

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The collapse of the Hire Purchase Bill in the House of Commons last Friday was a foregone conclusion. This Bill sought to exempt all goods from distraint for rent, rates and taxes, and from inclusion in bankruptcy assets if they were in process of being paid for under hire-purchase contracts. Sir Frank Merriman, the new Solicitor-General, objected that this would paralyse the Law of Distress. That law might be good or bad, but if bad, the proper procedure was to get rid of it after open inquiry, not by a back door. Sir James Agg-Gardner had said, in introducing the Bill, that the growth of the hire-purchase system is gravely hampered because the goods are at present at the mercy of the landlord, the tax collector, or the bankruptcy creditor, although the rightful property of the original vendors. We do not doubt that the objectors to exemption were right on practical grounds. In abolishing one anomaly Parliament would probably create several more. No widespread changes in political laws are possible so long as the legislature itself is subject to unchanging financial laws. That is why it rarely allows weight to those principles of justice and humanity that can so often be pleaded in support of the measures it rejects. It can only argue: "If we do *this* good thing, *that* bad thing will happen." Of course it will while Parliament is unwittingly an agent of the interests which make the bad thing happen. If politicians knew and spoke the truth they would say in such cases: "If we try to do what fifty million people want, there are fifty people who can manœuvre us out of office."

The text of the Currency and Bank Notes Bill was published in *The Times* of May 4. Under its "City Notes" it summarises the Bill as follows:—

"The major point of interest in the Currency and Bank Notes Bill, the terms of which are published in another column, is the amount fixed for the fiduciary portion of

the combined currency and bank-note issues. The Bank of England is empowered to issue notes beyond the amount covered by gold coin and bullion in the Issue Department to the extent of £260,000,000, to be covered by securities. The present amount of the Bank's own fiduciary issue is £19,750,000, while the legal maximum of the currency note issue is £244,935,128, making a total of £264,685,128. On amalgamation, therefore, the legal fiduciary issue of the Bank will be £4,685,128 less than the legal limits of the two separate issues. The present actual fiduciary issues in circulation amount to £233,452,000. Therefore, there is a considerable margin of elasticity between the proposed legal limit and the actual present need of currency. Even the amount in issue is probably in excess of actual needs, since it is probable that a good many notes, which are regarded as being in circulation, have, in fact, been destroyed or lost. On three months' notice the Bank will be empowered to call in the transferred currency notes for the purpose of exchanging them for bank-notes. Notes not presented within twenty years will be written off, so that not until then will the value of destroyed notes be known. The amalgamation of the note issues will come into force on an appointed day, which will be fixed by an Order in Council. From the appointed day all currency notes under the Act of 1914 will be deemed to be bank-notes, and the Bank will be liable in respect of them."

Let us picture the situation simply. The Treasury is a sort of junior partner of the Bank of England. Together they govern England's monetary policy without reference to Parliament. Parliament only enters to discuss ways and means of administering the pre-arranged policy. It is the General Manager, or rather the Committee of Management—mostly at sixes and sevens. Let us therefore leave Parliament out of the question. Let us deal with the two partners, the Bank, which we will call Mr. Box, and the Treasury, Mr. Cox. Mr. Box, then, manufactures money, and Mr. Cox manufactures securities. The general public assume that somehow Mr. Cox gives orders to Mr. Box. That is true. But Mr. Box first tells Mr. Cox what orders to give. Even that is not necessary, for the Coxes have been so well trained by the Boxes in the principles of the business throughout generations that the two partners think alike spontaneously.

Now, a long time ago Mr. Cox gave Mr. Box an IOU for £19,750,000, and Mr. Box gave Mr. Cox an IOU for £19,750,000. Mr. Cox's IOU was called by courtesy a *Government Security*, while Mr. Box's was called a *Note Issue*. Mr. Box locked away the Security, and Mr. Cox spent the Notes, which ultimately went out among the public. They did not ask what they were an IOU for: they simply used them as claims to get goods. But the two partners put it about that the IOU of Mr. Box was an IOU for gold. Of course, the original exchange of the two IOU's did not create any gold. So the Notes were a formal swindle. They promised non-existent gold to the holders. To disguise this fact from recognition by the uninitiated, Mr. Box thought of a beautiful adjective. It was the word *fiduciary*. Mr. Box's Notes were termed a "fiduciary issue." So now everyone can understand what *The Times* means when it refers to the "Bank's own fiduciary issue" as amounting to £19,750,000.

To be fair to Mr. Box, it must be mentioned that he did acquire a stock of gold for the benefit of the holders of other Notes he issued—and there were a great many of them. But he ran no risk, because the people who dug up the gold handed it to him in exchange for these IOU's, and were quite satisfied to do so.

But in 1914 a gun went off, and the holders of Mr. Box's Notes got scared, and began to descend on the firm for gold. So Mr. Box telephoned to Mr. Cox at the Treasury and said: "Here! you must get busy about this"; and Mr. Cox said: "Yes, I must: I was just going to telephone you to say so myself." The upshot was that Mr. Cox took a turn at issuing IOU's and called them Legal Tender. They were not Box-Notes—or, as we should say, Bank Notes—but Cox-Notes, "Constitutional" Notes, Treasury Notes. At the same time Mr. Cox put on a Cabinet costume and decreed that the firm of Box and Cox were no longer compelled to deliver gold for Box-Notes, but (spoken without a wink) were liable to deliver Cox-Notes for Box-Notes. Mr. Cox went further, and by persuading the population that the gold that was then in their possession was vital to the winning of the war, made them sell practically the lot to Mr. Box for Box-Notes or Cox-Notes. Mr. Cox went further still. Having got all the gold he could and issued Notes accordingly, he proceeded to make a "fiduciary" issue of as many more as Mr. Box said were convenient to the firm.

The Times is now counting up the firm's present legal "fiduciary" resources. Let us translate the account:—

Box's Notes (without gold behind them)...	£19,750,000
Cox's Notes (without gold behind them)...	£244,935,128
Total	£264,685,128

Of course, *The Times* says nothing about Box and Cox as a firm; it carefully suggests that one block of Notes is the Bank's and the other the "nation's." The reason for this enumeration is that Mr. Cox has, in his Treasury capacity, promulgated a Bill empowering Mr. Box to issue Cox-Notes as well as Box-Notes in future. In order that the collusive nature of this arrangement shall not be suspected, Mr. Cox affects to lay an injunction on Mr. Box that he, Mr. Box, will not be allowed by him, Mr. Cox, to make fiduciary issue of Notes of either kind beyond the amount of £260,000,000. Seeing that the total amount which Box and Cox are *already entitled* to issue as ostensibly separate authorities is only £4,685,128 (i.e., less than 2 per cent.) more than the new legal limit, and that it is £26,548,000 more than they *actually have out in circulation*, the ordinary

person, with the above story in his mind, would not consider this provision of the Bill unduly onerous.

We must now quote a further passage from *The Times's* summary:—

"There is a provision in the Bill which should meet the views of those who demand more elasticity. Under it the Treasury may authorise the Bank on request to increase the fiduciary note issue beyond £260,000,000 for a period not exceeding six months, though the authorisation may be renewed for a total period up to two years. The Bill really follows the recommendations of the Cunliffe Committee. That is to say, the principle of the 1844 Act—namely, the notes issued beyond the fixed fiduciary amount shall be covered by gold—is maintained, but there is a modification in respect of the issue of emergency currency. Already under Section 3 of the Currency and Bank Notes Act of 1914 the Bank of England may, with the consent of the Treasury, temporarily issue notes in excess of the legal limit, and this provision is continued in force in the new Bill as recommended by the Cunliffe Committee."

This means that Mr. Cox's injunction is not hard and fast. In his Bill, Mr. Cox permits himself at the Treasury to authorise himself and Mr. Box in Threadneedle Street to issue the (now) Box-Cox Notes beyond £260,000,000, and to an indefinitely increased amount. But Mr. Cox has a sense of public duty. Messrs. Box and Cox must not go on doing it for more than six months. At the end of that period Messrs. Box and Cox must apply to Mr. Cox for a fresh authorisation. These authorisations may be renewed thereafter to cover a maximum period of two years. Mr. Cox has not thought it necessary to consider what he may want to do afterwards. But two years allows him ample time to bring in another Bill.

Now there are likely to arise some ill-informed critics who will be asking: "Who the devil is this Mr. Box?" and "Doesn't Mr. Cox think that Mr. Box is getting away with a monopoly free of charge?"—not realising that Cox is Box in the suspected ramp. But Messrs. Box and Cox have foreseen this contingency. Soon after the war Box started a catch-my-pal game. His first pal was Cunliffe. Cunliffe caught other pals approved by Box. Then Box went to the Treasury and got his partner Cox to give the group a name and a job. The name was *The Cunliffe Committee*, and the job was to write down what Messrs. Box and Cox wanted to happen with regard to the Note monopoly. Having taken it all down accurately, they signed their own names to it. The resulting document was an Official Report of "independent" experts. The Cunliffe Report. It was taken to Mr. Cox, who, as soon as he saw it, exclaimed: "Now, this will be of the greatest assistance to the Cabinet. It seems quite a sound piece of work, and I will back it." And it was sound. It carefully preserved the principle of the 1844 Act, namely, "that all Notes issued beyond the fixed fiduciary amount should be covered by gold" (to quote from *The Times* report), and endorsed the proviso in the 1914 Act that the Bank may "temporarily issue Notes in excess" of the legal fiduciary issue. *The Times* refers to such issues as "emergency" currency.

How will Messrs. Box and Cox get on under the new Bill, which adopts the Cunliffe Report in the above important aspects? Beautifully, thank you. The good old firm, whenever some unforeseen circumstance may cause a dangerous run on its stock of Notes, will construe this as an "emergency." It will meet in the Board-room and make a declaration to that effect. Mr. Cox will hurry over to the Treasury, and presently a messenger will follow him and submit the declaration to his official attention. Upon which he will authorise the necessary expansion of Notes. It all evaporates down to this sedimentary truth: that

Messrs. Box and Cox are obliged to hold gold in a certain legal ratio except on occasions when Messrs. Box and Cox decide to hold it in another ratio, which new ratio Mr. Cox may promptly legalise.

We apologise for all this guttural repetition, but we want to create a true atmosphere. We have refrained from including the subject of cheque-credit in our story in order to avoid complications. Its meaning is plain enough without. Consider what would be said if the privilege now about to be bestowed on the banking monopoly were to be claimed by industrial concerns. Supposing that the original Vickers Combine, the Cotton industry or the Coal industry, were empowered to declare a state of impending bankruptcy to be an "emergency," and thereupon claim the right of improvising a substitute for bank-credit to defray their overdrafts! Yet they have just as much right to defray their paper debts with goods as the banks exercised in 1914 to defray their gold debts with paper.

There is more than a "right" involved. It is the true function of industry to make consumable goods, and that of the banking system to guarantee a home market for them. Any failure of the home market to absorb these goods through lack of the necessary money is a failure of the banking system. The resulting apparent "over-production" is a sign of industry's efficiency, and should be rewarded, not punished by "reconstructions." A financial guarantee of the home market means an undertaking on the part of the banks to buy up from industry all that quantity of consumable production which home consumers cannot afford. Of course the banks do not want the goods; but they are only agents of the consumers, who certainly do. And the new credit they would have to create for the purpose would not be theirs, but the consumers'. Hence we arrive at the justification for the Social Credit principle of issuing free consumer credit as a supplement to personal earnings. But the immediate point of these reflections is that the new Bill is investing control over economic activities in the one interest which has done most to frustrate them. It is, moreover, legalising its title to immunity from Parliamentary supervision.

What is of even more importance is the question of who owns the Bank of England. Apart from the general inefficiency of Messrs. Box and Cox, at least let us know if Mr. Box is an American. If so, and he is pursuing a dollar policy, his apparent fumbling with our credit system may be according to plan. If we are going to be ordered about by a super-political autocrat, at least let us make sure that he is British in blood, tradition, and aspiration. We have written on this before, and will not further repeat ourselves; but this question must be opened up by all our readers. The two main issues are clear. (1) Is the Bank to rule England? (2) Is America to rule the Bank?

Next let us say a word about the power of finance. Many reformers think and speak of this power as an absolute thing. We have frequently done so ourselves. But it is well to remember that all seeming absolutes are relative. When it comes to the point, the measure of the power of the high financial interests is a measure of the ignorance of high non-financial interests. The power is not the power of strength, but the power of deception. As Thomas Paine well suggested, the "credit" boasted of by bankers was "suspicion asleep." It is therefore possible to conceive of an extension of visible financial power being accompanied by a diminution of invisible financial power. In fact, the process is going on. There is a general disposition on every plane of society to question financial policy in one or other of

its applications and to assist the bankers with lay advice. Suspicion is stirring and yawning. "A bank manager," remarked Sir Allan Smith recently, "may be able to make his dividends, not on the prosperity of industry, but on its adversity." This was in reference to the optimistic statements of bank chairmen, of whom he went on to remark that they are, by reason of their position, the "least capable" of giving "a fair, reasonable, and correct interpretation of the trend of industry." Making allowance for the fact that these sentiments were used in support of his rejection of the engineering employees' wage claim, they still have their wider significance. Another instance of the same tendency was provided last week by Mr. J. M. Keynes's broadcast talk on Britain's debt to America. He impugned the moral validity of the debt, repeating for the purpose of his argument the now familiar contentions of French writers to the effect that if America had not been so slow in entering the battlefield the debt would have been smaller, for then her own soldiers would have been using the materials at her expense and not, as it was, European nationals doing so at the cost of their own Governments' growing indebtedness. Knowing Mr. Keynes's correctitude, we are entitled to infer some big movements behind the scenes. When the "sanctity of debt" begins to be questioned, the power of finance is being undermined.

In the Dail Eireann, on May 3, Mr. de Valera asked for permission to present a petition prepared in accordance with Article 48 of the Constitution. It asked for the provision of machinery for the initiation of legislation by the people. He said that it had been signed by 96,000 voters. The Speaker said that he would receive the petition on behalf of the House if there were no objection. But Mr. Cosgrave gave formal notice of objection. Mr. de Valera then gave notice of motion asking for leave to present the petition. Article 48 lays down that on the petition of not fewer than 75,000 voters the Dail shall either provide for the initiation by the people of proposals for laws or constitutional amendments, or else submit the question to a referendum. We like this. It opens up possibilities. Of course, it is easy for powerful interests to organise counter-petitions, but in that case the people at least have the satisfaction of initiating a sort of interim election-campaign and of thus securing publicity for the question at issue. In this country we are not so lucky. But still, some influence can be exerted even here. Why should the Midland Bank not promote a petition for the Financial Inquiry which Mr. McKenna is so strenuously advocating? It would incur no expense but the cost of the forms, because it already possesses the machinery for distributing them and collecting signatures, and can use it just as it does for distributing company prospectuses and collecting allotment applications. A petition signed by the Midland's own customers alone would weigh something. What a curious reflection it is that under a "democratic" system of government the initiation of legislation "by the people" should be regarded as an exception to the rule. Is it any wonder that Signor Mussolini jeers at democracy?

"The announcement made by Sir A. Mond in London of the formation of a finance company of Great Britain and America, and confirmed here, is regarded in financial circles and the financial Press of New York as one of the most important Anglo-American financial developments since the war. It is, in the opinion of these authorities, the culmination of work done with such patience and skill by Mr. Montagu Norman in bringing about the closest co-operation between the Bank of England and the Federal Reserve Board through Governor Strong, of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York."—The New York Correspondent in the *Financial News*, April 14.

Social Credit Policy.

A correspondent in South Africa writes as follows:—

"Congratulations on your terse *Social Credit in Summary*. Section 32 seems to require some revision in the light of Section 30, i.e., if it is suggested that the dividend be paid to retailers (an excellent method) on the condition of their allowing their customers a discount to equal extent, does this not pre-suppose the possession by all their customers of some initial purchasing power. If so, the 'down and outers' would first have to be put in funds—a relatively small point perhaps, but still to be faced. When revising for re-publication, which I hope will take place, no doubt you will amplify or amend this slight discrepancy, if such it is.

Our principles in planning the sections referred to were: "One thing at a time," and: "The most least provocative thing first." The Social Credit idea of expanding the purchasing-power of the existing income of the individual irrespective of what he does for it is quite revolutionary enough for a beginning, without raising points about new incomes. As a matter of fact, there is practically nobody who does not handle *some* money even under the present system. There are an enormous number of people who are *statistically* "destitute." They are out of work, and receive no wages, doles, or pensions. But they get money. Stand in any public bar in any public-house and they will be seen coming in at recognised intervals selling postcards, matches, buttons, or laces; playing instruments, or performing tricks with string or paper. The financial response from their better-off fellows is remarkable and magnificent. Of the latter, they who are less affluent than usual on the occasion, even apologise—"Sorry, mate, but I don't hold it; here's a fag for you." Hardly anything is sold by the humble vendors. It is a well-approved convention that their stocks of wares are a pretence—a protection against police interference. This chivalrous charity is even definitely organised in the north—Lancashire, for instance. On every Saturday night the landlord of the public-house will draw a large chalk ring on the counter. Into that ring everyone puts whatever money he can spare. The pool is then drawn upon to pay for beer, and the beer is free to all impoverished callers who are normally regular customers. There is no disgrace felt by the recipients of the gift—they are not under any obligation to any person: the benefaction is anonymous. It is a "communal dividend." At the end of the evening the unused money is sent round to the most urgent sick cases that the little community are aware of. Therefore a little reflection will show that if nothing further were initiated in the financial system beyond increasing the purchasing-power of existing "legitimate" incomes, the destitute would begin to share in the relief at once. Nor would it be long before the idea of increasing the number and amount of free incomes from national sources instead of from private sources would arise spontaneously, especially and naturally among that numerous class which, as shown, is carrying the destitute along on its back. There is, of course no reason why in particular cases this ultimate outcome of Social Credit policy should not be strongly emphasized. That is a matter for our readers' discretion.

We heard on Saturday from two readers, living in Birmingham and Folkestone respectively, that they have not been able to buy copies of the *Bankers' Magazine* (April, No. 1009) which contained the criticism of the Social Credit pamphlet, *The Veil of Finance*. They both applied to a local branch of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, and were both subsequently informed that it was out of print. The managers offered to try and "collect a copy." We shall be interested to hear if any other reader has had

a similar experience, and shall be glad if our two correspondents will keep their order standing and will report what eventually happens. The shortage of copies, which there is no particular reason to doubt, may be due to an increase of public demand. Or it may not: some public-spirited financier may have bought up the edition in the interest of public morals. We have an idea that something of that sort happened to the American edition of Major Douglas's first or second book. The episode is worth investigating, if anybody likes to take the trouble.

Short Story.

CHECKMATE.

By Iain Bruce.

"The first I heard o't was twa laddies, white-faced, speakin' to the Serjint; but I thocht mebbe it was juist some loons' ploy, and worrit nae mair about it—until I heard what it was they'd fund."

Jock the old gardener cleared his throat and spat noisily, while the Doctor himself, with the thought of his long night's work behind him, and the vague hope of a few hours' rest before, edged himself into a more comfortable position at the wheel of his car, dusty with dust of many a mile, and resigned himself to the politely inevitable.

"What was it they found?" he questioned, less from a desire for knowledge than from a wish to get it over, and have breakfast.

"Weel, mindye, I'm no tellin' ye this for Gospel, for I'm juist repeatin' what I've heard mysel', but it was this way.

"Twa or three loons had been playin' doon at the Golf Course by the Burnside, and ane o' them saw something floatin' i' the Burn entangled i' the rushes. Ye ken what laddies are—man, I mind fine—"

"Yes?" quietly from the Doctor.

"Ah weel, it was this way. Damned if he wasna for gaen inti' the water and fetchin' oot the parcel; for that was what they had spied it was. So in he goes, buits an' a'—juist like ae day lang syne—"

"Yes," from the Doctor.

"Ah, weel, it was this way. He taks a bit hookit stick wi'm, and cleeks the parcel, and hauls it up the bank. But when he lifts it—it was juist a broon paper parcel ye ken, wi' string roond it, and the paper had gotten weet, and no that afa strong mebbe to start wi'—"

Despite his weariness, the Doctor smiled a little, grimly, as he thought for a moment of Auld Jock giving evidence at a police court, and of the frenzy that his involved and voluminous statements would rouse in that cut and dried headquarters of direct correctness. But a cough woke him again from the glimpse of amusing thought, and he turned apologetically to Jock.

"I'm afraid I was dreaming a little, Jock. What were you saying about the parcel?"

"Weel, it was this way. The laddie stood on the bank, and was pu' in' the parcel oot o' the water wi' his stick, but juist when he had lifted it, the paper tore—wi' the water I suppose, and mebbe the string had creepit a wee—and what d'ye think drappit oot o' the parcel right at the puir laddie's feet?"

"I'm sure I've no idea," said the Doctor, smiling a little at the old man's obvious desire to cause a sensation.

"The body of a newly-born and well-developed female child!"

Despite himself, Doctor Campbell had time to wonder where Jock had got hold of the threadbare newspaper phrase—for the old man could not read; then he moved decisively.

"Dead, of course?" he said, crisply, with a finger on the starter of his car.

"Oh, ay. It had been deed a day or twa tho', and—"

Jock gazed, a little astonished, at the disappearing number-plate of the car as it swung to the left, towards the Police Station.

"Man, he's awa' in an awfu' hurry a' o' a sudden," he thought a trifle sadly; then his face brightened as he saw Mrs. Brown hanging out some clothes in her green.

"I was juist tellin' the Doctor the news, Mrs. Broon," he quavered. "I suppose he'll be awa' to hud whit they ca' a post moturum—ay, it's an awfu' job. Hae ye any idee wha's bairn it'll be, Mrs. Broon?"

In Mrs. Brown's mouth a clothes-peg gave way to speech.

"Weel, I wadna say'd to a'body, but I'm tellin' you—an' I had it frae Mrs. Macintosh hersel'—Bandy-legged Wullie's wife, ye ken—that she saw Jeannie Smith walkin' gey slow up the Burnside efter ten o'clock twa nichts syne. Mrs. Macintosh was doon speirin' for Sandy Tullis, him that got's ribs cracked wi' the mad stirk, ye mind, and she was comin' owre the Brig when she saw Jeannie Smith gey waefu' like, shauchlin' up the Burnside. Mind, I'm no sayin' it was her bairn. I'm juist tellin' ye what I heard. Oh, there's Postie. Onything for me the day, Postie?"

"Ay, ay!" boomed a fat voice. "It's a fine day, Mustress, and here's a letter for ye. Oh it's yersel', Jock. Foo's a' wi' ye?"

As Mrs. Brown disappeared through her doorway the two men stepped easily down the road.

"Ye'll hae heard what they're sayin' about Jeannie Smith, wull ye, Postie? They say it was her bairn that was fund doon the Burnside."

"Ye dinna say! Noo wha wad hae thocht it! An' her a Catholic an' a', an' veesitin' the seek. Ay, ay. I wonder wha's the feyther o't. She was gaun wi' that banker laddie a guid while. Jim seemed a dacent-like loon, but man, ye never ken. I wadna wonder—ay, ay, puir lassie. D'ye think they'll hang her? It's no but what she deserves it."

"Ye're for aff, Jock? Guid day t'ye."

Postie halted for a moment at a green-painted door and rummaged in his canvas bag.

"That's the last o' them," he murmured as he knocked.

"Guid mornin', Mustress!"

"Guid mornin', Postie. Hae ye heard . . ."

"Ay, so they say . . . an' she's . . ."

"Jeannie . . . ay, imphm . . . !"

The doctor stretched himself comfortably in his chair and smiled sadly and with great understanding across to his wife, who rocked jerkily to and fro on the other side of the fire.

"And now what are they saying about the finding of this body, Minnie?" he asked.

"Oh, just the usual," was the reply. "Jeannie Smith's the mother, and, being a Catholic, she can pay to be forgiven, and they hope she'll hang—all the usual hypocrisy of a Scots village at a time like this."

Mrs. Campbell's chair rocked fiercely for a moment.

"Every Scots village is the same. It stinks with sex, and sex talk, and sex deeds done in secret, and known to everyone, and when a case of child-murder occurs they immediately look as if sex was something they knew nothing about, and something that anyone knowing anything about ought to be ashamed of themselves for knowing."

Even in her vehemence she smiled as the involved state of her language dawned upon her; she stretched out a hopeless hand. "You know what I mean, Neil," she murmured. "They are so cold, your Scots, so severe, so damnably selfish in the prideful creed they call a religion. Girls are shamed to own

their love, and seek to hide it. The more sensitive they are, the worse it is for them. Joor Jeanie!"

Neil Campbell bent over his wife, and his arm tightened about her. "Hush, my dear, hush," he whispered. "God knows why we Scots are so harsh in our attitude to what is, after all, the most forgivable of all sins (if it is a sin) and which, after all, is probably the most common of all in Scotland. God knows! And God knows what will happen to Jeanie. The tragedy of it. Poor Jeanie!"

He stared into the fire, and Minnie looked up in a little surprise.

"What are the police doing?" she asked at length.

"What can they do?" Neil replied. "She gave herself up this afternoon—asked to be arrested—pleaded to be hanged. God, the tragedy of it! She wants death."

Minnie remained silent. There was more to come. "And I can do nothing since she wants to die. And it will be better for her if she does die. What am I to do?"

"Why, what have you to do with it?" asked Minnie gently, for the sight of her husband's pain had checked her own passionate though passing struggle against the injustice of hypocrisy.

With an effort Neil seated himself and spoke calmly, staring into the fire.

"These gossiping slanderers have killed Jeanie. She won't be hanged; she will die by her own hand. And all because of the snarling hypocrisy of a crowd of Scots beasts—and even the solace of a lover God has denied her. You remember Jim, and you remember his death in that motor smash a few weeks ago, just after he left here; though even if he had lived, I doubt if she— He was a well-doing lad, and he had just got promotion—"

Neil took his pipe from his mouth and filled it. He spoke slowly, almost coldly.

"I know that the dead child was not her's."

"But, —" Minnie's voice ebbed suddenly, then flowed again, sweeping a deep silence before it. Her voice seemed frightened.

"But Neil, how do you know that it is not her child?"

Neil laughed, though his lips did not move. "She came to me—to be examined—. I told her she was pregnant. Her child—is the child—of the man who was killed—about six weeks ago."

"She has been carrying the child—for—about—six weeks!"

"One of the biggest delusions under which we suffer is to suppose that, either nationally or individually, it is any more important to sell abroad than it is to sell at home. What earthly difference does a frontier make?"—From a letter by Douglas Graham in the *Financial News*, April 16.

"Mr. Lloyd asked whether the possibility would be considered of approaching the American Government with a view to securing their assent to the payment of a part of the British obligations in kind."

"Mr. Churchill: 'No, sir.'—Parliamentary Report in the *Financial News*, February 24.

"Omar H. Wright, Vice-President of the Illinois Bankers' Association, in opening a letter urging members of Congress to vote for the McNary-Haugen Farm Relief Bill, says, 'Columns might be written of individual specific cases coming to the personal attention of every country banker in Illinois having to do with farmers, of farmer after farmer losing his all, of farms foreclosed upon, farms deserted, chattel mortgage sales, of judgments entered, of widespread sorrow and suffering.' This is a remarkable statement to come from such an organisation as the Illinois Bankers' Association, for bankers generally have been very slow to move on behalf of the interests of the farmers of the country. But the Illinois Bankers' Association would have made its plea very much stronger if it had frankly admitted that the drastic deflation campaign of the Federal Reserve System in 1919 and 1920 had brought overwhelming poverty, mortgages and bankruptcy to the farmers of the whole country."—*Manufacturers' Record*, March 22, 1928.

The Street of Angles.

By Stuart Trenaman.

Leaving the sane realities of Newgate Street and crossing the market square breadth of Old Bailey, the unsuspecting wayfarer plunges suddenly into what may well be a geometrician's dream. A vista of straight lines and forbidding angles negates the idea that this can be a street. Rather must it be an apocryphal proposition in Euclid.

What object was there in giving it a street name, and leaving the delusive implication that it was a thoroughfare leading to the haunts of humanity?

A sullen wall stands on one side, and on the other a row of tall buildings with sightless windows and facades so flat and dull that the general effect is that of another blank wall.

These gloomy walls, then, stretch unbroken on either side by the faintest curve or irregularity, like monstrous demonstrations of the theorem of parallel lines. At last they turn, and yet again a little further on, but each time at clearly-defined angles.

At one point a mighty railway bridge bestrides the street. It must of necessity form some sort of angle, but in its choice of the acute variety it preserves the street's tradition. For with it, the grotesque effect of a mathematical problem is greatly enhanced.

Not for a moment did I entertain the notion that the street was intended for traffic. True, I had met a few stragglers there, but I judged they had strayed there by accident as I had done the first time. Perhaps they, too, returned as I did, not as bona-fide travellers, but as victims of a weird fascination.

What could lie behind that forbidding wall but barren, untenanted wastes? Doors at intervals—but never open—tried to create the illusion of normal affairs proceeding beyond them. I said these doors were always shut. I did, however, once have the fortune to see one open. Across a gloomy yard I could just make out a small office whose darkness was slightly modified by the light from a small gas-jet. It looked so dim and other-worldly—or should I say underworldly?—that I remained unconvinced of its connection with human concerns. On my next visit the turning was still for me nought but the street of angles.

I was confronted one day by another ineffective attempt at realism in the shape of a motor-van standing outside one of the blank doors. I wasn't to be deluded with the impression that the driver was inside delivering goods or presenting waybills. The real explanation, no doubt, was that he had turned into the street by inadvertence, and appalled by its fantastically geometric aspect, had hurled himself from his van and fled.

Although this street chills the heart, I have gradually discovered a certain stark beauty in its austere lines and uncompromising angles. Perhaps the charm is merely suggested by the rest to one's spirit from the stir of life in the streets around.

If I can find however harsh a beauty there, what would an artist evoke from the shunned retreat? Did artists but know of its existence, they would flock there as to the most dirtily romantic of fisher-villages.

Those of the Cubist and allied schools would be faced by a baffling problem in technique, for a literal, photographic rendering of the street might well be a modernist's presentment of—something very different.

Would the painter reverse his usual process, and express the scene in terms of billowy cloud or happy human figures?

I shall never know. Unenlightened, I shall, whenever the mood compels, pass down that Euclidian way, and, negotiating those ruthless turns, come at last to the reassuring purlieus of Ludgate Circus.

Views and Reviews.

TERROR IN DREAMS.

By Alan Porter.

It has always been hard to fit the "terror" dream into the Freudian theory of wish-fulfilment. It is true that in dreams the striving for bliss shows itself with special clarity; but if we regard this, the explosion and satisfaction of the day's tensions, as the sole purpose of the dream, we are forced to regard dreams of anxiety and terror as failures. They are not merely untypical: they deny the very purpose of dreaming. It is not merely that the urge to bliss cannot get itself realised: suddenly there crops up the highest aggravation of the mood which should have been superseded. The dream seems to have been so far perverted from its purpose as to become its own antithesis.

Freud himself has displayed a great deal of ingenuity in attempting to save the theory that the purpose of dream is pleasure. The censor plays a varied rôle in psycho-analysis, but his activity is never more surprising than when he steps in to wreck and destroy the whole nature of dream-process. It would be easier to accept this view if the censor himself was playing his part in the total purposiveness of the dream. But, no; the purposes of the dream are still left with the unconscious, and it is bound to appear to Freud that, as a whole, dreams of terror and anxiety are purposeless.

It is plain that if we are to consider the terror dream as fitting naturally into its place among other dreams we must have another, a wider and clearer, theory of the purpose of dream. Such a theory must allow us to see the dream-processes as reaching their end even where the issue is a state of unrelieved emotion or negative and contractile emotion. For the sake of dialectics we may keep the will to bliss as one of the motives of the dream; but if we do this, we shall have equal need of supposing a will to pain or a will to frustration as also primordial. We shall then be faced with a split in the very nature of the unconscious. We shall be forced to regard the dream as if we could see in it two radical wills struggling for expression; as if every dream showed the struggle of the two, and the issue was determined by their momentary strength.

Yet even this will prove dissatisfactory. It would leave the *issue* itself out of the realm of purpose. If we are to bring the dream completely into this realm, we need a theory which will make the dream relevant to the whole life of the individual, and especially to his daytime activity. Underneath the struggle between bliss-seeking and pain-seeking we must see a unitary tendency which makes the issue less casual and incidental; which makes it indeed of the greatest importance.

Mr. George H. Green in his monograph on "The Terror Dream" takes this view of the purposiveness of the dream. He quotes, for example, a child's dream of terror which was obviously designed to secure an end and as obviously succeeded. A girl of two-and-a-half, very jealous of a brother two years older than herself, and of a baby sister, turned fretful and listless and began to have frequent terror dreams. She awoke in fright, and her screams brought her mother to her side to comfort and soothe her. In this way she was reproducing in her dreams a situation she had taken as a pattern of success. Once she had been frightened by a dog, and her screams had made her the focus of attention in the family; for the moment she became the most important person in the world, and her brother and sister

* "The Terror Dream." By George H. Green. (Kegan Paul, 5s. net.)

were forgotten. Her terror was a well-tested expedient for gaining sympathy.

In such a case terror may be taken up as a life-time method of gaining one's own way. Mr. Green remarks: "One can here only speculate, but I feel certain that this particular child will be inclined, as she grows older, to believe that if something dreadful should happen to her the people who now overlook her or who stand in her way would relent." By such a view of the purposiveness of the dream, we are at last able to regard it as serving the individual's ends, whether it produces a mood-residue of fear or of confidence.

In his excellent and full monograph, Mr. Green takes up almost exactly the same position as Dr. Adler. It is all the more unfortunate that he has read the works of Dr. Adler with such carelessness. They would have enriched him both in terminology and in precision. But when he accuses Adler of speaking of "masculine protest" and "feminine protest," it becomes hard to believe that he has read him at all. He remarks quite rightly that these are ill-chosen names, since girls can be naughty and boys can try to get their own way by obedience or cupboard-love. But, in fact, Adler has never made the distinction Mr. Green attributes to him; and it is precisely here that he shows his greatest wisdom and skill.

In the first dream that Mr. Green quotes, the design of the dream in producing an emotional tone and an attitude with which to face life can be seen very clearly.

"A recurrent terror-dream which has occurred many times in my life is the following. I am suddenly seized from behind, and realise that I am in danger of being killed. I struggle violently, but without effect. Then I decide upon a change of tactics. I cease to struggle, and lie passively. My opponent apparently believes that he has killed me, for he looses his grip. Suddenly I summon all my strength, and with a great effort hurl him from my bed. . . . Then I wake, palpitating and sweating, and in a state of extreme terror."

The dream is so plain that it needs no effort to interpret it. The dreamer's absoluteness is threatened, threatened from unperceived places, from the dark half of the world, from that part of life he has not been able to map out and reduce to comprehension. The struggle to realise his ambition is felt as severe and desperate. His fear of lack of success is so great that he must change tactics. If he pretends to be inoffensive he will disarm criticism, he will escape watchfulness. For the time being he must lie low, he must hide his own prompting. At last he will be able to spring up again and subdue the world, and yet . . .

Yet the prospect is so terrifying, he is so deeply afraid of hostility and frustration, that the end of the dream is to leave him in anxiety and indecision. The hour of conquest has not yet struck. The attitude, the emotional state, he has prepared for himself in his dreaming is still one in which he is unable to realise his ambition, feeling the miserable necessity for holding his hand. We shall observe in his daytime life the same to-and-fro in his self-estimate, the same stress and heightening of ambition, the same deep sense of inadequacy and need for reassurance.

In such a case we see the purpose of the terror-dream is to enable the individual to avoid risks, to escape coming to the test in life and being judged. As Dr. Adler points out, we find in every dream a calculation of odds, the dreamer's self-estimate of his own powers and of what he regards as the hostile powers of his environment. There is also the searching for an attitude which should allow him to keep his self-esteem uninjured whether he succeeds or fails.

In the daytime we are intricate. We are full of artifice in showing the world our strength and our

blamelessness—right where the rest of the world is wrong, good where it is bad, sensitive where it is stupid. We try to prove our uniqueness, if possible to others, in any case to ourselves. Above all, where there is discouragement or weakness, *we try to pass unchallenged*. This point of his own absoluteness no man will surrender in his heart; no man on earth.

There are three ways in which it may work out. They intermix with every individual, but in greatly different proportions. A man may not even be alert to the fact of his desire. He may draw comfort and discouragement from the day's happenings without in the slightest degree knowing why; without knowing what is the goal of his activity, what seems to conduce to its attainment and what seems to hinder it. This is the commonest kind of absoluteness. A man may take no account as to challenges of his own opinion of himself, but only react to aids and obstructions as he tries to keep it unaltered.

Secondly, the pressure of the world's challenge may be felt so disastrously that he runs from judgment at all costs, in terror lest he should be found lacking. He must escape the test by confusion of mind, by neurosis, fanaticism, or insanity. Finally, his ambition, real, recognised, and pregnant, may compel him to face the world's challenge, confess his mistakes, revise his estimates, and consolidate his ends. He will then abandon the search for fantastic self-assurances. He will keep an alert apprehension of reality and take his own absoluteness without heat, without apology, and without shame. He will be compelled to feel a very great and very genuine concern and sympathy in the ambitions of his fellow-creatures.

In dream much of the intricacy has vanished. The challenge of the world is withdrawn; the impact of sense is weaker. We still weave our pattern of strength and blamelessness, but with less acuteness and refinement. The life of the dream is at once less rich than the life of day-time, and more brilliant. Though it should be possible, from seeing a man's behaviour when he is most watchful and complicated, to disentangle the kind and quality of his ambition, the technique of concealment has been acquired through so long and careful an apprenticeship that we must often fall back upon the dream to break open the ground of understanding.

The dream of terror shows most clearly the second mode of the working of ambition. Anxiety and terror in dreams reveal the fear of judgment, the fear of coming to the test, in the activities of the day. But more than this, they leave behind them a residue of encouragement. They stand as witness that it is hard to face the world. It was Coleridge who first described the hang-over of dreams in the day's life; how the emotional state stirred and induced by them is carried on into wakefulness and discolours the scenes and happenings of the day. It was Dr. Adler who first pointed out the purposiveness of this discolouring; how the dream is contrived and elaborated *in order that* the day's events should fall into a scheme of interpretation, and *in order that* the individual should have an attitude towards them which will conserve his own feeling of blamelessness and victory.

DEATH.

After to-day I shall have passed
Beyond the cuckoo's wildest call;
Yet one more day, then death-dimmed dreams
Will be my all.

Another moonrise through the clouds
Clear as a bell that tears hushed gloom;
Another glimpse of lucent depths
Where sea-flowers bloom.

And then this body, tiresome, strange,
This mouth, that sucks but cannot sing
Nature's full breasts, will be made one
With everything.

L. LUBRAN.

Drama.

The Taming of the Shrew: Court.

Sir Barry Jackson's third essay at presenting a Shakespeare play in modern dress and with modern manners may be acknowledged a success. Long before Katharina's golden last words to froward wives the audience forgot that "The Taming of the Shrew" had anything to do with the works of Shakespeare, and loosed itself to the laughter aimed at by any farce of any time. As long as society goes on tying men and women together in pairs for life because God told it to, or because no man can be trusted of his own free will to keep any but a young woman, or because human offspring takes an unconscionable time to grow its own wings, "The Taming of the Shrew" can be performed in dress ancient or modern, and nobody need seriously mind the anachronisms of custom. Mr. Noel Coward's plays could just as well be played in Elizabethan—or Roman—dress. In farce—and most comedy—what the colour-printer calls dead register is not indispensable. Indeed, anachronism can be deliberately exploited for humour.

That "The Taming of the Shrew" can bear modernisation whereas "Macbeth" cannot, does not mean that the keeping of the author's immortality must be withdrawn from the tragedy and handed over to the farce. Modernisability is not the equivalent of timelessness, which is, by the way, a far from apt qualification for a great work of art. The circumstances of a great tragedy are bound to a particular place and a particular time. What creates the greatness is the immortal passion running throughout, at once raising man to the magnificence of a god and reducing him to the insignificance of a puppet of a day. Farce merely gives man the thrill of breaking his own laws; in it he accepts, just for fun, the status of a child applying infantile logic to social institutions. "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth" have a being entirely independent; they are unique works, which endure from generation to generation of their own vitality. They are some of the He-Ancients of art. Seeing "The Taming of the Shrew," one knows that every generation can make as many plays on the theme as it wants. It endures only on vitality derived from the tragedies. In all except the economical and sturdy handicraftsmanship of the prose, and some of the phrases in the verse, "The Taming of the Shrew" might have been composed by any of a dozen living Americans. Taking for granted that Shakespeare wrote much or most of the play—criticism based on the principle that he must have done all the good things but could not have done any of the bad ones, is nonsense—"The Taming of the Shrew" is merely an example of how a man with a style cannot lose it altogether even when making entertainment in a hurry.

By producing the play as farce Mr. Ayliff has done the only thing possible with it to make it move. The infantile is the plane of mind to which it is addressed, for it is make-believe of the superlative degree, since it is not only a stage-piece, but a stage-piece within a stage-piece, that Christopher Sly, according to the earliest edition, easily persuaded himself he had dreamed. He described this taming of woman to a degree of obedience unknown to dogs as the bravest dream of his life, and when he proposed to go home to teach its lesson to his own wife, the Tapster at once offered to go with him! This ought surely to have saved the critical scholars of the last century from praising the play for its great moral lesson that the woman cannot hold out in battle against the man, and that she takes the better part if she yield to St. Paul's command to let the woman learn in silence and all subjection. If Strindberg could have been made as happy-drunk as Christopher Sly—drunk enough to

obliterate from his mind all his sociology and experience—he also would have dreamed "The Taming of the Shrew." No wonder this modernised version ran twenty-two weeks in the United States. It is blatant propaganda for democratic hankers after titles, rum-runners, and He-men. That a vagabond drunk to the point of sleeping on the road should be wafted as if by miracle into the mansion and identity of a noble lord, and witness so decisive a triumph of masculinity, sounds like an up-to-date version of the ugly duckling orchestrated for American performance. In addition to the beer that Christopher was supplied with being good and cheap, his credit was long. "Ask Marian Hackett, the fat ale-wife of Wincott if she know not me," he commanded in his effort to establish himself; "if she say I am not fourteenpence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom."

It has proved impossible to preserve Shakespeare for the long-faced and the reverent. They have had their turn, to achieve only the exile of the dramatist from the stage, and his confinement in expurgated school books. As Mr. Gordon Craig's quarterly, *The Mask*, says, they have made Shakespeare an eunuch, and one of these days they will surely want to make him a prohibitionist. If modernised versions of the farces can arouse from inertia the public which has been bored by high-school performances and make the Old Vic. overflow into the West End, the effort will not have been in vain. Frank Pettingell's *Christopher Sly* got the wisdom of the drunken man into the minds of the audience better than any Christopher strolling players provided an opportunity for a joke that brought the house down; they were followed by an immense basket on which was stencilled "Birmingham Rep. Company." In "The Taming of the Shrew" proper, Scott Sunderland as Petruchio and Wallace Evennett as Gremio were lively and funny. The tailor, performed by Antony Eustrel, reached a degree of modernity to which Sir Barry Jackson's Shakespeare has not yet quite aspired, the only term for it being impressionistic. As Bianca Muriel Hewitt was pretty, and at times as the shrew, Eileen Beldon was magnificent. She spoke the epilogue excellently. Miss Beldon's performances are good enough to merit criticism. She must, accordingly, have a care against being sped up to the point at which rapidity requires the sacrifice of colour and coherence. Her Midland accent already gives trouble to some listeners, whereas a dialect speech ought to be pleasing to the ear for its clarity, roundness, and colour. It is not the country speech which falls discordantly on the senses, but the corruption of country speech brought about by the haste and over-quick-wittedness required for city life. The Yorkshire speech, for example, is corrupted in Leeds, the Scots in Glasgow, the Midland in Birmingham, and the Home Counties in London. This rule, by the way, holds for all social classes. Miss Beldon has an ear for rhythm and meaning, but an accent of which she will not be able quite to rid herself—if she wanted to—must never fail in colour. That is a lesson taught incessantly by the Irish Players.

The Lottery: Playroom Six.

The principle of the conservation of energy, expressed in the vernacular as the impossibility of getting a quart out of or into a pint mug, has been suspended for Mr. Taylor's production of Henry Fielding's "The Lottery." Immediately Mr. Taylor—who does the joinery, paints the tiles, designs the scenes, plans the costumes, produces the play, and performs a part in it—heard his stage described as not big enough for a London landlady to let as a bed-sitting room, he longed to produce a musical play on it with chorus and crowd—and not

the "Barber of Seville," in spite of the attractive part it offers. "The Lottery" is one of many Fielding pot-boilers. It contains all the jokes which depend for their immortality on the memories of the common-people and the hard-straits of those who exist by making six jokes per morning—as one of whom Lamb once described himself—for the newspapers. Indeed, it is filled with that worldly wisdom which keeps the honest but poor from being made poorer still by quacks and rogues; and although it contains a fine and brief vindication of metropolitan culture—

"What are roses to a garter,
What are Lilies to bean?"

country fidelity triumphs in the end over city *galanterie* in the matter of love if not of money. The performance of Helen Goss is so charming that one can understand why the true aristocrat of the period, as distinct from the adventurer, threw money to the winds and gave all to varied love. Mr. Taylor is to be congratulated on his settings, costumes, and production, although he did not make Noel Dixon's manners rustic enough either to fit his clothes, or to contrast with the town manner of the bogus aristocrat very well done by John Gattrell. Anyone not yet weary of "Beggar's Opera" associations can obtain a pleasant though very light evening's entertainment at the "Lottery," marveling as it proceeds at the faith which removed the obstacles to its production.

PAUL BANKS.

New Verse.

HUMBERT WOLFE.

Mr. Humbert Wolfe's latest book—"This Blind Rose" (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., 6s.)—is well-entitled. The poetry resembles the rose in question. It has everything but illumination—without which it is nothing. The title is derived from the following quatrain:—

As this blind rose, no more than a whim of the dust,
Achieved her excellence without intent,
So man, the casual sport of time and lust,
Plans wealth and war, and loves by accident.

I would not go so far as to say that the conviction that man is the "casual sport of time and lust" is incompatible with the creation of great poetry, but it must be entertained in a fashion very different to that in which Mr. Wolfe entertains it—if he does! At all events, the whole of these poems are vitiated by a shallow philosophy (better described, perhaps, as the want of any) and an apparent incapacity for sincerity. The author's principal aim, or effect, is to bring off purely verbal coups or to be at all costs epigrammatic. Both of these tendencies bespeak the minor poet, and that is precisely what Mr. Wolfe is, despite all his technical dexterity. The echoes of the meretricious music of the 'Nineties are unmistakable:—

Homer of Achilles,
Healing the light foot
With the long lillies
Of his flute.

A less decadent—but even less poetical—wordiness is frequently in evidence.

She had just that fugitive
Arrested loveliness of a capital
Letter in a missal.

His sense of words, too, is singularly defective. For example:—

The dull, *unadriatic* sea.
A still more irritating trick is illustrated by the following specimens:—

With the wonder, and
little cry
Of your eternal
alibi.

And

Ends in a music spilt on,
Not even the lips of Milton.

No one of the hundred poems in this collection comes clean through, unmarred by some unhappy artifice, triviality of conception, mere lean-brained cleverness, or rank bad taste; but while Mr. Wolfe's ruling passion too often leads him into such sheer sterilities as this:—

The fault was mine not yours, who, gazing at you
With the cold, unswerving rapture of a statue,
Cannot with beauty, like those immortal ones,
Impeach the long economy of bronze;

occasionally he does succeed; and there are a few excellent things in the book—stray lines, an odd verse; never, I repeat, a whole poem. There is no gainsaying the merits in their varying degrees of things like:—

Climbing by their path, that wholesome mule,
That peasant going on his business,
Flash immemorally beautiful.

Were they not fallen, they must be falling for ever,
Now in the long curves of music—those dead leaves—
As after brass, and the flute's argent quaver,
The oboes die on slow, deciduous breves.

Go back and say you have seen us
With no shadow before or behind,
Save the shadow of your God between us
And the God that we go to find.

You are not boys running, you are life breaking free,
you are fire.

Earth is enough to suffer. Must we be
The frightened hosts of immortality?

The book registers no advance. It is very largely repetitive, indeed. Mr. Wolfe's range is a narrow one, and the more he tries to change the more he becomes the same. The many faults, and his quality of the occasional excellences, here are alike as in his previous work. Even his confession that he is unsuccessful is not new:—

The true poem—the one I have not written,
Of which mine is the discarded husk,
And safe with him who wrote it.

That's the poem we have given up hope of having
made public—and we are not content with admitted,
and generally obvious, husks. HUGH M'DIARMID.

Price Control or Birth Control?*

In 1926 Sir James Marchant published a series of essays under the title of "Medical Views on Birth Control." Most of these views were antagonistic to the practice, and Dr. Norman Haire has therefore collected in this book the views of prominent medical supporters of the Birth Control Movement. Most of them faithfully recapitulate the stock arguments on the subject, while one (Dr. Montague Eder, B.Sc., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.) brings evidence from the field of Freudian psychology.

As usual, it is the implications rather than the direct statements of these essays which are unsatisfactory. Most reasonable people will agree that it must be left to the mated woman to decide whether she will conceive or contravene, and that if she chooses the latter she should be equipped, as a matter of practical politics, with the most harmless and efficient method that medical science can devise. But the Birth Control Movement goes much further than this, and, not content with simply recommending a process, it wishes to impose a policy.

In this matter of policy our authors suffer from an unduly limited outlook, both economically and biologically. To limit the family according to the present economic status of the parents is not so much

* "Some More Medical Views on Birth Control." Edited by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B. (Cecil Palmer. 7s. 6d.)

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