company. As the object of the whole ordeal was to discover that, the play would have been more acceptable if the logical consequences had followed. Fay was a fanatic who challenged the notion that the burning of illicit desire was preferable to the bad conscience ensuing from satisfying it. In a period when sexual intercourse is alleged to have no uncontrolled connection with the bringing up of children, she had good logical grounds for concentrating on psychological relationship, as Jung would call it, apart from physical intercourse; and for demanding to know how she and her professed lover would feel towards one another after both had followed their flirtations to the end of physical consummation. It is amusing, as well as a strong commentary on the modern disintegrated attitude to sex, that a comedy on the etiquette of love and sexual intercourse can go through without anyone apparently noticing the complete omission of references, implicit or explicit, to either children or contraceptives, until the play is practically over, when the older woman thinks of having a baby. But the author of "Young Love," Mr. Raphael Samuelson, seems only half in earnest, and to pose as half in jest as an excuse for dealing with only half the problem. He seems unsure whether to let reason have its fling though it scorch us, or to let tradition sweep away such part of the modern consciousness as is worth while. He seems, in short, to hover between sentimental cynicism and sceptical realism.

Except that the love speeches are poetic without being poetry, that the chain of causation is not firmly established—as, for example, the necessity for the ordeal at all—and that exits and entrances are too noticeably arranged, the play is cleverly written, entertaining, and contains some good sense within the limits fixed. The production, by Mr. Terence de Marney, was light, as it should be, though the priggishness of David gave trouble to both producer and actor. At times the actor, Mr. Derek de Marney, could do nothing with the fellow but treat him as burlesque. It would be interesting to know how this part was played in New York and with what effect. Miss Fabia Drake gave an excellent performance as the older married woman, but I did not like Mr. Frank Comoy's articulation as her husband. The performance of Miss Dorothy Gish as Fay was sincere and powerful; but, then, Fay is the one solid character in the play.

PAUL BANKS.

POINTS FOR STATESMEN.

If you export goods for money your goods become gifts.
 * * *
 If you export goods for goods you do not increase employment.
 * * *

If your people cannot afford to buy all their home production and you export the surplus for money, you give the surplus to the foreigner. Why not to your own people instead?

The French Romantic Period.*

The historical period that corresponds to French Romanticism has been a dull period. Two revolutions have failed, and the country is in a prosperous state; the total sum of events from 1815 to 1860 can thus be presented. It is easy to understand the causes for this, and how the exhaustion consequent on the Napoleonic wars had left the country void of all heroism; but from the literary point of view the situation was slightly humorous. Hugo, Lamartine, and Vigny had to be heroic at the expense of the previous generations:—

“Car ces derniers soldats de la dernière guerre furent grands.”

How different the situation of the Classics, from Corneille and Pascal to Racine and Boileau! The Classics had lived in a romantic period, whereas the Romantics lived in a dull period.

Hence in the Romantic revolt, a share of envy and a share of contempt; those seventeenth century people had lived through a fascinating period, full of passionate doings. They had seen Rocroi, Lens and Denain, victory and defeat, Revocation and the Camisards, and all they had got out of it were plays like *Bérénice* and poems like *L'Art Poétique*. If only Lamartine and Hugo had had such luck! They could give us only *Odes à la Colonne* and *Odes du Sacre*, and the only kind of events that came their way were the lamentable affairs of 1848 and 1852. Imagine what *Les Châtiments* would have been like had Hugo been a Protestant at the time of the *Dragonnades*. *Les Châtiments* are a great masterpiece, but Hugo could derive but little help from contemporary events. Napoleon III. was not an adequate occasion for *Les Châtiments*.

Hence Alexandre Dumas. The *Mousquetaires* series is an attempt on the part of the Romantics to “reprendre son bien où on le trouve.” Dumas has no chance of writing anything like it about his own time. The *Comte de Monte Cristo* is poor material compared with *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. All great men had been devoured by Napoleon, except men of letters. Lamartine has described admirably in *Graziella* the tense waiting of the young heroes, who were ready for a high destiny, and who were only waiting for events that never came. Lamartine tried to make them come, but 1848 was a failure as an event.

Just as Hugo's exile is a failure as an exile. Not really necessary. Coming in reality from Hugo's heroism, and not from any heroic quality in the circumstances, which were not heroic. Lamartine in 1848, Hugo in 1852, played the great part that neither men nor events were on their level. Hugo in his fury wrote *Les Châtiments*, but unconsciously his fury was produced rather by the fact that the crimes he had been forced to witness were mediocre crimes, not the magnificent sort of crimes that as a poet he needed; his Napoleon was Napoleon le Petit, whose abominations were insufficient. Still Hugo did write *Les Châtiments*, and Lamartine had nothing left to write about. The substance itself of romanticism was lacking.

The failure of romanticism is therefore an historical failure rather than a literary failure. The poets did their best, but the bag-pipes into which they blew had holes and refused to swell. Lamartine gave it up. Hugo lifted his efforts on to a metaphysical plane, and devoted to the building of astonishing

* *The Restoration and the July Monarchy*. By Lucas-Dubreton. Translated from the French by E. F. Buckley. (Heinemann, London. 12s. 6d. 382pp.)

cosmogonies the forces he had been unable to make use of in real history. Vigny, whose wings were not strong enough to rise into these tenuous airs, succeeded, however, on the moral plane in giving magnificent expression to his heroic pessimism.

Baudelaire was the first to realise the distance which separated reality from heroism. Hence his bitterness. He was the last and the worst of the Romantics, the most disillusioned; his contempt for the world is also self-contempt:—

“Une nuit que j'étais près d'une affreuse juive.” . . . That was all that his heroism had brought about. Hugo and Vigny had at least begun their life in a period that was still aglow with the remembrance of great days. Baudelaire believed in nothing: by 1857 all that was over.

To be passionate was not even a danger any longer. Whereas in the seventeenth century, in the time of Corneille, of Pascal, and even of Racine, not only was it dangerous to be passionate, but merely to be reasonable was dangerous. Reason, calm and possessed beauty, could only gain precarious foothold in the midst of the *Fronde* and the religious wars, court intrigues and foreign camps. The world of the Classics was full of passions, whereas the world of the Romantics was only full of business. Hence the efforts of the Classics who tried to bring order and reason into life: hence the effort of the Romantics who tried to bring back heroism into life.

But it is easier to be an intellectual hero in an heroic period than in a dull period. In a heroic period even cowards are possessed of a certain amount of heroism. The vilest deeds themselves are on a noble scale, whereas in a dull period, heroes themselves are like wind-bags. They are not to be blamed for this. In a great period they would have been great. That is why in Racine, in the very rhythm of his lines:—

“Que le jour recommence et que le jour finisse,” there is a heroic quality which is absolutely different even from the strongest lines of Hugo and of Vigny. As something simple, but at a very high tension, comes reason, which is so simple and so clear, but is yet surrounded by wild beasts and may stumble. This is the greatness of the Classics.

But the Romantics also were great. Unfortunately, the period they lived in let them down. DENIS SAURAT.

Russian Educational Policy.

All books upon Russia are sure of a reading public, and a volume such as this*, which is “a descriptive account of a visit by delegations of the Teachers' Labour League to Russia in 1926, with additional information from a League Investigator after six months study of education in that country, 1927-28,” is sure of a reception.

This book is of value to the student of comparative education. It is also of value to the layman who interests himself in politico-economic issues, for it gives an account of the education meted out to those who exist under a work-State. Small in size, it briefly surveys Social Conditions, the Organisation of Education, the Practice of Soviet Education, Art in the First Workers' State, and Adult Education. It also has a chapter upon some special problems of Soviet education and a useful Bibliography. So much for the scope of the book. But the mental attitude of those who rule and are ruled in Russia is positively appalling. The educational theory is based upon Marx and Engels, Darwin and Dietzgen, with Lenin's deductions and additions, and so “Russian education is working-class education, because the workers are in power and rule. . . .”

Work has become deified; indeed, has become the God Almighty of New Russia. So New Russia and Old Russia are no more than the same Russia, save that now a new

* Schools, Teachers, and Scholars in Soviet Russia. (Williams and Norgate, Ltd. 2s. 6d.)

aristocracy has taken the place of the hereditary aristocracy and psychologically things are as they were. We can welcome the honesty of men who openly declare that “education is based on work or physical labour. Methods of learning are through doing. Work becomes the universal shaft around which all instruction and education rotate,” as Professor Pinkevitch puts it. Life and livelihood depend upon work. Hence schools and other educational institutions are brought into the closest contact with the life of the people round them and with industrial production.”

All school knowledge is directed towards service in the work-State. And as one reads through this report, there comes inevitably to one's mind the findings of the Malcolm Committee in England and the constant demands of the English Chamber of Commerce, of the English teacher. One wonders why our industrialists so curse Russia, and when Russia has had the courage openly to state her opinions of education. In England we talk blithely of “Freedom” and “inculcating all things beautiful,” and “individual expression,” and such-like bilge, when we can see the chains that bind us, and feel the pinch of them as they increase in pressure with the passage of every day.

There is nothing new in Russian education except its honesty. Russians have faced the brutal fact that all education is, and must be, propaganda for something. And they have accepted it and now wield the educational weapon to carve out their own political fortune. This spirit alone makes the report worthy of a reading, even though it goes to prove the folly of a revolution that lacks a sound economic basis and the white-hot flame of inspiration to guide it. It makes one say, “To hell with all education! Give us our culture again!” And not a bad battle cry either—if the economic field has been scoured first. That must precede educational reform, before any progress is possible.

ARTHUR B. ALLEN.

Reviews.

- The Thinker's Library.** (Watts and Co. 1s. each.)
 I. *First and Last Things.* By H. G. Wells.
 II. *Education.* By Herbert Spencer.
 III. *The Riddle of the Universe.* By Ernst Haeckel.
 IV. *Humanity's Gain from Unbelief; and other selections from the Works of Charles Bradlaugh.*
 V. *On Liberty.* By John Stuart Mill.
 VI. *A Short History of the World.* By H. G. Wells.

This series of books consists of handy, well-produced volumes, containing anything up to 320 pages. From their titles, it will be seen that with two exceptions they include classics of rationalist thought. This edition of Wells's “*First and Last Things*” is “definitive.” He seems to have abandoned the very destructive criticism, in former editions, of his own conception of a “Samurai” as the governing body of the future. His “*Short History*” is too well known to need criticism.

I. O. E.

The Bushwhackers. By P. R. Stephenson. (The Mandrake Press. 3s. 6d.)
 A set of a dozen articles on life in a small “way-back” township in Australia—articles such as may have been written for a Colonial weekly. Not a notable or convincing booklet, but for the most part quite readable.

P. T. K.

The Lure of Safeguarding. By A. S. Comyns Carr, K.C., and D. Rowland Evans. (Geo. Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 3s.)
 The slow progress of economic thought is well illustrated by the old controversy over import taxes, a controversy which harks back to the seventeenth century. Its recent booming under the synonym “safeguarding” in place of “protection” testifies to the exploitation of an electorate which is both uninformed and disillusioned. This little 120 pp. manual is written to show that a nation's prosperity cannot be permanently ensured by taxing imports. The best that can be said for “safeguarding”—and this the authors allow—is that the imposition of a tax on certain selected imports can build up a few industries. It cannot be successfully applied all round, however, and in any case the benefits are obtained at the expense of the community as a whole.

E. A. D.

“Man and Social Achievement.” By Donald C. Babcock. (Longmans, Green and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)
 Prof. Babcock tells a story more involved, but much less exciting, than that of the house that Jack built. The reader plods wearily through pages of platitudes, always lured on by the hope of future fun, held out by the catchy headings to the chapters. Thus having watched until weariness overcame me, “Man receiving the Great Challenge”—a chal-

lenge apparently to deal with fearsome monsters with names like “Technogeography” and “Anthropogeography”—I skipped a few acts in which “Man” got entangled in all kinds of “behaviour patterns,” such as “taking a sword,” “sublimating the sex motive,” and “hearing the stars sing,” and started hopefully on the chapter headed, “Man dines out.” But I might have known there was something wrong, since he heard the stars sing before he dined out. Man apparently dines out on such dyspeptic diet as “The Social Penumbra of the Individual” and “the Social Preconditioning of Individual Experience.” I wonder what he drinks with these things, and whether even Jurgen would have tried it once? Frankly, it was beyond my endurance. N. M.

“A Bed of Feathers.” By Rhys Davies. (Mandrake Press. 3s. 6d.)

A Welsh miner, a bachelor of sixty and deacon of his chapel, decides to wed. He brings home, in Prince Hal's phrase, “a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta.” In the house, as lodger, remains the deacon's half-brother, age under thirty. Naturally, there is trouble. For they have all been reading the works of Mr. D. H. Lawrence. Or perhaps the author has. Anyway, the trio are burning with sex. By page thirteen the wench has realised that her sexagenarian mate is not satisfactory, and “a strained and baffled look would come into her searching eyes, and she would cross her pressing arms over her body, a half-strangled moan escaping her distended lips.” [My italics.] There are only ninety odd pages, however, so it is soon over. Mr. Davies, look you, may be described as the highbrow's Elinor Glyn. J. S.

Retrospect.

JULY 16, 1925.

Obituary. “A.E.R.” (Alfred E. Randall—John Francis Hope.)

Coal—the *Observer's* economic analysis of the situation—overproduction—need to export. Our analysis of a hypothetical trading account of the coal industry. A moratorium wanted. Mr. Cook, Mr. Tillet, and Commander Kenworthy's mistaken attack on royalty-owners.

Current Financial Policy. (Article by K. O. Glenn.)
 “Free Banking.” (Letter from Henry Meulen.)

JULY 15, 1926.

The French Exchange down to 185½.

A strike in New York, the land of prosperity.
 The American arsenal at Dover, N.Y., destroyed—“struck by lightning.”

The Eight Hours Bill passed.
 Mr. Chesterton discovers the “banker” as the “thing that rules England.”

Through Savings to Prosperity. (Editorial article on Mr. Sharrock's proposal.)

Financial Law and the Poor Law. (Editorial article on the Board of Guardians Default Bill.)
 Cartoon: caricatures by “Cyrano.”

JULY 14, 1927.

Churchill's super-tax legislation—account of the method of dodging this tax. High taxes versus maintenance of business reserves.

Building ships out of profits—Mr. Runciman's grandfather's successful policy.

Jimmy Thomas and Solly Joel at the Walker-Milligan fight at Olympia. Joel as market tipster and Thomas as investment-adviser to the N.U.R.—social affinity arising.

Mr. G. A. Spencer, leader of the (independent) Nottingham Miners, asks for inquiry into the “British currency system” to see “to what extent it had been crippling . . . industrial activities.”

Rumour that a tip was sent round to Trade Union executives during the General Strike: “Buy railway shares.” Mr. Thomas now lets loose an attack on the road-transport industry.

The Arcos raid—its connection with international oil politics—New York preparing to refine oil in Russia.

The English, French, and German central-bank-managers in America.

The Midland Bank and a Financial Inquiry. (Article by C. H. Douglas, Part II.)

Mr. Garvin lends the *Observer* to Sir Herbert Samuel, who attacks the mine owners in a leading article.
Tariffs, Unemployment, and a Financial Inquiry. (Editorial article on the Economic Conference at Geneva.)

JULY 12, 1928.

[The series for 1928 has hitherto been a week in front of the other three. It is suspended this week to bring it back into line for next week and onwards.]

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