

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Every year, on the morrow of Budget Day, it is the fashion to compliment the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the effective way in which he has kept the secret of his proposals. In all probability, however, he has held it only twenty-four hours before he communicates it. In any case, there is no need for him to know it earlier; for Chancellors do not make Budgets; they receive them ready-made from the Treasury. All the Chancellor has to do is to compose his speech, which, in the case of the practised phrase spinners who attain ministerial rank, does not require much time. He need not even do this. The Treasury will provide the speech as well, simply leaving occasional spaces for the Chancellor's typical idioms. In fact, we have every confidence that the Treasury could supply the idioms as well. It is not an undue strain on fancy to imagine Mr. Churchill ringing up the Treasury in the week before the great day: "Excuse me, but is my Budget ready yet?" The Treasury: "No; not quite." Mr. Churchill: "Well, I'm sorry; but you see I'm getting rather anxious to know what's in it." The Treasury: "We quite understand; you'll have it in time to take with you into the country at the week-end." Mr. Churchill: "Oh, I suppose that will have to do. But tell me one thing: is it audacious?" The Treasury: "Do not be concerned. We assure you that you will be quite pleased when you see it. But now you must excuse us. Mr. Norman's bell is ringing."

There is no doubt at all that Mr. Churchill is quite pleased. Even the ranks of Tuscany had to give him a wry cheer. All the adroit manipulations of figures which went to establish a "brilliant feat of balancing" were attributed to his skill and courage. Little Randolph Churchill in the undistinguished strangers' gallery no doubt hoped he would grow up to be as wise as his father; and Mr. Montagu

Norman in the distinguished strangers' gallery probably hoped so, too. For listen to this word-perfect piece of declamation:

"I have been advised to meet the deficit of 1927 by the partial suspension of the £50,000,000 Sinking Fund established five year ago. . . . I have never dreamed of doing such a thing. [Cheers—during which Mr. Norman and the chairman of Lloyds Bank wink at each other.] To shirk the unpopularity involved in putting on a moderate amount of new taxes at the expense of the settled policy of debt repayment would be cowardly and wrong and deeply injurious to the national interest. Britain cannot afford to fly the signal of distress, and there is no need to fly it. This Parliament has set before itself the aim of maintaining a Sinking Fund of £50,000,000 a year. This has been deliberately adopted and assented to by all parties."

It is not surprising, therefore, to read that the Sinking Fund is not only to be maintained, but to be increased by £15,000,000. Thus the Bankers' Subsidy this year is to be £65,000,000. The writer of the "Political Notes" in the *Daily News* of April 12 remarks:

"Labour and Liberal M.P.'s . . . unhesitatingly concede the commendation which is due to him [Mr. Churchill] for courageously resisting the advice of the Conservative rank and file and Press to ignore last year's deficit and to reduce the normal allowance of £50,000,000 to the Sinking Fund. The Tory agitation against the policy of debt redemption, because party interests were thought to be endangered by unpopular tax increases, has been a great discredit to the party. For loyally standing by the principles of sound finance in such embarrassing circumstances, Opposition M.P.'s praise the Chancellor's personal courage."

The whole House thus unites to give the bankers what it united to deny to the coal industry. As for Mr. Churchill's "courage," the writer of the "City Notes" in the same journal throws another sort of light on it, remarking that the Chancellor's action has been taken because he will have to convert maturing loans shortly and wants to avoid difficulties about the City's terms for renewing them. This rings more true—a bankers' subsidy to buy off a bankers' strike. And every Government has to do it.

It can only preserve the Constitution by submitting to the threat of direct action by the credit monopolists. It is a curious reflection that whereas the Trade Union Bill is seeking to penalise the intimidation of trade unionists and others who blackleg during a strike, nine-tenths of the House of Commons would unite against any Government which began to create its own currency and credit in the event of a strike by Mr. Norman's trade union. Far from opposing the strike, the politicians would, almost to a sheep, enrol as bankers' pickets.

Mr. Churchill's calling up of Property Taxes in advance will just about meet the cost of the extra bank subsidy. He jocularly tells property owners that their paying a tax before its due date out of present income will make no difference at the end of the world. They will switch over, just once, once and for all, to paying for State services in advance instead of on delivery. What is the skip of a few months measured against humanity's expectation of life? Quite so. No more difference than if the Trade Union Congress asked Industry to pay Labour's week's wages in advance instead of after a week's work. It would only mean a wrench for one tiny week—a double wage-bill, just once, once and for all—and then everything would go on normally till the end of the world.

The appropriation of the Road Fund reserve is a political breach of faith, but probably of no practical import to motorists. It marks further centralisation of financial control; but that process has now gone so far that this fresh step counts for relatively nothing. The most sensible attitude to adopt about it is to register as a precedent Mr. Churchill's formula of consolation to the cheated motoring interests: "The Treasury will be your banker." It is an interesting precedent when one examines it. It sets £12,000,000 of savings flowing out as State expenditure, thereby reversing the principle of cutting expenses to accumulate savings. "The 'Road' services," was the Chancellor's assurance in effect, "can be more safely guaranteed by the immense potential financial power of the Treasury than by the existence of any *ad hoc* fund." We heartily agree. So much so that we suggest an extension of the same principle to national insurance funds. Why not put these assets at the disposal of the State's spending departments and trust in the Treasury to meet the liabilities? Take, for instance, the accumulated reserves of National Health Insurance Institutions. They grew steadily, through the great boom and great slump covering the years 1915 to 1924, from £33 millions to £116 millions—and have gone on growing since. What insured person's interests would be jeopardised if this latter sum were applied to the relief of taxation? No one's, for it represents past *over-estimates of risks*. Moreover, the effect of relieving taxation in this way would tend to improve the health of the community and lessen risks still further. We are aware that this is not "practical politics," but it would raise an intriguing debating-issue if handled by politicians who are familiar with the New Economic credit-analysis.

The latest rumour about votes for women at the age of 21 is that the Cabinet have decided to make this concession. The *Daily Mail* is most concerned at the prospect of 14 million women voting alongside only 12 million men. But what would it have? The Conservative Government's supporters must do something to defend their candidatures at the next election. Having made political Labour a free gift of the Trade Union Bill it must do something for itself as a counterpoise. Then there is the reviving Liberal Party with its Super-Salesman and its Super-Strong-

box, under super-efficient, i.e., Jewish, management. Why should not these poor threatened Conservatives exploit the lip-stick vote? Besides, the flapper's skirt is scant enough shelter for anybody these days. Franchise extensions have lost all meaning since the War ended. Nobody who knows the real structure of Government gives a thought to them. With every addition to voting strength there has been a corresponding dilution of the controlling-strength of the vote. "The more money in circulation the less it will buy," say the financial pundits. Similarly, the flapper's vote is merely inflation of the franchise. It will get the girls nothing more than they have got now—their jobs and incomes. Their economic status will continue to be decided by men. There are no women directors of the Bank of England; much less any feminine counterparts of Bernard Baruch, Col. House, Montagu Norman, Paul Warburg, Basil Zaharoff, Benjamin Strong, and the rest of the mystery men who think in Continents.

The recent proposal of the Columbia University that the United States reconsider the question of war debts, a proposal afterwards endorsed by the Princeton University, has been answered by Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the United States Treasury, in a communication to Dr. Hibbern, President of the latter University. His letter is reproduced verbatim in *The Times* of April 13. Mr. Mellon rejects the proposal, and answers one by one the main considerations on which it was put forward. The result is that on a mere showing of figures the victory lies with Mr. Mellon. He proves that each ally will be able to pay America out of its reparations receipts from Germany, and have a balance over. He gives also what will have to be accepted as a sufficient answer to every moral argument in favour of debt-cancellation. It is the old dilemma all over again. Allow the premises of Old Economic finance and you lose your case for getting rid of its consequences. Once granted that the American citizen, for instance, lent his own money to the European citizen, and will be impoverished by its non-repayment, the two Universities have no case. They had much better give up all idea of arguing with the astute Treasury until they can do so from the New Economic angle. Major Douglas's published proposals to Mr. Lloyd George on the subject of the American Debt contain the only kind of reasoning which will get through Mr. Mellon's armour. But, for reasons easy to guess, neither Columbia nor Princeton wants to win its case by using that weapon.

There is one passage in Mr. Mellon's letter worth placing on record:

"Among the purposes for which we made dollar advances was that of maintaining the franc and the pound at somewhere near their normal values. In other words, we loaned our associates the dollars with which to purchase bills on London and Paris, and so permit them to pay the exchanges. When we were obliged to purchase francs and sterling for our own uses in the Paris and London markets, we did so at the artificial prices maintained by the use of the very funds we had loaned."

In a word, by lending dollars America enabled Europe to put up prices against her in terms of dollars. That is not a bad scoring shot. Incidentally it serves as a useful reminder that exchange rates are not necessarily truthful indices of economic reality, and that when Mr. Churchill, in his Budget speech, claims that "Our Exchange stood like a rock" through the coal lock-out and the general strike, and seeks to suggest that that is a proof of the inherent stability of British credit under his Chancellorship, he is talking irrelevancies. It is much more reasonable to attribute this rock-like stability of the dollar exchange to the entry of Wall Street into the British Government's war with the mining industry

and trade union movement. We remember, if the House of Commons has forgotten, that during the general strike "dollars" were "freely placed at the disposal of the Government." The fact was recorded in these terms in the London Press last May.

Lord Londonderry is very disappointed with the moderate Labour leaders. He writes a letter to *The Times* of April 13 on the Trade Unions Bill, and in it is the following passage:

"I myself had been hoping during the last few months that the Labour leaders would come forward and proclaim the provisions of this Bill as the policy of trade unionism. . . ."

We sympathise with him. Judging from the speeches and acts of those leaders, he had every logical reason to indulge in his hope. But alas—

"... from Mr. MacDonald downwards, with few exceptions, the so-called moderate Labour leaders have endeavoured to run with the hare of public opinion, which in theory accepts the proposals, and hunt with the hounds of the extremists, who reject those same proposals as curbing the political activities of the executive."

It is a bitter reflection. Mr. J. R. Clynes has changed his initials to "D": and even that dead certainty, Mr. Thomas, is not quite ready to follow this noble Emancipator of Society, but pleads with him: "My Lord, suffer me first to go and marry my daughter."

With reference to our query in a recent issue relating to the London 'Bus Combine's petrol consumption, we are informed that this spirit is supplied by a purely British company, and that our suggestion to the contrary was incorrect.

The article published last week, "The Servile State By Legislation" under the signature, W. T. Seymour, was contributed by Mr. W. T. Symons, whose name should have appeared but was misprinted.

PRESS EXTRACTS.

"If one bears in mind that Mexicans possess less than one-third of the total wealth of the country, one can easily understand why so frequently, in the resolution of Mexican problems, which, of course, have always had a marked economic character, we have friction or difficulties either with foreign Governments defending the interests of their countrymen, or with Mexican land-owners controlling end-tracts of land. Furthermore, of the third part of the national wealth owned by Mexicans, 60 per cent. is still in the hands of Roman Catholic priests or institutions."—President Calles, quoted in *Christian Science Monitor*.

"The demand for branch banking is to a large extent propagated by great banking interests, which are steadily seeking to absorb unto themselves the financial power of the country. . . . Unless the absorption of banks is checked, we shall have in America the same banking conditions which have largely paralysed the development of Canada, and which have been such a menace to the best prosperity of England."—*Manufacturers' Record*.

"Although S. Parker Gilbert, Agent-General for Reparation payments, is satisfied with the working of the Dawes plan so far, and points out that Germany was able to pay the second annuity out of her export surplus, the fact remains that since the Dawes plan was put in operation the German Government, individual states, provinces, cities, industrial and church organisations together, have borrowed more money than Germany has paid in reparations. From January 1, 1925, to October 1, 1926, these borrowings totalled more than \$600,000,000, about \$91,000,000 more than the total of Germany's first two annuities."—*New York World*.

"The threat of the Ministry of Health to the Barrow Board of Guardians to stop further loans to the Board unless out-relief is reduced to 2s., brought a development at a private meeting of the Board on Tuesday night, when the Mayor of Barrow was called in. The Clerk stated that the Ministry was adamant. It was decided that a deputation from the Board and the Mayor should interview the Minister at London. If loans are stopped and unemployment continues, Barrow rates may have to be considerably increased to meet the situation."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Scotland and the Banking System.

By C. M. Grieve, J.P.

(Member, Scottish National Convention.)

I.

The text has just been issued of a new "Government of Scotland Bill," to provide for the better Government of Scotland, which is presented by Mr. Barr and supported by Messrs. Adamson, Kirkwood, Stephen, Buchanan, Wheatley, Johnston, Maxton, and others. The Press is stressing the fact that this is a "Socialists' Bill"—despite the fact that since 1890 twenty successive Scottish Home Rule Bills and Motions have been supported by an ever-increasing proportion of the Scottish representation of all parties, and that the present Draft Bill is supported, not only by M.P.'s and other leading Scots of all parties, but by the Scottish National Convention—by far the biggest Scottish representative body that has come into existence since the Union of the Parliaments. The purpose of these articles is not to argue the case for Scottish Home Rule. The facts stated above speak for themselves and show, at all events, that the present administration of Scotland is being maintained through the systematic vetoing of the majority Scottish vote by the English preponderance at Westminster. But the new Bill differs from its predecessors in important respects. The antagonistic *Dundee Advertiser* (all the Scottish dailies are antagonistic—for reasons I shall deal with shortly) points out: "The old Home Rulers, while they aimed at autonomy for the management of the strictly domestic business of Scotland, jealously safeguarded Scotland's position in the United Kingdom and the Empire. Nothing was more repugnant to them than the idea that the country should cease to have its full representation in the Imperial Parliament. In the Socialist Bill this ceases, and Scotland in nearly everything but a joint interest in the armed forces becomes detached and isolated; and provision appears to be made for the severance at some future time of even this link. We should be the last to assert that there are no aspects of the smaller nationalism worth conserving. There are many, but the best of them are alive and effective in Scotland to-day and they have no necessary connection with the structure of government. But Scotland, without losing her sense of herself as a Scottish nationality, has attained to a full and complete sense of a larger nationality, and she is not going to throw off that sense of partnership in larger nationality under the leadership of archaic and throw-back minds, all of them belonging to the largely denationalised region of Clydeside."

Apart from the *non sequitur* that assumes that under the provisions of the new Bill any part or parcel that Scotland has in world or Imperial affairs will be foregone (on the contrary, it may be contended that for the first time since the Union they will become realities instead of phrases beggared of content by the power of the "predominant partner" to outvote any and every Scottish representation*), the fact of the matter is that no valuation

* The "Empire" is a misnomer; the term should be the "British Association of Free Peoples." Only by granting each of its units the utmost autonomy can the Association be preserved and the fate of all great centralised empires avoided. From this point of view the demand for Scottish independence is in accordance with the true line of Imperial development for which Scotland in the past has done more than any other contributory element, and in this connection it is well to remember Viscount Dunedin's declaration that "The autonomy of local law is the rock upon which the Empire is built, the secret of the tie that unites it. And not merely autonomy of local law, but autonomy of local law-making—in other words, legislation." "The Privy Council," he further remarked, "have been more solicitous of the principle of legislative autonomy than the Dominions themselves."

able aspect of "the smaller nationalism" is now permitted to function except under extraordinary handicaps by the conditions of progressive Anglicisation (in violation of even such safeguarding clauses as the Treaty of Union contained) which have increasingly dominated Scotland during the past hundred years. Scotland has ceased to hold any distinctive place in the political or cultural map of Europe. The centralisation of book-publishing and journalism in London—the London monopoly of the means of publicity—has reduced Scottish arts and letters to shadows of their former selves, qualitatively beneath contempt in comparison with the distinctive arts and letters of any other country in Europe. There is no Scottish writer to-day of the slightest international standing. There is no Scottish national drama. Scotland is the only country in Europe which has failed to take part in that development of national schools of composers (now in their third and fourth stages of evolution in most other countries) which during the past fifty years has revolutionised the world of music. Scotland connotes to the world "religious" bigotry, a genius for materialism, "thrift," and, on the social and cultural side, Harry Lauderism and an exaggerated sentimental nationalism which is obviously a form of compensation for the lack of a realistic nationalism. No race of men protest their love of country so fervently as the Scots—no country in its actual conditions justifies any such protestations less. Scottish History and Literature, when they are taught in Scottish schools at all, are only taught subsidiarily to English history and literature. The Scottish national speech (whether Gaelic or Braid Scots) is systematically extirpated—at what violence to the psychology of the children the comparative creative sterility of Scotland attests! Every recent reference book in any department of human activity shows the position to which Scotland has degenerated. Let me mention four. Landormy's "History of Music" has nothing to say about Scotland or any Scotsman in all the thousands of significant names from every other nation it lists. "Europa, 1926" (although it is presumably designed for British readers) lists contemporary Czech and Bulgarian poets, litterateurs, musicians, etc. (the bare names—which convey nothing!), but it excludes Scotland completely; Ireland, on the contrary, has a section to itself, and a special article on the Boundary Question. Magnus's "Dictionary of European Literature" equally ignores Scotland. Professor Pittard's "Race and History," doing justice to every other people under the sun, deals only very slightly and imperfectly with Scotland, and fails to take account of any of the newer material, e.g., the works of Tocher. In this respect the treatment of Scotland is similar to that accorded to it in most modern surveys of other subjects.

Again, letters from Paris, or "Our Irish Letter," etc., are familiar features of English newspapers. Whoever saw a "Scottish Letter"? Concern with Scottish interests of any kind has been so completely excluded from publicity, has been made so completely a case of "beating the air"—that the usual headlines following a "Scottish Night" at Westminster are "Absent Members—Empty Benches—During Discussion on Scottish Estimates," while, from the report, it appears that the debate resolves itself into a pot-pourri of stale jokes. Scotland, alone of all European countries that have ever been in anything like its position relatively to any other country, has failed to develop a Nationalist Movement capable of affecting the practical political situation in some measure or other. Why have the Scottish members of all parties who have supported the numerous successive Scottish Home Rule measures acquiesced so tamely in their defeat at the hands of the English majority? There must be more in this

acquiescence than meets the eye—it represents an abrogation of themselves, for all effective purposes, of the political leaders of Scotland of which it is inconceivable they should be guilty unless—behind the ostensible position—they were cognisant of a power against which they were incapable of contending—a power so possessed of the monopoly of mass publicity that it could completely stultify them by its all-pervasive "*Suppressio veri, suggestio falsi*" the instant they went beyond a given line.

Contrasting the pre-Union achievements and promise of Scottish arts and letters with the beggarly results since, it is not too much to assert that Scottish Nationality was sold for "a mess of pottage" and that Scotland has since been paying the price by submitting to a direction of her entire energies into purely materialistic channels—not, however, as the present condition of Scotland and Scottish industries shows, for its own benefit. For whose then? That it is the purpose of these articles to indicate. But, first of all, it cannot be too strongly stressed that its social, commercial, and industrial conditions to-day afford strong *prima facie* evidence that if, as is commonly contended, Scotland has owed a great deal materialistically to its Union with England (whatever it may have lost in other directions), it has now wholly ceased to derive any such advantages; the boot, indeed, is on the other foot; and on that, as on other grounds, it is high time to reconsider the relationships between the two countries.

It may also be pointed out in passing that not many months ago this very *Dundee Advertiser*, which is now contending that all the essential characteristics of Scottish nationality have been preserved unimpaired, took exception to that very contention when it was expressed by Mr. Baldwin and had no difficulty in showing that the traditional qualities of the Scottish character had practically ceased to exist. Whether those traditional qualities (diligence, love of education, love of country, etc.) ever did exist—at any rate in any special degree in Scotland—is another question into which there is no need to enter; the Scottish Press to-day is certainly as adept as any other at putting up straw men for the purpose of knocking them down again.

But in another leader, on "The Uses of the Highlands," the same characteristically-inconsistent organ pertinently observed, apropos a Scottish debate in the House of Commons, "Probably nine people out of every ten who know something about the subject would agree that we fail completely to turn these great expanses of mountains and moorland to the best account. But unfortunately agreement generally ends there, and the country has never had the benefit of a policy at once well-informed and positive."

Alas for the "power of the Press" this is true, and the reason for it lies in precisely the political relationship of Scotland to England, as an analysis of the actions of Parliament in reference to the matter during the past hundred years abundantly attests.

Not only so; but the depopulation of rural Scotland continues at an accelerating degree. Scotland's population has steadily decreased while England's has increased. Scotland's emigration is 367 per cent. greater than England's; yet Scotland's unemployment is 50 per cent. worse than England's. And it is the settled policy of successive Governments to maintain emigration policy at this ratio. Over-population is a problem in England, but not in Scotland; why is it then that Government-aided propagandist efforts, properly enough directed perhaps to the relief of English congestion by emigration, should be applied so ardently to Scotland? The result is to place an ever-heavier burden on the rates

in Scotland, so that she is falling ever further behind in her appalling housing conditions, and her road and transport facilities.

What prevents the development of well-informed and positive policies in regard to such problems? Col. John Buchan, the Conservative candidate for the Scottish Universities vacancy, expressed the opinion in a letter to the present writer that "it is impossible to make up one's mind on the Scottish Home Rule question—the necessary facts and figures are not available." Why are they not available? In certain directions these have been systematically refused by Government Departments—or purposely embodied along with the English in such a way that comparisons between the two countries cannot be instituted. In other directions the refusal of financial facilitation, as Mr. William Graham, M.P., has pointed out, has resulted in the creation of a tremendous leeway in the economic and social documentation of Scotland, so that in practically every direction laborious independent research is necessary to get at the facts and figures—they are nowhere readily available. Nevertheless they exist, and the movement with which I am connected is busy expiscating and tabulating them, and I propose to present some of the results in the other articles of this series—with special reference to the relation of the policy of the banking interests to the remarkable *absence of policy* in regard to Scottish problems, and to the reasons for the otherwise incredible acquiescence of successive majorities of all parties in the Scottish representation in the systematic abrogation of the Scottish vote in regard to Scottish affairs.

The *Dundee Advertiser* is no worse and no better than any of the other Scottish daily papers in regard to Scottish affairs. Their vested interests are all part and parcel of the sequelae of the Union. They all "make a show" of Scottishness by dealing in windy and suitably contradictory generalisations on Scottish topics—but they all toe the secret line. Letters sent in by readers on such subjects are carefully censored. Opinions may be expressed (preferably anti-nationalist, or, better still, merely "sentimentally-nationalist"), but facts and figures are not permitted—or, at all events, only isolated ones; nothing can get published that attempts to relate facts and figures in regard to Scottish subjects to each other and, thus, to a national policy of any kind. There is not a single paper that dare publish a series of articles dealing thoroughly and systematically either with the case for Scottish Home Rule or with any of the major social or economic problems of Scotland. Nor dare they relax their vigilance in respect of the utterances of Scottish M.P.'s in Parliament. Only so much is allowed "through"; the rest must be kept back in the sieve. What does appear must appear so fragmentarily and disjointedly—and be so offset by the facetiousness and belittlement of leaders and tittle-tattle paragraphs—that it cannot conduce to the creation of any "well-informed and positive policy." What hidden interests behind the newspapers dictate this corruption of their natural functions and insist upon a journalism to bamboozle rather than educate the public—a journalism to make "confusion worse confounded" rather than to clarify national issues in a systematic and rational fashion? What is the meaning of the whole position and policy that is, superficially, so determinedly unintelligible?

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Subscription Rates for "The New Age," to any address in Great Britain or Abroad, are 30s. for 12 months; 15s. for 6 months; 7s. 6d. for 3 months.

Stanley Spencer.

By Bernard Leach.

The exhibition at the Goupil Gallery of Stanley Spencer's work presents a roomful of paintings of strange merit and defect. Here are rare painter qualities of form, texture, colour, and united with them a naivete unseen this century. At his best these elements combine to give expression to vision which is instinct with another dimension: There is an enormous painting of "Resurrection" in an English churchyard. The dead push up the sod. With hydraulic slowness they raise their marble slabs. They lean back against the florid monumental carving and rest their arms over the angles like the thief upon the cross at Golgotha, or they lie recumbent in their horizontal red brick vaults, and gaze abstracted. Ivy and cow-parsley, arum lilies and everlastings grow leaf by leaf, petal by petal on a cataclysmic soil. Charon's freight of passengers moves off the canvas in one corner with the sluggish weight of a Sunday afternoon. Within the frame of this picture time has ceased to be, and the walls of space are broken down.

I heard someone make a remark about pre-Raphaelite resemblances, but that is a superficial mistake, for Stanley Spencer accepts everything as it comes, with the amazed and equal eye of a child, and also the selectiveness of a Slade student, continuously stressing the accents of form, and all for the sake of a final religious ecstatic objective. Ford Madox Brown is the only one of the Pre-Raphaelites with whom he has any kinship. Both men had curiously ill-control of faculties. You never knew when Madox Brown would not let you down into uncouth drawing, and yet it is precisely that uncouth quality from which a strange living vitality still exudes. So in greater measure with Stanley Spencer, you never can tell whether he will let you down into bathos as in the "Passage Picture," where clumsy figures fall over one another inexpressively, or whether the naive element will combine with Slade draughtmanship, as for example in the forearm of the boy in the "Bed Picture."

There is a passage in the large "Resurrection" where the corduroy of the knee-breeches is an inch from rib to rib in queer over-emphasis, and next to it is a feathery head of wild oat suavely naturalistic. In the same way perspective is locally stressed beyond the point to which Van Gogh stressed it and thereby gained intensity; it is done often to the point of absurdity, and the fall is from the sublime to the ridiculous. In the haunting "Bed Picture" unity is achieved and the figures of mother, son, and daughter who watch the dying boy with gestures of sorrow and despair whilst he, with a throe of the body, peers round-eyed over the coverlet into the face of death, carry conviction, even though they are not facially expressive.

Two canvasses linger in my mind, one—immediately to the left of the entry—in which a mass of trees assume a waving rhythmic growth within the frame, exalting like the flags of war! The other represented a little white house standing on the brink of Life's River—or was it a wet roadway—bare English elms and grey skies beyond. A painting by William Blake came to mind.

But to return to Stanley Spencer's large synthetic effort in his picture of "Resurrection," whilst giving praise and homage for qualities of a rare order which place him in a small band of England's artist-mystics, I would also sound a note of warning: There is a danger of mere compromise between the varied personalities of Stanley Spencer which would contradict that slow growing unity which he should achieve. I fear for him "parson's praise" and the respectable support of the godly.

Mental Hermaphroditism.

By Ellerton Grange.

The bisexual character of our physical organism has been known to anatomists and physiologists for a very long time; but it is only comparatively recently that any use has been made of these facts. Of late years both practical and theoretical use has been made of the co-existence within the same body of the sex organs of both sexes.

Thus a female guinea-pig has been masculinised, and a male guinea-pig has been feminised, because each possesses certain physical structures belonging to the other sex. This is not the place to examine the possible importance of these curious researches in experimental biology, but before we go on to consider the hermaphroditism of the human mind, we must recollect that animals are first of all as to their bodies fundamentally bisexual.

The lower we go in the zoological scale, the more perfectly hermaphrodite an animal do we meet with. The worm and the snail, for instance, have all the reproductive organs of both sexes represented in the one individual; but even in these types, self-fertilisation does not occur as it does in some still lower animals and in many plants. For when the worms A and B come into contact, the sperms of A fertilise the ova of B, and the ova of A are fertilised by the sperms of B. In the mammalian embryo up to a certain date the sex-organs of both sexes are present together; later, one kind develops, the other atrophies.

The word *hermaphrodite* is derived from Hermes and Aphrodite, called by the Romans Mercury and Venus, who represented the male and female elements respectively. The majority of plants are bisexual, having stamens and pistil within the same corolla; but in others, for instance the date palm, only male flowers are found on one tree and female on the other. The presence of the two sexes in one organism is, then, of very wide occurrence throughout animate Nature.

The term "sex" is supposed by some philologists to be related to *secare*—to cut or sever. This refers to the myth that "in the beginning" Zeus separated the originally hermaphrodite human beings into male and female portions—*cut* them asunder, so to speak—and thus established a *secus* or sex.

The bisexual character of the bodily organism being an amply established fact of biology, we should be quite prepared for the discovery that the mind of any individual can also show attributes belonging to both sexes. The mind of the man contains in it, latent it may be for the most part, traits which are typically female; and conversely the mind of the woman possesses traits which are as typically male.

Just as in the physical organism certain procedures can liberate in a given animal the characteristics of its opposite sex, so in the psychic sphere, certain strains and stresses may set free the mental femaleness of the male and the mental maleness of the female.

There is a very general agreement upon what are, respectively, the characteristic attributes of the male and of the female mind. If asked to name these in the male, most people would reply somewhat as follows: Physical courage; bravery; powers of abstract thinking; powers of concentration, of critical judgment, of restraint; a creative faculty in Literature and Art, the poetical outlook—and a sense of humour.

Similarly, if asked to state what traits characterise the female mind we should probably say: tenderness, sympathy, love of the young and helpless, the desire to nurse and "mother," a power of self-sacrifice, a delicacy of intuitive perception, a lack of concentration and failure to rise to abstract

thought, jealousy, love of dancing, power of acting, and a need of protection.

Now we certainly know men possessing some female attributes. We could construct a series of examples from the typically male man at one end to the typically female man at the other; from the bullying master-in-his-own-house type to the timid little "henpecked" man who does crochet-work.

Between these two extremes we should have Chaucer's "very perfect gentle knight," the flower of chivalry, strong without coarseness, and gentle in his manliness. But there is unquestionably the feminine type of man; he has small bones, no great muscular development, delicate features and a soft voice. He may be sexually impotent; and at any rate the factor of sex does not interest him. For several reasons this type makes a good "ladies' doctor"; for although women when quite well prefer the presence of the characteristically male person, yet when ill they appreciate the services of a man with small, soft hands, a quiet step, and a soothing voice.

The point at present is that there is femaleness in the male mental make-up, and that in certain men it predominates only at certain times, but in some all the time.

The novelist is correct psychologically when, writing of some character at a time of great emotional stress, he makes "the strong man weep like a woman," when he makes his voice "soft and appealing as any woman's," when "in a flash he seemed to take in the whole situation with a truly feminine intuition." This sort of thing was remarked on long ago by the writer of "David's Lament over Saul and Jonathan"—"Very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, *passing* the love of woman."

When the feminine does express itself in the male character, it is genuine, the best of its kind as it were; he is very tender, very sympathetic, very self-sacrificing, very self-effacing—the feminine traits are expressed with the power and directness of the male. This is not at all the same thing as effeminacy, a term applied only to the state in which the male elements are deficient, as possibly in the poet Cowper. The man is not acting; the real female trait was there latent, and has been liberated for expression by some crisis or great emotional experience. One can neither liberate what does not exist nor express what is not there. He is not acting; it is a real, though previously hidden, part of the man which is now being manifested perhaps to the astonishment of his intimate friends. Apropos of this there is in one of Colonel House's letters a paragraph: "He (Lord Loreburn) spoke of Balfour as having great ability, but thought his mind was too feminine to grasp the significance of such a measure." (Letter from Colonel House to the President. London. May 3, 1915.) Feminine here does *not* mean effeminate; and in a later letter he says—"Grey and Balfour are two great gentlemen."

The perfect blending of these male and female traits in the male mind can result in the production of a very fine type—strong without brutality; independent without disregard of the feelings of others; brave without sacrifice of tenderness; chivalrous, in that the weak, the suffering, and the unfortunate are defended, cared for, and succoured: of such stuff is the true philanthropist made.

The success, for instance, of the Salvation Army has been due very largely to the sympathetic insight of the female united to the courage of the male; without much of feminine perception joined to executive powers in the character of William Booth, that remarkable organisation would never have been conceived of.

The Tree of Life.

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

I.

BIOLOGICAL BASES.

PADRE: Glad to see you again, gentlemen, this Saturday evening. You're a welcome relief to my preparations for the morrow.

TAPLEY: Thanks, Padre. By-the-bye, you don't mean to say that Sykes has been considered worthy to lecture to the Improvement Society! What he knows about Improvement could be put on the back of a stamp. Psychology and Biology are all right in their way, Sykes, but you can't spring these on that Society any more than you can your Geology. I had a bad enough time when I tried its members, sorely, I admit, with Metaphysics, tempered with Physiology. Of course, I know what you'll talk about, but what are you calling it?

SYKES: You seem to forget that I have already given these good people one lecture. I called it "Biological Application." I'm calling this "Biological Bases."

TAPLEY: You don't mean to say you dare face Fundamentalists and Evangelicals with Evolution! You'll only be met with incredulity, disgust, and opposition.

SYKES: As I certainly should be if I were to expound your views on the subject. But I do not intend to go back to any Origin of Life. That is too far off to be the subject of a profitable study. It is chiefly a matter of conjecture. I shall get what I want from study of life as a going concern, as we actually have it with us to-day.

TAPLEY: That won't do, you know. Biology is an exact science, and one must accept the whole of its theory or reject it.

SYKES: I don't mind talking the matter over with you and the Padre some time, especially as part of the cloud—you must admit there's a cloud—hanging over the actual origins, is metaphysical, but definite Biological facts are better got from the immediate life of the present than from the rocks, for only in the light of such study can we even conjecture what the rock deposits and fossils mean. If I get the last two hundred years or so into my purview, I shall have a chance of showing them something about the Life Stream, incidentally also about Heredity.

PADRE: The Origin of Species is not quite so obscure as the actual beginning. Would you dare to touch the Origin of Religion?

SYKES: Yes, I might carefully introduce, and then lightly touch on, the Origin of Species. The Origin of Religion is fascinating, and more Biological than the Theologians usually admit. Isn't that so, Padre? Anyway, as tactfully as I may, I should certainly like to refer to it.

TAPLEY: Knowing you, I know you won't get on to Heredity without getting into the Sex Question. If I do not presume, I should like to know how you, as a tactful gentleman, propose to introduce that.

SYKES: Do you know the Padre's line with the Fenrir Wolf? I very much fancy that, and would be glad of a reminder from the Padre as to how to utilise it.

PADRE: Oh, the Fenrir Wolf? Well, with your particular audience I should certainly begin by showing that the greater part of the religion of the Eddas was adapted Christian doctrine, obtained from travellers like Gangler, and Christian captives, while admitting that men like Kormak, the skald, son of a Scots, and so Keltic, mother, used a free hand in adaptation. The Fenrir Wolf was son of Loki, a kind of Lucifer and Prometheus in one; Loki means Flame, the god of obstacle-despising fiery love, who got into trouble for over-riding such bonds

as marriage, and had married a Jotuness, or giantess, one of the mighty powers of Nature.

SYKES: That's all right. And the little Wolf grew up, a pet among the gods, till he began to get too strong and had to be bound. What of the binding?

PADRE: They sent to the Dwarfs for a chain—Laeding they called it—and with difficulty, got the Wolf to put it on. He broke it at once—reminds one of "leading-strings," doesn't it?—as also another from the same makers, Dromi, though it was thicker and stronger. The message to the Dwarfs was now one of great urgency. "Can you do anything that will be of any use?" Well, they would try. The result was that marvellous chain, Gleipnir, with which the Wolf was finally bound.

SYKES: Tapley, pass me that piece of paper and a pencil. Thanks. Now what was Gleipnir made of?

PADRE: The breath of fishes, the roots of stones, the spittle of birds, the beards of women, the foot-fall of a cat, and the sinews of bears.

SYKES: And how would you interpret for the multitude?

PADRE: I don't think I am by any means alone in taking the view that it is the story of youth, as its raw untamed natural powers grow, breaking away from hold after hold, first perhaps from his mother's "leading strings." Then he defies and masters his teachers and the policeman, but is finally tamed and bound by the chain of chains, made up of Chivalry, Honour, Loyalty, Devotion to Duty, Love of Fair Play, and Generosity.

SYKES: Let's get that down. Thanks. But the final picture of the Wolf with a sword thrust through his jaws to keep them open, while drops of poison fall into his eyes, is less pleasant. I want to see the raw animal vigour, less bound than harnessed, a great power for action.

PADRE: I'm with you there. But the main point of the picture, as in far too much Christian teaching, is repression. The actual fact of our raw Power possession, working mightily along the strands of the binding chain in Chivalry, Honour, etc., can be felt in it all the same.

TAPLEY: A good introduction. Then how do you get into the middle of your stream?

SYKES: Oh, I should go on to say that Man Power, incipient, as with the Fenrir Wolf, or otherwise, is a very big thing. I have memorised a bit of Romanes, where he indicates the facts on which Weissmann, Galton, and Darwin are agreed, in spite of much violent disagreement. They all admit that:—

"The substance of heredity is particulate; is mainly lodged in highly specialised cells; is nevertheless also distributed throughout the general cellular tissues, where it is concerned in all the processes of regeneration, repair, and asexual reproduction; presents an enormously complicated structure, in that every constituent part of a potentially future organism is represented in a fertilised ovum by corresponding particles; is everywhere capable of unlimited multiplication, without even losing its hereditary endowments; is often capable of carrying these endowments in a dormant state through a long series of generations, until at last they reappear in what we recognise as recursions."

TAPLEY: That's good. I haven't read it, but it doesn't surprise me. We have come to associate "germplasm," as we may call it, with brain-work and nerve action. Phosphorus is a marked constituent of the "plasm," and phosphates are much in evidence in the waste products of brain work and of nerve activity.

PADRE: I'm impressed with the feeling that it's all the same thing.

SYKES: I'm convinced of it, and if so we're on a line never yet followed out by anybody. It couldn't

be, for it leads past the horizons of human thought. True, Stanley Hall, the American psychologist, made a start on it, while Adler and Jung have elaborated basic principles in view of which we must carry on with our journey. The two tremendous facts here, dove-tailing into and conditioning one another are, first, that this "élan vital," alias "germ-plasm," alias "Man Power," is the essential part of our life and character, for thence come our impulses; and, second, that the whole thing is ancestral. It was our father's life before it was ours, and even as It expressed Itself in his life, and in his character, so It now speaks and acts in us.

PADRE: What a priceless casket of Inheritance?

TAPLEY: You don't mean to say you can fit New Testament, Creed, and Dogma, into that?

PADRE: I'd have to scrap the Dogma then. You must give me an evening or two to make the adjustments. In the meantime, please note that "the eye of faith is not the eye of sight."

The Heresy of the Underman.

By Samuel F. Darwin-Fox.

Generalities are always rash, and Universals are by the wise man to be sedulously avoided; but it is nevertheless in accordance with actual experience and objective truth, to put forth the axiom that, whereas Revolutionaries in the mass are kittle-cattle (all masses of hairless apes, however labelled, being essentially hateful and inherently senseless), the individual Revolutionary must be one of two extremely interesting and attractive things: either he is too good for the society in which he finds himself, or, on the other hand, he is too bad for it. It is also safe to say that the Revolutionary is by nature and necessity a violent Reactionary: he reacts with fury against the Zeitgeist; and the tendency of his age causes him to vomit with violence. And in every single instance he looks back with longing to some point—real or imaginary—in the dim and distant past when (as he conceives) conditions were better, and purer, and healthier, and the Race still retained—what, indeed, it never possessed—a goodly measure, not of Original Sin, but of Original Innocence. We fear that Rousseau was egregiously wrong; and that old "Leviathan" Hobbes (from whom the romantic Genevan pilfered so much) was entirely right when he described Primitive Savage Man as being "nasty, brutish, and short"—that is to say, in all respects as filthy and disgusting as Modern Civilised Man. However, the paradox holds good that every step forward has been essentially a step to the rear; and that Protestantism (for instance) was an attempt to resurrect what was fondly imagined to be Primitive Christianity; while the Renaissance was a return to the aesthetics of Ancient Greece and Rome, and the French Revolutionaries imagined that they were restoring the civic, social, and economic conditions of the same period. Our modern Revolutionaries are busily playing the same old game; but the trouble is that they have neither read nor thought, and have lost all sense of historical direction, knowing not whither, precisely, to retrace the footsteps of their goings. It is constantly being asserted, by the fools and knaves that live and batten upon the vileness of the Zeitgeist, that "You can't put the clock back." The obvious answer, of course, is, "You can!" and it is here that the Revolutionary and the Reactionary are gloriously right.

Let it be clearly understood, once and for all, that our modern Social Order—that broken cistern which

we have hewed out for ourselves—is perishing from its own inherent degeneracy. The proud Empires of old were destroyed by barbarian invasions from without: "Christian Civilisation" is dying of a canker working within. It is overborne, and undermined by its own congenital vices: it is perishing of the excessive fecundity of its own self-destructive elements.

All around us is a charnel-house atmosphere of death and decay; and finally and ultimately, this is due to racial impoverishment, and to nothing else. That our detestable "Civilisation" has lingered so long is due, not in the least to any inherent excellence or vitality of its own, but merely to the domination of the superior strains of humanity, to the survival of the fittest, and to the maintenance of power in the hands of capacity.

And this capacity is not a question of environment, but of racial, hereditary difference. Nature is governed by an iron law of inequality. In every school in the world there will be found children of the same age, studying in the same surroundings, who are poles apart in intellectual vigour and initiative. In this respect, the child is father to the man; you cannot make silk purses out of sows' ears. But the revolutionary leaders of modern "thought" are so ignorant of history and of biology alike, that they inspire the incapable classes with a gospel of equality and provoke the unfit to usurp the privileges and responsibilities of the fit. The menace is the more importunate because the fit are decreasing in number and influence, and the unfit increasing feverishly. For instance: Out of 1,700,000 men raised by the United States in the war, only 4½ per cent. were of very superior intelligence, 9 per cent. of superior intelligence, 15 per cent. of inferior intelligence, and 10 per cent. of no intelligence at all. Moreover, the first two classes are barely reproducing themselves at all, while the other elements are increasing at rates proportionate to their decreasing intellectual capacity. The criminal, vicious, and diseased classes are breeding-out the wholesome and capable classes, while the heavy burden of taxation and liability which is now piled upon the shoulders of the intelligent is gradually depressing the class of natural leader, and ruining the race.

The bleating "Democrat" imagines that salvation lies in unlimited goose-gabble and votes, and that the hiccoughing voice of the people is the voice of God. Perhaps it is; so much the worse for God! The Sansculotte, or Bolshevik, persuades himself and his dupes that by eliminating wealth he can improve the condition of the poor. All these are errors, monstrous and manifest, disproved over and over again, both by experience and by biological evidence. Democracy deliberately aims at levelling the race to the standard of the lowest. It is *Noodledom in excelsis*. To penalise ability in order that inability may multiply is to sap the roots of progress.

The fatal defect in the Revolutionary movements of the day is that they are not merely revolutions against a damnable social system, but that they constitute a war of the hand against brain. For the first time since man was man, there has been a definite schism between the hand and the head. And every progressive principle that man has thus far evolved: the solidarity of true civilisation and culture; community of interests; the harmonious synthesis of muscle, intellect, and spirit—all these the new heresy of the Underman howls down and tramples into the mud.

The only hope for the immediate future lies in the courageous overthrowing of the Idols of the Marketplace; the laying-low of superstition; the hurling down from Heaven of the Gods; and the adoption by a regenerated Humanity of the Religion, the Ethics and Politics of Science.

Drama.

Der Weibsteufel: Inc. Stage Society.

The translators of "Der Weibsteufel"—Graham and Tristan Rawson—at the request of the Council of the Stage Society, refrain from rendering the title into English because "She-devil" or any other fairly literal construction is judged unsatisfactory. The theme of the play is the corruption of a woman from maternal fidelity to lying, lust, and ambition, through men thoughtlessly arousing her powers for their own schemes. In a cottage in the Austrian Tyrol a peasant, whose income chiefly comes from acting as the receiver of contraband, is living in amity with his wife. A mean and sickly man incapable of begetting a child, his handsome animal of a wife consoles herself by mothering him, petting him while he gloats over the superiority of cunning over strength. When the Customs Director sends a promising young officer to make love to the wife in order to bring about the betrayal of the suspect husband, the peasant meets stratagem with stratagem. He prevails upon the wife to fool the Customs man while the smugglers get the stuff away. The officer, breaking open a locked trunk in the hope of shortening his wait for promotion, comes across the pathetic baby-clothes, and, naturally, exploits them to contrast his virility with the husband's sickliness. Between two men both making her their tool, the wife gradually evolves her own plan—to fan the officer's desire until he kills the husband, and then to choose a man where a rich widow might please.

The play is restricted to three characters and a melodeon off, in all. As an experiment in the characterisation of one person—the peasant's wife—it must be reckoned a complete success in craftsmanship. No actress could wish for greater scope than the part offers, since it occupies the stage throughout the play, developing gradually from patient, submissive motherliness to conscienceless ambition and passion. Yet as a play, "Der Weibsteufel" is not entitled to the reputation which inclusion in the Stage Society's programme implies. Something can be done with a triangle as part of an orchestra, but an unaccompanied solo on this instrument, though the variations be as clever and numerous as here, is as undubitably a stunt as a solo on a saw.

Seeing the same three people in act after act, I felt that I was not in the presence of a slice of life, but of a thread. The performance impressed me as a novel in five chapters, story even more than film. Development of the character proceeded stream-like—in time—with none of the swiftness of intuitive revelation of action that hall-marks the drama. The witness is certainly gripped by the effectiveness of every curtain, but again the method of the serial writer is recalled; it stimulates hunger for the next instalment rather than rounds off the act.

The translators have chosen to avoid dialect, although the original uses it. In Brember Wills's peasant this did not much matter. He succeeded in realising all the facets of the peasant-smuggler, with his weakness, cunning, and desire for possession. Manner of speech, the very awkwardness with which he held a pen, or cocked his head on one side to count his money, everything about Brember Wills was in keeping with the part. Douglas Burbidge had a less interesting job in the tall and iron-muscled exciseman. The necessity for his frequent comings and goings wanted a lot of managing to prevent the result being stilted into a stage property for the woman's use, and the actor just fell short of rounding off the character. Marie Ney, with the attractive proposition of the peasant's wife, was very much alive. She captured the audience deservedly by her generation of coquettishness and passion, by the steady rise to triumph and exulting in the mastery of forbidden power which she had been tempted to discover. But she was not the peasant wife. In these

days of scholarships she might have been the peasant's daughter—no, not even this. In the first act she had to reply to the proposal that she should captivate the exciseman: "What do you take me for? What do you think I am?" Such lines as these—they ought not to be in, anyhow—indicate that the peasant had married beneath him. There is only one class of person—everybody in London should know it—that uses precisely these sentences. Marie Ney really ought to give serious attention to her vowel formation, which in this part detracted from what otherwise was not merely a *tour de force*, but a lively and dramatic characterisation. Vowels are uttered with flattened lips only in parlours pretending to be drawing-rooms.

Abie's Irish Rose: Apollo.

Anne Nichols, author of "Abie's Irish Rose," is a good cook. Her play resembles a thoroughly well-boiled Christmas pudding stuffed with all the well-known goodies available in the whole world, complete with threepenny-bit, ring, and the other essentials of goodwill. For the English palate it is yet in a few places a little too sweet, besides containing doses of medicine which Americans like to hustle down with their food. In less metaphorical language, the love-scenes of the first act are a little too romantic for present-day young Londoners; and the Christmas Eve scene of the last act might be made a feast untainted by the suggestion of a sermon. In America, I believe, that sort of thing is indispensable to success, as it was forty years ago in this country. But Old England is also a rather cynical England.

Almost any magazine story writer might use the plot, since it is the only property now held in common. Abraham Levy, son of Solomon Levy, brings home Rosemary Murphy, romantic and pretty, and passes her off on his delighted father and his friends as a Jewess. When Murphy the elder arrives in the second act both fathers realise the deception and the burden of awful connections. Thereupon the feud of families, nations, and religions rises to the heights of farce, a Rabbi and a Catholic priest who met in the war preserving a tolerant background of common humanity. The second act presented a lovely wedding-procession, dainty young bridesmaids—excellent as Italia Conti's children always are—and a heap of uproarious fun.

In the third act the second campaign is fought out to the point of reconciliation, which cannot be effected by one child only. It needs twins, which are forthcoming. The curtain rises on the lonely home of the young couple, the husband dressing the Christmas tree. Both fathers turn up, drawn by the news of a grandchild. Before the end a Jewess cooks ham, and two grandfathers nurse two babies, one called Rebecca and the other Patrick Joseph Levy. Joseph Greenwald, as the comic, if stage, Jew father, kept the audience hugging itself with his fine comedy acting and the quality of his repartee and naiveté. The two Cohens—Mildred Elliott and Harry Marks Stewart—again stage types, were very good, the antics of the latter being clever and funny. Katherine Revner as Rosemary looked like a sweetheart from fairy-land. Philip Lord should make the Irish father a little more comedy and less farce; at present his gestures and expressions of face are too repetitive.

If one go to a children's party where everybody romps about the floor and shrieks at the children's remarks—which mean so much more to the grown-ups than the speakers—one is a snob to stand aside. I laughed with the rest. I do not wonder that the play ran for six years in New York. Given the slight retouchings I hinted at in my opening paragraph, I shall not wonder if it runs a year in London. The last act is extraordinarily well worked out, suspense and sentiment being drawn upon to its last ounce of entertainment value. PAUL BANKS.

Reflections on the Screen.

By W. H. Hindle.

To the cultural die-hard there is no fact in modern life more distressing than the increasing importance of the cinema. While it was the plaything of "the people," it could be safely ignored. But as it turns out, what the people likes to-day, the highbrow will like to-morrow. Now the cinema has become the plaything of the highbrows, too. Film societies produce exotic pictures for the amusement of their exotic members. Learned critics discuss in the daily and weekly papers the respective merits as producers of Seastrom and Pick. Charlie Chaplin has become the fetish of the advanced, as he has long been the delight of the many.

The reason for this extension of interest in the cinema is not far to seek. The screen is developing an individuality of its own, after being for too long an inefficient handmaid of other arts. The early directors, suddenly presented with a new artistic medium of unknown possibilities, took, as was perhaps natural, the line of least resistance. Instead of using the new medium for something no other art could give, they copied existing institutions, in particular the circus and the theatre. With the circus they were not far wrong. The rapid movement of cowboy films, and the slapstick of the early comedies showed how well they could reproduce its atmosphere.

With the theatre the result was disastrous, as it could not help being as an imitation of an imitation. In the theatre the spoken word is at least of equal importance with the staging. But a little thing like that did not daunt the producers. If we could not have the spoken word, we should have the next best thing—the printed word. And so we had, and still have ("What Price Glory" is a case in point), films in which there are almost as many captions as pictures, so that the pictures threaten to become a branch of literature.

Not content with reproducing the atmosphere of the theatre, the cinema also took over the *ideals* of the stage. Sticky sentimentality being the gospel of the theatre, sticky sentimentality became the gospel of the cinema. The type being once set, and the public having made no vigorous protest, this gospel has continued ever since. Whenever the film companies are challenged in the matter, they reply that they must produce what the public wants. But it is certain that the public really does not want such drivel as "Love's Blindness" (recently shown at a London cinema). What the public wants is entertainment—cheap, with comfortable seats, and smoking allowed. Given these essentials, the public is passive.

Fortunately a few enterprising and intelligent directors are at last beginning to realise this. Even in America the new art is being taken seriously, as is shown by the occasional appearance of parodies of the high falutin romantic "super-productions." The parodies which have so far appeared ("The Cruise of the Jaspas B," at the Capitol, was a good example) are rather crude, but welcome as a protest against the unreality of film-conventions. It is not, however, to America that we must look for new ideals in screen art, for the parodies hailing from there are useful only as destructive agents. It is from Germany that we must expect to receive constructive suggestions. The Germans are not alone in experimenting. One or two French producers, notably M. Marcel L'Herbier, have attempted to introduce some new mode of expression. But they are isolated, and often, as in L'Herbier's "L'Inhumaine," mistake novelty for originality.

Of the hundreds of films produced since the war, very few can claim to have any individuality as films. The most notable are, in the order of showing in England, "The Street," "Warning Shadows," "Vaudeville," "Beggar on Horseback," "New

Year's Eve," and "Metropolis." "Beggar on Horseback" is American; the others are German. The German producers have in every case approached the problem of screen presentation from a new angle, which has caused them to break away in several important particulars from the film-conventions. In the first place they have broken with the literary tradition. Their productions being neither settings for stage-dialogue nor illustrations to a novel, they have dispensed with captions. The effect of this break cannot yet be realised, for the new films are still in the experimental stage. But it should induce scenario-writers to write stories which can be told in pictures alone. This, however, is merely destructive.

On the constructive side they have made several important changes, some of which revert to early practice. They have tried first to convey movement, the surging of mobs in "Metropolis," the swift movement of the trapezists in "Vaudeville," the movement of the streets on festival night in "New Year's Eve." Next they have used the rapid changes of light and shade with startling effect. The swift transition from a dimly-lit interior to the gay lights of the street in "New Year's Eve" brings out the irony of the story as no novel or play could have done. Psychological states are suggested by unusual photography. In "Vaudeville" the horror of Boss's murderous thoughts is shown, not by the artificial device of a "close-up," but by the sudden vision of a sea of eyes gazing upwards.

The introduction of new methods has made possible a return to reality on the screen. The long passionate embrace, the close-up, and the other exaggerated methods of "registering" (hideous word!) emotion were perhaps at one time necessary to complete an illusion which was not aided by the varying tones of speech. The admirable restraint of the German actors (especially in those "love" scenes in which restraint is essential) suggests that, with the use of the new technique it will be possible to express emotion without "registering." Here again the German producers lead the way. How long will it be before the British and Americans have sufficient courage and intelligence to follow that lead?

Reviews.

James McNeill Whistler. (Masters of Modern Etching. The Studio. 5s.)

Whistler's work provokes one to ask whether etchers are born or made. Whistler used etching to express a variety of emotion, and of subject such as it had not known before. Moreover, he practised the art when it was not the profitable profession it is to-day. A comparison of the prices obtained by Whistler and, say, Cameron, would furnish a commentary on the changes in popular taste. The twelve plates in this volume give an excellent idea of his range, from the firm lines of "Lime-house" to the romantic impressions of Venice. They also manifest his skill as a portrait-etcher in "Becquet." The notice by Mr. Malcolm Salaman, an early friend and admirer of Whistler, forms a good introduction. (Benn.

Eric Gill: Contemporary British Artists. (Benn. 8s. 6d. net.)

In addition to thirty-three beautiful plates, this volume contains an interesting introduction on Gill's theory of art. Gill starts from the postulate that Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty. The only truth is that established by the dogma of the Catholic Church. Beauty is the expression of this truth. So much for the theory. The practice far outdistances it. Gill's Catholic bent has, indeed, influenced his choice of subject. But the truth he expresses has a mathematical simplicity perceptible only to the modern scientific or the primitive mind.

He is modern, too, in rejecting the facile idealised beauty of Catholic tradition, for a beauty of truth certainly not Catholic. Notwithstanding (or perhaps because of) this conflict between precept and practice, Gill is one of the most representative of modern artists.

Rhapsody. By Dorothy Edwards. (Wishart and Co. 7s. net.)

What is a plot? In the literary sense, as in the language of speculative builders and hopeful solicitors, is it something round, square, or oblong, but with a definitely recognisable shape, something Eminent Desirable, with a good deal of Superficial Area, and Main Drainage when completely exploited? It may be so; and if so, writers of plotless tales like Dorothy Edwards and publishers of them like Wishart's must be content with a very small and very special circle of readers who seek two things, fidelity to life and reverence for the art of written words, and name as books worthy to be called such only those which have been written because the writer respected the calling, or responded to the call, and came clean and holy to the task. This book has its faults, but they are the faults of deliberate and obstinate choice, not of ignorance or any pander's greed for gain. Miss Edwards loves music, and so in each of these short stories there is a rather pedantic string on which she harps incessantly. But she has grace, she has art, she has restraint and self-respect and respect for her readers. She hopes they will be of her own intelligence and taste, and nothing is too much trouble for her, if so she may pleasure her own judgment and reckon to satisfy its companion in another. It is not to be expected that a book of stories like this, which are not "stories" in the Fleet Street sense or to the specification of Paternoster Row, will sell in large numbers, though the fact that William Gerhardt has a definite and loyal and reasonably lucrative following of his own should give hope to any sincere craftsman of his kind. But if anyone who understands the delights of reading wants a book to read, here's one.

Of Cooks.

In New Zealand, where the material for good food is abundant, where there is excellent meat and butter, and a good climate and soil for vegetables, there is, alas, hardly a soul who can cook. Waking at seven in the morning in the country, in a wooden house where everything is audible, you will be aware of a loud sizzling. It is the great panful of excellent mutton chops frying in plenty of fat. In half an hour the noise ceases and you know that those chops will have been put in the oven to harden while the billy is boiled. At eight you breakfast off something that looks and tastes like rather greasy boot soles. Cooking chops is easier that way, and as few English know good victuals from bad I suppose it does not matter much, but if a French housewife offered such food to her men I shudder to think of what would happen. I remember a dejeuner with carters and pedlars in the Dordogne—but I digress—to your chops, O Israel.

The general standard of cooking being so low it is not to be expected that the man who prepares the food on a station or in a camp will be an accomplished chef. He may be an old soldier, he may have been a sailor, a drunken schoolmaster, a stoker, a tinker, or a tailor, he may have been of almost any trade in the wide world, but he will never have been a cook. And as it is rather a thankless, irritating job this serving everybody at all hours of the day and night, the "Doctor," as he is called, unless of a naturally imperturbable good temper, is apt to become soured and cranky to the last degree.

My good neighbour, Acland Hood, came to the conclusion, from long experience, that all station cooks were mad, and when short of one even applied to an asylum. For, said he, I shall in that way get to know in what particular way he is likely to break out, and shall be able, in that direction at least, to be on my guard. One howling wet day, when no work could be done and the shepherds were taking their time over breakfast, the crusty old cook, hot with indignation, shambled up to the owner's whare with a big slice of bread. "D'yer see anything wrong with this, Mr. 'Ood?" Mr.

'Ood did not. "Well, if you'll believe me, sir," said the old man, gasping with insulted wrath, "the men are toastin' it, toastin' it, sir."

They are not all fools, though. A runholder I knew, on hearing complaints from some of the men, went down to interview his cook.

"Well, Sam," he said, "what's this I hear about the bread?"

"True, sir; all perfectly true; but I'm blowed if I know the reason of it, anyway. It's a fair puzzle to me." Then reaching aside into the bread bin he fetched out a small bun, and holding it forth on the palm of his outstretched hand, he said in slow, sad astonishment, "You'd hardly believe it, sir, but that there little b—r weighs fifteen pounds."

My friend crumpled up and retreated.

It's nearly always the bread. A good loaf will cover a multitude of sins, but the baking of it, in camp, is none too easy. Not only have you, in the first place, to make your own yeast out of potatoes and hops, but the kneaded dough must be kept warm till it rises, which, in a draughty shack or tent, is not always a simple matter. (Even in a house it needs care; I remember my good mother's horror in finding it, on one occasion, well tucked up in the old woman cook's warm bed.) Then there is the camp oven, a circular cast-iron affair with three rudimentary legs and a convex lid, also of cast-iron. When partly filled with dough this oven is stood on a bed of incandescent wood cinders and more are shovelled on top of the lid. The renewal of these cinders above and below in exactly the right amounts and for the correct time, needs, as I know to my sorrow, a lot of practice. One big loaf that I was responsible for in the early days was too solid for even our ravenous appetites and was cast out. It withstood the weather and the attacks of wild animals for months, and was in the end, at least, so I was told, carried off by the Maoris to use as a grindstone.

A station cook having relinquished his job, there appeared next day an active, cheery little man who had walked up fourteen muddy miles from the coast to replace him. Inquiries as to his competency were met with an affable but slightly pained surprise, and we were smilingly given to understand that cross-questioning was entirely unnecessary—that he had come up to take the job. And take the job he did, forthwith, and kept it for the rest of his life.

Brought up in a training ship, he had been a ship's steward, and had then taken up hotel and other work ashore. One night, when head waiter in a small town, the landlord consulted him about a dubious cheque paid by a guest who was to catch the early express in the morning. "You leave it to me," said Lloyd. That night the hotel clock stopped for an hour, and when, in the morning, the whistle of the departing express synchronised with the doubted one's shaving, profuse apologies were forthcoming, but there was, very regrettably, no other train till after the bank opened.

This early training and varied experience had made Lloyd an uncommonly useful man; always happy, never idle for a moment, smart and absolutely reliable, with a very proper pride in doing well anything he undertook; he was indeed a treasure. By no means devoid of humour, he had a seaman's even-toned, behind-your-hand way of speaking that would sometimes, somehow make a quite ordinary remark a thing of Pyecroftian delight. He was soon turned into a keen gardener, and he fell in love with my dog, Skobby, at first sight, but the crown of all his virtues was the fact that he could and would grill chops—that he could, in fact, really cook.

All went well for a year or two, when I engaged a rather tactless head shepherd who was too much inclined, in my absence, to lord it over Lloyd, so that relations between the two became uneasy, and then distinctly strained. The climax was reached when a valuable ram, having, through the carelessness of the shepherd, been left in the killing paddock, was innocently reduced to mutton by the cook. Lloyd reluctantly proposed to go.

Now, anyone with a genius for happiness is of high value if he do but sit down and radiate it, but when that man can and will *cook* into the bargain, he has to be retained at any cost. But how was it to be done? An idea dawned. Could he manage to hang on here till I built a house elsewhere? He quite enthusiastically could, and when later he moved away with me and became my cook, butler, gardener, washerman, and general odd jobber, how my neighbours' wives all envied me him, and how they hated my remarks as to women-kind being quite unnecessary in a house. Why, even now our happy ménage comes in very useful, on occasion, to hold up before the present management. Things certainly did go very well with us. I admired and enjoyed Lloyd, and it came round to me that he had given out, that never for the rest of his life would he work for anyone else,

and never in all those eleven years did the least shadow of disagreement come between us—never but once.

Up country there is seldom any whiskey; for one thing it is stuff that will not keep, and there are other reasons. Now Lloyd, like many another good man, needed a little excitement occasionally, and about every six months he took time off to go to town. He was never any the worse when he came back; a trifle more warm-hearted and friendly, perhaps a shade more loquacious, that was all. But there had just returned with him a rather low-down plumber, also just off a spree, to do some work in the house. The weekly coach came by next day, and happening to see the driver get down and deposit something or other in the bushes, I took occasion to stroll round and investigate. Two bottles of whiskey, so discovered, were destroyed, without hesitation, as absolute contraband; but this stern sense of rectitude did not prevent me feeling uncommonly mean when I saw those two poor thirsty devils quartering the ground in every direction in search of the lost treasure. At last Lloyd came and hesitatingly enquired of me, and I told him what I had done, and why.

After a painful pause, and with almost tearful solemnity, he said: "Well, Sir—the bond that's kept us two together all these years is *busted*, Sir." But it wasn't—for next morning he was nipping round with his housework and gardening, as happy as ever.

I have been blest in having many better men than myself working under me on one job or another, but of all of them, "Mr. Lloyd, down at Kenway's," has, I think, the warmest place in my memory.

PHILIP T. KENWAY.

The Social Credit Movement.

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

The Douglas Social Credit Proposals would remedy this defect by increasing the purchasing power in the hands of the community to an amount sufficient to provide effective demand for the whole product of industry. This, of course, cannot be done by the orthodox method of creating new money, prevalent during the war, which necessarily gives rise to the "vicious spiral" of increased currency, higher prices, higher wages, higher costs, still higher prices, and so on. The essentials of the scheme are the simultaneous creation of new money and the regulation of the price of consumers' goods at their real cost of production (as distinct from their apparent financial cost under the present system). The technique for effecting this is fully described in Major Douglas's books.

The adoption of this scheme would result in an unprecedented improvement in the standard of living of the population by the absorption at home of the present un-salable output, and would, therefore, eliminate the dangerous struggle for foreign markets. Unlike other suggested remedies, these proposals do not call for financial sacrifice on the part of any section of the community, while, on the other hand, they widen the scope for individual enterprise.

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