

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Replying to a deputation of the Federation of British Industries on March 10, Mr. Churchill reproved them for advocating a policy of Government borrowing, warning them that "this is not the time to weaken or dissipate the national credit." According to a report in the *Daily News*, he expanded this in the following homily:—

"Every form of borrowing impaired the national credit. Everything taken in credit, just like everything taken in cash, was taken out of the common store. Their policy must be, not the dissipation of their national credit for schemes of expansion and State-impelled expenditure, but the careful husbanding and frugal employment of that credit."

Mr. Churchill is a busy man. He had to meet three more deputations on that day; so presumably had no time to rationalise his reasoning. Not that it matters anyway, for what the deputation wanted was to elicit from him a declaration of policy . . . and got it.

In the latest volumes of his book "The Crisis," Mr. Churchill gave a vivid account of his emotions upon hearing the chimes of Big Ben at eleven o'clock on that fateful morning when Germany signified that, for her, the Great War was lost and over. It was most brilliantly done. But then some unimaginative precisian wrote to *The Times* to point out that Big Ben did not strike on that day, nor for weeks afterwards. It had long before been locked out by the military authorities, lest its voice told secrets to enemy aircraft; so it sulkily declined to return to duty when the lock-out notice was withdrawn. Silence gave dissent. Big Ben, by not striking, remained on strike. "Good," we thought, when we read these facts; "we shall see sport in the *Daily Mail* to-morrow." Alas, no. Mr. Churchill was not assailed as a manufacturer of myths; his publishers were not abused as "disreputable" and commanded to withdraw the book; his royalty-checkeque was not stopped; nor was he proceeded against for obtaining

money under false pretences. In short his name was not Mr. Hesketh Pearson, nor his book the "Whispering Gallery." But then we reflected. Mr. Churchill is not ordinary flesh and blood. His perceptions soar in that transcendental sphere where Time, the bugbear of the earthy, does not exist. He is the incarnation of that hypothetical extra-cosmic "observer" who is "aware" in the present of the events of the past. The man did hear the chimes of Big Ben on November 11, 1918, we persuaded ourselves; but they were the chimes of 1914. Mr. Churchill has since done himself an injustice in his own explanation of the mystery. He says he must have heard some other clock and confused it with Big Ben owing to the intensity of his instant expectation that the latter was going to strike. But we must not allow him to escape under this cloak of modesty. We persist that he hears the past; that he sees the past; that he feels the past; that it is in the past that he lives, thinks . . . and talks to deputations on economics. Hush! The Chancellor is about to chime the forgotten chimes of the Big Five.—DING—DONG—DING—DONG. (Now you boys there, please pass along.)

More stones for bread. When will publicists begin to realise that what the world expects from them to-day is synthesis and not analysis? People are sick to death of being told what is wrong. They want to hear from somebody who can put it right. One of the latest sinners is Mr. H. G. Wells. In a recent book* he publishes a lecture delivered by him at the Sorbonne on March 15, 1927, in which he surveys the development of Democracy. "I am an unsparing hostile critic of Marxist Communism. I have a strong dislike for many aspects of Facism—including particularly its head. . . . In my latest book ["William Clissold"] . . . careful, elaborate, and destructive criticism . . . and my treatment of

* "Democracy Under Revision." (Hogarth Press. 47 pp. 2s.)

national co-operation and disarmament can be put on a business basis. It is engaged on the hopeless task of attempting to reconcile a world of producers who cannot get orders for their products. Armaments are commercial travellers, and the cure for them is to bring the necessary orders to the producers by the financing of consumer-demand in every country.

Mr. Aaron Sapiro's name figured very largely in Canada some time ago in connection with the inauguration of a wheat pool for that Dominion. He has now brought a libel action against Mr. Henry Ford for \$1,000,000, on the grounds that the *Dearborn Independent* has asserted that there has been a Jewish conspiracy to control agriculture in the United States, and that he (Mr. Sapiro) has sought to make use of the farmer's co-operative organisations for his private ends. Mr. Sapiro's counsel wanted to insert in the preliminary pleadings a declaration that, in view of the *Dearborn Independent's* former articles under the title "The International Jew," the term "Jew," as used in the present articles is a term of reproach and scorn. But Mr. Ford's counsel insisted that there was no reflection upon Mr. Sapiro intended; and Federal Judge Raymond refused to accept the insertion—thus considerably limiting the scope of the trial, which is down for hearing at Detroit on March 15. Mr. Ford's senior counsel is Senator James Reed, of Missouri, who, as a possible Democratic Presidential candidate "would naturally wish to avoid being concerned in any dispute which involved racial issues" (*Times*, March 15). In the *Daily Herald's* report, the *Dearborn Independent's* charge is elaborated in one particular, namely that Mr. Sapiro was alleged to be endeavouring to "deliver farmers into the 'grip' of Jewish bankers."

We hope that the endeavour to eliminate racial issues will be successful. Then, perhaps the public may get an insight into something more relevant to their interests. The basic fact is that agriculture has always been organised to fit in with the wider purposes of national policy. Those purposes have necessarily involved the agriculturists' sitting among the cinders like Cinderella, while their ugly sisters went to the economic ball. Capital development was considered to depend on cheap labour, therefore on cheap food, therefore on penurious farmers. So long as farmers continued to sell single-handed they sold in a state of panic—each fearing to arrive after the fair was over. Of recent years they have been learning the benefits of concerted selling. Mr. Sapiro was instrumental in teaching American, and then Canadian, farmers how to do it. So far, he has done them a service. He has not changed a pumpkin into a State coach, it is true; but he has made Cinderella Prince-conscious, and got her to wash her face. And even if he has sold her the soap, so would anyone of any other name, and go back to his shop justified. To come to the main issue, there is no doubt of there being a financial project to control the wheat pools. The syndicate may be preponderantly Jewish or it may not. If it is, and is in control, the only comment to make is that the Jewish bankers got up a little earlier than the Gentiles. What is certain is that financial control would have come about in any case. The ultimate object of all financial control is to prevent consumers generally from getting too much for their money. If in the present case the farmer gets a larger share of the proceeds arising from the fleecing of the bread-eater, that squares with the financial objective. All the bankers have to do is to get their loans back from the threatened middle-man before the wheat pool organisation puts him out of business, and then they can use the money to finance

the wheat-pool. Mr. Ford is entitled to point this out, but he will waste his time if he tries to teach the public that, but for Mr. Sapiro, it would not have happened. Anybody who organises a selling pool is making financial control easier, be his motives what they may.

Lord Ashfield's offer to buy, on behalf of the Underground Combine, no fewer than 350 London independent 'buses at £2,500 each, is the outcome of the Government's previous failure to squeeze the owners out under the guise of traffic-regulations. The average price of these vehicles when new was £1,250. The amount of depreciation is reckoned to be 20 per cent. per annum. The present average age of them is three years. So the Combine is offering £2,500 for 'buses which are not worth more than £700 from an accountancy point of view. The offer is for the 'bus, schedule, and licence only; spare parts and premises used in the business would be bought at a valuation. In all it is computed that the Combine would have to pay £1,000,000 if its offer were accepted. But Mr. A. T. Bennett, the vice-chairman of the Association of London Omnibus Proprietors, points out that the offer is not so generous as it looks. He points out that the competition of the independent 'buses is causing the Combine, according to its own statements, to keep 1,500 'buses on the streets which it would otherwise not run. Since each 'bus costs £50 a week to run, the Combine appears to be spending £3,000,000 per annum unnecessarily. If the independent owners sell out, the Combine will be able to save a large proportion of this sum; for, under the regulations of the London Traffic Committee, no new 'buses are to be allowed on "restricted" (i.e., paying) routes. The independent owners' Association is trying to get a deputation received by Mr. Baldwin to discuss the situation. A transaction like this ought not to go through without some guarantee that the interests of the travelling public are going to be observed. Even if they are, we are not reconciled to it. It is bad in principle for a successful small owner to be bribed out of existence by a large organisation, for no other reason than that the latter's capital is more than its revenue will bear. And by the way, can anyone explain why the 'Bus Combine uses American (Shell) spirit exclusively—at the rate, too, of at least 2,000,000 gallons a month? It is a curious way of facilitating the repayment of the American debt.

The Council of the British Engineers' Association has passed the following Resolution:—

"The Council of the British Engineers' Association (Inc.) welcomes the courageous speech recently delivered by Mr. McKenna at the Ordinary General Meeting of the shareholders of the Midland Bank, and strongly supports his proposal for an exhaustive enquiry into the theoretical basis and practical technique of our credit and currency system, including the position of the Bank of England as the central institution and custodian of our monetary resources."

We understand that the Resolution has been communicated to the Press and copies of it forwarded to Mr. McKenna and Mr. Baldwin. This is one more sign of the quickening interest in financial policy to be observed in engineering circles. It is bound to spread there. Familiar as they are with notations and instruments of measurement engineers are bound to be the first to be struck by the anomaly of a measuring mechanism which impedes the flow of the force it measures.

Imagine you buy a cyclometer which, when it registers nine miles, sticks hard, and strips all the spokes off your front wheel. You go to the maker and ask him if he cannot devise a meter that will tell you how far you've gone without smashing your

skull. His first answer is that he can't get any rotating bands for carrying the "tens" and "hundreds" digits. But on your pointing out that exactly the same kind of bands that carry the units will serve for the other series, he falls back on the statement that the nine-mile limit is a custom in this country. You say: "Then I will make a cyclometer for myself." But he replies: "No; it is against the law." You try him on another tack: "Well; if your limit is nine miles, can't you at least make the thing so that I can exceed that distance without injury if I want to? I'll chance the inconvenience of not knowing the distance." He says "No." When you offer to show him how, he gives way, but catches you in the rear with a new kind of argument; namely that he is in a Combine with other makers abroad, and the nine-mile limit is the maximum allowed in this country by the international Combine. "In this country?" you query: "Do I understand that there is a higher maximum abroad?" After a little hesitation he tells you that the American members who hold more than half the stock of the Combine have reserved the exclusive right to make cyclometers recording up to twenty miles. "But how do I get on if I want to break get off," is his clincher. . . . This imaginary conversation covers the ground which an inquiry into the Bank of England's credit technique and policy could (we should like to be able to say "would") explore. British currency is the cyclometer, British industry the bicycle, and British output is the distance. All these things are the business of the British people. They do not mind giving sole rights of currency creation to the Bank of England, but they certainly are not going to let the Bank handicap production either for its own purposes or, as is the case, to keep secret pledges with Wall Street.

Family Endowment.*

Mr. Gray has done good service in presenting in so narrow a compass so wide a conspectus of views for and against both the principle of subsidising the family and the various methods of doing it. He makes frequent quotations from the twenty-six publications enumerated in his bibliography, and notes these authorities on the pages as he goes along. From the point of view of the *New Economic Analysis*, the whole book is out of date. It examines the proposal on the assumption that Family Endowment must of necessity involve a subsidy raised by taxation; and nearly every opinion it reproduces reflects the same logical parentage. There are some refreshing exceptions, as, for instance, a remark of Mr. A. B. Piddington's, quoted from his "The Next Step" (Macmillan). "Thus," says Mr. Gray, "to Mr. Piddington, children have rights as individual citizens. 'From the moment of their birth they have a right to expect that the nation will so order its economic structure that they can live.' That may be so," resumes Mr. Gray:—

"But it is not the obvious view, nor is it the most effective way of doing the best for the child to regard it from its mewling infancy as the incorporation of certain rights demanding satisfaction from people at large." (Our italics.)

Here is the taxation-complex at work. Mr. Gray advances the following alternative propositions:—

"But if the birth of the child is regarded not as vesting grandiloquent rights in the child, but as imposing very definite duties on the parents who are responsible for the child's existence, it is possible to get somewhere." (Our italics.)

Here is the result of the taxation-complex. Mr. Gray

* "Family Endowment: A Critical Analysis." By Alexander Gray. (Ernest Benn. 130 pp. + Bibliography + Index. 4s. 6d.)

is sponsoring a sound idea, but on a plane where it is impossible "to get somewhere." He does not here define the "duties" he refers to, but his context makes them include the "duty" of the parents to get their children an economic footing in society without disturbing anybody else's comfort. That emphatically is not the duty of any parents: it is the duty of the "nation"—more precisely, that of the banker, industrialist and statesman. Henry George used to comfort himself that with every fresh mouth that came into the world there came a pair of hands. Today the reverse reflection is the logical consolation. In an era of machine development which has dispensed with "hands" and thereby multiplied the potential speed of production to such extent that war and deliberate restriction of effort are necessary to destroy or prevent a glut—the new infant's mouth is everything, and his hands nothing. Parents who multiply their offspring multiply markets. The baby sucking his "dummy" is a symbol of that frustrated demand, the lack of which is causing every productive organisation in the world to despair.

"The essence of Family Endowment," says Mr. Gray, "is that a man's children should be supported by other people." That would be true of Family Endowment introduced into the framework of the economic system of to-day. But under a revised credit policy it would be realised that every new baby widens the foundation of larger economic dividends to the community.

People who in this book are quoted as betraying fear of the encouragement of too large families under the stimulus of Family Endowment seem to be unaware of the real meaning of the instalment-purchase boom in America. In that country, populous as it is, Industry and Finance are in effect increasing the population—i.e., enabling the population to buy goods at the same rate as if it were ten to twenty per cent. larger. Yet the cry of "pressure of population on the means of subsistence" continues unabated.

When once children are looked upon as wealth to the State rather than a charge on the State, most of the "principles" discussed in this book will collapse. Mr. Gray, commenting on one view of the relation to the mother to the State, says:—

"The woman thus becomes the servant of the State for the purpose of giving birth to children; marriage re- presents the stipulated conditions of enrolment in the service designed for this purpose. In these circumstances . . . it will become the duty of the State to take effective action to see that the children are brought up in a manner becoming *its* children." (Our italics.)

Elsewhere he has defined the "State" as "other people." So it will be the duty of "other people" to control the way in which the endowed mother brings up *their* children. Exact reasoning enough, if the other people pay. Since, however, in a Social Credit economy, they would not do so, this conclusion has no value.

Family Endowment cannot be intelligently discussed until the credit question is understood. When it is, everyone will see that it is the State that will be it is, everyone will see that it is the State that will be endowed, and not the family. Arguing fundamentally, one may say that the arrival of every child means the arrival of a new security for the creation of financial credit. Such a child has two hands to use for the purposes of consumption. It has a brain to use for both purposes. But applied science in industry is making production indefinitely expandable, whereas no force can make consumption indefinitely expandable. Modern industry can dispense with hands, but not with mouths. At present the State has to lend money to foreign peoples to provide its own producers with orders for their surplus products. It is in hourly danger of war with other States for the

privilege of making foreign loans for that purpose. A sound financial system in any one of those States could divert this foreign-loan money to the purpose of Family Endowment. Whether the scheme took that particular form or whether it took the wider form of a general distribution of consumer-credit is a matter of detail. It is far from proved that an endowed family would necessarily be a large family; but if it were, so much the better. The modern industrial problem is not to make goods, but to dispose of them. A growing population, endowed with the financial power of demand, will solve it.

The Religion of the State.

By Philippe Mairet.

Religious toleration is a sign that religion is becoming useless. As one cannot say this, even now, without incurring some suspicion of a desire to re-light the fires of Smithfield, it is perhaps advisable to add that persecution is a disease of religion, leading to toleration, which is its final paralysis.

The fact was well demonstrated by the French sociologist, Quinet, in his writings upon public education. The religion of a people is the understanding of life from which its policies and institutions are deduced. When that understanding is rightly valued as the highest of human potentialities, it creates institutions which naturally direct the teaching of the people.

There is no question of tolerating such a real religion. On the contrary, the State is tolerated by it. And sects are not tolerated, because, in the true sense of the word, they do not arise.

A sect is a religious group claiming absolute knowledge (inspiration) which definitely cuts itself off from the dominant religion. When the State tolerates sects, it disavows, by that very act, the unique and supreme importance of any religion—including the State religion, if one still exists. When, moreover, the State religion is compelled not only to countenance rivals, but to admit them as equals, the effect is, sooner or later, to cancel religion out of education altogether.

When Protestantism and Catholicism, for example, are both legal religions, they cancel each other's authority by denying each other's inspiration. The result is $I + (-I) = 0$. It may be less than nothing, if their mutual discredit makes room for a third religion, not even Christian. Or it may end in the appearance of so many sects of mushroom growth, that the instituting of a religion comes to be considered a cheap and personal matter.

It follows that the clergy lose all real direction of education in States where the liberty of sects is real. If they remained in control of teaching, their contradictions would deprive the public of consistent instruction in every possible subject of learning. In such a case, religion has ceased to be the soul of the State, and every social crisis increases the estrangement of the civil and spiritual life.

Having no further real need for religion, the State kills it with the kindness of intention. It may maintain a domesticated and subservient religion of the State, but only so long as it seems useful.

This state of tolerated sectarianism, which prevails in modern States, is possible because the State has become greater than religion: greater, not only in physical command, which it always was, but even in intellectual prestige: more than this, the State may be said to have superseded religion even as the effective principle of social unity.

The modern conception of the State does unite men more than any religion; in spite of the fury of war between States. When States are at war, Churches can do nothing to keep Christian from

killing Christian; whereas States become marvelously ordered and organised within themselves, and aim at a super-national order. It is the World State, and not the Church Universal, which is the modern fantasy of universal peace.

No doubt to most of our intelligentsia, all this seems not only inevitable: it appears very desirable. But they do not notice what is really happening. Religion has lost the helm of the State, but not its own mystical power. It has turned inward. There are more people interested in religion, and more religious literature than ever before. Men are regular drunkards of the sacramental wines—in secret. Surrendering their outer lives to the State, they enthrone the Beloved Ego in their own hearts and worship him with all the incense of every world-religion. Since the State is separate from Religion, and Law from Morality, since Science is divorced from Wisdom, and Credit from real Service, men sever themselves from reality and try to dwell like Gods in their own imaginations.

That is an intolerable life, from which many must perish in dire neurosis and others seek escape in suicide, sensuality or crime. But a few will endure it and pass beyond. They will look out upon civilisation from their dangerous heights of self-induced Divinity, and see through it to the forces that made it.

And civilisation to them will look like the work of a religion, but a very beastly one. They will see that the State is worshipped as a public tyranny only to make private anarchy possible. Without any fervour or festivals, any sense or show of devotion, a lifeless conception has become enthroned above all Gods and thunders of the Gods. It has its theologians, who are scientists, but the Principle of Nature they proclaim is not a living being. He is a skeleton made of mechanics. If they get as near to life as psycho-analysis their orthodoxy is endangered.

It has its priests and shrines also; for every town and village has its bank, and a banker by whom the solvent are shriven and the insolvent condemned to penance. His apostolic succession is unquestionable, and his absolution efficacious.

Nor is the voice of prophecy silent, when such as H. G. Wells proclaim that the human race shall become fewer, older in age, and more promiscuous in marriage, while Voronoff promises that even "genius" shall be produced at will by doctoring children with portions of living monkeys.

Yes, it has all the appearance of a religion, but these awakened few will know it for the work of human souls, centred in themselves, and struggling each one to become a God in his own isolated imagination. And, having passed through the terrors of that imagination, they will know that it is a delusion and a lie.

Whereas all other men treat themselves as "sacred personalities"—that is, as Gods—pursuing purposes unique and private, serving themselves continuously with infinite devotion, these men will renounce Divinity, and become so content to be men that they will love other men as much as themselves, pitying only their delusion of Godhood. Which delusion, however, they will understand; so that when they see a man strutting, a godlet in self-worship, their souls will rock in an earthquake of laughter: but they will also see a god suffering in the shame of humanity, and weep with him.

Paradoxically, their real difference from other men will be this, that they feel the same. It will cause them to unite to be men together, unreservedly one, in making a world according to their own desires. That will be the new spirit and the new will, which is neither religion, nor the State, but beyond them.

Colney-Hatch Computations.

The Rev. William A. Williams, D.D., ex-President of Franklin College, Oregon, U.S.A., has written a book* in which he undertakes to "disprove" evolution by means of mathematics. How much time and energy have gone to the writing of "Evolution Disproved"—which opens with figures and closes with a hymn—may be indicated by a few of his calculations. He raises 2 to the 1,240th power, resulting in a total (to adopt his own way of expressing it) of 18,932,139,737,991 decillion, decillion, decillion, decillion, decillion, decillion, decillion, decillion! Truly a calculation "mammoth in character" as one of his compatriots would put it. He tells us that not over 16,384 human beings perished by the Flood. He estimates the Garden of Eden to have been 100 miles wide and 125 miles long. Moses, we are told, had only one chance out of 4,005 to guess the exact position of the Garden of Eden, which "clearly demonstrates that God revealed the truth to Moses, and that the story of creation is true and of evolution false."

Later on we have estimates of the thickness of the earth's crust—28 miles (or, alternatively, 17.5 miles according to the Rev. O. Fisher, and 21.91 miles according to "other authorities"); the number of tremors and earthquakes occurring annually in all parts of the world (9,000); the load in tons carried by the earth (6,000,000,000,000,000,000); the number of sweat glands in the human skin; the number of times a heart beats in 70 years, and the tons of blood lifted by a heart in that period—oh, yes, and the quarts of gastric juice generated by a human stomach in 24 hours! Page follows page, bearing figures on an astronomical scale.

And in case the reader should weary of all these interesting but, in the lump, somewhat monotonous estimates, we are given here and there a number of comments and little personal touches to liven up the argument; such as, for example, that H. G. Wells's ancestor was an "orang-outang lemur," that the Aryan language is "no doubt" the daughter of the original language spoken by Noah; that God finds the exercise of unlimited energy a source of pleasure and happiness, and "computed instantaneously every table of logarithms"; that the Piltdown skull is a fake; that Holy Ann, of Canada, was so profane and such a terror, that this name was given her in derision; that Elizabeth Tuttle, the grandmother of Jonathan Edwards, was "divorced from her husband on the ground of adultery and other Immoralities," and that "fleas have such perfect vision that the darkness under the bedclothes is to them a glaring light."

Some 125 pages of this sort of thing have been compiled to prove that evolution leads "to infidelity and atheism and Bolshevism and anarchy and chaos," wrecking religion, making havoc of the Church; and "sending countless souls to the lost world." The efforts of Mr. H. G. Wells, in particular, are criticised as forming "one of the most cunningly devised plans ever attempted to teach infidelity and atheism in the name of history."

The value of this book is, of course, to be found in the vivid light which it throws on anti-evolutionist mentality. It would be unfair to imply that all anti-evolutionists are on the same mental level as the Rev. Mr. Williams. Not all who assert that Darwin's theory of evolution is false rise to such sublime heights of absurdity. But many—even, I think, not excluding Mr. Belloc—base their attacks

* "Evolution Disproved." By Rev. W. A. Williams, D.D. (From the author, at 1202 Atlantic Avenue, Camden, New Jersey, U.S.A. \$1.00 mailed to all countries.)

on similar misunderstandings. In the first place they believe that a scientific induction, or generalisation, or theory, is something which can be "proved" or "disproved," as is sometimes said, "up to the hilt." This alone indicates that they have completely misunderstood the methods of science. Perhaps a quotation from Huxley will serve to indicate their error: "No induction, however broad its basis, can confer certainty in the strict sense of the word. Thus, the experience of the whole human race through innumerable years has shown that stones unsupported fall to the ground; but that does not make it certain that any day next week unsupported stones will not move the other way." ("Life and Letters," vol. iii., p. 162). Mr. Williams, on the other hand, asserts confidently that: "To be a certain and proven theory, it must be reconcilable with *all* the facts. Whenever it is unreconcilable with *any* fact, it should be rejected."

It may be that Mr. Williams has the knowledge enabling him to review "all the facts" about evolution. His mind is certainly as stuffed with facts as a rag-bag. As I read his book, "still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew." But men of science, as distinct from men of omniscience, have to work within the more usual limitations of mental equipment, and in consequence they repudiate this naive assumption that a theory must be abandoned immediately a fact appears to "disprove" it.

And here again, in this matter of facts, there is much light thrown on the mental operations of Mr. Williams and his friends. He is clearly under the impression that proof can be based on a miscellaneous array of facts—practically *any* old miscellany so long as it is sufficiently large and imposing. People who think like this have still to learn that *to tell the truth is not merely to state facts, but to convey a true impression.*

Not only does Mr. Williams fail to realise this in regard to facts; he goes further and asserts that figures cannot lie. "Figures will not lie," says he, "mathematics will not lie even at the demand of liars." And on the infallibility of mathematics he bases his main attack on evolution. His calculations are wonderful. Cyphers drip from his pen like water from a tap; but alas, his authorities and preliminary data are grotesquely inadequate for the load of figures he would thrust upon them. The Berlin census reports of 1922, "the chronology of Hales, based on the Septuagint text," Professor Conklin, of Princeton University (Dr. Williams shares Mr. Belloc's reverence for a professor as an "authority"), given, statements qualified by "likely," "probably," "no they tell us," "by revelation we learn," "no doubt," "roughly speaking," "must have"—this is the stuff he pours into his mathematical mill, in the pathetic belief that what he gets out at the other end is "proof."

Perhaps the reverend gentleman will pardon one more quotation from that Bolshevik infidel, the late T. H. Huxley:—

"Mathematics may be compared to a mill of exquisite workmanship, which grinds your stuff of any degree of fineness; but, nevertheless, what you get out depends upon what you put in; and as the grandest mill in the world will not extract wheat-flour from peascods, so pages of formulae will not get a definite result out of loose data." ("Collected Essays," Vol. VIII., p. 333.)

If the Rev. Mr. Williams *et hoc genus omne* would only read mark, learn, and inwardly digest these words, and apply them not merely to mathematics, but to all other mental processes whatsoever, they would take a first step out of the realms of facts and figures into the wider world of truth and wisdom.

HUGH P. VOWLES.

The Will-to-Power Psychology.

By Dr. James Carruthers Young.

III.

Also, in this case, the biblical truth that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation, etc., has a converse application in that their sins of possessiveness and desire to see their own unfulfilled ambitions realised in the persons of their sons and daughters, irrespective of the individual nature of those sons and daughters, rebound upon themselves, through the neurotic fictions of the sons and daughters. So much is said about the so-called incestuous fixation of the child upon the parents, and so little about the possessive fixations of the parents upon the child. It is for the latter reason that the analyst is often handicapped by the environmental factor. It is an invidious task to make conscious to the patient the resistances against the parents. One cannot analyse the parents, nor the wife of the husband, nor the husband of the wife.

The very sketchy analysis of these two cases serves to show that the two themes, "sexual" and "power," are inextricably interwoven, and that the discriminating psycho-therapist is bound to stress, now one, now the other. His theoretical problem resolves itself into the question: "Is a man neurotically ambitious or avaricious, because he has an 'anal-erotic' complex or fixation, or is he 'anal-erotic' because he has always been over-ambitious or avaricious of power?" The second clause of the question represents the Adlerian standpoint, and there is much to be said for it. Given a careless, and at the same time peremptory nurse, or an oversolicitous and domineering mother, the child may easily be conceived as making the question of his "stool" the field of battle for the vindication of his outraged sense of power and the fitness of things. The child instinctively resents such badgering in regard to his natural functions. Among the lower classes, frank cases of neuroses are rare enough, probably because the struggle for existence precludes the possibility of "fussiness" about natural functions. However that may be, what we may call the Adlerian child gets his back up, or alternatively, tightens his sphincter, as a protest against mismanagement of his "individual psychology." From this point of view his goal is primarily "protest," not the libidinous pleasure of what is called the "polymorpho-perverse" of Freud.

Now follows a dream which represents, from the Adlerian standpoint, the "inferiority" aspect, instead of the "power" aspect of the psychology.

"I am arriving at the X's for a dinner-party. I feel tired and unwell, and I am not in evening clothes. I decide to try and escape unnoticed. For some reason I have to change my clothes, and I do so in a bathroom, leaving the clothes I have taken off in a bundle in the corner, as I am afraid I may attract the attention of the butler or a footman and be taken for a burglar, if I am seen leaving the house carrying a bundle. I return to London, knowing that my father will be annoyed at my having shirked the dinner-party and slighted the X's.

"A letter arrives for me from K. H.'s brother, forwarded by Mrs. X, and I reflect that it is nice of her to have done this after the way I let her down over the dinner-party. I decide that if my father makes a great fuss about it I will go away to America.

"In New York; I am being shaved, and the barber's chair, which is in the street, slides about on rails. The barber talks a lot, but seems very preoccupied and negligent. The chair keeps sliding about, and finally it hits

against something, perhaps a lamp-post or a tram-standard, or a shop window. Simultaneously a sort of spring buffer shoots out to stop it, and I hear a voice saying in a bantering tone: 'Oh, don't say that our ideals are never, never realised.' At this I notice that a wedding procession has come up close to where I am sitting. The bride and bridegroom are wearing skis, but are not in wedding clothes. The barber makes a deprecatory gesture towards them, as if to say: 'How typical of us New Yorkers!'

"I have only a few hours left in which to see New York before the boat leaves for England. The barber is very anxious to take charge of me, but I do not quite trust him, and I wonder how much he will expect to be paid for his services as a guide. I feel to see if he has picked my pocket. I decide that at any rate I will make sure for myself of what time the boat starts, and, in spite of his offer to find out for me, I set out for the docks. There are two long, straight, lamp-lit streets which remind me of Mile End-road and Commercial-road in London. (This resemblance sets me thinking of London and New York as the modern equivalents of the vanished Nineveh and Tyre.) The shipping office is across a wide stretch of water, and the bridge is approached by a narrow gangway. Hurrying along this, I run into a critical acquaintance, and in the confusion of the moment I shake hands with him without taking my glove off. I get away from him as quick as I can and come on to the bridge. Towards the middle, the bridge becomes very narrow and it seems to sway. I feel giddy and begin to doubt if I can get across. The water is rushing below me, and I feel amazed that it should be possible to find oneself alone and in great danger of drowning in a city of millions of inhabitants.

"When I at last reach the shipping office I find it deserted except for two street boys, who are playing about and turning somersaults over the benches."

Every motif in this dream strikes the note of fear of failure, or of being inadequate, or of humiliation, or fear of being deceived or made a fool of, whether by the new-fangled barber's chair or by the off-handedness of the barber himself, whom he cannot bring himself to trust. The dream ends on an intense note of surprised fear experienced on the New York bridge. The man who dreams such a dream must live in a world which, for him, bristles with difficulties with which he thinks that he can never hope to cope. It is interesting to note the fear of the "mechanical" and new fangled, as in the case of the chair and the mysterious spring buffer. This kind of fear is often found in homosexual people, and is the polar opposite of their love of the antique, in every department of arts and crafts. It is here to be noted that the concept of the "censor" is quite inapplicable. There is a frank expression of exaggerated fears of the increasing demands and complexities of this "megalopolitan civilisation," as Oswald Spengler terms it. Adler regards dramatization of this kind as a device to increase the distance between the patient and reality, which absolves him from the necessity of doing anything, even that which is immediately under his nose. So long as a boy dreams of his father in the form of a bull chasing Adler means that while he unconsciously persists in emphasising his father's strength and formidableness by such dramatisations, he is condoning his own weakness and fear, and thereby postponing a decisive step. Only when, in effect, he says to his father: "Father, I am going off to Timbuctoo, implying, of course, that he means to get psychologically as well as geographically free of his father, will his dramatising activities cease, because he has made a decision.

This is no doubt true in a great measure, but it does not necessarily mean that the boy is not making any effort at all. The boy may have to dramatise his father under the symbol of a whole gamut of animals before gaining enough understanding of himself and of his father to come to a decision, and so become free. The process of becoming conscious is always slow and painful.

Views and Reviews.

SOCIOLOGY AND CONTRACEPTION.—III.

The Eugenic case that the community should cease to renew its physical bodies through the inferior stock of the slum poor, and reproduce instead only the intelligent, industrious, and well-groomed backbone of the nation, is theoretically unanswerable. Obviously the poor would shortly be no longer with us, leaving a nation of supermen, middle-class to the bottom. The class-conscious Dean Inge looks upon the English as not one but two peoples: for him—and for a great many other theorists about children—the middle-class is the superior, conqueror, people whose Christian duty is to hold the conquered, inferior race of the poor in subjection. He pierces deeper; noticing in the conduct of the workers signs of revolt—another might say Messianic hope—he conjures a sort of Red Peril, based, like the Yellow Peril, on the rodent-like birth-rate of the ogres. Although the account is in the Dean's holy book, and in that first portion of it which he seems to value so much more highly than the gentler second, he does not appear to hold significant that the Egyptian kings made the same complaint about their Hebrew slaves, and found, on trying to work them to death, that they bred faster.

Nearly all the writers in this treatise on Birth Control*, all professional doctors, without actually succumbing to Dean Inge's night fear of the slum family, share his eugenic faith as to what reform is desirable; as to the solemn duty of the middle-classes—the best stock of the nation—to give away their contraceptives to the working-classes and multiply their particular virtues, stability, and intellect. Dr. Marie Stopes has preached "Radiant Motherhood" to those who can afford the luxury of children. Yet economic pressure, which depends more on standards of life than on actual needs, is a far more general complaint among the middle-classes than among the working-classes. There is more worry about means in suburbia than in slum-land. Middle-class parents consider themselves in duty bound to educate their children for at least the maintenance of middle-class status; and few can afford the strain for enough children to replace themselves. It is questionable whether they have ability to breed beyond these, since thousands of them regularly compete for the privilege of adopting twins. Members of the middle-class, practically a city class, become more nervous and less physical every year. I believe Dr. Marie Stopes has one child. When Charles Edward Pell, with colonial disregard for appearances and poses, investigated the families of the Eugenics Society with the help of "Who's Who," he discovered that of "twenty-eight leading members 25 per cent. were childless, and there were 2.33 children per family." Of forty-one members of the National Birth-Rate Commission—who were surely not practising Birth Control—39 per cent. were childless, and the families averaged 1.75 children each. The results were obviously not due to the accidental inclusion of young couples.

An analysis of replies to the questionnaires arranged by the Fabian Society, the Birth-Rate Commission, and Lady Willoughby de Broke, for middle-class circulation, certainly shows that an aggregate of 75 per cent. of those who replied practised birth-control of an unspecified kind. The average number of children of those who practised birth-control was greater than of those whose families were unlimited. Consideration must be given to the patent fact that the greater the reason to practise contraception the greater the likelihood; and for all evidence to the contrary the parents of the larger families may have

* Medical Views of Birth-Control. (Hopkinson. 6s.)

resorted to birth-control only after some children had been born. Let it be granted to the Eugenists that the middle-classes might probably have a few more children than they have if they were less class-proud. It still remains that the discouragement of the working-classes from rearing families is equivalent to sharpening the razor for national suicide. The word proletariat has come to mean propertyless only in a society where property is the highest and practically the only aim of effort. It means originally those who serve the State with their children, the service in an age of machines, for which a vital but non-nervous class is probably indispensable.

The English middle-class is renewed each generation from the big families of the working-class. This latter class is the nation's life, its unexhausted vitality, its reservoir of strength, whether for war, reproduction, or colonisation. The working-class produces less than its share of mental defectives, more than half of whom, as Sir Arthur Newsholme mentions, are born of mentally fit parents. Given decent pre-natal and nursing conditions, the babies of labourers are as fine and handsome—or more so—than the babies of clerks. Not until differences of nutrition and education occur do they fall behind. That Christ was the son of a carpenter is a mystical truth applying to most genius. Not only with genius, but with the lesser ability and ambition, nearly everybody who has counted—soldier, scientist, artist, or inventor, in England—and Europe, of which England is part—has risen, and is rarely more than one generation removed, from the lower classes or the country folk.

It is an ironic commentary on our present sociological mother-wit that learned societies advise breeding from the stock which lives in such a manner that one or two generations exhaust it, and that they suggest limiting procreation in the class which constitutes the womb of the race; which actually renews not itself alone, but the middle-classes. Precisely as the race flows more in woman than in man, it flows more in the lower-classes than in the middle- and upper-classes. Spengler regarded the peasant as uncivilised, uncivilisable, and eternal—as pure race. When the upper-classes fail in their duty, the one sure sign of life and a future for culture in that area is the revolt of the lower orders. Whom Dean Inge fears most, the miner and his like, are the living creatures in post-war England, from whom something may still be hoped. It is not to institutions that we must look for the continuity of the species, but to the least differentiated men and women of the society.

Eugenists, comparing the breeding of fat bullocks with the breeding of highly complex, nervous, and educable human beings, are linking incommensurables. Breeding can be effected only from the female; and the female, the *anagenetic*, of human society is the working-class. It is the undifferentiated mother of the civilisation. In societies where breeding, or, rather, dieting for specialised nervous energy, actually takes place, namely, in beehives, the nervous, energetic, creature is not used for further breeding. A bee-hive is a matriarchate in which the only true proletarian is the queen, for whom all the males compete until their aristocratic function is performed, after which they are treated in the same way as an effete aristocracy in any society. Although Eugenics is in full operation in the beehive so little will eugenists in human society learn from it that they propose to breed from the nervous, energetic, middle-class worker bees, and not from the only class where racial vitality exists. R. M.

The Quest of Values.

By Janko Lavrin.

IX.—HAPPINESS AND GROWTH.

I.

Every attempt at defining happiness is doomed to remain as bald as those dogmatic formulae which we find in manuals on morality or psychology. We know that what makes one happy to-day may leave one indifferent to-morrow; what from a distance seems bliss may become a source of disgust at attainment; what one man considers the highest happiness is looked upon by another as the nadir of tedium. Here—if anywhere—the theory of relativity comes into its own, defying all logical and "philosophic" labels. Happiness proves to be a blue bird that dies if you touch its feathers. Yet we go on building cocksure theories of human happiness *en gros*, and of future millenniums (in which happiness will be almost a civic duty). Hence the absurdity of the gospel of the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," and the notion that everything will be well when every family gets its snug little parlour-house (b., h. and c.), its allotment for growing potatoes, and its own wireless.

It is, of course, just and fair to demand that all human beings should live in human conditions; but only a hopeless Philistine can weigh and value happiness by idyllic comfort. An excess of comfort in a utilitarian Millennium would make the majority of people inwardly indolent; while the ambitious and gifted minority would soon find such a smug "heaven on earth" more stifling than the former hell. Besides, they might easily see in it a danger to human growth.

II.

One can even say that after a certain period of inner growth man can no longer be happy in the accepted meaning of the word. The more he has enlarged his own self the more he suffers for the whole of life, for the whole of humanity. Individual prosperity, success and luck, will make him ashamed rather than exultant. And as to our arithmetic of "general happiness," he will simply smile at it, realising that what we usually call happiness is in essence part and parcel of a lower stage of human consciousness: the stage of the pre-individual "Paradise."

At that stage human beings are still an organic part of nature, instinctively obedient to her ends and commands. Whatever they do is spontaneous, obvious, and, at the same time, inevitable. Since Nature herself works through them, there is practically no contrast between their aims and their actions. Such a notion as "sin" is unknown to them. Their inner world is harmonious because it is too simple even for disharmony. They live a life of vegetative happiness in the lap of the "mother Nature," who feeds and fondles them in order to eat them up like a cruel witch—by retaining them in her "Paradise."

Man escaped, however, this fate, by severing himself from Nature and from the primitive group-soul in the name of his independent self. His first step towards individualisation was his "original sin." In committing this sin he trampled upon his vegetative happiness and took upon his shoulders all the pain of existence, through which he was now making his way towards self-creation. The idyll of the former pre-individual paradise soon became replaced by the desperate complaints of Job. The whole of human history eventually became an endless Book of Job.

Man's progress on this path is bound to be slow and painful. It is, moreover, aggravated by the fact that the cunning "mother Nature" is waiting at every corner, at every cross-road, in order to prompt the tired Adam to return to her lap, where he could

doze and dream, having previously given up all his further growth. The magic word with which she tries to seduce him is, of course, that of happiness: happiness of "back to Nature," of Nirvana, of Dionysian ecstasies, of the irrational libido, or even of the Millennium of the past should not prove sufficiently seductive. Our Utopias of a future "golden age" can be called Rousseauism from the other end. Like Rousseauism they deal not with human beings, but with human abstractions; hence they are equally futile and "romantic."

III.

There arises even the question as to whether such a comfortable Paradise to come would be acceptable at all to an advanced consciousness. For many a decent person would surely ask the delicate question: "What have the millions of former generations done to serve only as the manure of our present comfort, of our 'happiness,' which is built upon their tears, sins, and crimes—upon all the Inferno of human history? Have I the right to sing 'Hosanna' on such terms? Let cads sing 'Hosanna' (and cads are always willing to do)—I prefer to 'return my entrance ticket' and to remain in the company of Ivan Karamazov."

We are not free until we have risen to an aim which is above philistine millenniums, above pain and comfort, above happiness and unhappiness. The final battle between Man and Nature, between Destiny and Fate, is the battle between the tendency towards happiness as such and that towards one's highest self-realisation. To die the "mystical death" means to rise above all allurements of happiness in the ordinary sense and to conquer that heroic serenity which no longer curses or avoids realities, but transmutes and re-creates them. A man who has reached this stage does not shun the active toil of culture, but works at it all the more bravely the more he realises that having freed ourselves from the slavery to Nature we are drifting towards a worse slavery—the slavery to mechanical and standardising civilisation, the fight with which will be infinitely more difficult than was the fight with the "mother Nature." And this will be perhaps the last great struggle for man's freedom to grow and to surpass himself.

IV.

Every human life is an unique, unrepeatable and unrepeatable event—unrepeatable throughout the whole of eternity and in the whole of our universe. This very fact imposes upon us the duty of making our lives really worthy of this event. A new religiosity, a new reverence for human lives and human beings must be born out of this feeling. And also a new creative heroism which will be directed towards realms lying far beyond our utilitarian aims of comfort and "happiness"—towards the realms of tragic dignity and beauty of our earthly existence. The humanism of individual self-realisation coming to an end (and a sad end, too): the new and higher humanism—that of individual self-realisation has not even begun. The self-divided and disintegrating modern consciousness is on that threshold from which open its two main possibilities: either to civilised *Yahoos* and robots, or to cosmic self-realisation of man and mankind. And the choice between the two is much more difficult than it would seem.

"WHILE THEY YET BELIEVED NOT."
The blind may live by faith, and live serene . . .
But we whose eyes
Are dazzled at sunrise—
Ah! how can we believe what we have seen?
L. S. M.

Drama.

The Fanatics : Ambassadors.

As long as "The Fanatics" continues one condition of admission should be an oath of silence in the theatre. The points of view stated by the participants in the play are certainly provocative. Many of the audience were impelled to reply aloud to the arguments as though they were in the play, and the menfolk were worse than the women. All this implies how interesting the play is, which dates, as it is charged with doing, only for the older generation that it attacks—with a devastation, hidden rather than manifest, achieved by few plays.

Mr. Miles Malleon, the author, is by no means merely the propagandist he is represented. Besides being a conscientious idealist with a contempt for the way the generation which brought about war the settled down afterwards to "normality," Mr. Malleon has an exceptional flair for dramatic situations. Reformer and dramatist are as yet separate, however, with the consequence that this representation of the minds of young people in 1920, instead of being allowed to make its own impression, is punctuated by evangelical perorations. The orator is John Freeman, who, lately back from the trenches, cannot stand the cool assumption of his family and fiancée that the world should resume its 1914 habits. His liberty from his all-wise Victorian father extends as far as having his own rooms in the house, where he entertains a prostitute he met during the war, and confesses to her all the things his family are not fit to hear.

Had the family gone out, and his fiancée home, as arranged, he might have continued this double-life compromise so generally in vogue. Father, however, entered unannounced to find Toby in professional crêpe-de-chine livery and John's arms. When father, acting more politely than he spoke, postponed his message until the morning, Frankie, the fiancée, came in, and straightway called for Gwen, John's sister-convert. Up to this the second act was dramatic enough, as was the curtain. But from the prostitute's departure from what she called this mob of unclean spirits, the scions of the house, reinforced by friends, sat round the fire theorising about sex, while Rosie, the servant, practised off with servants' luck.

The third act is devoted to cleaning up the family mess. Gwen, accepting a middle-aged gentleman with a past that has made him conventional for life's sake, is ready to live with him only on appro. Any father would have been shocked; most would have smacked her and sent her to bed. This father talked, whereupon John lost his temper too, told the home-truth about the older generation, and strode out with Gwen and the pregnant Rosie for Utopia. Unfortunatly he doesn't set about it any more convincingly than Sidney Webb. His ambition is only "to write articles and a book," which explains, if he was typical of the soldier home from the war, the subsequent book-flood.

At times Mr. Malleon attains the rhythmic rapid movement of first-class work. But John Freeman's idealism is not genuine, and it leads to an unconscionable lot of platitude. Mr. Malleon's sincerity and truthfulness are obvious, but they failed here because John Freeman had no real mission. Nicholas Hannen, good actor as he is, was overcome by the part. Personally I should have preferred a John Freeman more determined and less hysterical. This one behaved like a boy broken by trench life, rather than taught comradeship. Mr. Malleon surely meant John to be a fanatic, but Nicholas Hannen made him only an optimist.

In a good cast—including Elizabeth Arkell as Rosie, Ursula Jeans as Toby, Paul Gill and Marie Ault as the parents—one actress created a fairy creature. Right or wrong in views and decisions, if there

is any hope for the humanity Mr. Malleon was so concerned for, it is in the character of Alison Leggatt as Gwen. As a girl whose inner tyrant of tradition was subdued, and who had determined to live truthfully, within as without, Alison Leggatt transcended propaganda, and properly deserved to be fallen in love with. The play is published by Messrs. Benn.

Naked : Royalty.

Pirandello exercises a spell over producers that he can never hold over playgoers. The reason is that playgoers are interested in the whole, whereas producers, as good craftsmen ought to be, are interested also in the parts. The title of "Naked" is more than a name; it is a symbol of Pirandello's method. In this play he does not build up character as he would if working by creative tradition; he unbuilds it. He is the reflex in art of the analytic mania. The central figure of this play, Ersilia Drei, is a complete character in the first act. We know her whole story as she and the world would have it. Friendless, penniless, abandoned by her lover, laden with shame and sorrow for her innocent share in the death of a child, she has just come out of hospital after attempted suicide due to remorse at having offered herself on the streets.

From this time Pirandello treats her as though he were a scientist getting to the bottom of a cabbage; he takes off every leaf until nothing is left. Ultimate suicide is necessitated only by the materialist objection of solid flesh to melt. She knows not who she is because she feels nobody. It is Zeno's problem of motion applied to character. Ersilia has no lemm of motion in the less than infinitesimal since she lives only in the less than infinitesimal present. Nay, her plight is worse. Everyone who sees her accepts a different and changing image of her. Her only possibilities of permanence, since she cannot now become a wife, are a mirror and the chance of getting herself into a book; and even these fail her. This, if I may break in, is neither art nor philosophy. It is an experiment on personality in the light of the doctrine of atomicity while denying the doctrine of continuity. The inevitable result is death. Zeno solved the problem by living.

Nancy Price as Ersilia made her no more lovable than a spiritless creature stripped of all its masks could be. She burst into action and fell to bewildered despair in spasms and gasps, thus convincing me of her understanding of the play. Allan Jeayes as the novelist acted like a practical Englishman with an eye to business. Coming from him, Pirandello's musings sounded less like a confession of personal insubstantiality than like a practical course of thinking on what the public wants. As the journalist who published Ersilia's tale of martyrdom—with the addition only of colour—Charles Laughton was a source of great amusement. Even the Press was guffawed. Consul Grotti, Ersilia's late employer and paramour, to whom she clung because he gave her a sort of continuity, and whom she reviled because his existence destroyed her chance of becoming a wife, was finely acted by Elliott Seabrooke. Florence Tyrell's landlady, with the mind of the mob, vacillation without discomfort, was so realistically unpleasant that I imagine Mr. Komisarjevsky, the producer, to have been in particularly malicious mood with her. It was a good production generally. Mr. Komisarjevsky's stage-lighting genius cannot make anything but an inversion of creation out of Pirandello. This play was presented under the auspices of the Forum Theatre Guild, whose next production, "The Dybbuk," will be a dramatic event of the first magnitude.

PAUL RANKS.

Reviews.

Murder in the Maze. By J. J. Connington. (Ernest Benn. 7s. 6d.)

This is an improvement on the author's "Death at Swaythling Court." It is a story with only one scene and ten characters. This self-imposed economy of material is refreshing. The more intricate the plot and the more numerous the clues and suspects, the more frequently an author has to interpose *resumés* of the evidence in order to assist the memory of the reader. Mr. Connington develops in the right direction. He might be less brusque in his coercion of coincidence. Still, when a man gets on with his story who shall grudge his getting by with it?

The Secret of the Wild. By W. R. Calvert. (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.)

"Nature-writers," to name a tribe known characteristically even to those who never read a line about Nature, or dodge it whenever they chance across its way in their other reading, have only themselves to blame for the cross-eyed way in which the public at large surveys them. For they are proud, stiff-necked, provocative, and impatient of those who lack their own patience. Furthermore, they cuckoo us too many cuckoos in the daily breakfast Press. All of which is a pity, seeing that the most obtrusive bluffers amongst them are at least professedly and designedly writing of things worth while, and you and I would not miss so many Calverts if we were sure we were not going to be sneered at by these good country peepers and hedgerow spotters. This book is just a trifle didactic and schoolmarmy here and there. But it is charmingly written, and the strange words we ought to know, and don't, are not shoved down our throats. It is the tale of a foundling's life in Cumberland with the old mole-trapping hermit who first discovers him, and there is not only keen and practised first-hand observation in it, but a fine power of delineation of men as well as birds and beasts, and above all a clean and wholesome air sniffed in every page. Sometimes, from the wintry windows of a train on an undesired and unseasonable journey, one may wonder how it was possible, in the days before towns and all their lights and shelter were invented, to endure the sodden life of the fields, the "sordida rura" of Horace in his dyspeptic moments. Mr. Calvert shows us a life in amongst the wet grass, in the undergrowth and on the hillsides, as vivid and dramatic as any Piccadilly.

Disraeli. By D. L. Murray. (Benn. 16s.)

Mr. Murray need not have apologised, as he does so modestly in his excellent introduction of sixteen lines—*O! si sic omnes . . . !*—for this biography, even though the late Mr. Monypenny has so amply supplied what was never really a long-felt want. Dizzy is one of those picturesque figures about whom we know, inescapably from our earliest youth, so much we remember that we all feel we could write biographies of him; all, that is to say, except Mr. Philip Guedalla, who would never survive the deadly obviousness of the effort if he once succumbed to the temptation, and must therefore explain that a resemblance in temperament coupled with a political antipathy make impossible a feat which he could accomplish on his head far better than Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. Partly Jewish in blood himself, Mr. Murray sympathises with Disraeli's outgoing admiration and respect for the profoundly genuine things which the Jew feels, though nobody ever believes that he does; and he can appreciate the cynicism, tinged so often with a real affection, which implants itself in people who, like the Jews in this country, are seldom blamed save for the faults which are not theirs. Also, he gives us an insight into the magnitude of the task which Disraeli encountered in letting no discouragement bar

the way to the leadership which he knew must be his if only because he was the only man capable of sweeping the mud away from the Tory crossing. It was not the landed gentry whom he came to lead who helped Dizzy to the heights. It was the bourgeois whom his shoddier genius dazzled, with the good Victoria at their head. Perhaps nobody has ever recognised this so well as "T. P.," the author of the only conspicuously unfair and ill-natured biography of Dizzy which has ever been written. But Mr. Murray gives us a hint of it. He writes always clearly and simply, and sometimes with the charm of unforced and easy word-painting. And he has no illusions about Mrs. Dizzy's having any brains, any more than Dizzy had himself.

The Road to Prosperity. By Sir George Paish, with a foreword by Sir Josiah Stamp. (Benn. 6s. net.)

Some time ago Sir George Paish collected from among the bankers and industrialists of sixteen countries over 180 signatures to a weak and vague pronouncement in favour of reducing the tariffs and licences which hamper international trade. This book is a commentary and argument for this policy. It is altogether better than "The Plea," which appeared suspiciously like an attempt to "pass the buck" by asserting the responsibility of tariff-mongering Governments and advertising the public spirit but practical impotence of the collection of skilled financial tradesmen, oppressors of the poor, cosmopolitan rascals, well-meaning stand-patters, and international blackmailers, who issued the "grave warning." Sir George has no criticism to offer of the financial system as such, and though he, like Sir Josiah Stamp, insists on the fundamental necessity of an expansion of buying power, he assumes that production automatically creates it. His programme is to reduce the obstructions complained of, to reduce or settle the war debts between the various States, and have a vast development of railway construction in the under-developed lands of the world. In fact, capital expansion is his main specific for increasing "national dividends." All politicians ought to be examined on this book, because of the grave prognosis it contains, and the unpleasant symptoms recorded in the diagnosis.

"The whole world is over-borrowed . . . both production and markets are still completely disorganised." "Vast quantities of capital . . . are in danger of becoming completely valueless."

"Italy is faced with increasing poverty unless the present policy of the nations is changed." "No small part of the new supplies of capital from America is already needed by Europe not to pay for products, but to meet accruing payments for interest and principal."

"A universal breakdown of credit is the imminent danger now confronting the nations." "Most of the nations of Europe cannot meet their obligations . . . the banks of every country have great amounts of frozen assets."

The present comparative prosperity of Continental industries he ascribes to the British coal strike. He emphasises the key position of the United States time and again.

"They have derived immense advantage from Europe's need to buy freely regardless of price." "Their present prosperity is built upon their capacity to sell unprecendented quantities of their products to foreign nations." "They must accept payment in securities of their products, balances, or they could not dispose of their products." "Should anything occur to cause American investors and bankers to stop their loans to foreign countries, Great Britain's position would become most precarious." "Great American loans were what enabled Britain to return to pre-war gold parity. Germany has only been able to pay on the Dawes Report schedule by borrowing much larger sums from America and Great Britain. America and Great Britain have not only invested largely in Germany, but supply in no small measure her working capital."

Verse.

By A. Newberry Choyce.
FOR VALENTINE.

Now is each sweet and burgeoning bush
Set aching by a sudden thrush;
And dawns are filled with fluting throats,
And trees drip down with silver notes.

Alack! I only of it all
Am still enslaved in dumb thrall;
Else would I put all Spring to shame
When that I sang my true love's name.

THE NEW CAR.

He said, "My! how she runs!" And, "Now she's making
Fifty an hour." I smiled and gave him praise
And wished we might race to the rare dawn breaking

Beyond our narrow wheels, a crimson blaze.
He talked of gears, and could not see before him
Farther than steering is, a shining track
Not ever to be taken by the small grim
Man-fashioned puppet purring at our back.
But long before we made our vaunted city
And strutted up and down to tell men so,
I mocked my mind with all the golden pity
Of roadways where our creature could not go.

NONPAREIL.

I never saw a fairer thing
Than daffodils that any Spring
Stand bravely in the waving grass
And nod their gold heads as you pass.
In yellow clusters here and there
And by dark pools and everywhere . . .
I ween no king could ever show
Such treasure in a golden row.
I think that any queen would stay
And move among them all the day,
And mark them paling at her feet
By night, like sprinkled stars and sweet.

Earth holds no lordlier delight
Than daffodils that day and night
Stand stalwart in the silver grass
And nod their gold heads as you pass.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PLEBS LEAGUE AND COMMUNISM.

Sir,—My attention has been called to your review of the Plebs History of the Great Strike. You are in error in assuming that it was written by members of the Communist Party. None of the authors belong to the Communist Party, and the book is being very violently attacked by the Communist Party on the ground that it does not praise it sufficiently and magnify its importance. You can test this by reading reviews which appeared in the *Sunday Worker* and the *Workers' Weekly*.

R. W. POSTGATE,
Chairman: Plebs League.

[We have already been put right by Mr. Dobb, whose letter appeared in our issue of March 10, giving titles of books published by the Communists on the Strike. We are pleased to print Mr. Postgate's letter, and make the same apology to him as we did to Mr. Dobb for not having studied their respective rituals. We notice Mr. Postgate addressed his letter to 38 Cursitor Street. Will he note that we have been at 70 High Holborn since May, 1924.—Ed.]

THE LEAGUE AND THE WHITE SLAVES.

Sir,—As one who has often admired the outspoken attitude of THE NEW AGE on many important social problems, I nevertheless feel that you hardly do justice to the inquiry of the League of Nations into the traffic in women and children. Granted that each country should do its share towards putting its own house in order. But, at the same time, it is clear that the ramifications of the traffic are international in character and can only be fought through international co-operation.

Those who (like the present writer) have seen the League report might be inclined to question your view that the report "reveals nothing that was not known before by well-informed people." The general character of the traffic is a matter of common knowledge, but never before has information from twenty-eight countries been co-ordinated in the present manner.

In any case, it seems to me that the greatest service the League has performed in drawing up this report is to focus public opinion on this iniquitous traffic. Only if the conscience of humanity is aroused will the nations of the world be aroused to take adequate action against the white slave traffic.

L. R. ALDOUS.

[Our attitude is pragmatic. "Public opinion" can only make itself felt at elections, and on one thing at a time. What chance will the White Slave Traffic stand when the next General Election comes?—Ed.]

WORK, LEISURE, AND CREATIVE ENERGY.

Sir,—Permit me to criticise Mr. Katin's attitude from another standpoint, by inviting him to reconsider the prospect. At present he appears to regard the "Just Price" (with its eventual concomitants) as if it would operate as a single factor, bringing into existence a "horizontal" view of results, which can be promptly envisaged. Such a view is superficial, for so fundamental a change would set into operation numerous other factors acting (a) almost immediately upon its inception, and (b) subsequently thereto. Before, therefore, we can safely discuss the complete final effects on society, we must needs follow through several *chains of factors*, most, if not all, of which will be found to be "variables," and to react upon the others. Although not an expert wielder of the differential calculus, I can sufficiently work my way through the maze to descry a healthy and peaceful community carrying on its activities to the satisfaction of the vast majority of its individual members.

A careful examination of the bearing which the "Just Price," etc., will have upon our present use (or rather, misuse) of machine production in bulk, will reveal that, once economic freedom is attained by man, he will retain those industrial methods which are really desirable from the community point of view—but none others. One hopes that Mr. Katin will continue his study of the New Economics, and that he will report in due course that he is in full accord with us.

ERNEST A. DOWSON.

Sir,—The invitation extended to readers upon the issues raised prompts me to take advantage of the opportunity. In answer to your first question re the nature of work and the remuneration, it should be apparent that men toil in the main, not from love of toil, but because of necessity.

Having worked on a job that by its very nature could be called "mechanical drudgery," I claim that it was the remuneration received that was the incentive; there was little call upon the mental powers. The rate of pay received upon this particular job was time-and-a-half, the district rate paid to engineers being thirty-six shillings for a week of fifty-three hours, we were permitted to make fifty-three shillings for a full week, equal to a shilling per hour. The general opinion of the men engaged upon this job was that if it had not been for the extra money received the job would not be worth having. They would have preferred work that offered greater variety provided that the remuneration was equal to the pay for the "automatic" job. One might say in passing that there was no restriction of output on the part of the men upon this job, but an embargo was placed by the employer, namely, that if a man booked more than time-and-a-half he would not be paid the additional amount.

My personal experience in various parts of the country, so far as the engineering industry is concerned, is that where the remuneration is highest, no matter what the nature of the employment, it is the high remuneration that determines the pleasure of employment. When working in York some three years ago I came across a case in point. Men who had been working in an instrument shop, had eventually found their former employer, desired to re-employ them, having got under way again, but there was no response. Why? Their old employees, but there was no response. Why? Standard rate, £2 15s. plus bonus (when you got it). Earnings in railway shops, up to £4 and over. Instrument work clean and light. Locomotive work heavy and dirty. The inducement to men working in repair yards in ship-building centres is because of higher earnings as compared with the engine shops; and repair work is dirty aboard ships.

CHARLES R. PROCTOR.

AN ANALYSIS OF PRICE.

Sir.—If Mr. Coleman's view that the price-factor could sometimes be an improper fraction were correct it would mean that, in some periods, we should have to pay more for everything we bought than we should have to do under the present defective system that we are trying to reform; and that would knock the bottom out of the Douglas case that the just price of any article is, and must always be, a fraction of its cost price.

The error arises from omitting essential items from the denominator of the fraction representing the price-factor—items which form, probably, the bulk of our real credit. The numerator being made up of the value of all goods consumed or exported in any particular period, plus any depreciation written off, it is perhaps natural to think that the denominator, likewise, must be made up solely of the value of all goods produced or imported in the same period, plus any appreciation written up; but, nevertheless, to think so is an error. These items are included in the denominator, of course; but the value of all goods produced or imported in previous periods, but not yet sold for consumption, exported, or depreciated, must also be included. These comprise all our capital resources, our mills, factories, and workshops; plant and machinery; roads, railways, harbours, shipping, etc., etc.; and also all raw materials and intermediate products, and all goods finished or unfinished in stock in factories, warehouses, or shops.

To put it shortly, the value of everything produced is aggregated to form the denominator of the price-factor; and it remains there, in every period, until it is transferred to the numerator as goods sold for consumption, exported, scrapped, destroyed, or written off as depreciation. If these items are left out, the amelioration of economic conditions will be almost negligible; the gulf between prices and incomes will remain unbridged; and the evils that flow therefrom will persist as heretofore.

Therefore, I repeat, until the last road has been ploughed up, and the last plough rusted away, and the last ploughman mere dust, the price-factor cannot reach unity, much less become an improper fraction.

H. M. M.

Answers to Correspondents.

J.M.—Your suggestion is a good one, and is having attention. When we get the necessary information we will publish it. We will forward the pamphlets as soon as printed.

THE JUST PRICE AND THE SWINDLER.

S. J. T. (Tasmania).—(1) The incentive to swindling under Social Credit would almost certainly disappear at the outset, for the public would be made aware of the nature, guarantees, and objective of the new system. (2) What remained would be found out by the Credit Authority, and if not would be informed about by employees. (3) In the absence of (1) and (2) all swindling would have its effect in lessened consumption, and would therefore automatically increase the consumer discount in the next period. The only thing that would prevent that result would be if the delinquents spent the whole proceeds of the swindle on personal consumption. Unless they were petty operators they would soon get tired of that. It must be clearly borne in mind that the only limitation on any particular individual's share of total available production will be the quantity actually taken by all the rest: not the shares they could buy.

Under Social Credit the significance of personal income will be inverted. What a man then spends on himself will be his real income—the only income that affects the interests of his fellows. He may get £1,000,000 a year in money. But if he consumes only £1,000 worth a year, the accumulation of his unspent money will not injure anybody; on the contrary, the more he saves the more everybody else can consume. Industry won't stop work just because he is going slow. That is why the present incentive to heap up profits much beyond personal needs will die out. If you live by a river you don't steal your neighbour's water nor do you save your own—except perhaps over night.

Your general criticism of the Just Price system is met by articles which have appeared since you sent your letter.

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