

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

No. 1871] NEW SERIES Vol. XLIII. No. 12. THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1928. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	133	MUSIC. By Kaikhosru Sorabji	140
The Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd.'s advertisement in the <i>Daily Herald</i> . The <i>Observer</i> on the Kellogg Peace Pact. Passive resistance to the land tax in Bardoli. Unemployment in America and England. The Savidge Report—the policeman as redresser of legal injustice. Lord Athlone on gold production in South Africa. The Society of Incorporated Accountants doubles its membership. The League of Nations' wireless station.		<i>Cavalleria and Pagliacci</i> . Rosing. <i>Turandot</i> . Marchesi's recital.	
EXPROPRIATION IN EXCELSIS (Editorial)	135	RECENT VERSE. By Hugh M'Diarmid	141
The Pacific Phosphates Co.		<i>In the Firelight</i> . <i>Patria Poetica</i> , I. <i>Epigrams</i> (Hamilton). <i>The Challenge of Life</i> . <i>To One in Heaven</i> .	
THE STARTING POINT OF MONEY. By C. H. Douglas	136	TWO GOOD FILMS. By David Ockham	141
CURRENT POLITICAL ECONOMY. By N.	138	<i>The Nibelungen</i> . <i>Waxworks</i> .	
DRAMA. By Paul Banks	139	THE CHILD'S "BECAUSE." By W. Goldsby	142
<i>Paul Among the Jews</i> . <i>Six Stokers Who Own the Bloomin' Earth</i> .		<i>Judgment and Reasoning in the Child</i> .	
		REVIEWS	142
		<i>Mary Shelley</i> . <i>Rachel</i> . <i>Kipps</i> . <i>Khadi Patrika</i> . <i>The Plain Man and His Money</i> . <i>New Revelations in Astronomy and Gravitation</i> . <i>Fair Play—The Games of Merrie England</i> .	
		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	143
		From BM/ZMAB and Open Minded.	
		VERSE. By Joe Corrie	137

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In the *Daily Herald* of July 11 appears a large display advertisement of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. It is addressed to the "Shooting Man," and its message opens as follows:—

"The shooting man who slips a couple of cartridges in his gun for the first time in the season on the 12th of August little realises the amount of labour involved in the manufacture of a single accessory."

It proceeds to describe how the company contributes work in every stage of the manufacture of the cartridge. If mouse-shooting were a popular sport, and if game licences and gun licences cost a shilling each, it would be easy to see the applicability of such an advertisement to the market served by the *Daily Herald*. But we should imagine that most "workers" who wake up to sport on August 12 would patronise the string-and-fish-hook, and not the explosives concerns. It is only the "capitalists" who dare make a noise at this recreation. However, if the object of the Imperial Chemical Industries is not so much to sell chemicals as to cement the Mond-Turner Manifesto, that is another matter. The advertisement invites "Enquiries" to be addressed to Nobel House, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. Anyone concerned to know whether it has more to do with the plucking of pigeons than the shooting of pheasants may possibly get some information by writing there.

The *Observer* in a leading article complains of Sir Austen Chamberlain's inaction about the Kellogg Peace Pact. Germany has now signed it, and the *Observer* declares that it is a great blunder for Britain to come in only at the last—that this will destroy the moral value of her eventual adhesion. We are prepared to believe that it may; but supposing it does? Again, the real object of a nation's economic policy is, and must be, to secure sufficient work and earn money. But there are nothing like sufficient opportunities in the world to-day for all the

nations; and the signing of peace pacts will do nothing to create any. An effective outlawry of war would enthrone finance as the sole arbiter of trade distribution among nations. No country could resist the bankers' fiat, whatever the consequences to its people. The *Observer* utters the warning:—

"In the United States to-day Germany is more popular than Britain. If war should ever come again the United States in all probability will not be against Germany. The sooner we get that right into our heads the better."

It is useful to have this evidence of the *Observer's* position. Apparently Wall Street, which makes and unmakes the popularity of men and countries according to its book, is disturbed at Sir Austen Chamberlain's loyalty to M. Briand. Consequently the *Observer*, which has long been talking dollar-diplomacy, is hinting that franc-diplomacy will let this country down in another war—that we may be faced by an American-German alliance. It is an uncomfortable idea, but we fancy, from what we have read about the probable nature of future aircraft warfare, that wherever the Astor family migrated when the outbreak came, the inhabitants of this island would feel a wee bit safer to know that French airmen were for them and not against them.

But there is another aspect of the *Observer's* threat. Is England less popular than America in Germany? It may be so, but in that case the unfriendliness to Britain has arisen out of the Bank of England's unauthorised acceptance of the function of Wall Street's bailiff on the Continent in the interests of dollar-mortgagees of German industrial property. The Norman-Strong "pact" is responsible for the very trouble that the Kellogg Pact is devised to remedy. The moral is that Britain's duty to herself is rather to repudiate this financial pact than to enter into a new political pact. This cannot be done until some of the leading European statesmen combine to make Europe safe from dollar-domination. There is a tendency towards such an event in this country. It can be read into the Midland Bank's financial

policy, the Locarno Treaty, the collapse of the Anglo-American naval conversations, and into many smaller evidences of what Washington and its hypnotised pacifists both there and here choose to indict as obstinate nationalism. There is a point beyond which national unselfishness becomes a vice; and that point is reached directly any individuals in any country are required to deny themselves adequate subsistence in the furtherance of international amity. The propensity to eat came first in the order of evolution, and until this is satisfied, the associated propensity to destructiveness will always dominate the higher faculties. What is wanted is a scientific system of economic nationalism which will "feed the brute," as the women say. Find that, and cultural internationalism will follow.

With reference to Mr. Penty's article in a recent issue, when he quoted facts about the revival of native hand-weaving in India under Gandhi's inspiration, we questioned how far this new development could proceed in face of the taxing powers of the Government. We are interested to read that in Bardoli there is a passive-resistance movement of 80,000 people against an enactment which raised the land-tax. According to a Bombay report the outbreak is regarded as sufficiently serious to cause the Governor of Bombay to consult the Viceroy at Simla. The trouble began with an increase in the assessment of the land. Notice the bearing of this on the prospects of hand-craft as an effective substitute for the machine. Directly the peasant is able to produce goods with his hands at a cheaper rate than the machine, the taxing authorities offset his advantage by a levy on his prime material. They plausibly value the land according to the profits of the hand-craft. Until that financial power is broken, hand work will never receive the benefits it may truly earn.

These Bardoli peasants refused to pay on the higher assessment. So their land was confiscated by the Government "in the ordinary way" (as the report puts it). But in spite of the selling of the land over their heads, they have not budged, but are continuing to till it as though nothing had happened. In the meantime the village officials, on whom the British authorities have to rely for collecting taxes, have been forced to resign owing to "a social boycott." Administration is therefore paralysed. At the next harvest the villagers propose to put women in to gather it, and these women are prepared to defy the Government to arrest them. One reason for the power of resistance of these people is that they are comparatively better off than others because of remittances they receive from South African emigrants. Bombay and Simla are reported to be in disagreement whether to take a "strong attitude" or offer an "honourable compromise."

The prospects of the success of such revolts as this against financial imposition depend ultimately upon whether they can be "localised" by the authorities. While the present problem will probably be solved, there is no guarantee that a similar kind of resistance may not show itself at a moment when the psychological temperature of a country will make it flare out beyond control. The rebels need not be exclusively "workers"; they may be rebels of the same degree as those who raised the revolt against the Asquith Home Rule Act. No one can prophesy forms or dates, but there are few readers of this journal who do not discern how certainly the curves of specific problems in all planes are converging towards the point of a general breakdown. It is to be hoped that our rulers include men who know how to deal with the situation and who will have the courage to insist on the Social Credit system of economic reconstruction.

One significant phenomenon in regard to unemployment is that its growth in America has not been compensated by a diminution in Britain. The *Daily News* has been pointing to the fact that our unemployed have actually increased in numbers recently. This means that America's urgent requirement for extra foreign trade is paralleled by an increased similar requirement here. The *Daily News* puts down our trouble to the Conservative Government. But Mr. Baldwin does not rule the United States. Is it not possible that one cause accounts for both problems?

The *Daily News's* Parliamentary Correspondent says that it is the general opinion of the members that the Savidge Report leaves the situation just where it was before the Inquiry was held. Exactly. We said it would. And when the next Inquiry is finished the result will be the same. The Commissioners will modify certain regulations, no doubt, but they will take very good care not to specify how they shall be interpreted and applied. As regards the alleged practice of accepting bribes in the police force, the remedy, if one is found necessary, would be to pay the officers a sufficiently high income to put them above temptation. That will not be done; the country "cannot afford it."

Then on the general question of the *droit administratif* and its incidence on the liberty of the subject, it happens more often that the policeman keeps within his official instructions than that he goes beyond them. Take the question of the unjust incidence of betting law, which has left immune the rich backer who has a credit account with his bookmaker, and who has penalised the poor backer who may be caught handing a shilling to a tout. The police have done a good deal to redress this injustice on their own initiative. Every day of their lives they could catch a tout with betting slips in his pocket, or a workman writing or passing a slip in a public-house. But for reasons of sentiment, sport, and sometimes profit, they refrain. They come from the cash-betting class: they do a bit of it themselves: and some of them make an odd pound now and again by shutting one eye when on duty. We do not defend the intrinsic morality of this, but it works out morally in the political plane. Moreover, it saves the citizens of this country a tremendous amount of money which would otherwise be levied as police-court fines, and thus be deducted from the general pool of consumer-purchasing power. In fact, it is not an unreasonable hypothesis that the reason why the high-financial authorities allow so much rope to political moralists in the matter of legislation is that the manufacture of fancy crimes and misdemeanours is virtually a device for collecting taxes. This aspect of the matter was illustrated by the situation at the Marylebone police court, in May, when the police ceased to go without the sum which forty defendants (the average monthly number) would have paid on conviction. The authorities will stop vice as fast as you like so long as they make money in the process. But remind them that a shortage of houses breeds vice and they go stone deaf. Mr. Garvin thinks that Hyde Park ought to be better illuminated (expense): that police patrols ought to be doubled (more expense). Yes, and if you flood the Park with light and pack it with police, you can ensure the total elimination of indecency. But there is the snag. The cure must not cost money; rather must it earn money. At best there must be an "honourable compromise." The best thing to hold the next Inquiry about would be to ascertain how many laws ought to be repealed. A good law administers itself.

Lord Athlone referred on July 11 to the dependence of South Africa on the gold industry. Speaking

as Governor-General he did not assume that gold production would drop very suddenly. If by some miracle the gold did suddenly fail the country would have to "reduce her life to half its present activity or less." The problem of coping with the eventual decline was being scientifically studied. The *Daily Chronicle* hopes that this is so, remarking that South Africa's essential need is to "increase rapidly" the "framework of self-supporting economic life" outside the gold industry. It says that to do this means accepting immigrant "settlements" and "exporting produce" at a much quicker rate. Only so can the country's system become big enough and "elastic enough to absorb the gold-workers when gold ends."

It is a curious logic which requires a country to "export produce" as a method of increasing its ability to absorb the unemployed. To increase the manufacturing an agricultural equipment is quite sound so far, but why send the products out of the country? Naturally, we know the stock answer—that they must export to get money. But if while the gold-workers are earning money the whole South African population cannot buy the produce, how can it do so when the gold-workers cease earning money? If wages drop, absorption drops. But we are not fair. The *Daily Chronicle* means the absorption of gold-workers into the expanded trades, with the effect of expanding them further. That might be all right if the world outside were not glutted already with produce similar to what South Africa would be trying to export. But it is. Agriculture has to destroy some of it to keep prices at a remunerative level. South Africa's real problem will be that of selling her projected production, not making it. The *Daily Chronicle* has not discovered yet that the act of creating new wealth does not create new money.

There may be another reason for South Africa's preoccupation with the problem of alternative employment. It may be—that is to say, it is conceivable—that the world will economise very greatly in the use of gold for monetary purposes in the near future, or might even abolish its use altogether long before the mines gave out. In any event the next African statesmen had better try to estimate its probable date without much delay, and must take what precautions they can; but it is certain that when peace is declared the world will have emerged into a new economic dispensation where the problem of surplus labourers will be solved by giving them money and absorbing them as customers. A society which does not need the services of a would-be worker must be able to keep him. Think it out. If it is correct, there is a way to do it without taxing anybody.

A circular sent out by the Society of Incorporated Accountants states that this year the number of its members will pass the 5,000 mark.

"This figure represents, despite the War and the maintenance of a high standard of professional experience and examination, a one hundred per cent. increase in membership during the past sixteen years. The expansion of the Profession during the last quarter of a century has been largely due to the growth of the Joint Stock Company and the extension of the incidence of taxation."

The extension of the incidence of the Bankruptcy Acts has had something to do with it as well, we expect. As things are tending to-day the Society will want to expand another two or three hundred per cent.; for the displacement of boards of directors by approved accountants is now a definite policy of the banks.

The League of Nations' project for a wireless station of its own, has been under the consideration of a committee for some time. There is a modification now proposed, which takes the form of an offer by the Radio-Suisse, a company in which the Swiss Government is largely interested, to construct a complete modern station in the Canton of Geneva which will be placed at the service of the League in times of crisis. The merit of this alternative is that it will save the League a lot of money. But whichever plan is adopted the station will virtually be leased to the European bankers when the next war comes. This will save them the trouble of meeting in person at Zurich as they did when they decided to call the last war off. We suggest that the central banks of all the European countries ought to burn flares warning beligerent air bombers off their neutral territory. The financiers could then consult in safety each from his own headquarters.

Expropriation in Excelsis.

(Editorial.)

For many years a community of 600 natives had lived on a small island. The soil was sandy, and little could be grown on it but coconuts and pandanus. In times of drought there was famine, and on one occasion half the population died.

One day a white gentleman visitor made an interesting discovery. Prodding somewhere with his walking-stick during a morning constitutional he turned up something which was clearly not the ordinary soil. He gathered up a handful and looked at it. It was guano-phosphate. Being versed in agricultural science, he knew how rich and valuable a fertiliser this was. He hurried away to his own country, and told his friends about it. These friends were politicians, and some of them had been members of the White Government which was looking after the natives on their little island. They got a chemist to examine the sample of guano. He reported: "Almost pure guano—the richest in existence." This greatly pleased the group of gentlemen; but their pleasure was restrained for the moment, because they did not know how much there was on the island. "Pray God," they breathed, "that it is a tremendous quantity," for, you see, they had a vision of immense increases in harvests—a world fertilised into a Millennial Garden of Eden—not to mention the circumstance that the guano might fetch any price from 10s., 20s., to even so much as £3 a ton.

They sent a prospector out to the island by the next boat. They would have fired him there from a gun if they could. He came back with wide-open eyes. "Do you know how much there is there?" "No, no—tell us, tell us." "There are nearly 13,000,000 tons." "What?" "Yes; and I wouldn't be surprised if eventually the deposit turned out to be nearer double."

The gentlemen wept for joy. As soon as their eyes cleared they sat down to do some multiplication sums. "What is 13 million times 10s.?" One gentleman considered it £6 million. Another thought it £6½ million. The first retorted that a round figure was all that was wanted for their purpose; against which the other insisted on the principle of being accurate in all money calculations. To stop any acrimony arising on that blessed day a third gentleman suggested that they should see what 13 million times 20s. came to, for he thought 20s. was a more likely price than—. "Agreed, agreed," they all cried. Eventually they did agree. They went home contemplating the vision of £13 million worth of good being done to the dwellers on the earth.

During the night it occurred to one of these gentlemen that the Guano deposit did not belong to

them. The thought so disturbed him that he could not sleep. So he got up and prayed. Rising from his knees he felt a mysterious refreshment of spirit. "No, it is against all reason and religion for 600 black people to stand between mankind and its betterment." So assuring his conscience he went to sleep.

In the morning he and his friends went to see a high Colonial Administrator, who was celebrated as a protector of natives' rights. "Whatever his decision it will fulfil the law and morality, we are quite sure," they reflected. And, sure enough, their troubles disappeared as by magic.

The High Administrator began in a minor key: "This Guano is the property of the natives—"
 (*The gentlemen pulled out their handkerchiefs—*)
 "But—," he proceeded:
 (*They folded them up into bands—*)
 "—these natives will make any sacrifice—"
 (*They put them back in their pockets*)
 "—to indulge a momentary want, as children do."
 (*And complacently rubbed their hands.*)

And now we must go to the island. It is a few weeks since the events just narrated. It is a fine day, and there is great commotion among the 600 natives. The Chief of the tribe has summoned them to hear of something to their advantage. They are all assembled, chattering, chattering—when suddenly a tom-tom beats. A pause. Then the Chief approaches, walking slowly, with a paper in his hand, and accompanied by several white gentlemen who, with one accord, beam benevolently on the 600 expectant black faces.

The procession coming to a halt, the Chief steps forward a pace and addresses them.
 "My people. The gods send kind white men to give much wealth. They dig pits. Take away rubbish in big boats. They give you, me, every man—"

He opens his paper in doubt, and one of the white gentlemen steps up and points to a place in the document, whispering an instruction to him.

"They give us . . . one shilling eightpence every man—and they give it again after one year, and again after one year until six years."

The natives, seeing all the white gentlemen start clapping their hands, clap theirs; the tom-toms strike up, and they rise and dance. After a while silence is signalled for a speech from the gentleman who has been advising their Chief. An interpreter translates it to them.

"White men great friends black men. All tribes brothers. White men make solemn oath with Chief. Chief, he put mark on paper; let white men dig. White men put mark on paper, give black men money. Every man happy. White men's god say everybody must share; and he glad."

So the perfect day ends. The sun sets, leaving a contemplative old bird looking down from a palm on the site of the celebration, and reflecting on that wonderful alchemy of nature which can use even his excreta to cement human brotherhood.

This is the story of the inauguration of the Pacific Phosphates Company, twenty-five years ago, and its acquisition of the guano deposit on Ocean Island—one of the Gilbert Islands. The natives got their £50 a year for the six years. Since then there has been a levy of 6d. per ton on guano exports, but it has been paid, not to the natives, but to a Gilbert Islands Exchequer, to be used on their behalf. And all along their extra income has been off-set by taxes on their coconuts, and later by import tariffs, with the object of keeping them poor enough to be obliged to work for the company. The company was bought

up just after the Great War by the Governments of Britain, Australia, and New Zealand for £3,500,000. The shareholders grumbled that it should have been £7,000,000; but the Company's affairs had been depressed by the trade interruption caused by the war, and the directors were not in a position to hold out against (nominally) these Governments, or (actually) the British bankers, who, of course, exercised the money stranglehold.

Our reason for reviving this story, which we referred to a couple of years ago, is because Mr. T. C. T. Potts, who has persistently tried for many years to get this wrong to the natives put right, has just addressed a fresh letter to the Prime Minister, bringing the history up to date and asking once more for an enquiry. He says in it that since his last appeal (1925) there has been another drought, and rice has had to be given to the natives to keep them from starving. We think he will be disappointed, for he says that the purchase price of the property is "being repaid with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum by means of a sinking fund." Considering that even British taxpayers are not allowed direct relief from Exchequer windfalls it is impossible to imagine the British Government's advisers at the Treasury consenting to restore any money to natives in the Pacific. Moreover, the fact that the British officials and Members of Parliament who joined the original company have since given up possession of it leaves Mr. Potts's justifiable indictment of their procedure without any practical relevance. The Government would probably reply that it all happened a long time ago, and that anyhow the property now belongs to the nation. At the same time Mr. Potts's account of what has happened is very full and is carefully authenticated: if any reader wishes to consult it we expect a copy can be obtained from him at 98, The Drive, Fulham. It has a special interest in some of its features for students of financial practices under the existing system. Britain to-day is only Ocean Island writ large.

The Starting Point of Money.

By C. H. Douglas.

The publication of the report of the Mond-Turner Conference on industrial relations seems an opportune moment to consider the possibility, or probability, of any such conference arriving at a solution of the problems with which it professes to deal.

To what extent the draughtsmen of the report are actuated by the conviction that they are going to the root of the matter, I cannot, of course, attempt to judge. Lord Melchett (Sir Alfred Mond) has made it clear enough during the past few months that, so far as he is concerned, he is under no delusions as to the preponderating importance of finance in any consideration of industrial relations. Evidence is not wanting that, some years after the knowledge can be much good to them, Trade Union Leaders are also aware that there are some things that they do not understand about the money system.

But, however this may be, it is clear enough that the Conference as a whole does not propose to attack with any vigour the real problem. Nor is this surprising. Apart from lack of technical knowledge in the actual delegates to the Conference, it is evident that the premises to a technical examination of the problem have not yet been decided, or perhaps apprehended.

Now, for the purposes of this article, there are three alternative suppositions in regard to the industrial system. The first of these is, that it is a disguised Government, of which the primary, though admittedly not the only, object, is to impose

upon the world a system of thought and action. The second alternative has a certain similarity to the first, but is simpler. It assumes that the primary objective of the industrial system is the provision of employment. And the third, which is essentially simpler still, in fact, so simple that it appears entirely unintelligible to the majority, is that the object of the industrial system is merely to provide goods and services.

It is a tribute to the immense flexibility of finance, considered simply as a tool, that it can be adapted without very great difficulty to meet the requirements of any one of the three foregoing premises. And the adaptation is in essence as simple, although as radical, as the difference between these premises. Disregarding for the moment details of mechanism, it is a matter which is dependent upon the point of origin of money.

It is axiomatic to readers of this review that, at the present time, for all practical purposes, money originates with the banking system and that our industrial and economic system consists of three components, the finance component, the employer or entrepreneur with his army of employees, whom we may for convenience call the producer, and his market, consisting of the total population in its aspect of consumer, and also other producers. It is also well understood that the money which originates in the banking system reaches the consumer through the agency of wages, salaries, and dividends, all of which go into the prices of articles consumed, and return to the banking system through the agency of these prices.

With this preamble, it may be useful to consider the financial conditions under which a company with a capital of, let us say, £10,000 operates. It buys a certain amount of land, buildings, plant. It employs men, and pays them wages, and it buys materials from other concerns. From time to time it finds it necessary to buy fresh machinery and to put up new buildings. It would like to charge the cost of this machinery direct to the purchasers of its own products, but it is somewhat hindered to some extent make a market price for the article that it produces, which price is independent of specific costs of production, although, perhaps, governed by general cost of production. Consequently the cost of this machinery, etc., though it *must* ultimately be paid by the general public, is paid by instalments.

Now, as an observed fact at the present time, what actually happens is that the capital account of the undertaking shows a general tendency to be transformed from what is ordinarily called liquid capital, that is to say bank credit, into fixed capital, that is to say land, plant, buildings, etc. Observe that this *must* happen unless all the money expended for buildings, plant, etc., in addition to wages, salaries, dividends and cost of raw material is charged to the purchasing public during a given accounting period. In passing, it is not without interest to notice that all the "writing down" which takes place in the accounts of such a concern is applied to the fixed capital and not to the bank credit.

Supposing for the moment that this process goes on uninterruptedly, a time must inevitably arrive in which the concern in question, while its accounts show a profit, yet has no money, i.e., liquid bank credit. There are only two courses open to it, it can apply to the public for more money, that is to say, it can increase its capital, which of course is merely a preliminary to the repetition of the process and further depletes its available market, or it can go to the bank and obtain a *loan* on the security of its fixed capital. The meaning of this

requires the most careful attention, because it is the core of the industrial situation.

Money, using the word in its most comprehensive sense to include amongst other things bank credit, is an effective demand for goods and services. The undertaking which we are considering borrows from the bank bank-money in exchange for a lien on its own property. At the cost of labouring the point, let it be repeated that a lien on the fixed capital is *given* in return for a *loan* of bank credit.

It is now well understood that in such a case the bank is not lending money deposited by other people; it is lending credit which it has created by a process of book-keeping, and which costs it nothing. The thing which is lent is in essence of the same nature as a printed bank or Treasury note, the intrinsic cost of which was that of the printing and paper. So that we have the situation, that in return for something of which the bank has the monopoly, but yet which cost it nothing, the physical assets of the undertaking have become mortgaged. Further, and taking the industrial situation as a whole, the mortgage can never be paid off, because the mortgagee is in possession of the only medium, i.e., bank credit, by means of which the mortgagor can obtain release.

It will at once be seen that this situation is intrinsically bound up with the fact that effective demand starts from the banks and is regarded by them as their property. A little consideration further, however, will make it clear that any possible justification for this situation must rest on the assumption that the bank system is a governing system possessed, either by common consent or inherent virtue, of supreme economic sovereignty.

Now, as is fairly well known, this is not my view. But it is not very much use holding such a view if the situation is inescapable. Of course it is not.

Ultimately, a properly co-ordinated system of credit issue and price regulation, which will in effect place the point of issue of purchasing power with the consumer, from whom fundamentally it arises, and to whom in essence it belongs, is the only solution of the difficulty, but it is clear enough that we are approaching, and that fairly closely, to a situation threatening the productive system itself. With a view to meeting this situation one of the first requisites is to deal with the immobilisation of bank credits in fixed assets. There are many ways of doing this, and perhaps one of the simplest would be the automatic writing up of the bank-credits of any limited company to correspond with the increase in its fixed assets, as certified by a chartered accountant during a given accounting period. The effect of this, so long as the result was not defeated by rings of prices, would be to lower prices by enabling competitive concerns to get a proportion of their overhead charges out of prices charged for their product. It would undoubtedly strengthen the hands of the manufacturer, and in itself would do little to meet the twin difficulties of forced exports and decreased human labour per unit of production, both of which are vital to a comprehensive solution. But it would at any rate deliver us from the mismanagement of the financial hierarchy, and in so doing would stimulate the initiative of the class which appears to have the right type of mind for the attainment of a more permanent solution.

CONSOLATIONS.

I tell myself there is a heaven in the sky
 Where I shall sing and play a harp when I die.
 So that is good.

I tell myself there is no heaven in the sky
 That I will never know I'm dead when I die.
 So that is good.

JOE CORRIE.

Current Political Economy.

The use of the word freedom almost requires an apology. It is no longer in the vocabulary of anyone not paid for it. Like many another idealist term it was coined to express some social condition that worthy men wished for and were willing to allow to others, and was later used to persuade asses to draw carts. The words for all the aspirations of the best men and women are debased within a short time of being made, and new words, unsoiled by false use, have to be made to replace them. They begin as poems and end as advertisements. The United States of America was founded on the magnificent, if romantic, affirmation that all men were free and equal, which is still taught as true in American schools, although an intelligent man was lately imprisoned for reading the Constitution aloud at a street-corner. It is not the same thing as saying that Englishmen are superior to Americans if one say that they have at least a discretion on some matters where the Americans have only enthusiasm. Nobody ever hears an Englishmen nowadays say that England is a free country, although it has not quite reached prohibition.

The Englishman used to be ready to make a great noise for somebody's freedom, and fancied himself a fine, free fellow because he was allowed to add deeds to words. He was willing to help black men to be free from employment in the cotton-fields, Indians to be free from the threat of Russian overlordship, Africans to be free from Germans or Kruger, and Belgians to be revenged on Germans for passing through their country. He even fought for the Chinese to be free to smoke opium. The Englishman in the present year—1928, after the salvation of the world—has just enfranchised many millions of women, but without a trumpet being blown or a gun being fired. After generations of faith and effort for freedom there is hardly a man who knows what freedom would feel like if he got it, or whether it would be worth having. Any rare case of a man or woman who still believes in freedom, who pronounces the word with shining eyes and palpitating heart, is regarded as an anachronism drawing experience of life from out-of-date books, or from the patriotic nonsense taught as part of compulsory education.

A generation ago any person who was completely bound by any orthodoxy that governed conduct, from Methodism to Roman Catholicism, or from Teetotalism to Socialism, could rant in freedom's cause till he was parched, and go home at the end of it having struck a mighty blow for progress. If he was a Methodist he was free from the slavery of the Roman Catholic Church, and if he was a Roman Catholic he was free of the need for pretending that he was on visiting terms with God. If he was a teetotaler he was free of the curse of alcohol, and if he was a Socialist he was free of the illusion of Capitalism. If he was a capitalist he lived in a country where men were free not to care a damn about anybody else.

Nowadays all people seem alike, except, perhaps, the few who cling to the old rafts as though the wind had not blown them into new seas. The rest are subject to no -isms; no God tells them not to, whatever they wish to do. If they subscribe to Socialism it is only Socialism some time, and if they subscribe to a religion they have so little faith in it that their sole object is to get together with all the others. Men and women are free and equal; women are free of the home, and men free of the duty of self-discipline. Nobody knows where the dead are, and nobody seems sure where the living want to be. A million or so men are free of work, and millions of women

free to go to work. All the restraints of the generation that aspired to freedom before all else have gone overboard, and, so it seems, the ship has been thrown after the irons.

England is an incoherent mob at which contradictory teachers are continually shouting instructions by newspaper or broadcast. The mob listens to instructions all day and all night, but neither the mob nor the instructors make a move. As things are at present England has a population she cannot feed, clothe, or house, even under slum conditions; derelict industries she cannot work, schools she cannot fill or use; transport she cannot regulate, and debts she cannot pay. As a policy for dealing with this situation her governors and leaders have nothing but (a) Toryist sit tight until all comes right in the end, (b) Liberal wait and see what the Labour Party does and promise as much of it as can be done without altering anything, and (c) Labour gradualness that will not affect the careers or investments of future Labour peers. Was any country ever so bankrupt of vitality without dying? Unless somebody takes England by the scruff of the neck and kicks it hard it is free—to perish.

Contemplate the situation of a country whose productive industries are contracting, and in which the only quasi productive industry which can claim to be prosperous is road transport and the manufacture of transport facilities. Even this is at the expense of railway transport. In productive industry from the employer or manager down to the labourer there is no reward but subsistence for unceasing work and worry. All the excess over subsistence is drawn off by parasitic agents whose interests are against the production of more goods. The industry of Britain, such as it is, is being run for the accountants, from the credit accountants at one end to the cost accountants which the rigid mentality and power of the former necessitate. It requires all London and a local branch to keep the books recording that the village blacksmith shod the farmer's mare for a hundredweight of potatoes. In freedom's name England has cast off the moral restraints that keep men alive, and in the name of honest finance has kept the restraint that shackles and kills men. England is senile mind-bound.

"The laying-up of a good many vessels is needed to give tone to the market."—*Lloyds' List*.

"The public did not understand why other trades could put their finances in order and the cotton trade could not. The banks had a stranglehold on the industry, and by means of moratorium schemes mills which should be put on an economic basis were kept in a state of suspended animation, in all for sake of fugitive hope of uncalled capital, which, in many cases, was worth less than half a crown in the pound."—Mr. S. S. Hammersley, M.P., in evidence before a committee of the Master Cotton Spinners' Federation.—*Daily Herald*, July 10.

"Mr. John Wheatley, M.P., in a speech at Glasgow last night, said that as industry was organised to-day, the employers generally could not give the workers higher wages. Mr. Thomas asked the workers to meet the employers and assure them that they accepted the situation as an act of God. He wanted the poor worker to rely on a system that was admittedly powerless."—*Daily Herald*, July 10.

"An interesting issue of notes was made over a hundred years ago by Daniel le Broc, Governor of Guernsey. Having set his mind on building a market place at St. Peter's and lacking the necessary funds, he issued, under the seal of the island, 4,000 'Market Notes,' each for £1, with which he paid the artificers. These notes, however, were only legal tender at the shops and stalls in the market. When the rents for the latter became due they were paid in the notes, which were then cancelled. The market still stands as a memorial to the ingenuity of Daniel le Broc and to his issue of notes."—*Banking Supplement to Times Trade and Engineering Supplement*, June 30, 1928.

Drama.

Paul Among the Jews: Inc. Stage Society.

With Paul P. Levertoff's translation of Franz Werfel's "Paul Among the Jews," the Incorporated Stage Society ends a season which has added to the remarkable list of plays of world importance given to English students of the drama by this Society. Just as the last production, M. Rostand's "The Dictator," was of special interest to students of politics, "Paul Among the Jews" is of interest to students of Jewish history rather than to students of Paul's character in relation to Christianity. If the play were called "The Jews Under Rome, Introducing the Figures of Paul and Other Early Christians," it would be better named. In the first scene the audience is shown the diplomacy by means of which the Roman Governor, Marullus, representing imperial pragmatism, tries to control the pride and prejudice of the Jews. From this first scene to the end the theme of the play is Rome's attempt to assimilate what has proved too tough, even after dispersion, and centuries more of varied effort, for the whole western world. Of the atmosphere of early Christianity there is very little, James and Peter, for instance, appearing to live beyond the edge of the events of the time.

Much of the play is political conference, more vivid than a text-book, but never vivid enough for drama. Interesting as the discourse sometimes became, it was as though four scenes out of the six were prologue, and only the other two play, which may be said to begin with Paul's parting from Gamaliel. Even this scene, however, although it shows us more of Paul than the others, and is the only moving scene, is focussed on Judaism. Its drama does not arise from the crisis in Paul's destiny, nor from a foreshadowing of his future. It is in the patriarch's offer, for the sake of reuniting the Jews, to stand for trial with Paul, and to secure the recognition of Jesus—who was quite sound on the Law—as a teacher and a good man if Paul would acknowledge him to be only man.

Robert Farquharson did his best to endow Paul with the passion of the spoken word. But the words were the wrong ones. At the end of the performance, instead of a great light having been thrown on him again, we felt, the actor's fervour notwithstanding, that we knew less of Paul than our anticipatory fancies had taught us. The author seemed concerned only with the Paul who may have been epileptic, as though a boy in a fit would portray Napoleon. In the meeting between Peter and Paul all that the former could apparently remember was the cock-crowing. Neither of them gave the slightest impression that they would later supersede intellectual Paul, who later answered all arguments in a way to silence them, gave no sign. The author bestowed all his care on political figures. Marullus, played by Fewlass Llewellyn, was so well done that all the actor had to do was to say the lines simply for Rome to shine through. Chanan, the revolutionary son of the High Priest, who despised the British commander of the Roman soldiers because the British would be anything for a job, and who led the anti-Roman revolt, was another filled in character with Lawrence Olivier played spiritedly and sincerely. James Whale opened a study of Mathias, the Greek-yearning younger brother of Chanan, which made one wonder why on earth the author introduced the character to forget about him so soon. Rupert Harvey's Gamaliel was a good effort to live up to the patriarch's reputation for wisdom and commanding presence, but his performance suffered from a serious fault common to all the actors who played old men—and there were many—

except Abraham Sofaer. All of them, with the single exception referred to, spoke indistinctly.

Six Stokers Who Own the Bloomin' Earth: Gate.

The hand that works the "Gate" has slipped. All that is attractive about "Six Stokers who own the Bloomin' Earth" is the title, and some of the experiments—for example, the marionette scene—introduced into the production. The piece is alleged to be political satire, but the satire is so puerile that the wit, with one or two lines excepted, would be booted in the lower standard of an L.C.C. elementary school. It is essential, if satire is to do any work—and if it does not it is self-condemned—that it should shed on those unfamiliar with it a new light. Nobody in the world can very well be unfamiliar with the message of this piece. It affects to expose the immaturity of the minds of nations, and the lunacy of the impulses under which they are ready to go to war on the least offence to their egotism; how, when they are sick they are saints, and how, the minute they are well again they develop a new devilry. Familiar satire should be communicated in a manner to clarify and reinforce those on whom an impression has been made. It is inconceivable that the triteness of this satire could make anyone believe otherwise than that the six stokers would be well damned. The worst of it is that, as far as the last act is intelligible, they appear to be saved—by the American traveller whose mission is to form leagues and unions.

The six stokers are shipwrecked; none dare sleep on the cliff where they are gathered, although all have agreed to sleep at the same time. Each keeps awake to prevent theft and with the hope of thieving. Gifts are brought to them by angels who pretend to be other survivors of whom they were unaware. A hag brings money, which sets them gambling; a woman brings intoxicating liquor—brewed by the devil—which sets them drinking; a maiden brings flowers, and they gamble again, whether for the flowers or the maiden not being clear. Later Atlas, wearied of the follies of his passengers, pulls one off the earth, which he also allows to collide with a comet to encourage the others. Finally the business man appears and forms a union of the nations; whereupon the stokers' lost ship rises out of the sea for all to go aboard and take it to El Dorado. Let us pray that Mr. Elmer L. Greensfelder, the author, is very young, in which case cure may be possible for the illness that comes of getting drunk on cheap American uplift. Possibly Mr. Greensfelder is a grandson of Mr. H. G. Wells, paying for the sins of the fathers.

The Gate Theatre, which claims that the "constructionist" method of production should furnish lessons for the theatre, might excuse itself for using this play by the plea that it has experimented on something too bad either to make or mar by any productions, Mr. Greensfelder's allegory and angelic supervision is accompanied in production by films illustrating the world in the grip of jazz, and by screen captions showing what particular international conference or disagreement the play at the moment illustrates. The lesson of this for the theatre seems to be that the cinema has nothing to teach it. The moving picture cannot be used as a background for human figures. The effects of the two stimuli on the eyes and mind of the spectator are so different that the effort to take them together is a severe trial. The second lesson is that, although films need captions because they lack speech, "Movietone" should not require them. To the theatre they should remain anathema. Third, the marionette reproduction of a character against a still screen background with vocal accompaniment is a good idea well worth developing.

None of the characters was sufficiently individuated for it to be worth while for the actors to make any

attempt at acting. The list of plays to be produced during the Gate Theatre's next season—read from the stage in an interval—together with one's knowledge of the quality of the young actors and for the producer available at the theatre for presenting them, was the one draught of ambrosia provided.

PAUL BANKS.

Music.

Covent Garden, June 21st.

My first visit, unhappily for me, took place during the Italian season on this occasion when I endured the appalling drivel of "Cavalleria" for the sake of listening to certain singers. In both this work and "Pagliacci," which of course followed, the singing of the Italians was utterly execrable. It was a hideous object lesson of the sort of performers Italy now produces who dare to call themselves singers. Almost every single one of them wobbled abominably, produced sounds of hideous and detestable quality, and had not the notion of a pure vocal line. And these impossible people come from the land that produced Caruso, Bonci, Battistini, Boninsegna, and Tetrzzini. It is incredible. Not one of the eight Italian singers produced one single pure, steady tone of moderately good quality the whole evening. But Dusolina Giannini and Rosetta Pampanini both have admirable voices when one gets a chance of hearing them through the dreadful wobble that both of them keep up almost continuously. Of the Canio of Aureliano Pertile it is difficult to speak with patience, such an exhibition of vulgar hysteria, mad ranting, and utter lack of anything remotely resembling style or beauty of singing would be (one hopes) difficult to surpass. This performer should learn that to try to do as Caruso did—Caruso with a marvellous voice, a prodigious technique and a genius for singing—when you have an indifferent voice and even worse technique, is only to expose your deficiencies still more. The only real singing, and excellent singing too, was done by Miss Enid Cruickshank, who gave a very beautiful, sensitive and imaginative study of Lucia in "Cavalleria"; and by Mr. Tom Burke, who, unlike Signor Pertile, has both a naturally very fine voice and also knows (within limits) how to use it, although he forces it too much. The generation and type of singer to which belonged the Italians of this performance do not understand—indeed, have no conception of the art of infusing emotional colour into the voice without over violating the bounds of pure singing. Knowing nothing of this last, they are compelled, in order to make such detestably crude, vulgar and cheap effects as they are able to have recourse to various unpleasant noises, coughing, shouting, gasping, growling, howling, groaning and so on, because this is the simple and easy way, but it is not singing, and has no place in anything sung. It is a confession of incompetence, nothing more. But, unfortunately, uncritical audiences think it wonderful, and call it "temperament," hence the frantic applause for Signor Pertile and others of his kidney. It is terrible to think that there was a time when such people would have not dared to appear on a stage, especially in Italy. Nowadays, they carry off *éclatant* success and laurels even there. Here, by the way, in the treatment these incompetent Italians have received at the hands of the Press as compared with certain of the German singers, is an opportunity for drawing attention once again to the methods (and malignant ignorance) of these folk. Herr Emil Schipper, a very fine artist and at his best

an admirable singer of power, authority, and consummate musicianship, would seem, it appears, to judge from what has been said by the scribblers of his performances in the German operas, not to have been at the top of his form this season. From the malevolence of the criticisms one would think Herr Schipper a thoroughly bad artist and an indifferent singer—indeed, he could not have been treated worse had he been Signor Perlile, for instance. But observe the difference. No one has yet spoken the truth about the singing of the Italian singers, indeed one is led to suppose that they are quite good. Whether to see in this the working of a disgraceful ignorance or a shameless partisanship, it is not easy to know. The fact, however, remains that the most abominable singing one has ever heard at Covent Garden passes without comment.

Vladimir Rosing, Aeolian, June 8th.

This recital started like all of M. Rosing's that I have ever heard, only so much more so, that I departed after the first three songs. I have never known a bare fifteen minutes take so long in passing. All the old faults of abominable production, tasteless exaggeration, and manneristic extravagance are there in enhanced form; all trace of line disappearing in an orgy of furious intensity and violent "interpretation."

"Turandot," Covent Garden.

This enchanting work, Puccini's finest and last, received a very good all-round performance. The Turandot of Miss Eva Turner was vocally superb. Here is what should soon be a very great singer. The voice in an unique one, of a rare and very personal quality, magnificently poised, and of dazzling brightness. For sheer splendour of singing there is no woman singer, since the Germans departed, to compare with Miss Turner. And at last thank God for a voice that is fine and steady, without a trace of that damnable wobble which is ubiquitous at Covent Garden this season. Miss Turner's command of her instrument is complete, and she has the power to colour her voice with emotional expression, without ever overstepping the bounds of pure singing, a thing that is becoming rarer every day. Her acting at present is rather rudimentary, but no worse than some of her colleagues. The singing and acting of Miss Sheridan were both lamentable, but no worse than the general level of some of her colleagues of whom I have spoken earlier. In Aristide Baracchi ("Ping") there is one splendid man singer among the Italians, a man who has the root of the art in him. The beauty of his tone and phrasing, the charm and urbanity of his very highly finished style were a joy. Not since the days of Dinh Gilly has there been such fine singing. The tenor Aroldo Lindi, starting unevenly, improved greatly in the second act, where it seems his magnificent *vis-a-vis* Miss Turner inspired him, and he completely lost the detestable wobble he, as a rule, shares with so many of his colleagues.

Marchesi Recital, Grotrian, June 28th.

After a long interval, once again one revelled in the marvellous and most subtle art of this wonderful artist. The "Sicilian Muleteer's" song was a miracle of evocative magic, and here the voice, which was often sadly refractory, was quite admirable, the initial uncertainty of intonation having been overcome. Such a lesson in style, in vocal finesse, together with the interpretative genius, the amazing command of artistry and technique that makes all defects of voice as nothing is not to be had from any other singer to-day. Homage to the greatest artist of a wonderful trio—Calvé, Melba, and Blanche Marchesi. Her like will not appear for many a day.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

Recent Verse.*

By Hugh M'Diarmid.

Leopold Spero is known to readers of THE NEW AGE mainly as a prose writer. None of the verse in this book appeared in these pages, but it is none the worse for that—unfortunately. Mr. Spero is an accomplished versifier, and dexterously re-says many things that have been said before, often far less well. This collection displays considerable variety of form, but, despite superficial variety of content, there is little real range. Depth there is none. Mr. Spero has not become a poet in his own right. He has not even sought to do so, I imagine, but has been content to be a copyist of the manner if to a less extent of the matter of his originals, and to display a little unobtrusive virtuosity in improving upon these models now and again. Several of his best things affect us like items from the "Golden Treasury." The following, for example:—

She, whom I love, hath ev'ry merit
Of mind, of body, and of spirit,
She is as wise as time, who borrows
New peace from old, forgotten sorrows,
She is as pleasant in her going
As is a stream of water flowing,
Her soul is calm and true and tender
Beyond all speech that could commend her,
She, whom I love, hath ev'ry merit
Of mind, of body, and of spirit.

The ideas, occult and historical, behind the "Patria Poetica" cycle Mr. Ryan has set himself to recreate, and of which "The Song of the Salmon God" is the first section, are intensely interesting and of a kind which, handled aright, should issue in great poetry. But, comparing the preface with the subsequent pages of versification, it would appear that Mr. Ryan could have realised the imaginative content and engrossing affiliations of his material to infinitely better effect in prose. His versification, while "correct," is undistinguished and hopelessly inadequate. But it may serve as a springboard for better poets.

Mr. Hamilton's epigrams are very unequal—most of them were not worth writing—and not one of them "gets there" in an unforgettable fashion. It is all very well to tell us that

The Greeks who loved the winged word
The honey to the sting preferred
but this is not enough to induce us to condone saw-dust, or occasionally saccharine, instead of salt. Could anything be more pointless than this quatrain entitled "Politician"?

I've held more offices than any man
Within a lifetime reasonably can,
But persevering still I climb towards
My final elevation in the Lords.

Yes. Quite a large proportion of the contents are! One of the "high lights" is the couplet entitled "Banker,"

Ah, none can know the solace of my dreams,
The headlong plunging into wild-cat schemes!

Rejoice, O man, in thy youth,
Behold, the judgment is set,
Thy heaven or hell to remember,
Thy heaven or hell to forget

* "In the Firelight," by Leopold Spero (Fowler Wright, ss.); "Patria Poetica, I.—The Song of the Salmon-God," by W. P. Ryan (J. M. Watkins, rs.); "Epigrams," by George Rostrevor Hamilton (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.); "The Challenge of Life," by A. C. Durnford (Fowler Wright); and "To One in Heaven," by Wilbur Underwood (Elkin Mathews and Marrot, 2s. 6d.).

—whatever that means. When Mr. Durnford goes on to tell us

A child, I stood on the seashore,
Happy and careless and free,
But the castles I built on the sands there
Were swept away by the sea,
And memory awakens to sadness
And the years roll back in regret,
Is it well, is it well to remember?
'Twere better perhaps to forget,

the answer is emphatically in the affirmative.

Mr. Underwood's book is also negligible.

Two Good Films.

The kinema industry has hitherto largely underestimated both the intelligence and the artistic taste of the public, with the result that men and women of education have largely kept out of the picture theatres. A few managements have now realised that many people will pay to see the best films, and the result is the presentation of such screen plays as "The Nibelungen" and "Waxworks," at the Avenue Pavilion, Shaftesbury Avenue. The first is a revival of a film that made history, was applauded by all who originally saw it, and was then pushed into a cellar until Mr. Leslie Ogilvie decided on an ambitious programme of giving only the best. I am glad to say that the box office results have already been most gratifying. "The Nibelungs" is an example of the capacity of the screen to do superbly what the stage cannot do at all, or can only attempt at the price of making itself look ridiculous. The spectator knows that the dragon is a mechanical contrivance, but the film gives it a terrifying reality, and the picture of Siegfried riding his white horse through the woods is one of unforgettable beauty. Not the least remarkable thing about this film is that despite its relatively considerable age and the advances which have been made in technique since its production it does not "date" in the least.

"Waxworks" has only just been passed by the censorship after having been refused a licence for three years. Three possible reasons for this censorship suggest themselves. The first is that it has in its present form been badly cut, the second is that the British public must not be permitted to see royal personages depicted save as saintly and intellectual people, and the third is the stupidity inherent in all forms of censorship. This film, which also does what the stage play cannot do, is unequal, and the first part, showing Ivan the Terrible, is incomparably the best, Conrad Veidt's impersonation of the sadistic autocrat being an outstanding performance that ranks with the acting of Jannings in "Vaudeville." From Ivan the Terrible the film passes to Jack the Ripper, or Spring-Heeled Jack—those responsible for the presentation seem to be in two minds as to which of these gentry it is intended to portray. This episode is too brief, and appears to have been mutilated out of all recognition by the Censor, but the germ of horror is there. The third and final episode shows Haroun-al-Raschid (acted by Jannings) in a flirtation with the wife of a baker of Baghdad. It is amusing and well-produced, and would have made a pleasing film by itself, but as a finale to a screen play of gloom and terror it comes as an anticlimax. The production and *décor* are by Paul Leni, a master of the screen whose sense of rhythm and futuristic settings cannot be too highly praised. "Waxworks" is a film that should be seen by all intelligent people who still have doubts as to whether an art of the screen actually exists.

DAVID OCKHAM.

The Child's "Because—"

By W. Goldsby.

It was the fashion, up to recent years, for educationists to describe children as fundamentally untruthful, an attitude which necessarily had bad effects on child training. Freud, perhaps more than any other psychologist, helped to shatter this delusion. It is now generally accepted that what was once considered a touch of original sin is not sin at all, but the reflection of mental processes in growth. The importance of psychology applied to kindergarten methods is becoming more recognised every year, and it may be confidently anticipated that this branch of study, so long regarded with scorn by the teacher, will eventually reach its right position as a prime factor in education. We are already indebted to M. Jean Piaget and his co-workers for a very valuable contribution to the subject—"Language and Thought of the Child"—in which the ego-centricity of children's thinking was explained. The habit—if habit is the right word—of the child to think according to his own needs, unconcerned whether or not he makes himself understood, was clearly proved to have extensive influences on later thought structure.

M. Piaget's new book,* an addition to that immense collection of learning, the series published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, as the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method, extends further the study of children's reasoning processes. It is a summary of experiments, together with M. Piaget's hypotheses for educational practice, designed to observe the development of logical power in children from three to ten years of age. The method is so simple that it is astonishing nobody appears to have adopted it before. The child is given a definite statement followed by, say, a casual conjunction, and asked to complete it. Thus, "the man fell off his bicycle because . . ." The child may in a sincere effort to complete the sentence add another statement quite unrelated according to adult reasoning. He may actually invert cause and effect, and complete the sentence: "because he broke his leg." Psychological cause comes more frequently from young children than physical, or the beginnings of logical demonstration. "He is laughing because . . ." "he wants to catch the apple" is the sort of example of psychological cause provided. An appreciation of physical cause, again, is necessary for the child's self-preservation and development before the communication of proof to other minds which constitutes logic. Education, in short, is a gradual growing outward from simple self-centredness to living by common mental laws. "Half of nine is not four, because" may produce so unsatisfactory an answer as "because he can't count," with possibly an unspoken comment on the idiocy of anybody who could ask for a reason. Thus M. Piaget demonstrates a principle that is obvious when pointed out, but ignored in practice until pointed out—

"that the desire to check results comes much later in point of time than the faculty for inventing explanations." A child experiences difficulty in becoming aware of his own thoughts and their implications to social thought. His ego-centrism is incompatible with generalisation and sustained deduction.

Early in the book M. Piaget emphasises that he is concerned therein with the structure of the child's reasoning, not with the content of his ideas. There is a possibility that less able psychologists than he might be misled by disregarding the content. M. Piaget, of course, is alive to this danger, and fully aware of the effects in later life of unassimilable experiences. We hope that so careful and sympathetic an observer will later publish the results of his work

* "Judgment and Reasoning in the Child." By Jean Piaget. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

as regards the content of children's minds backed by the same analytical skill as he displays in his examination of process.

Considering the question, "Is the child capable of introspection?" M. Piaget adopts the psychological view of consciousness, and quotes M. Claparède:—

"that we become aware of the relations which have been woven into the texture of things by our action insofar as automatic usage fails—and some new mode of adaptation is forced on us. . . The law of conscious realisation, therefore, can explain why introspection is difficult for the child."

A child cannot express the relationship by which, say, a bee and a fly are in one category, inasmuch as his reactions to their images are separate and automatic, and enforce no conscious realisation of any identity. One can hardly help interpolating that this same difficulty still confronts many adults. Many people, possessed of logical minds, react automatically to the relations of different ideas. The pleasure principle is at the zenith of its powers in the child, with the result that logical implication is dim. Logical justification for thought unconscious of itself is impossible. M. Piaget noticed that the inability of the child to produce a logical reason for his judgments brought out a psychological motive. Rarely would a child attempt to justify his statements, and then the justification would be incomplete. M. Piaget states that, of the children on whom these experiments were made, those who were incapable of introspection were also those who were prepared to give a fantastic and illogical justification of any of their statements, whereas those more skilled in introspection also showed greater aptitude for demonstration.

For the teacher consciously trying to get into closer touch by understanding the processes of children's development in social thought, M. Piaget has produced a work whose utility can hardly be overstated. His emphatic antipathy to anything resembling rule of thumb in the training of children is sufficient recommendation in itself. One of these days it will be possible to make Sandersons.

Reviews.

Mary Shelley. By Richard Church. (Gerald Howe. 3s. 6d. each.)
Rachel. By James Agate. (Gerald Howe. 3s. 6d. each.)
 Women's superiority over men needs no further evidence than that Emerson could find only five representative men, whereas Messrs Gerald Howe have already found fifteen "Representative Women" for their series under this title. Just as all the best poems, epigrams, and stories are said to have been done, leaving the present and future generations nothing but to listen to their repetition, so it seemed that all the best series had been published. The series of Representative Women renews optimism. The publishers are to be praised for giving woman her due. Moreover it is being devoted to women, not to men-women that attention is being devoted, which is as every gentleman would have it. Public personages like Queen Elizabeth, and articulate women who have revealed themselves, such as George Eliot, are excluded. The lime-light is for the women who have accomplished things without crowing about them. Whether or not "Rachel" furthers the object of the series—"to prove to the adorable adepts of our night-clubs that there is a standard up to which they should at any rate attempt to live"—she and Mary Shelley are certainly the right sort of women to be chosen. Perhaps Rachel can be brought into the scope of the object on the ground that she succeeded in the amorality that the night-club adept merely pretends to, with obvious failure. All men, though tell it not from the housetops, long after two sorts of women, whereas are the most attractive to chase on the sunny days, whereas home-makers are the best to come back to when it rains. Mary Shelley was the kind of woman any man might be glad to go home to. Rachel was the sort at the prospect of catching whom few men would go home. Perhaps it is as a consequence of their antithetical natures that Mr. Richard Church almost whispers the life of Mary Shelley, while Mr. James Agate speaks out the career of Rachel with the ease and vigour of a man fully aware that he is telling a good story well. Rachel did not need to bring anything

new to the French theatre. It was enough that she brought herself, enabling the old French tradition to blaze in final glory before passing away. With all her faults, racial and temperamental as an actress, she was brilliant, both as a woman and as a tragedienne. As Mr. Agate shows, to contemplate her life requires a distinction to be made between wickedness and immorality. Though she could not be satisfied with one man, her heart was pure enough to cleave to one man at a time, so that among such keen competition she distributed the prize fairly. Moralists who condemn her must wish in their hearts to meet her. While Mr. Agate really does illuminate Rachel, Mr. Church writes about Mary Shelley as would a friend of the husband, more interested in the husband—almost an idolater of the husband, indeed—yet who also felt all the pangs suffered inevitably by the wife of such a husband. That he is so much more wrapped up in Shelley than in Mary is the defect of a book explicitly devoted to Mary. At the end one has caught only glimpses of Mary when Shelley moved. Instead of a clear portrait to sympathise with, weep with, admire, and love, there is little more than a flitting ghost, who really takes on flesh only when Shelley dies. Perhaps Mr. Church thinks of Mary Shelley in this way. He gives cause for such a suggestion, for example, when he asks: "Did Shelley's alarming detachment and impersonality, his unflickering flame of enthusiasm, scorch and shrivel up the tendrils by which both these somewhat parasitic women (Harriet and Mary) fixed themselves into the tree of life?" Parasitic or not, Mary Shelley was able to bear life after Shelley had departed. It was not Mary Shelley—she was not there—who wanted to capsize the boat to solve the great mystery. Possibly that was evidence, as Mr. Church implies, of Shelley's overwhelming spiritual fervour, strengthened by his unwearied efforts to attain final consciousness. It may be, on the other side, evidence of Shelley's inability to get on with life or off its dilemmas. The suicide wish is not evidence of "unflickering flame" or of "final consciousness." Shelley was a great visionary poet and a fine craftsman, but he was not a life to support parasites, especially feminine ones.

Kipps, The History of Mr. Polly, Love and Mr. Lewisham, Bealby. By H. G. Wells. (Benn. 7s. 6d.; leather, 12s. 6d.)

This volume of 1,100 pages of good type containing four of Mr. Wells's novels is a cheap offer to a public which certainly ought to know something of the work of so prominent a representative of the age. Would that the publishers had included "The Time Machine," in place of any of the four except "Mr. Polly," the third of which will preserve his name when his recent serious visions of the future would have unhappily come true or happily been proved false.

Khadi Patrika. Published monthly by Swami Anand at Navajivan Press, Sarkhigaran Vodi, Sarangpur, Ahmedabad, India. (No price.)

This is a four-page journal promoting the authentic Khadi; that is, handspun cloth. The number under review is No. 10, dated June 1. It keeps the native weavers and spinners in touch with developments in their trade. The policy of hand-spinning in competition with the mills began in 1921. A striking fact quoted in the journal is that the more Gandhi fostered popular demand for Khadi the more the mills went in for making an imitation of it to supply the demand—until in 1927-28 they got rid of 20 lakhs of rupees' worth of the spurious article a month, equal to a whole year's sale of genuine Khadi. This is one more instance of capitalism exploiting anti-capitalism.

The Plain Man and His Money. A. S. Wade. (Nisbet. 2s. 6d.)

Mr. Wade is Financial Editor of the *Daily News* and *Star*. Quotations in this journal from his writings in those papers have often shown him to be more enterprising in his thinking and outspoken in his expression than the majority of similar editors. The present volume is a useful little compendium of Stock Exchange practices and rules, and is designed to help the small investor to an intelligent understanding of what he is doing. Apart from that, the student of credit who is not familiar with Mr. Wade's present subject will find many things explained in the book which bear on high financial policy and are otherwise useful for him to know. A glossary of the meanings of stock and share designations completes the work. Mr. Wade expresses definite opinions on the gold standard and deflation, and it is pretty evident that he is well over towards the Midland Bank's position.

New Revelations in Astronomy and Gravitation (without Mathematics) 32 pp. By William Henry Parkes. (J. Miles and Co., Ltd. 68-70 Wardour Street, W. 2s.) This pamphlet contains a few sentences which suggest that the author may really have something to impart. Thus,

"The whole mechanism of astronomy has been obscured by the false idea that all matter in the universe unconditionally possesses the same form of energy," "Bodies in space are maintained by the control of attractive motion, instead of by the pulling force of attractive matter," raise, at any rate, some feeling of interest in the reader. But these plums, or perhaps flies, are rare, and the general impression conveyed is that the author fails to understand the scientific statements with which he agrees or differs, e.g., "How then can mass depend on velocity? It is impossible for the mass of a body in a state of rest to depend on velocity. . . ." In fact, if he has anything to say he must try some new form of approach, and abjure the "oviform motion" on which so much depends.

Psychologists may find interest in the following: "My letter was acknowledged by the Editor, but not published, possibly for the reason that it was rather brief." And, ". . . but perhaps their [the scientists] silence is an indication of approval."

Fair Play, the Games of Merrie England. By Rudolf Kircher. (Collins. 12s. 6d. net.)

"We in Germany," says the author in his Preface, "are on the way to becoming a nation of sportsmen," and the idea of this book is that Germany may learn a good deal from the "sportsmanship" of the English people. The fact that the author includes a chapter on "The Political Game" shows how wide a sweep he takes. To be sure, politics is "just a game," and just a safety-valve for letting off hot air—but the author does not tell us that. He says: "They succeed because they don't take politics too seriously, but try to make it the finest game in their lives. The country's great problem is whether, with the growth of the Labour Party, the game is still possible under its old rules. But so far it appears that the Labour Leaders are quite ready to fall in with the traditional 'time,' to play the game as the English are wont to play it, if with a somewhat freer rhythm." Play up! Play up! And play the game!—but the real question is—is the game worth the candle?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE WAR ON VENEREAL DISEASE."

Sir,—Mr. Scott doubts whether the prostitute is responsible for the greater proportion of infections.

So far as this city is concerned his doubt is justified.

The medical officer to the venereal clinic here recently stated in a lecture that the great difficulty he had to contend with was *not* infection from the professional prostitute, who could be easily traced. The vastly greater proportion of infections, he said, were from the "amateur," who threatened to lead to the extinction of the professional prostitute in this city.

BM/ZMAB (Nottingham).

AMERICAN AND BRITISH BANK RATES.

Sir,—I have been taking an interest in the New Economics movement for the last six months. During that time I have followed very carefully the remarks in your journal and in other journals with a similar objective on the so-called subordination of the Bank of England to Federal Reserve policy. According to the New Economists, Mr. Arthur Kitson particularly, one of the examples of this subordination was the difference between the central bank rate in the United States and Great Britain. In a recent article in the *Manufacturers' Record*, Mr. Kitson implied that this difference had been dictated by the United States. We now have an opportunity to test the truth of this insinuation. The rates have been identical for the last two months. Readers of New Economic publications have doubtless been awaiting the rise in the British bank rate. But there has been no indication so far of any increase; on the contrary, the Midland Bank has imported a quantity of gold for the direct purpose of inducing a decrease. The manoeuvres of high finance are enwrapped in mystery, it is true, but it would be well to be certain of facts before embarking on allegations or even insinuations of such a grave import as that which I have mentioned.

OPEN MINDED.

[Open-minded states in his letter that the difference between the central bank rates was one of the reasons on which the subordination was based. If he had removed one of the reasons the charge would not necessarily fall. Reasons could be found why American finance does not at present wish the English bank rate to be less than the American. Open-minded's reference to the Midland Bank is, however, sufficient to dispose of the issue. The Midland Bank acts under the assumption that the Bank of England does not fix its rates according to British banking requirements.—ED.]

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The Social Credit Movement.

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

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

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

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Published by the Proprietor (ARTHUR BRENTON), 70 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, and printed for him by THE ARGUS PRESS Temple-avenue and Tudor-street, London, E.C.4.