THE

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REVIEWS

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

GETTING ON. By Sam Smiles, Jun. . . 163

Following our comments of July 14 on the Arcos raid and the Oil situation, there now threatens to be an oil war between the Standard Oil Co., of New York, and the Vacuum Oil Co., on the one side, and the Royal Dutch group on the other. Sir Henri the Royal Dutch group on the other. Sir Henri Deterding, K.B.E., of the Royal Dutch company, has published a blunt criticism of these American companies because of their decision to buy Russian companies because of their decision to buy Russian oil. Their policy, he declares, runs "counter to the best interests of humanity and trade honesty." This propouncement is taken to herald an invasion This pronouncement is taken to herald an invasion of those companies' markets by the Royal Dutch interests to herald involve a interests. In a wider sense this would involve a struggle between Britain and America. For the moment another large American company, the Standard Oil Co., of New Jersey, seems to be pursuing the opposite policy of boycotting Russia. Are the Rockefeller riches, and therefore it is likely that they would unite in the event of a price-war.

It will be remembered that Mr. Leslie Urquhart announced that Britain's determination of the Trade Agreement with Division of the trade to the original Agreement with Russia had restored to the original concessionaires of Russian oil properties their legal ownership. ownership, and that they would accordingly take proceedings, and that they would accordingly take proceedings against any concern which handled this stolen, property. But it would require some cash and courage to invoke the law against a £120,000,000 Combine on its own territory; so one E120,000,000 Combine on its own territory; so one may presume that Mr. Urquhart has decided that it cheaper and more effective to watch the Royal is cheaper and more effective to watch the Royal Dutch Company more effective to watch the Royal Dutch Company sacrifice profits in an economic reprisal on the Americans than for him to waste his clients' management of the same refreshers. clients' money on retaining fees and refreshers.

We suggested at the time of the Arcos raid that its object was to discover not so much what Soviet agents were doing in England as what American

finance was doing in Russia. The antecedent probability of this motive was very strong, and the present confirmatory evidence comes as no surprise. During the war Britain's most definite economic policy was to improve the oil resources of the Empire. In his "Outline of Economic Geography," Mr. J. F.

Is Britain Over-Populated? (See Notes.)

"Previously it [the Empire] had mainly relied on financial control of deposits in Mexico, Russia and Rumania, and on imports from the United States. In 1917 the Empire possessed actual territorial control of only acquisition of the world's petroleum output. But the acquisition of the Persian-Mesopotamian field has to a acquisition of the Mesopotamian campaign, writes Eckel, world. 'The Mesopotamian campaign,' writes Eckel, world. 'The Mesopotamian campaign,' writes Eckel, was the one sound commercial enterprise of the World 'was the one sound commercial enterprise of the World war.' And, in addition, the Royal Dutch-Shell combine adds to the oil resources of the Empire the wells of the Dutch East Indies, as well as large holdings in the Caribbean field—Mexico, Venezuela and Trinidad (i.e., inside the American 'sphere')."

With aircraft attacking and defending London over our heads as we write, there is no need to elaborate argument on the vital importance of petrol. It might well prove to be the decisive material factor in another war. The sinking of oil wells is the digging of trenches. And the political policy of digging of trenches where wells are situated must be every small State where wells are situated must be made the equivalent of sand-bags and barbed-wire entanglements, by persuasion if possible; if not, by made the equivalent of sand-bags and barbed-wire entanglements, by persuasion if possible; if not, by coercion. That explains the ruthlessness of "imperialism", generally, the most recent illustration of which was provided by the American Marines and airmen in the Caribbean State of Nicaragua.

In a leading article on the deadlock in the Anglo-American naval conversations, the Daily News

"Our own statesmen have solemnly declared over and over again that war with America is out of the question, as, indeed, it is so far as human affairs are predictable as, indeed, it is so tall and all are predictable at all. Why worry, then, if America chooses to build

more 10,000-ton cruisers than we require? Why worry if she chooses to be technically stronger in fighting power, if not in tonnage? It is all, of course, a matter of prestige, on her side and on ours. But what the British Admiralty has never explained . . . is why it is necessary for us to carry a cruiser fleet, with not a menace of any kind on the near or distant horizon, practically equal to the cruiser fleets of all the leading Naval Powers combined. That is parity with a vengeance; parity not with America but with the whole world."

The Daily News can resolve the puzzle if, instead of searching the near or far military horizon, it would pocket its telescope and glance at the economic ground under its feet. To realise the conditions moulding naval policy it must investigate those moulding trade policy. Every nation which needs a favourable balance of trade needs a favourable balance of military power. It sounds so very innocent and peaceable to say: "We only desire to export more values than we import"; but the ideal does not look the same if paraphrased: "We only want to put foreign industries and workpeople out of a job." The problem of maintaining peace between nations is at bottom the problem of maintaining the economic life of each nation's population without requiring it to sell a surplus of exports. If that is held to be impossible, then war is inevitable. But it is not impossible. From the physical point of view it is manifestly absurd, even to the non-technical mind, to think that a population can increase its collective consumption (which is what the maintenance of life means) by continually sending goods out of the country faster than it takes goods in. When the long-last word on Money has been said, nothing will alter the fundamental fact that livelihood is a matter of consuming things, and that the power to consume them depends on the quantity of things there are in the country to be consumed. The absurdity of the current international struggle to get rid of an excess of exports over imports can be graphically demonstrated by a few token figures. If one country, A, produces 100 articles, exports 50 to another country, B, and imports from B 20: A now has 70 articles. And if B's home production was also 100 articles, B now has 130 articles. This result is exactly the same as if A had made 130 articles and said to B: "Here, take these, and give me 100 in exchange." Every schoolboy will see the joke. But no schoolboy's

The reason is that whereas the boy assumes that if he gain 30 articles on a swop he is 30 articles to the good, his father knows by experience that in terms of money he would be, say, £30 to the bad. The reason is that under the financial system a population's right and rate of consumption are governed by the work it does. All personal incomes -wages, salaries, and dividends-are measured out in accordance with the amount of energy expended in production, and therefore with the size of the production. What happens afterwards to the production is disregarded. Thus a population making 200 articles and sending abroad 100 of them without return is entitled to draw twice as much income as if it made 100 articles and sending abroad 100 of them without return is entitled to draw twice as much income as if it made 100 articles and kept them. The net balance of real wealth to be shared would be the same in both cases; but the monetary claims to it would flow twice as fast in the first case as in the second.

It will be seen now that the dangerous struggles of nations to expand exports and resist imports have no justification in physical reason, but occur as a result of financial policy. The remedy for war

responsible for the old policy. Mr. Churchill's refusal to allow an enquiry into the financial system, as advocated by Mr. McKenna and other authorities, is a more potent real menace to international peace than twenty squabbles between naval experts. If the British experts tend to want all the cruisers in the world it is because British industrialists tend to want all the trade in the world. Now the Social Credit analysis has shown that the Government of any country, with the co-operation of its bankers, can remove the incentive to capture foreign markets by enlarging the home market. The process is merely one of using the credit-system to expand the purchasing and the purchasing and the purchasing and the credit-system to expand the purchasing and the purchas the purchasing power of home consumers; to finance home consumption; and to do so up to the limits of home industry's existing surplus capacity of output. The Principle of the limits of the lin output. The British manufacturer does not prefer to export. He is as willing to sell his goods to his fellow citizens as to anyone else so long as he gets back his costs plus a reasonable profit. It will be the business of the Government to see that the necessary money for the purpose is furnished to consumers. To those critics who say that this is absurd we may that this is absurd, we reply that the present practice is even more so. It consists in encouraging exports for foreigners and lending them the money to pay for them. Not only so both them the money to pay for them. them. Not only so, but lending the money in perpetuity—which is equivalent to giving it to them. The practical question emerges instantly: Why not substitute the people of Britain for the foreigner? Why not grant them a loan in perpetuity? Leaving aside such benefits as would accrue to the nation in contentment, enterprise, and morale, and looking at the question in a purely material way, why should Britain present foreign nations with the physical means of competitions. means of competing against her in trade and armaments, when by making goods suitable for her own population she could consolidate her own physical resources? resources?

It is reported that if the present naval conversations fail, the United States Government proposes to commence a building programme of huge dimensions. This there is sions. This threat can be made good, it is assumed, because America 1. because America has sufficient money to afford it while Britain has a sufficient money to afford it while Britain has not. It is not assumed that, were both countries to both countries to go all out in naval shipbuilding regardless of coat D regardless of cost, Britain would be outstripped, ch-that, if she were, it would be to anything approaching the same extent. ing the same extent. Disparity in money is one thing, but disparity in productive capacity is another. A country which has any unused labour, almost administrative and technical ability, supplant, administrative and technical ability, supplanting it in idleness. The limiting condition is question of whether her banking authorities agree to authorities agriculture. provide the credit to set it at work. British banking authority resides ultimated authority resides ultimately in the Bank of England, and is embodied in the person of Mr. Montague Norman. It is this gentleman who really decrees in Size of the British navy. His conceits number of American authority and size of the British navy. Norman. It is this gentleman who really decrees in size of the British navy. His opposite number and the size of the British navy. His opposite number to the size of the British and American sizes of the British and American navies. Now so the sizes of the British and American navies. Now so the sizes of the British and American navies. Now so the sizes of the British and American navies. Now so the sizes of the relation that counts. Now so the size of the s ments in New York. And this is typical of the world situation generally; every international trade lock with its war-risk is the sutcome of international bank. lock with its war-risk is the outcome of international banking policy. That policy have seen, is banking policy. That policy, as we have seen, it bankers have to deal with the insoluble profite created by the simultaneous responsive efforts of the the industrial leaders and population of each country must deal with their own bankers, who alone are

respective shares of such trade among those nations. The method of rationing shares of trade is to apportion shares of financial credit; for trade of any sort is impossible without it. The presidents of national central banks get together; and each, speaking on behalf of the country that he represents, pledges himself not to allow more than the agreed ratio of credit to be created there. While naval experts are sitting together to discuss a ratio of 5:5:3 in cruisers, the bankers have already established another of a:b:c, etc., in credit. And since under bankers' law credit is related to gold, America's allotment of shares must necessarily work out to substantial proportion of the total allowable to all her competitors together. The practical bearing of this on the present issue is clear. Naval building is included in general production, and general production is limited by credit. So once assume that Mr. Strong and Mr. Norman agree to a credit ratio, the naval ratio must sooner or later adjust itself thereto automatically. So America's threat comes to this: not: "I have physical resources sufficient to outstrip yours in the matter of building warships," but: "I hold a banker's licence to use my resources more fully than you may." The lesson is plain. If the present conversations fail and America plain. If the present conversations fail, and America puts her policy into operation; and if her doing so is considered a real menace to Britain's security, it will be vitally necessary for the principles of Britain more ing policy to be thoroughly explored; and, more immediately important, for the doubt to be resolved definitely whether Wall Street owns the Bank of England

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The spirit of these comments seems highly provocative. But the real provocation lies in the facts we have analysed. That is the justification of our apparent militarism: "apparent," because fundamentally our whole argument is practical pacifism. The change in financial policy is practical pacifism. in financial policy which we urge affords a common objectional objective for the traditional pacifist and traditional militarist alike. While its adoption would, on the one hand one hand, free our industries from all restraints on their cases. their capacity to build armaments, it would, on the other hand, remove the necessity for building them. It would endow populations with purchasing power sufficient to absorb the whole of their own industry's maximum outsity. maximum output, and would remove all incentives to force it on foreigners. International trade would then become in fact what it is conceived to be in ideal theory—the willing exchange of goods, value for value, to the exclusive end of diversifying the character of internal consumption. No manufacturer would need to fear excessive inverte, because such imports need to fear excessive imports, because such imports would be treated as an addition to real wealth, and made the "security" of a corresponding additional issue of financial credit. And so these imports would not, from a financial point of view, prejudice his opportunity to sell his own and account. Conversely portunity to sell his own goods as well. Conversely an export an export which was not offset by an equal import would entail a corresponding withdrawal of financial credit. credit. Present Commercial incentives would thus be reversed. be reversed. International fears would subside, and so would international fears would subside on so would international animosities. To dwell on these idea international animosities. To dwell on The these ideas is not to lose oneself in a vision. The Social Credit Day to lose oneself in a vision. Social Credit Proposals are not disconnected theories, they embed a proposal are not disconnected theories, they embody a practical technique for accomplishing this change, and the aim of its sponsors is to have among the nation's responsible leaders, and publicly pronounced upon in exactly the same way as any pronounced upon, in exactly the same way as any other scientific thesis.

Mr. R. B. Kerr touches on another aspect of the existing economic disorganisation in a recent booklet entitled Is Britain Over Populated? This is part the larger question: "Is the world over-populated? *Published by the Author at 97, North Sydenham-road, Price 1s. Postage 1d.

lated?" to which Mr. Kerr must be assumed to answer "yes," since otherwise a remedy would be the redistribution of population, whereas he is advo-cating birth-control as the only effective remedy. The early part of his book contains information and statistics of extreme interest to readers of this journal, describing, as it does, the rapidly increasing powers of production in countries which once were dependent on imports from Britain. Generally, too, we must compliment him on the diversity, brevity, and relative pertinence of his evidence, and the lucidity of his necessarily concentrated exposition. He is a pattern to nine-tenths of the pamphleteers we have read. When we qualify his evidence as relatively pertinent, we mean that its pertinence depends on his evident assumption that the laws of finance and recommiss operating at present are not undergoing. economics operating at present are not undergoing any change, nor are likely to. Grant him that assumption, and his case for conscious human interference with the birth rate is largely unanswerable within the scope of the evidence. On the biological aspect of the question he says very little. He chooses rather to discuss vital statistics against an economic background.

The population question for him is a question of providing people with food. At bottom this is a problem in physics. If sufficient food is to be provided there must be sufficient room to grow it, and there must be sufficient of the essential chemical constituents of food available somewhere or other on the globe for that purpose. Granted these, and assuming sun, air and water, and the problem is solved as a physical problem. So many tons of human flesh and bone will be sustained by so many tons of minerals, carbo-hydrates, water, and so on passing through the structure of leaves, fruit, and grain. The limiting factor is then one of knowledge—the knowledge how to combine non-assimilable con stituents in assimilable products. The availability of human labour is taken for granted, for the hypothetical problem of "so many mouths to feed" implies so many hands to work.

Land, labour, material and knowledge are the four fundamental necessities. The location of them is a secondary consideration, because modern means of communication are to-day making faces at geography. If food for the world can be produced in the world, the distribution of food presents no physical difficulty.

Now, so far as Mr. Kerr himself refers to purely physical limitations, his only pertinent evidence is where he estimates (a) the world's land area and quality, and (b) its resources of plant-feeding constituents. But it is impossible to judge from his arguments whether he would assert that the world's available land plus the world's resources of plant food would be an inadequate basis of food confood confood would be an inadequate basis of food confood confood would be an inadequate basis of food confood confood would be an inadequate basis of food confood confoo available land plus the world's resources of plant food would be an inadequate basis of food consumption if there were no non-physical impediment to their conjunction. He does not seem to have sumption if there were no horephysical important to their conjunction. He does not seem to have thought it worth while to consider the question from this point of view. The reason is, of course, that this point of view and its name is *Cost*. Time there is an impediment, and its name is *Cost*. Time and time again Mr. Kerr puts aside arguable physical and time again food-production on the express possibilities of food-production on the expressibilities around that they involve financial impossibilities ground that they involve financial impossibilities. That is the main fault of his book from our point of view. We decline to regard the financial estiof view. We define to regard the inhalitial esti-mate of cost as a factor in a physical problem. Some of our reasons have been indicated in the foregoing Notes. Others can be adduced, but are not necessary to our present purpose.

We cannot gather from Mr. Kerr that there is any we cannot gather from the Reference is any physical limitation on food-production, at any rate for a long time to come, but the world's supply of Phosphorus. Let us grant him that visible deposits 160

of this element are only present, in concentrated and easily-won form, in a limited quantity; and that when these deposits are exhausted there would be what he calls a "Phosphorus famine." Now, a few years ago he might have chosen Nitrogen as potentially more quickly exhaustible than Phosphorus. But to-day Nitrogen is obtainable from the air in inexhaustible quantities, and if Chili with her nitre deposits sank beneath the ocean to-morrow the agriculturists of the world would not have any cause to remember the fact after a few months. Now, it is true that Phosphorus is not obtainable from outside the earth. But, per contra, Phosphorus, unlike nitrogenous fertilisers, washes down through the ground exceedingly slowly. Apart from that, both elements run in cycles, and are to that extent susceptible of recovery and re-utilisation—the Nitrogen via animal excreta and the Phosphorus via animal bone. If ever the time comes, which it will not, when the world becomes anxious about Phosphorus, it can substitute cremation for burial and utilise the ash. This sounds almost as gruesome as the alleged German corpse-treatment for fat during the warbut, with the extinction of the race assumed to be in prospect, what would you? Again, what Phosphorus is lost through the ground is recoverable, via drainage, from the sea; or, via the sea, from fishes, birds, and even from sea-water itself. To recover it is all a question of labour plus the knowledge how. The knowledge we possess now. The available labour will be available in the nature of the case. The only obstacle is Cost, which we decline to admit is a real

And of all the constituent elements necessary to food production the same reasoning applies. They do not sink into the centre of the earth and disappear; they are, in general, as available for working up again as is scrap-iron for making steel. And the more remotely one places the date of the population crisis (and no Malthusian puts it down within the lifetime of this or the next generation) the more time has Science to perfect its salvage mechanism.

The only obstacle to adequate food-production is financial policy. So long as a country administers its affairs on the principle that Consumption is not the proper objective of economic activity, but is rather an evil to be abated as much as possible, there is bound to arise the situation which the Malthusian interprets as "the pressure of the population on the means of subsistence." But the pressure is on an artificially restricted means of subsistence. Mr. Kerr himself proves this when, speaking of Great Britain, he shows that the countries which were once content to supply her with food in return for manufactures are now able to produce these manufactures for themselves, and will not trouble to grow food for her. He might have gone further and pointed out that these new countries are now trying to export such manufactures to Britain herself. We thus get a picture of a world of nations deliberately organising themselves on a minimal deliberately organism themselves on the deliberately organism themselves or the deliberately organism the d selves on a minimum food-production in order to sling manufactures at each other. Whenever there is a bountiful harvest of grain in America, the bankers force growers to sow a smaller acreage for the following season. They also provide them with credit to enable them to hold part of the crop off the market, not, be it observed. market, not, be it observed, because the next harvest may be small (they are deliberately making it small) but because the smaller the harvest the larger its aggregate price. Now this credit policy may be right or wrong from a financial point of view, but from a physical point of view, it amounts to a deliberate physical point of view it amounts to a deliberate planning of famine. To explain the consequences by imputing limitations to Nature is obviously wrong. If Nature is to be indicted at all, it is not because she can't put phosphorus into fields, but because she can't put brains into statesmen.

The Midland Bank and a Financial Inquiry.

By C. H. Douglas. IV.

It will simplify the examination of these matters if I say at once that I believe in the existence of a definite attempt, in which publicity control plays an important part, to transfer the mechanism of Government from national politics to international finance. The first steps to this end consist in obtaining a mortage on the principal assets, such as coal, power, and railways. Where a large foreign Debt exists, as in the case of Great Britain and the U.S., the "nationalisation" of these assets automatically achieves this result.

Simply considered as a mechanism of government, international finance in the abstract is a better mechanism, by which I mean a more effective mechanism, of government, than national politics.

To say that leaves estimated as the second as t To say that leaves entirely unsettled the question as to whether we want a more effective mechanism of government, whether economic pressure is a justifiable instrument of able instrument of government, or whether there is any reason to assume that such a government would be in the right direction. be in the right direction or in the right hands.

Starting from this proposition, however, it is clear enough that the centralised control of credit would be an essential of such a Government: that is elementary. It is really a liver that is though elementary. It is really equally elementary, though perhaps not so obvious, that a stabilised price level means centralised control of credit. This proposition disregards for the mount the fact that proposition disregards for the moment the fact that a stabilised price level is interest.

a stabilised price level is inherently impossible.

Now Mr. Keynes is a genuine believer in a stabilised price level. He seems to think it axiomatic that such a thing is desirable, and that the only question is how to get it. He is also a like the only question the control of the territory of is how to get it. He is also a disbeliever in the territorial reading to see the second secon torial readjustments which were the outcome of The Treaty of Versailles. His well-known book, while Economic Consequences of the Peace, admittedly a clever and readable, though not sound or prophetic, book was Press accounted. sound or prophetic, book, was Press-agented, more particularly in the United States, to an extent which at any rate to me is quite and readable, though not vore particularly in the United States, to an extent which at any rate to me is quite and the property of the prop at any rate to me, is quite sufficient proof that it had strong financial conversity and strong financial conversity and strong financial conversity at the sufficient proof that it had strong financial conversity and strong financial conversity at the sufficient proof that it had strong financial conversity at the su strong financial sympathy behind it, which is wondern political settlements. demns political settlements, and by implication exalts financial settlements. There are more direct reasons to suspect strong forcing the but this reasons to suspect strong foreign sympathy, but is not the occasion for their expression. Mr. Keynes is lecturing at the Liberal Summer School at bridge in the near future, sandwiched in between bridge in the near future, sandwiched in between and Herbert Samuel and, I think, Lord Reading, Midthere are strong with the same stron there are strong rumours that he is advising the Manland Bank. His employement as adviser to milar chester textile interests seems to suggest a similar train of thought—that the Liberal Party is now organ of New York Lowich for any 1

The whole of the above may be mere surmise the hope it is, because if it is correct, it suggests that the most likely avenue for a surmise. most likely avenue for an effective approach to interests, and that they have not approach and single singl interests, and that they have manœuvred a brillian and sincere economist into and sincere economist into a strong advisory position with regard to the first source and sincere economist into a strong advisory power. with regard to the first serious threat to their power.

I can imagine that some

I can imagine that some reader will say on reader the preceding paragraph, "Why on earth, if Keynes is brilliant and sincere, shouldn't he, the Midland, or preferably all of the banks?

The answer to this is contained in the proposition that the action of the proposition of the

The answer to this is contained in the proposition that the science of economics is a particular that perhaps rather complex against the proposition of the particular that perhaps rather complex against the proposition of pernaps rather complex aspect of mathematics, any is to say, of logic. It is astonishing how matics people seem to overlook the fact that mathematics and logic are purely tools or mechanism.

that you obtain from a mathematical or logical process depends entirely on the premises from which you start, and in the hands of a competent mathematician certain premises must produce what is essentially a pre-determined result.

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Now Mr. Keynes is an orthodox economist and a competent mathematician. On one occasion he himself observed to me, "I am an orthodox economist. Frankly I do not believe in the possibility of the condition o in the science of Economics." I hasten to add that the occasion was not in any sense a service to be that I should not myself expect Mr. Keynes to be bound by such an observation. But there is a sense, that indicated above, in which it is substantially correct, and it is therefore a matter of paramount importance to consider the premises from which the

logical process of an economist takes its beginning.
In "Social Credit" and elsewhere I have sug-Social Credit " and elsewhere I have suggested that there are two separate streams of thought active in the world which for convenience have been referred to as the Classical and the Modern. In my opinion the Classical system of thought, while it may contain the essence of things which have a general and permanent application, is in the main a trancendentalised slave system. Its code of morals, its incentives to action, and its system of rewards and punishments seem, as far as we can judge, to have been the most suitable framework for a society which could not progress except by the continuous employment, in arduous, economic tasks, of a great quantity, in fact, of the majority, of the human beings which comprised it. I believe that "orthodox" economics is based on the president of the presid the premises provided by such a society, and the more perfect the "orthodoxy" and the economics, the stronger and the more tyrannous will be the logical results of its application. We are living at the beginning of a new dispensation which in no sense at the first of the sold dispensation. sense stultifies the fundamentals of the old dispensation sation, but so profoundly modifies their reaction upon humanity that a transformation of society is not merely desirable, but essential. It is no less true than it ever was that work must be done that men may cost by the society is not merely desirable, but essential. men may eat, but that truism is profoundly modified by the further observation that the work can be done by machines operated by what is essentially solar energy. Moreover, while I do not myself think that the principle of the pri the principle of hierarchy is any less fundamental now than it ever was, or that there is any more truth in saying that all men are equal, I am profoundly convinced that a mere hierarchy of wealth will not fit in with the convince that there is in will not fit in with the proposition that there is in physical fact enough wealth for everyone.

Mr. Keynes' education, training and the avenues of his success seem to me to make it improbable that he could arrest to me to make it improbable that he could grasp, in the realistic way in which it is necessary that they should be grasped, the shifting of the proposed at the proposed and the proposed at the proposed of the premises with which his economics have to deal. There are indications contained in Mr. McKenna's suggestion that his inquiry should not be confined to financial that his inquiry should not be confined to financiers and business men, that he also is aware of this. of this. Beyond any doubt, this is the point that matters, and it is of the most intense and vital interest to see that the most intense and vital interest to see that the most intense and vital interest to see that the most intense and vital interest to see that the most intense and vital interest to see that the most intense and vital interest to see that the most intense and vital int terest to see that this matter is not disposed of or arbitrated upon by either persons, parties, or in-or not, may be symbolised as that of the Old Testa-

(To be continued.)

PRESS EXTRACTS.

"When allowance is made for the advance in prices, it "When allowance is made for the advance in prices, it is clear that the volume of production in the general engineering trades in 1924 showed little, if any, increase over that in 1907, and in certain special types of machinery, e.g., textile machinery and steam engines, the 1924 figures indicate a heavy decline.

The total capacity of engines at these works was 388,332 horse-power, of which about 30 per cent, was in reserve or idle during the year. The total per cent. was in reserve or idle during the year. The total horse-power of engines at engineering factories in Great Britain during the year 1907 was returned as 327,926. The capacity of electric generators at factories in 1924 and 1907 capacity of electric generators at factories in 1924 and 1907 was 166,952 and 92,506 respectively. About 35 per cent, of the capacity of the generators recorded for 1924 was in reserve or idle during the year."—Preliminary report No. 16 of Third Census of Production, quoted in Board of Trade Journal, June 30, 1927.

"Owing to the use of different headings a satisfactory comparison between the output in these two years is not practicable, but from the information available it appears improbable that the volume of production in machine tools in 1924 showed any advances over that of 1907."—As above, Board of Trade Journal, June 30, 1927.

"What is a surplus? Some people may think that a surplus is merely an excess over consumption; but the last bushel of wheat produced may be burned as fuel, and thus consumed, and yet the wheat grower will assure us that there is a surplus. Others may think of a surplus as an consumed, and yet the wheat grower will assure us that there is a surplus. Others may think of a surplus as an excess over needs. That idea also has its difficulties. We live in the sophisticated days of price economy, when hunger alone does not buy bread, but only hunger duly accompanied by hard cash. In trying to arrive at a satisfactory definition of the term 'surplus' we must keep the all-important fact constantly in mind that this is a money the all-important fact constantly in mind that this is a money economy. A surplus definition therefore must needs be tied economy. A surplus definition therefore must needs be tied economy. A surplus definition therefore must needs be tied economy. A surplus then is essentially an up with the price concept. A surplus then is essentially an excess of supply over demand sufficient to unduly depress the price. "Barron's Weekly, June 6, 1927.

"From time to time the charge is made that the bankers dominate the business of the country. Bankers of the United States know that they have no such power, and they do not desire to have it. They have enough to do in managing their own business, which is dealing in credits. Sometimes bankers are forced to become merchants or manufacturers when loans made are not paid, but they do as little turers when loans made are not paid, but they do as little of this as possible, and they do not make loans knowingly which will put them in a position where they have to do it.

To the extent that the banker has knowledge and

wisdom and prestige he has great influence on business policy, but it is influence which he has and not power."

Benjamin M. Anderson, Jr., of Chase National Bank, quoted in the Commercial and Financial Chronicle, June 18, 1927-

"Clearly there is a difference between the banker and the man who offers you £1,000 on your note of hand alone."

Yet they ply, in a sense, the same trade. The distinction, of course, is obvious, for the one performs an essential service to society, and the other is the most purely parasitic of all those who make their living out of the folly or necessity of others. But although the distinction is plain enough it does not seem to be of the kind which the Legisenough it does not seem to be of the kind w

lature can firmly grasp."—Manchester Guardian.

"The joint-stock banks, that is, the commercial banks proper, never borrow from or rediscount bills with the Bank proper, never borrow from or rediscount bills with the Bank of England, though they maintain large balances there. Onsequently they are not the direct medium through which the Bank's monetary policy makes itself immediately felt. That role is filled by the money market, consisting of the bill brokers and the discount houses, who borrow from the bill brokers and the discount houses, who borrow from the bill brokers and the discount houses, who borrow from the bill brokers and the discount houses, who borrow from the bill brokers and the possible and from the central institujoint-stock banks when possible and from the Bank of England exert their intuence. Through its direct dealings with the money market, coupled with its open market sales and purchases of bills and securities, the Bank market sales and purchases of bills and securities, the Bank of England achieves the control over the volume of money which is secured to central banks in other countries by direct which is secured to central banks in other countries by direct re-discounting and lending relations with the commercial banks, coupled with open-market transactions."—Gilbert C. Layton in *Barron's Weekly*.

"It is believed that Sir Otto Niemeyer's post in the Bank "It is believed that Sir Otto Niemeyer's post in the Bank of England will be primarily concerned with the foreign activities of the Bank, which have in recent years assumed such importance, and have made our central institution so powerful though unassuming a factor in Europe's recovery from the nightmare of the inflation years. It is thought he will be elected to the Court of Directors, and it requires to from the nightmare of the limited forces, and it requires no will be elected to the Court of Directors, and it requires no great perspicacity to see in him a potential Governor of the Bank."—The Statist, May 28, 1927.

[&]quot;In a word, there should be financial demobilisation, just the navy and of all the other activities of the nation. War powers are depressing the nation of the army and powers are depressing the nation of the nation. powers are dangerous and a menace in peace times, more so when they concern the financial and banking mechanism of the country than when they involve anything else,"—The Commercial and Financial Chronicle.

Ideas of Immortality. By Philippe Mairet.

Discussions of immortality generally ignore the human retrospect. If man is not certainly deathless, he would seem to be birthless, from purely physical considerations. His body buds out of previous bodies; the life of his physical organism would seem to be as ancient as the world's own life. It may well be older: it may have originated in the sun, which still maintains it.

Reincarnationists are too little impressed by the fact that our life springs out of life, world without beginning. The body is immortal as regards the past, mortal in the future. When we discuss immortality we are usually thinking not of the body, but of the soul. We think that our personal complex of emotions and ideas might survive the body's disappearance. But this also is an idea which presents serious difficulties upon examination. The life of a man's soul is by no means one consistent, independent whole.

If anyone cares to notice the course of his inner life for even a few hours he will soon see how very much it is conditioned by the influences which play upon it from every part of the surrounding world how little it is self-contained. If the sum of those thoughts and feelings were a man's real self, and he had lived before, then the whole of his world would have to have existed before, the same evolution, the same history, and the same people. Indeed, the whole universe must exist again and again, just the same down to every insignificant detail, for any single soul to repeat its existence.

That would be reincarnation with a vengeance. But I cannot find that anyone ever believed in it, except the Greek philosopher Zeno, and, in later times, Nietzsche. Nietzsche's doctrine was called "Eternal Recurrence," and he deduced from it a very noble ethical ideal, which was: "Act always with the knowledge that whatever you do is re-peated again and again throughout Eternity."

That is a marvellous conception of moral responsibility. But those who believe in pre-existence or immortality are not really thinking of the soul any more than of the body. They are seeking some permanent being in themselves which can be conceived as independent of birth and death. That permanent being cannot be the soul, which consists so largely of transitory emotions and unstable thoughts. Nor can it be the body, which, for all its pre-existence, is dissolved into mineral and chemical substances after death.

It is that which the word "I" really stands for, the Ego itself-whose immortality is desired and believed in. That is what is so precious to us that we cannot endure the thought of its being limited to the few years between birth and death. We are not satisfied with so short a look-in upon life. We want to find some assurance that, even as we now are, so we were in the beginning and ever shall be.

That deepest reality, apart from the changing body and soul, yet firmly wedded to them both, is the Ego—our innermost being—which really eludes all definition. We know it only as the Sense of within or outside of us. It is purely subjective. Pure reflector of whatever is. It is nothing in itself; but it is what makes everything possible. It is that in which we live and move and have our being. It is much nearer than hands and feet, because we are It. It is the precious gift of Consciousness, of being It is the precious gift of Consciousness, of being aware, so precious that all our theories of pre-existence, after-life and reincarnation are attempts to rid ourselves of the dread that we may lose It.

But this pure Sense of Being Present, as I have called it, is no one's peculiar property. It is mine

and yours, but it is also everyone else's. It is so fundamentally and immediately human that it is identically the same in enemies as in friends; we share It with Chinese as much as with Europeans, and even with criminals. That, I am afraid, is what we don't

We are partial to our own ideas about ourselves, and do not like to think that our own greatest Reality is shared equally by our inferiors—or those who are inferior from our point of view. Those of us who believe in pre-existence prefer to think of having lived before as a parameter of the prefer to t before as characters who appeal to present imagination—such as Plato or Rameses. Ladies are often clairvoyant enough to remember when they were Cleopatra, but they do not remember to think of naving in the part and the part an patra, but they do not remember having been anything low—as, for instance, an Assyrian servant girl who poisoned her mistress.

Attachment to our own personalities blinds us to the fact that the most precious essence of our being is common to all humanity. By nature we are spiritual snobs.

Not quite all snobs, however. There are exceptions. There are souls so simple and sincere that they never forget that they never forget that the most valuable thing in existence is also as common as light, and free all. They do not wish the series of the serie They do not wish that their private selves uld be extended into infinite land that the should be extended into infinity, but rather that the surrounding life should enter into them. surrounding life should enter into them. and makes them more brightly awake than others, they seem to know other human beings from call inside. Such, for instance, are those whom we call geniuses

Whether they are re-born or not, geniuses live on after death. Plato, Dante, Newton, and the rest are still very much alive in Newton, and the arts are still very much alive in the brains and hearts of all men who can rise to the brains and hearts. of all men who can rise to the height of their spirits.

Is not that the brind of Is not that the kind of re-birth they would have desired? Millions of forgotter would have no sired? Millions of forgotten workers live in us the less, since the good work the less, since the good work they did sustains very life of our souls.

And, seriously, which would one choose to live in a work which increases the choose to live on in a work which increases the value of human existence ever after a state of human again existence ever after; or to come back and live again on one's own account? If a soul were base enough to choose the latter would it. to choose the latter, would it not be moving towards extinction?

There is no demonstrable certainty of a future life. But it is possible to live and work so that expresent and future of the present and future of the race may be richer in can perience and clearer in can perience and clearer in consciousness. Man save others, himself he cannot save: save his people from squalor, but not his from squalor, but not his own life from death. Led

Yet that tragic fate is a possibility of glory. kills by his love to work for the common good, man new his own instinctive mechanical selfishness. heing is born in him world for competing beyond being is born in him, working for something life he others flow freely into his own mind and heart; are grows rich in the knowledge of humanity. At last grows rich in the knowledge of humanity. At last, in a flash, he gets a glimpse of the very essence of humanity—the deepest realized to the very essence of the very e humanity—the deepest reality of his own and the other being. That is the life of the very essence the humanity—the deepest reality of his own and the other being. That is the death of Self and birth of the Higher Ego. That is Resurrection!

That is enough to give

That is enough to give a man's life, however there, the same quality as man's life, however there. scure, the same quality as genius. His work there after will maintain the friends. after will maintain the fabric of the world. what will he know concerning other lives?

Perhaps, by an ineffable intuition, he may one intuition, he may one that all human egos are really contained in know Supreme Ego, which knows them while they It not!

Which would mean that John James of Pimlico not only a reincarnation for James of lives. is not only a reincarnation of several past lives as perhaps he thinks—but also of Nero, John of the Crippen, and the flower risk of the corner of the several past lives. Crippen, and the flower-girl at the corner he does not know it. At present he doesn't want to know it. Getting On.

AUGUST 4, 1927

My father lived poverty and sacrifice that his children might get a start in life. For his goodness to me I have ever felt that I owed it to him to succeed. His encouragement, and that of my teachers, which latter grew with each instance of the education my father died early for, confirmed my determination. It was, indeed, prophesied with wise looks behind my back—the prophecies always reaching me by some channel—that I should go far in the world. By this, lest anyone misunderstand, it was meant that, Fate not unwilling, and Fortune inexplicably becoming infatuated with me, I should, at fifty or thereabouts, have approaching £500 a year, and at sixty, perhaps, join the envied sect of retired gentlemen of moderate means who play chess in the cafés of less popular, and therefore cheaper, seaside towns.

My head clear of cobwebs, its machinery burnished white and in perfect running order, my judgment clear and prompt to act—this is not an advertisement, but a bare report of things overheard began to sweep the world before me in an office.
After all, it was time I earned something, and here was an opportunity, to be taken at the flood. No mill, factory, farm, mine, or mechanic's shop for

me; my dad had given that sort of thing a fair trial. But promotion called at that office rarely—when some father of six or so who couldn't stand the pace there and at home went to Pluto for a rest. Advance ment, it is true, might have been faster could we have killed the old ones off, but that was forbidden by the rules—at least, to us. (The qualification is made sadly but responsibly, in deference to memories of occasional bitter remarks dropped by those old fellows; regretted at once, no doubt, but those old fellows; regretted at once, no doubt, but

from other motives than consciousness of untruth.) Ambition having bitten me, I began to look about for a better post. At first I gained several, as I thought, but they turned out much the same as those I had left. Still, I was learning what to avoid. But time was flying, and I felt it urgent to work in greater greater earnest. My pocket-money liquefied in newspapers, stationery, and stamps, and my leisure evaporated evaporated reading advertisements and writing replies. I have often wondered whether they were delivered. If I could recover what the Post Office—for all I know have been recover under false prefor all I know—may have received under false pre-tences, I could depend, if not on success, at least on a good time for a week at the At that time, waita good time for a week or two. At that time, waiting for the for the postman in the morning was like waiting for the postman in the morning was like walling for the three-thirty edition when one's hopes and money are on a horse in the three o'clock race. I've wished minched horse in the three o'clock race.

wished mine had been. Desperate with the rate of progress, I permitted my eyes to stray from the "Wanteds" to the advertisements proper. Suddenly, departing Hope invest my reserve (patiently scraped together for a week of counterfeiting the rich at Bournemouth) in week of counterfeiting the rich at Bournemouth) in a course. Anyone who reads the papers knows what It is not so, or, at any rate, what it is said to be. It is not so much the royal road to success as the footpath across the fields. Its efficacy is so unquestionable, its triumph, when most doubted, so near, who have proved it that a royal reproach one's who have proved it—that one must reproach one's self for not having really tried, if one hasn't tried a course. course. Now I was doing something again, and I felt better. I grew cheerful. Why, success so often thooses from the town, to chooses, from all the houses like it in the town, to break by formall the houses like it in the town, to break by force into the house of some person who has just enclosed fees for the full course that it cannot be really as a larger of the full course that it is the real state of the full course that it cannot be coincidence. I worked; I danced. I sang. It was better in the run course than to was better to have decided on a course than to have been born lucky.

I learned little that was new. I had read it all before, in books borrowed from the free library, or the reference library-books that made my acquaintances set me down a trifle strange for reading, especially those with good posts. But having taken the course I could say so, whereas before I could only offer to show what I could do. So when returned to my correspondence it was in faith that after not too many days I should get my several guineas back a hundredfold. And invariably I wrote, clearly and emphatically, legibly as if it had been printed that I had taken the full course. been printed, that I had taken the full course.

Suddenly my chance came. It shot my way like—I almost said a thunderbolt—like a football, and I caught it before it bounced, heel pressed down. My uncle having met—in some public-house, I think, but I forget exactly—an old schoolfellow who had got on, praised me unto him. He was sorry that he had nothing to offer, but he understood that the firm of Schlössel, McDonald, Isaacs, Jeffreys, & Smith, would shortly require a grade-one clerk; applicants must, of course, be nominated; he knew one of the principals, and would see what could be done. He had some shares in the concern himself. In the meantime I had better apply in the ordinary way.

The firm of S., M., I., J., & S., was well known. It was indeed almost famous for its perfect conditions; thoroughly up to date, it made use of the latest office appliances and methods, had an immense trade, onice appliances and methods, had an immense trade, and was as safe as the Bank. "Pensions, too, I believe; a job for life; wonderfully comfortable offices; promotion entirely by merit." These, and I remember not what besides, were the congratulatory and somewhat envious epithets of my colleagues.

How I thereford Hower for making me industrious

How I thanked Heaven for making me industrious. Clear as a vision I saw the shaping of our ends for good. A grade one clerk at Schlössels, etc., must, I learned, possess fluent conversational and commercial French, Spanish, German, Italian, and Russian; thorough book-keeping, accountancy, costing, short-hand and typewriting, have a general knowledge of science with proficiency in chemistry; and have mastered banking, auditing, and company law. He must have experience of office routine and organisation, card-indexing, commercial and trading methods, Continental Customs regulations, the rules governing export and shipping, and, above all, he must possess that supreme virtue of punctuality. By must possess that supreme virtue of punctuality. By reason of my whole-hearted obedience to the divine voice within, I had fortunately so well used my evenings, Saturdays, holidays, and Sabbaths, that I not merely merited interview, but could present documents exempting me from the firm's qualifying entrance examination.

I was proud of the envy of my colleagues when

I was proud of the envy of my colleagues when the telegram summoned me before the advisory the telegram summoned me before the advisory board of the recruitment section consulting with the directors at Commerce House, London. My best suit had been in press in hope of this. I brought it suit had donned it with gentle fingers lest I disforth and donned it with gentle fingers lest I disturb its pattern-book perfection. I opened my turb its pattern-book perfection. I bought myself purse, nay, I tore the strings off. I bought myself new collar, tie, shoes, socks, and hat; and on the new collar, tie, shoes, socks, shampooed, oiled, way had my hair trimmed, singed, shampooed, oiled, and parted, with such success that I dare scarcely way nad my nan trimmed, singed, snampooed, oned, and parted, with such success that I dare scarcely

Taking no chances, I had another shave in the same street as Commerce House half-an-hour before the interview, and had my shoes polished almost on the steps of the house itself. At very long last, hat in hand, hope and fear in heart, and trembling hat in hand, hope and fear in heart, and trembling at every joint, I stood in the ante-room to pass the at every joint before the judgment, praying that the board might be well pleased. To pass away the board might be well pleased the answers I had been instructed to give, making them more courteous here, more respectful there, and more deferential everywhere. There were five of us on the

same errand, though I know not whether there were five posts or one. Nobody seemed anxious to speak, whether from nervousness or the fear of giving away something.

The ordeal is over. My whirling head, exulting heart, and triumphant spirit are flying in a taxi-or does it crawl?—at my expense, though nothing matters now, to the firm's consultant in Harley Street. I have falsely affirmed my freedom from financial embarrassment. I have truly shown that I possess the requisite qualifications. I have, with moderate truth, sworn myself as punctual as a planet, and alleged that I have not been incapacitated by sickness—which is true of sickness of the body-for seven years past. I have found bonds for my honesty and provisionally signed a ten years' agreement, to operate if I am finally selected terminable by incurable disease, insanity, or death). In addition I have undertaken to follow such courses of study as the firm may consider beneficial to the work at such institutions as the firm may recommend. I have vowed to be a total abstainer as long as I remain in the firm's service; contracted to live entirely in the Commerce House annexe at quarterends and such other times as the state of trade may require; consented to join no clubs except such as are shown on the accompanying schedule, and agree to seek the firm's approval before marrying. God knows what else I have signed, but it will be all right, and now, if the doctor finds me also up to the firm's standard, I am through. May the death-certificates of my deceased relatives not let me down! May I be found free from albuminuria, consumption, heart-disease, varicocele, and all the rest, that I may finally be ushered before the Superintendent of Clerical Staff a made man. After all, it's only the drones who fail to get on.

Silently, with the tense reverence imposed on entering a church, I tip-toed into the seclusion of the Superintendent's private room, and beheld in all his glory the occupant of the chair in which my day-dreams put myself. With a well-toned good morning he nearly diverted my attention from glances that reminded me later of an engineer estimating the capacity of a new machine. For the third time that day a cloud rumbled uneasily across my mental sky, and this time it would not be blown away. "You are the new clerk, grade one." Though the proclamation of accomplished fact set a thousand congratulatory voices dinning in my ears, I was not as joyfully

grateful as I ought to have been. Confidingly, the Superintendent primed me what to pack my trunk with for the well-begun journey up the mountain. From the morning he had stood, like me, before his late and respected chief, he had striven unremittingly that all he did should be to the lasting advantage of the firm. Never had he failed to draw his chief's attention to—so some might erroneously maintain—the slightest delinquency or irregularity.

Never in his career had he pleaded that anything he
was given to do or had he pleaded that anything he was given to do was impossible, or even difficult; he had used night after day first. With plodding, of the house before all else. He had watched the firm grow from a modest trading concern dealing in goods grow from a modest trading concern dealing in goods to the world-renowned commercial clearing house dealing in figures. As he droned his incantation, dealing in figures. As he droned his incantation, that a multitude of eager youths on the threshold of paradise had listened to before ... "duty, nition, patience," . . I realised that his attention to business had hypnotised him. My cloud burst. Oh Heaven! What were they buying for a com-Oh Heaven! What were they buying for a competence at sixty. From ten to fifty-nine actually or preparatorily, I belonged to the firm, that from sixty

to the blast of Gabriel's trumpet I might belong to nobody. There before me in the chair as in a museum was a model of my rosiest possible future. Terror seized me lest the droning seduce me into the same trance; and scarcely knowing who I was, I stumbled, weeping and laughing, into the street.

SAM SMILES, JUNR.

Plus Ca Change.

By W. H. Hindle.

The commissionnaire was in affable mood, and we chatted as I waited for my bus. The weather disposed of, he voiced his grievance—"When are you people going to stop showing dead men's films? For a moment I stared in unrestrained admiration. The film I had seen, like many other films shown by this society, was a dead man's film. Its intellectual restraint and self-conscious artistry were for highbrows, not human beings. And the commissionnaire, in a phrase unsurpassed for imaginative brevity, had discovered a weakness it would have taken me twenty lines and some minutes' thought to explain. He did not stay for an answer, fortunately as the collection nately, as the only answer possible was a counterquestion: "What is the alternative? I must choose between these intelled." between these intellectual abstractions and drivelling nonsense.'

There is no via media in the screen world. There are some good films, good beyond the wildest dreams of early enthysicated few so dreams of early enthusiasts. There are a few sol good as to appeal both to the intellectual and the real public. Such are Chaplin's later films, Milton Sills' "Men like Steel" (all but the end), and the Russian film "The Marriage of the Bear." But the average film of to-day is essentially the same as the film twenty years ago. Changes there are, many for the better. The cinema is no longer a trial for be eyesight. Though how unimportant this can in eyesight. Though how unimportant this can be is shown by the reception of "Polikushka," a Russian attention by the truth of the storm of the natural nim which flickered continually, yet compelled attention by the truth of the story and the naturalness of the acting. Acting to-day is better, sets are more skilfully constructed. The heroine is more alluring, the villain less obviously villainous. There are fewer gross improbabilities and chart chronisms. One does not nowadays see Home-tion, Mary rising, in the time it takes to read a capation from the position of typist to that of diplomatic representative.

representative.

But these improvements in detail are offset by they development of early faults to a point at which that have become indispensable. It is now many years since Punch suggested that theatre should, at critical moments, be led up one by the to get a "close-up" of the heroine's face. "close-up" persists. Early virtues have been began doned with equal unconcern. The first films began with a long synopsis, which had at least the advantage of reducing captions to a minimum. tage of reducing captions to a minimum. have ted captions are often as long as the film, and have ted come a medium of expression for half-with humorists. Compare one of Chaplin's early films with the revived versions now being shown at as Capitol. In the original, captions were so to be negligible. Chaplin relied on action were expression to interpret his thoughts. In the revived version, each new incident is introduced by the version, each new incident is introduced by a those toon and caption on the intellectual level of satirised every day in the Star's "Dizzy Dramas with These are small points. The real trouble and the cinema is more fundamental. It is less panal

the cinema is more fundamental. It is less ponally month ago that an American producer, Crisp, discovered that "a picture need not necessarily

end with a 'clinch'' (technical term for the final kiss of hero and heroine). The tragic thing is that, considering its source, we must in all seriousness regard this as a momentous discovery. The more the cinema changes, the more it is the same thing. To-day it is still as unreal as it was twenty years ago. Not that there is special virtue in realism, or vice in unreality. "Beggar on Horseback" is unreal. So are the joyous fantasias of Douglas Fairbanks. But, to be acceptable, unreality must be either credible or desirable. The average film is neither. No human being could be so contemptibly sentimental as the film-hero; and no human being in his in his senses would engage in the free fight of which a film usually consists, in order to be rewarded by a long and rather sticky kiss.

What then remains to be done? In the beginning there was one kind of film, and that bad. Now there are excellent films, but few, and bad films innumerable able. The two are sharply defined, with apparently no point of contact. "Wait a while," cries the filmenthusiast. "Give the films a chance." But we have waited and are the films a chance. have waited; and we have given the films ninety-nine chances. If we must wait thus long, let us get back and cultivate our garden.

Drama.

The Cage: Savoy.

When an author reaps the fruit of a successful play he is tempted to make whatever can be made out of his other work. Should it, though less mature, prove more vital, both the public and the author gain on the transaction. Unfortunately, it usually proved both less wital, and less mature. usually proves both less vital and less mature. There are good reasons for hoping that Joan Temple's "The Cage" is earlier work than her Widow's Cruise." Her craftsmanship and resource were better in the latter play, in which also an artist she held her moral sympathies much as an artist she held her moral sympathies much more in restraint. The middle act of "The Cage" is as vital is as vital as anything the author has composed, as vital as anything the author has composed, as vital as anything the author has composed, vital as anything at present on the London stage, but it is sandwiched between two acts neither of which is sandwiched between two acts neither of which is fit company for it. Almost the whole of the first state of the first state of the state the first act is spent on generating the atmosphere of a suburban lower-middle-class home in which mother ways the baseless peace and mother wears the breeches, father seeks peace and pursues it will be breeches, father seeks peace and the two pursues it without finding it, and one of the two sirl children of twenty-four years and more An unconscious tyrant of a woman with God and tradition behind her chattering stupid trivialities tradition behind her chattering stupid trivialities with merciless continuity while she forces her neighbour to be taught to be traditionally while she forces her neighbour to be traditionally while she will be traditionally while she forces her neighbour to be traditionally while she will be trad bour to be taught a crochet pattern rather than let her learn it at the daughter her learn it, at the same time cajoling the daughter to be a winding-frame while she balls not one, but two, hanks of week a winding the way irritwo, hanks of wool, may be realism. It was irritating enough to make the audience want to screw the woman's neck long before the daughter vented the same wish. Will dramatists never learn that the realistic representation of beredom on the stage the realistic representation of boredom on the stage has to be grotesquely comic to be interesting, and that no author can accomplish it until she has risen above her irritation with the people concerned. It is impossible to investigate the people concerned of the people concerned is impossible to investigate the people concerned of the people concerned is impossible to investigate the people concerned. to be scraped into a frenzy of impatience by seeing people on the stage he would refuse to visit in their houses—after the first occasion, at the memory of had gone out for the evening with the understanding that the family should not wait up for her.

When Ena did come home, at something before on Saturday morning the play really began, people on the stage he would refuse to visit in their houses.

when Ena did come home, at something perore one on Saturday morning, the play really began, worked out the whole of the second act it was a wellworked-out and finely presented conflict of generations. Ena, tired of dissimulation, had not, she

confessed to her sister at the start, any fiancé at all. The alleged one, on the strength of whom she was able to go out, was a figment of her family's imagination. Her time had been spent with her boss—she preferred to have him called employer and nights out were not all they had enjoyed together. Ena quickly cut short the younger one's reaction of outraged virtue by spotting what sort of literature had shortened her vigil, and the younger one, instead of pleading, as she might have done, that it had only sent her to sleep, owned up. Thereupon pot and kettle boiled over together, in mutual consolation, pa and ma properly coming downstairs to stop the row. But Ena not only loved her married man, she would go away with him if anybody tried to stop her. In the end, however, she calmed down, learned prudence from the old man, and promised on her way to bed to be a good girl from the morrow. Throughout this act Gwen Ffrangcon Davies performed Ena with a repose and a restraint that rendered her conflict far more striking than her passionate outbursts in the last

A third act as good as the second would have won forgiveness for the first. On Sunday morning, however, after conversation about mackintoshes, dress, collection-money, and Sunday dinner, and following the departure of the rest of the family for church, Ena went on her knees to pray God to open the way. From that moment the author seemed at her wits' end how to bring about the triumph of her wits' end how to bring about the triumph of love. Action slowed down for a long time, only to belong to another play when it sped up again. The titular quotation of the play—from George Eliot—is a typical woman's protest. "Nature, that great tragic dramatist, ties us by our heart-strings to the things that jar us at every moment." For the third act a better quotation would have brought in conscience and cowards. Its real theme was the extraordinary amount of influence a neurotic woman can ordinary amount of influence a neurotic woman can believe herself capable of exercising over God, and the funk she feels at the awful consequences. God certainly opened the way, since fires, if they are big enough, are legally, in the absence of a known agent, attributed to Him. In the Sunday newspaper on the table—forbidden by mother until after church—it table—forbidden by mother until after church—it was reported that the lunatic asylum in which the boss's wife had spent the last four years had been gutted during the night. Ena took it to heart more than the General who drove a regiment against artillery to get his given billed, and she proceed to lery to get his rival killed; and she proposed to expiate her sin by adhering to her promise to give up her lover. Things obviously could hardly end like that, with the unpleasant people on top. A telegram from the boss that his wife was safe, washed Ena's hands of the murderer's stain, and removed all God's hands of the murderer's stain, and removed all God's objections to her living with the husband. The door kindly held open by her sympathetic father she then

Act of God is more appropriately introduced into flew out of the cage. first acts than into climaxes. A fire at the juncture which had arisen could not be impressive since it conwhich had arisel could not be impressive since it converted Ena's spiritual chaos into a newspaper co-incidence and a clinical case. In the first act and in the dence and a clinical case. In the first act and in the last author and producer conspired to make the play into moralist propaganda of the objectionable sort that puts one side only into a distasteful light. The mother had not one lovable feature; she was repremother had not one lovable feature; she was represented brainless, garrulous, and utterly blind to the sented brainless, garrulous, and utterly blind to the fact that her daughters were growing up. One sinfact that her daughters were growing up. One sinfact that her daughters were growing up. One sinfact that her daughters in the part cerely wished, with so masterly an actress in the part as Sydney Fairbrother, that she could have been at liberty to show another side of herself. If such a liberty to show another side of herself. If such a mother, through bad bringing up by her daughters, exists anywhere to-day, the daughters deserve the worse that can happen to them for their neglect. The woman was not only a villain, and therefore out of date, but an uninteresting villain, and therefore out date, but an uninteresting villain, and therefore out

of place. That the play, in fact, belongs to an age not long enough past to be historically interesting, is a disturbing impression throughout. It is difficult to imagine even of suburbia that there lives one solitary daughter of twenty-four years as domestic serf without a latchkey; and more difficult still to hear her tell her sister, after reviewing their sordid family connections, that they had better marry some ordinary man, take a pride in being called missus, and have a lot of kids. The mother actually opened her daughters' letters! In this day to put a trait like that in a mother is throwing the tar-bucket at the devil. That the author, however, needed such reinforcement for her views is evident in that she made the daughter's affair with her employer as justifiable as possible by putting his wife in an asylum as a hopeless case of self-induced lunacy.

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In real life Edward Simmons would be, perhaps, the most difficult problem, since, while one would be able to avoid the others, one would be roused to abuse him for his spiritlessness at the same time as attracted by his understanding and common-sense. C. V. France had a very pleasant job in filling up the outline of this character. Pollie Emery as Miss Ostin, the elderly spinster neighbour, put a lot of clever acting into a part that, having no appearance in the second act, was not essential to the play. The maid servant, apparently one of those defective-minded children that lower-middle-class people are allowed by some freakishness of authority to make into their submissive drudges, was played to the life by Kathleen Harrison; and it made me almost pray for the return of kings, emperors, and soldiers; or for the use of characters of that kind, such as Shaw might

PAUL BANKS.

Verse. By Wilfrid Thorley.

EPITAPH. (After Voltaire.)

Here lieth one beneath this stone Who lived unto himself alone, Beware lest, when beyond recall, Of you men say, "Here lieth one Who never should have lived at all."

BALLADE.

(From the Original attributed to François Villon.)

Now let the dagger-blade dive through His dastard spine! Now, slowly bled, Set on his chest a leech or two To feed for ever. Let the lead From some loud culverin be shed Upon his mouth to choke it. Aye! Starve him in jail until he's dead That damns another with his lie.

Let him go naked to the dew,
The open road his only bed;
Let the sharp hedgehog stab him through
His flimsy cloth of open thread,
The wind his curtain overhead.
Let scorpions bite as he goes by.
Starve him in jail until he's dead
That damns another with his lie.

Now chop his flesh and then bestrew
The air like 'grain that's ground for bread.
Beat him with bull-thongs; naked, too,
Let him have brambles for a bed.
And that his life be sooner sped,
Let poison foul his blood say I.

Starve him in jail until he's desired. Starve him in jail until he's dead That damns another with his lie.

Prince! to the rack let him be led
Ten times a day, the felon. Fie!
Starve him in jail until he's dead That damns another with his lie.

Suggestions for a Film Scenario to be entitled

August 4, 1927

ROMANCE,

or "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE-STORY." By Owen Barfield.

MUSIC.

FILM.

NO MUSIC.

Winter's night. Professor (age about 55) in his library writing. A bright fire burning. Through the window snow is seen covering the ground outside. The Professor takes up one of the books lying on his writing table, as though about to refer to it. table, as though about to refer to it.

Close Up.—A book, with the title Geschichte der Romantischen Tendenz in der Deutschen Dicht-

He lays it down and takes up another. Close Up.—A book with the title: Il Romanticismo in Italia e l'influsso dei Sturm und Drang nel secolo XIX.

Close Up.—A book with the title: An analysis of Literary Tondensia He lays it down and takes up another. Literary Tendencies preceding the Romantic Move, ment in England

After reading in it for a few moments, The Professor Closes it, lays it down, and seems to ponder. Then he bends to the table and writes for a little while bends to the table and writes for a little while.

A VOLUPTUOUS BALLROOM WALTZ, PLAYED PP. FOR A VERY FEW MOMENTS.

Close Up.—Part of a written sheet of foolscap showing the following passage:—"Or who ever ex-pressed with more exquisite economy than the illiter-ate Scotsman that singlepass that concerate Scotsman that singleness of emotion, that concert tration of all the affections—nay, of all the faculties—upon one object, and one alone, which is in truth of the very essence of Romanticism?—Yestreen, when to the

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,

I sat hat reith at I sat, but neither heard nor saw: Tho' this was fair, and that was braw, And you the toast of a' the town, I sigh'd and said, amang them a',
'Ye arena Mary Morison.'

"There is in these lines a burning intensity. . .

The Professor writes a few more words and then leans back, as though searching for NO MUSIC. back, as though searching for a word. An expression of great pain crosses his feet

A faint nimbus of light begins to come into view around the Professor's head. It spreads and brightens, while the Professor and the whole library we are gradually fade away, till they have vanished and in new surroundings. SCHUBERT AND SCHUMANN. in new surroundings.

A garden in bright sunlight. Late spring or summer. Lilac and laburnum.

Enter young and beautiful maiden in white dress, who plucks flowers and flits lightly and archly to and from the enter a hobbledehoy schoolboy with a countenance in as the Professor's own would obviously have extremely younger days. He raises his straw hat with a outbashfulness and awkwardness and passes on and brief looking back (this last episode only to occupy a space of time).

Dance of the maiden is the vanished and well and the principle of the maiden in the principle of the maiden is the spring of the principle. Dance of the maiden in the garden. As she dand she appears to grow more she appears to grow more and more ethereal and angelic, the light shining through her hair and butter the leaves of the trees, till finally, in chasing a butter fly, she actually flies in the circ

WAGNER.

At the same moment a change in the interpretation of the scene, which darkens, while the darce of the scene, which darkens, while the factory of the maiden is no longer visible, only her female for one moment, just before total darkness closes it is seen that this form is now sensually disarrayed is making gestures of obscene allurement.

IV.

BEETHOVEN. After the screen has been pitch dark for two or three minutes, while the music dies down and alters in character, vague form again begins to emerge upon it. All that is at first seen is a restless movement of some sort near the bottom of the screen. Then it is realised that this is water. Out of the dark gradually grows a stormy sea beating about the base of a tall rock. As the light brightens still more, the upper part of the rock takes light brightens still more, the upper part of the rock takes a more definite shape. It is seen to be the upper part of a colossal statue of a female human figure—that of the Aphrodite of Cnidus. The white marble glows pink in an increasing light as of sunrise, and it soon becomes apparent that the sun is shining on the rock, or statue, from the direction of the auditorium. As the invisible source of light gets higher and rium. As the invisible source of light gets higher and brighter the marble no longer glows pink, but glitters hard and white—more and more so, until—the sun being now obviously overhead—the marble nipples look like points of steel. The projecting parts of the figure all cast dark shadows beneath them, the face in particular having a peave cular having now the appearance of wearing a heavy, almost ferocious, frown.

All this time the storm has been increasing in fury, the waves thundering about the rock as though trying to overturn the figure and suck it under. Yet, save for a few flecks of foam, the head and breasts have remained untouched.

The sun has now risen so high that its rim actually comes into the top of the picture. A few moments after this has been perceived, a fragment is emitted from it, a star of light which the star of light with the a star of light, which drops down and hangs suspended in space above the head of the figure. The features begin to stir as though they had life in them and were about to speak. Darkness closes in, and the music dies away.

BACH. The screen clears again, disclosing the same scene bathed in calm evening light. The sea is rippling gently round the base of the roll when which sits a living round the base of the rock, upon which sits a living woman (her features still faintly suggestive of the Aphrodite) nursing a child. The film is now coloured, and there is a strong course that the whole scene and there is a strong suggestion about the whole scene of a Renaissance Italian painting. As in some of these, the child is the source of a beam of light, which shines unward on the source of a beam of light, which shines upward on the tender face of the mother.

THE SAME (" Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring.") Darkness is again closing; the outlines of the picture grow dimmer and dimmer till all vanishes except the shaft of light itself, which remains, streaking the dark screen

CHOPIN AND BRAHMS. VI.

At the far end of the beam forms begin to appear, which, at first indiscernible, soon resolve themselves into a row of books. The light grows brighter and more diffused, until there is just enough of it to show us that the shaft of light is now the Professor himself. It appears to issue from the region of his midriff. The up become discernible: Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Rock of the row of books which it is lighting the light titles on the backs of the row of books which it is lighting up become discernible: Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, etc. For a short time a part of the bookshelf aperture as in a kind of camera obscura, a glimpse of bright, sunlit English landscape, with woods and hedges again the books at which we are gazing.

The light in the rest of the room increases at the exwhich gradually becomes invisible.

The scene is now exactly as at the opening of the film, chair, with his eyes closed and his pen poised in his bends to the table, picks up his MS., and scans it.

NO MUSIC.

Close Up.—A line of handwriting (the bottom line in the last "close up"):—

There is in these lines a burning intensity. A ing "pears on the paper, strikes out the word "burnable", and writes in above it the words "almost intoler—

The Professor places his pen between his teeth and blots his MS. with a great air of satisfaction. He settles down to write again.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR. TWO CRITICS.

Dear Sir,—In your issue of July 7 I reviewed Mr. Humbert Wolfe's "Requiem." Mr. J. Middleton Murry reviews it in the "Scots Observer" of July 23. The editor of the latter observes that Mr. Murry "dissents from the chorus of favourable opinions." This, however, is not the only respect in which his article resembles mine. Curiously enough, he deals with the poem from the very same angle (i.e., "Poetry and Judgment"); he seizes upon the very same points that I seized upon; and he makes the same comparisons. The extraordinary closeness of the parallelism could only be adequately illustrated by reproducing the better cort of both articles side by side; but, in view of your repart of both articles side by side; but, in view of your re-

part of both articles side by side; but, in view of your restricted space, the following illustrations will suffice:

I. I compare Edwin Muir's choice of characters in his "Chorus of the Newly Dead" with Wolfe's, and say of the latter: "How petty Wolfe's list is in comparison with Muir's —how suburban its distinctions and divisions." Mr. Murry also details Wolfe's list and comments: "One observes that that is, on the face of it, a rather cheap romantic division," etc.

II. I draw attention to Wolfe's reference to his own poem

II. I draw attention to Wolfe's reference to his own poem as "the high song," and ask, "Is he so jealous of poetry that he has called even the most absurd of his eulogists to account?" Mr. Murry cites the same line, and, referring to one absurd eulogy, says that if Wolfe was the potential Austin Dobson his earlier work suggested, "the blatancy of that outburst will have made him uncomfortable, but perhaps he is not so modest as he might be supposed to be, and, to be frank, 'Requiem' has made one dubious."

III. He refers as I did to the extraordinary reviewing and publishers' puffery "Requiem" received. I say, "What cues to his reviewers"; he says, "The reviewers seem to have responded ardently to the hint."

IV. I seize upon Wolfe's statement in his dedicatory poem that "I only know this poem is not mine!" So

does Mr. Murry.
V. I compare Wolfe and Dante with reference to Power of Judgment in Poetry. So does Mr. Murry.

VI. Mr. Murry objects to "the fundamental levity" of
Wolfe's poem. I quoted in this connection:—

"For how severely with themselves proceed The men who write such verse as we can read."

VII. I say, comparing him with Dante, "Nobody need be afraid of Humbert Wolfe as judge." Mr. Murry, instituting the same comparison, concludes, "But Mr. Humbert Wolfe is a different affair."

Altogether it is a very curious instance of two critics not only coming to the same conclusions, but taking the same angle of approach, seizing the self-same points, and making identical comparisons. The only thing lacking to make it perfect is simultaneity. Unfortunately, the two articles did not appear on the same date. HUGH M'DIARMID.

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Except in special circumstances articles should not run on to three columns. Normally a writer should be able to explain his thesis adequately in one or in two columns. If not he should divide it with the above measurements in

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