

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

No. 1879] NEW SERIES Vol. XLIII. No. 20. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1928. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

CONTENTS.

	PAGE	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	229	THE SOULS OF TARQUINIUS. By Herbert Rivers
The Trade Union Congress—its faith and its heresy-hunt. Prof. Madariaga in <i>The Times</i> on the Secretariat of the League of Nations—the "Civil Service of the World Community." The Customs list of prohibited literature.		236
CURRENT POLITICAL ECONOMY. By N. . .	232	TWO FRENCHMEN IN RUSSIA. By Alexander Werth
THE STATE CENSORSHIP. By George Ryley Scott	233	238
THOUGHTS ON PSYCHO-ANALYSIS. II. By A. de Bary. (Translated.)	234	<i>Elle a dix ans, la Russie Rouge. Le Voyage de Moscou.</i>
VIEWS AND REVIEWS. "The London Aphrodite." By R. M. <i>The London Aphrodite.</i>	235	REVIEWS
		238
		<i>The Third Republic. Charles Dickens: A Portrait in Pencil (Straus). Food Science for All (Birchner-Benner).</i>
		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
		239
		From Gordon Jacks and M. J. Watt.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Trades Union Congress transacted two pieces of business last week. One was to authorise a heresy hunt, and the other to declare the true faith. "Peace" was the faith; and the heretics were the "Disruptionists." A majority amounting to 3,075,000 trade unionists sang, by proxy, "Praise Mond from whom all blessings flow." A minority amounting to 586,000 trade unionists refrained, by proxy. The daily Press, in its commentaries, practically unanimously endorsed, also by proxy, the decisions arrived at. So that the "public" may consider itself as having taken part in the refrain. There have been occasions when the newspapers condemned the principle of block-voting as blasphemy against the holy spirit of Democracy, yet again by proxy. It now discovers that block-voting is not a principle, but an expedient. The real principle is that the "right" people should control the vote, and get the "right" answer. It is as well to have this cleared up, otherwise the Trades Union Congress might have retorted one day on Fleet Street that its manipulation of public opinion amounted to a block-vote without the assent of the public. An election without a ballot box.

The sporting spirit must be widespread among Trade Unionists. They appear to think that it is well worth their money to watch their leaders fight for the privilege of leading them. The clash of policies which ostensibly stage the ring is a matter of no consequence to them so long as they see the maximum of punching and the minimum of holding. Who shall blame them? Did not Nietzsche himself declare that a good war hallowed any cause? So what does any policy matter? The great thing for the Trade Unionist is that Thomas and Cook shall call each other liars. Control of policy is simply the prize-money of the louder shouter. Shall the workers' swords be beaten into ploughshares, their spears into pruning-hooks as the Pacifists urge, or shall their weapons of war be preserved for use as the Militants urge? The rank and file workers cannot

make up their minds, but providentially there exist persons called "delegates," who are masters of that alchemy which can combine five thousand atoms of indecision into one molecule of opinion. Thus—as the *Daily News* exultantly announces—a smashing T.U.C. majority.

The strike-fund is the Trade Union sword. If the Trades Union Congress chooses to abjure the strike the strike-fund is not wanted. What then is to be done with the fund? Shall it be handed back to the workers or devoted to something else? For practical purposes it must first be discovered whether a fund exists to be dealt with. It is no use deciding to beat swords into ploughshares if you have no swords. This is where the General Council of the T.U.C. is deceiving its constituents. The Council knows that the Trade Union movement is already disarmed. Its fighting fund is a debt. If it holds any sword at all it holds it by the blade—the banker grasping the handle. Nor, again, is this a new situation. At the date when the Trade Unions began to buy capitalist securities they began virtually to give the capitalists the grip on the shafts of their spears. The weapons pointed the wrong way round. Since the war capitalism has been reconstructed by the banks, and it is they, and not capitalism, who have power to use Labour's traditional armoury against it. So, if the General Council were frank it would declare unequivocally that the issue on which it had invited delegates to a debate was beyond their power to decide. The banks have already chosen to make the ploughshares and pruning hooks, and to entrust them to Lord Melchett.

A few—but tragically few—representatives of the Labour outlook have found this out. That would have been excusable a few years ago, but to-day there is a substantial volume of literature available which will reveal the truth upon patient study. Leaving aside what may be called the esoterics of Social Credit, there is plenty of simpler material of enlightenment which opens the way to a full realisation

of the economic problem and its remedy. For instance, to take that aspect of credit-economics most relevant to the present situation of the Trade Unions, why does Labour so persistently ignore the question of the incidence of investment-policy on consumer-demand? That policy is being attacked by an increasing number of competent economists quite independently of THE NEW AGE—if that is any encouragement to Labour leaders in this country. One would have thought that since wages are a deduction from profits, and profits have to come out of retail shop-tills, and the shop-tills have to be fed out of consumers' incomes, the relevance of such an enquiry would be self-evident; for whatever money the consumer invests does not go into shop-tills. The chain of consequences arising from that fact must be investigated. If harmless—or beneficial—well and good. But if a contributory cause of stagnant markets and depressed wages, then the investment-policy of Trade Union Executives needs radical alteration before Trade Unionism can be made worth the workers' while to maintain. If the workers' coppers are to be massed into a fund and used to subsidise industry with the object of buying jobs, the workers might just as well pay their coppers to their employers direct and save the salaries of their own collectors. It frequently seems to-day as if the dominant motive inspiring Trade Union leaders in their bargaining for adequate wages on behalf of the workers is that of ensuring the continuity of Union levies recoverable from them, and is entirely disconnected from the workers' real need for more purchasing power. In this aspect the motive of Labour-bargaining is not to get Capital to part with more goods to the workers relatively to the amount of their work, but to secure that Capital shall allow Labour leaders to control the workers' funds. Can anyone, for instance, imagine that the Executive of the National Union of Railwaymen would have consented to a reduction of £3,000,000 per annum in railwaymen's wages if it had not first satisfied itself that the reduced wages would be still sufficient to yield the N.U.R.'s customary levies on them?

One of Mr. J. H. Thomas's emphasised arguments against Mr. Cook was that two million workers had left the trade union movement, and that Mr. Cook and his fellow-"disruptionists" were an obstacle to getting them in again. But why try? The original reason for getting everybody into a trade union was to make it blackleg-proof. But that objective presupposed a strike-policy. Mr. Thomas refuses to adopt that policy. Instead, he stands for peaceful bargaining, and justifies himself by suggesting that there is a new spirit among employers which holds out hopes of a square deal. Capitalism, under Lord Melchett's inspiration on the one hand, and Mr. Thomas's powers of persuasion on the other, is going to give the workers all it can reasonably afford to. In fact, Mr. Thomas also offers the additional assurance that even if the capitalists tried any tricks they would come off second-best. The *Daily News's* report of the Congress's proceedings includes the following passage:—

"He [Mr. Thomas] drew loud laughter when, after a scornful reference to those who made the contemptible admission that the employers were cleverer men who could lead the Union officials into a trap, he added: 'I never go into a conference believing that the other side is cleverer than I am, for the simple reason that I have proved the reverse.'"

Of course he has. Did he not diddle them out of minus £3,000,000 a year? We believe it was Dan Leno who used to run off a piece of patter something like this:—

"You see, I placed down my half-crown . . . just like this . . . and called for a drink. The landlord brought the drink, and put down my change . . . just

like this. Well, at that moment I was speaking to my friend, and as I turned round I saw some gentleman pick up the money, put it in his pocket and walk out. . . . Ha, ha! . . . You see, he thought it was his money. But the joke was that it was mine all the time! Laugh! . . . Well, I thought I should never leave off laughing . . . just to think how his face would look when he found the money on him and it wasn't his!"

(Dan, thou should'st be living in this hour.)

But we digress. Let us grant for the sake of argument that Mr. Thomas is a champion spell-weaver (a term to be carefully dissociated from the idea of spell-binding) and that, as he implies, all union officials are experts in the same art; how can the existence of two million non-unionists interfere with their practice of it? The suggestion of such a thing makes us think of those strong men who perform in the streets. If Mr. Thomas appeared in a side turning with a sledge-hammer and proposed to smash a paving stone on Lord Melchett's chest without hurting him, naturally he would follow the time-honoured custom of waiting until the intrigued crowd had thrown enough coppers into the ring. In such a case the size of the crowd would matter. No crowd, no show. But it would amount to libel to suggest that a public-spirited leader like the real Mr. Thomas would refuse to commence his bargaining with employers until he had got every worker's penny. No, no. If justice be assured, there is no need to count heads.

Since we published, some years ago, an article on world-government (subsequently reprinted as a leaflet, "The Key to World Politics"), many writers have been shading in the prophetic outlines of the diagram which illustrated it. The latest of these is Professor S. de Madariaga, who occupies one and a-half columns in *The Times* on "Nationality and Merit." His article is the second of a series under the heading, "The League Staff." The "League" is, of course, the League of Nations. In the article we refer to he speaks of "an encroaching evil." The nature of the "evil" takes shape in his opening paragraph.

"When Lord Balfour and Sir Eric Drummond proclaimed the international character of the League Secretariat, they transferred to the international plane a deep British tradition—that of the neutrality of the Civil Service. The British Civil Service is free from party bias. In international life the "parties" are the nations. World Civil Service must remain united aloof from all national bias. But in putting forward this bold and original view the two British statesmen went farther; they contributed a substantial effort of creative imagination towards the evolution of the World Community. For surely the true picture of the world, organised as the League of Nations, must be that of national wills, acting through national Foreign Offices, in co-operation with an international will, acting through an International Office. Thus, between the Foreign Offices of the League members and the League Secretariat there cannot be any antagonism. Even if one or other of the 55 Foreign Offices may be at times pulling in a different direction from that of the Secretariat, it will be in the manner of the rods and levers of machines, in co-operation towards a concerted aim."

Readers familiar with our own analysis of the League's place and function under the international money-monopoly will see with satisfaction that Professor Madariaga has filled up a space which we left vacant. So as not to over-elaborate our diagram, we showed the Council of the League as the vice-regent authority under the regency of the banks. The Professor now reminds us, although not by intention, of the truth that the Civil Service is the liaison Service between the money-trust and the Council. As he has no idea of there being any authority more powerful than the League Council, he naturally supposes that the League Secretariat, if purged of its nationalist affiliations, will automatically work for an idealistic

policy such as is attributed to the League Council. He speaks of "the evolution of the World Community," and this may stand as a short definition of that policy. But the expectation is false. A League Secretariat severed from nationalist affiliations, and purged of nationalist bias in any direction, will not be internationalist in spirit, but non-nationalist, or super-nationalist. There is a wide distinction between the two, and it amounts to the difference between accommodating competing national aspirations as well as they can or denying validity to all of them. Professor Madariaga makes the job look too easy when he speaks of only "one or other" of fifty-five Foreign Offices pulling in a different direction from that of the Secretariat. A more likely picture would be that of a majority of the Foreign Offices pulling against each other. But what, then, would become of any Secretariat if it had nothing behind it but a set of de-nationalised ideals to settle the row with. One might as well imagine the Church Congress collecting taxes by prayer. No; the one thing that makes the Professor's thesis practical politics is the fact that there exists a non-national world-merger of bankers hoping to capture the Secretariat.

It becomes interesting to find out whether the bankers' hopes are being realised. Apparently not. Professor Madariaga says:—

"The national criterion is not infrequently accompanied by a still worse evil. The initial team had been chosen by Sir Eric Drummond with a freedom which he had put to an admirable use. Most of his collaborators were men free from national official shackles—professors, ex-Civil servants, publicists—men whose minds could evolve freely in the uncharted seas of international creation. A sprinkling of diplomats ensured a useful liaison with national offices and diplomatic traditions. To-day the diplomatic and in general the official element predominates. Of the original Under-Secretaries-General, no one was a diplomat; at present three out of four belong to the regular diplomatic services, while in the ranks below the tone is distinctly more official."

Insofar as officialdom is political it is comparatively innocuous. The great danger lies in the non-political officialdom of bank accountants which would replace it. What the Professor describes as an encroaching evil we would describe as an escape from evil.

His explanation of how it has happened is interesting. There is a body responsible for the finances of the League. It goes by the name of Committee IV. He says that it has been too rigorous in its restriction of League expenditure, with the consequence that the scale of salaries receivable by the staff of the Secretariat—from £550 to £1,200—is not nearly sufficient to attract men of the desired experience and the necessary "political, linguistic and technical ability."

"The position tends thus to favour recruiting from among the national diplomatic lists, which generally consider League service as official service for purposes of seniority and pension."

The League Office, he declares, cannot expect to keep "first-rate men" unless it gives them "first-rate tasks," and he calls upon the Fourth Committee to institute a thorough inquiry as a preliminary to "enabling the Secretariat to fulfil its duties as the Civil Service of the World Community."

We cannot help suspecting that the remedy is not quite so simple as that of finding money for salaries. If the banks could have packed the Secretariat with their trusted nominees they could have paid them £10,000 a year or more each without feeling it, and could have done it by secret supplements to the League's official salaries if they had wanted to avoid advertising their professional interest in the com-

position of that "Civil Service." The probable reason why this has not been done is that the banking-trust is exerting its de-nationalisation policy within the chief nations through its central-banks. If it can sufficiently abate the nationalisms of the several Foreign Offices by restricting money-supplies from within, there will be no reason for dealing with them en bloc from without. Make them harmless in London, Paris, or Berlin, and they cannot create problems in Geneva.

The financiers cannot make much more headway through the League until their pressure for disarmament has shown greater results. At the present time the tendency is in the other direction. It is significant that it has become more marked as country after country has accepted the financiers' currency policy. It is also significant that Britain, the first country to do so, should make a naval agreement with France, the country which has held out the longest. There is a mystery about Sir Austen Chamberlain who negotiated the Naval Pact. Rumours are current that the Pact is to be dropped. If so this will lend plausibility to the theory that Sir Austen Chamberlain's retirement has been engineered. The pictures published of him on his departure abroad presented him as so ill and weak that it amounted to a scandal to print them, whether or not the object was to prepare the public to hear of his resignation. But we fancy that the rumours are a Wall Street balloon. The Anglo-French entente will persist in essence whatever the diplomats say. And since the entente covers questions affecting the disposition of French force in the Pacific, Sir Austen's choice of that ocean as the scene of his destination affords some slight reason to hope that his health is not so bad as it was thought to be. Mr. Kellogg, having got his Pact signed, assuring the outlawry of war has indicated his distrust of its efficacy by going to Dublin with Mr. Cosgrave in a cruiser presumably on matters connected with Ireland's attitude to neutrality when the next war starts. Not entirely disconnected from these comings and goings and dodgings among the diplomats is the news that Mr. McKenna is shortly to publish his speeches of the last two or three years in book form. That means that the interests behind the Midland Bank, whose outlook runs parallel to the political tradition of the Chamberlains and Lord Milner, are keeping up their attack on the anti-national policy of the Bank of England. Meanwhile the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York are off to South Africa, where the gold exists which Mr. J. F. Darling wants the Empire to dump into America to settle the debt. It is a mix-up, but there is a plan at the back of it. No wonder that Sir George Paish does not like the look of things. The remedy is in the hands of the high interests threatened by these disquieting phenomena. International antagonisms arise out of the attempts by nations to defend or enlarge the economic opportunities of their own peoples. It is within the power of the world's bankers to make these attempts unnecessary by financing consumption in each country up to the limit of its existing opportunities. The present partial use of resources creates the illusion of insufficient resources. The use is partial only because credit is restricted for production, and wrongly accounted for distribution. That is to say, the war danger can be written off like a bank loan—by book entries. When that is done there will be no need for well-meaning people to plan a "World Community." The communities for whom this boon is designed will do the job themselves without waiting for a design.

We print elsewhere a short article from Mr. George Ryley Scott inspired by the suppression of "The Well of Loneliness." If, as he says, the Customs have a secret list of books that may be confiscated if

discovered being imported into England, it would be useful if he, or any other reader of THE NEW AGE, could get hold of the complete list. That would do far more damage to the bureaucrat than Clive Bell's proposal for "organised resistance," to which he refers. Directly you "organise" anything at all sufficiently to become a potential danger, you may regard it as certain that the interests you organise against will either manoeuvre to put their own secretly appointed nominee in charge of it or else to capture the person or committee you first put in charge. Private initiative is the only efficient method of attack. It would be a strange thing if not a single reader of this journal could get hold of the required information. A full list of books might enable us to track down the principle on which they are banned. We suspect that there is one behind this apparently haphazard selective suppression. For a beginning, Mr. Scott might send us as full a list as he knows of. And there must be at least one other supporter of THE NEW AGE who could find out the whole lot if he took the trouble to do so.

Current Political Economy.

Parliament is in such contempt among the electorate that nobody now minds the irresponsible proclamations of its leaders. Not even a newspaper leader-writer can lash himself to rage with Sir William Joynson-Hicks, though he continues to demonstrate how small a man can run so big an office. This member of the Government of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen has given the impression of being in earnest on only one subject in his career, and he would doubtless have ceased to be earnest on that if it had become of any importance. The subject was, of course, the Revised Prayer-Book, Parliament's seriousness over which in the midst of the country's decline was in perfect analogy with the discussion of patriotism and world affairs between Joxer and Jack Boyle in the last act of "Juno and the Paycock." On Saturday last Sir William Joynson-Hicks emerged once more from his shell at an Ayrshire garden-party "to point out" that he had not spoken in public since he made one of his "indiscreet speeches some months ago."

"After all, somebody must make an indiscreet speech now and again. Lord Palmerston made them. . . . one of the finest of Britons."

If indiscretion makes kin, it puts one on equality with greater men than Palmerston and as small as Sir William. But turn to his panegyric of Mr. Baldwin:—

"During the last four years the man has grown in wisdom, in stature, in power, and in ideas and ideals, until he has become one of the greatest leaders the Conservative Party has ever known."

The whole Government, as it knows, has been the best disciplined draught-horse the financiers have ever had. All it has done for the nation, however, is to upset it in the ditch.

There has been greater joy in Fleet-street over the repentance of the Trades Union Congress at having ever flirted with Communism than over the hundredth sinner in Heaven. Sir William Johnson-Hicks carried the good news from Swansea to Ayr. On that question, as on every question he touches, he tested beyond endurance human capacity to suffer fools gladly. Even he does not pretend that the lions and the lambs will play together under the Kellogg Pact, but he can nevertheless pretend that the lambs will do well from lying down to the lions in industrial pact. What Sir William Joynson-Hicks means by "the constitution" is that men and women should be willing to starve rather than fight.

"If they should ever unite themselves with the views of the Communist Party and so destroy that great constitu-

tion under which they had so much success in the past, they would destroy utterly the power of trade unionism."

said Sir William, demonstrating that his logic is as shaky as his ideas. Nothing that he says appears to have any background of reality, history, or thought. The power of trade unionism has been very largely destroyed by the continuous war waged on it in its hour of weakness. From 1921 to the present time trade unionism has been attacked on one flank by employers who were conscribed by means of the deflation policy, and on the other by the necessity of spending its funds on the relief of unemployed trade unionists.

But let us serve the dessert provided by a Cabinet Minister of a Government seeking re-election. Having criticised Mr. Bernard Shaw as a Communist—Shaw is actually a Puritan despot like Sir William Joynson-Hicks, but better endowed by Nature—Sir William asked:—

"Is it not extraordinary, in a country like ours, educated, prosperous, and fairly happy, that doctrines of this kind should be taught by learned men as well as by scatter-brains?"

Is one, in the face of such incompetence, to laugh or weep? The only extraordinary thought ever provoked by Sir William Joynson-Hicks was related by a man who suspected him of being a Communist propagandist whose irony was lost by being so obvious. It was the same man who suspected Mr. Bernard Shaw of orthodox conservatism for the reason that so clever a man could have no other motive for making Socialism so uninviting a prospect. There is no wonder that politicians are in contempt when any cabinet minister can refer to Britain to-day as "educated, prosperous, and fairly happy."

The welcome given by the Press on behalf of Finance to the Trades Union Congress for its repudiation of Communism may be premature. That trade unionists are to be good boys, never again protesting against maltreatment and administrative inefficiency, is not the only result which may follow. True, the prompters from within for Labour's movement towards reconciliation with Capital have not been Labour's best men, though some of Capital's best men are in it, including Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck. The re-adjustment of political power is accordance with changes in economic power is gradually going forward. The banks which treat with industry and industrialists direct are already finding themselves in opposition to the Bank of England, whose proposed relaxation of the rigours of deflation is an effort to buy off the enemy. Similarly there is an increasing awareness that industrialists and trade unionists are not natural foes, or, at least, that there are at present common bonds of adversity to hold them in alliance against a common opponent. During July an International Congress to discuss fundamental relations in industry was held at Girton College. The main link between the persons appeared to be "welfare work" and "industrial psychology," into the atmosphere of which Mr. C. Delisle Burns dropped a small bomb.

"The modern view among organised workers, appeared to be that the manager was a cog like themselves, and must not be interfered with. Consequently the conflict in industry did not centre round the question of workshop management so much as round the larger questions of economic policy."

Without pretending to know how far the ideas of Social Credit form part of Mr. Burns's implied background, one cannot fail to see this gradual change in point of view towards the meaning and purpose of industry. Finance is not so unwise as to suppose that the approach of Capital and Labour towards one another necessarily prophesies peace for financiers. To convince the banker, the captain of industry, the trade unionist, or the public, of the need for investigating economic policy, has been a slow and arduous

job. But circumstances, events, and propaganda combined, are fermenting. The coming together of Capital and Labour is moved by unconscious forces which are readjusting political attitudes to accord with economic power.

A few days ago a correspondent of one of the leading newspapers showed that he had noticed something, though he had not seen much. He thought that the banks had not done industry a good turn by taking all the corner sites. These, he said, ought to have been the preserve of the shops, which would have been handier for the shopper, and able to give a more stimulating display. This idea, of course, is a fantastic bedmate for the idea of that great Conservative leader, Mr. Baldwin, who fancied that unemployment could be absorbed by spreading it about, as though, like water, the unemployed would sink into the earth. The erroneous idea that demand can be increased by the topographical change of putting the banks where the shops are, however, may lead to its mystical counterpart, that finance should subvert distribution. For the present economic output of this country banks are the one commodity of which there is glaring over-production. It is something that the disproportion between banks and shops is beginning to be noticed.

N.

The State Censorship.

By George Ryley Scott.

Every time the subject of literary censorship crops up the lover of freedom growls. No greater menace inheres in democracy than its practice of subjecting the minds of the few to the limitations of the minds of the many. It treats everybody in a manner admirably suited to the average individual's mentality.

Mr. James Douglas's cry for an English Censorship Bill on the lines of the one adopted by the Irish Free State seems superfluous. The correspondence columns of the *New Statesman* have disclosed a state of affairs which is in this respect even more effective than any Parliamentary Act; to wit, a secret, insidious form of censorship which for sneaking interference with the private affairs of British subjects it would be hard to beat. The Customs officers have a secret list of forbidden books; and anyone bringing into this country or attempting to secure through the post one of the works included in this list is liable to be called upon to give his reasons for attempting to do so, and, in addition to risk confiscation of the volume, together with some undefined form of punishment.

Granted that the State has the right to exclude frankly pornographic books intended for sale, it should not interfere with the right of the private citizen to bring into the country a book intended for his own use, and moreover one which he may be altogether unaware is forbidden. There is something radically wrong when a private citizen is cross-questioned as to his reasons for being in possession of a book which an English bookseller is allowed to catalogue at a fancy price; where the *Cantab* is suppressed while a work like Cleland's *Fanny Hill* can be sold openly; where Gertrude Beasley's remarkable and brilliant document *My First Thirty Years* is banned, and yet the unexpurgated translation of *Casanova's Memoirs* can be catalogued by every bookseller in the kingdom, apparently on the assumption that anyone who is willing to pay ten guineas for a copy possesses a morality beyond risk of contamination.

The reason for this list of forbidden books being secret is obvious, but how is one to know what, according to the peculiar views of Sir Archibald Bodkin and his colleagues is obscene? The futility of any attempt at a definition of obscenity was amply

demonstrated at the League of Nations Conference for the Suppression of the Circulation of and Traffic in Obscene Literature, held in 1923. For hours on end, at sitting after sitting, was the subject futilely debated. Finally it was given up as insoluble.

The futility of censorship is evident. All it does is to divert the trade in forbidden books into the hands of bootlegging dealers. For not only does censorship fail in its avowed object: it actually increases the demand for the books it attempts to suppress. Thus, although Joyce's *Ulysses* is banned in England and America, tens of thousands of copies have been distributed through the bootleggers at prices ranging from three guineas to five guineas a copy. Had *Ulysses* never been banned it is a tolerably safe assumption it would not have run into more than two or three editions. To the general public it is an incomprehensible book, its attraction resting solely in the appearance of words which one can hear every hour of the day where workmen congregate.

The shackling of authors destroys the enterprise of publishers. Every time a book is suppressed there is for a time increased caution on the part of all publishers. Authors, too, become unduly wary. Mark Twain was a tragic example. The fear of State and family censorship muzzled him continuously. Occasionally, and in strict privacy, he broke away; witness his ribald account of the court of Queen Elizabeth which is missing from all the collected editions of his works, and which to the best of my knowledge has never been published in this country, even in a privately printed edition. Indeed, I doubt if there is a publisher in England who could be induced to print it.

The incidence of suppression is largely fortuitous, dependent upon such trumpery matters as the need of the Press for a stunt, of a Vice-Suppression Society for publicity, it may even result indirectly through jealousy or spite. Thus arises the apparently inexplicable banning of one book and the over-entirely inexplicable banning of another dealing with the same theme and possibly in a more daring manner. One marvels that *The Rainbow* was ever suppressed; one is staggered that *The Baltic Night* was omitted from the collection of stories published under the title of *Ouvert la Nuit*. Conversely it is a matter for surprise that *One Man and Siren* escaped public denunciation and suppression; it is a bigger marvel that the sadistic *Perjury* escaped at all. But escape they did, and consequently they had, I fancy, surprisingly small sales and speedily died the death. Had the publishers of *The Well of Loneliness* not taken steps which rendered its withdrawal a foregone conclusion, it is doubtful if the demand for its suppression would ever have gone beyond the columns of one or two Sunday newspapers. Thus is explainable the non-interference with Compton Mackenzie's *Extraordinary Women*; thus, too, the official winking at the publication of an English translation of *Aphrodite*.

It becomes increasingly necessary to give serious consideration to Clive Bell's suggestion of organised resistance made some years ago. A society for promoting the liberty of the individual seems to be one long over-due.

"An Oldham cotton-spinning firm has sent the following reply to the Prime Minister: 'We duly received your letter asking this firm to take one or two additional hands so as to relieve the increasing unemployment. Whilst we have every desire to assist in the direction of maximum employment, we are unable to employ even our own employees. Since the Government's decision in 1920 to restrict credit and eventually to return to the gold standard, the cotton trade has never had full employment, and is now in a most serious state. Unless the Government give serious consideration and quick attention to the effect of their decision, increasing unemployment will certainly follow.'"
—*Manchester Guardian*, August 25, 1928.

Thoughts on Psycho-Analysis.

Translation of an article by A. de Bary in the *Bulletin de la Société Internationale de Psychagogie*.

II.

(Concluded.)

The psycho-analytical interpretation of dreams can, quite apart from all treatment, be of service to normal people. But how can one contrive to remember one's dreams? Everyone knows that on waking, and especially later in the day, it is very difficult to call them to mind. Here two points must be emphasised. Mr. Ralph confirms for us the fact that we can recollect a part of our dreams without causing our sleep to be disturbed for this purpose: it is a question of habit. In this domain we can train our memory just as well as in any other; it is easier and less fatiguing than to order our sub-conscious, which can render us many services, to awaken us at a fixed hour, or to tell us on demand at any minute of the day or night what the time is, so that we need not consult a watch. This result may be achieved when it is resolutely desired, but it is useless trouble for the brain of persons who do not know the time by instinct.

As to finding the key to dreams we can only repeat what has been said with regard to preserving a conscious memory of them. It is a question of training, of will; one must train oneself to discover the associations of ideas, especially those which are most hidden, for these are the most revealing. Sometimes they present themselves spontaneously on waking, at other times they have to be discovered beneath the camouflage of the dream, which makes them unrecognisable.

Intuition is increased by practice; it often happens that after having analysed our dreams with a specialist we perceive the secret foundation of them. The ornate form of dream is customary; often a dream is composed of a series of pictures. The visual form, unaccompanied by other sensations, is by far the most frequent; sometimes there is an auditory sensation as well; this is provoked by a real exterior noise, transformed and amplified in the dream. Speech, which is usual, must be considered separately; in dream we speak even loudly and distinctly, and it sometimes happens, even cry noisily—which does not fail to awaken us. Children, even when quite little and scarcely conscious, dream; dogs groan and bark in dream, in a restrained and as it were a distant tone.

Mr. Ralph's book speaks of our antipathies, of our injustice to persons we dislike.

"If a certain person irritates or bores you, it is most frequently because some trait of his personality affects something inharmonious in your unconscious. It is then quite wrong to cherish a grudge against the poor devil, who in reality has nothing whatever to do with it. The real culprits are the wretched unconscious complexes which we carry about with us everywhere. In these circumstances our objection is neither against the individual nor against his peculiarities. The unfortunate individual is nothing but the scapegoat on which we avenge ourselves for our own weaknesses and defects."

In this connection we could discuss developments which would exceed the limits of this paper.

Further, the author calls attention to the way in which we waste our energies. He says quite rightly that it is not the work accomplished which tires us, but the work we have in view, by the apprehension it excites. Disagreeable thoughts of any kind are often a vain expenditure of strength; the feeling that we are not succeeding with our task, that our inclinations are being thwarted, is exhausting.

"As to energy we all have enough of that, and often some to spare; what we suffer from is not lack of energy but the incapacity to control, to use rationally, that which we possess."

If in the main Mr. Ralph is right here, it is evidently the same with energy as with all the powers and

faculties which the human race possesses; no one possesses them in just the same degree as his neighbour, and one has to learn how to use the measure one has. Our faculties should be canalised so as to be utilised to the utmost, and to balance each other; an unsuitable occupation exhausts the strength. On the other hand it is astonishing how authors produce books, besides performing regular and strenuous work in an office.

Mr. Ralph says further:

"Do not expect that the effects of undesirable influences which have been at work for twenty, thirty, forty, even sixty years, will disappear in as many minutes. The evolution of the human race has been accomplished, and will be accomplished only at the cost of struggles and efforts."

Mr. Ralph quotes from the Book of Proverbs:

"He who hides his transgressions shall not prosper, but he who confesses them and abandons them shall obtain mercy."

So here we are brought back to the Bible; here is an alliance between psycho-analysis and religion, which both have the same goal: the liberation and perfection of the human soul, of the character; in a word, of the entire personality.

Conscious psycho-analysis demands, as does the religious attitude, great sincerity with oneself; this sincerity, this humility, is the fundamental element of progress, of evolution towards the perfection of our moral life. Physicians of great worth (e.g., Dr. Maeder, of Zurich: "Cure and Evolution in the Life of the Soul." Rascher and Co., Zurich, 1918) seek to make the religious element co-operate with the intellectual and psychic element, on which psycho-analysis acts, in order to effect the cure of the soul. What is wonderful in Christian conversion is that it secures spontaneously the same results as a long, psychic treatment, more promptly, more simply, and without the help of science. It is a grace of God. But before obtaining this revelation the human being must pass through a painful struggle in order that the new man may triumph over the old man, the victim of his moral destitution.

Here is a striking parallelism. The two experiences lead to results which are analogous, and which science cannot deny. Theology, like psycho-analysis, uses the Greek word *catharsis*, purification. This *catharsis* is our liberation from primitive and egoistic impulses, from sin, to use the scriptural term; and from this we arrive quite naturally at the practice of Christian charity, which consists not only in good works, but in a spirit of goodness, of comprehension, towards our fellow-men.

This has been made the subject of a thesis for the doctor's degree at the Sorbonne. It is a proof of the present need of perfecting ourselves, of a higher life, of rousing the human soul which is trying to free itself from earthly fetters. (Dr. S. Lortsch: "Religious Psycho-Therapy. Its Results. Nature." Fischbacher. Paris, 1925.)

We need to be in harmony with our deeper self. Mr. Ralph's object is to establish this harmony between our deeper self and our unconscious. He concludes with these words:

"If it is to be in a position to satisfy the needs of life and to react effectively against exterior influences, the personality must begin by signing a treaty of peace with its great unconscious self."

which recalls this quotation from the Gospel: "To lead our feet in the way of peace." To find the way of peace we must strive against egoism, against fear (which so frequently plays a part in our daily life, and paralyses our powers), against restlessness of soul. The work accomplished, the victory gained over the old man to make of him a new man has for its object to transform the human soul into a source of light for itself and for its neighbour.

Views and Reviews.

By R.M.

"THE LONDON APHRODITE."

The first number of a new "literary periodical," the "London Aphrodite,"* issued in August, opened with an aphrodisiac. To begin with, the six bi-monthly numbers which are to form a gay life though a short one are being produced "not for profit but for the fun of the thing, obviously." Next come the "editorial manifestos," in the first of which Mr. Jack Lindsay affirms that

"we stand for a point of view which equally outrages the modernist and the reactionary. . . . Certainly J. C. Squire and T. S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis and Dean Inge, Humbert Wolfe and Robert Graves, E. E. Cummings and Alfred Noyes, Maritain and James Douglas, Roger Fry and William Orpen, would heartily dislike us. . . . We affirm life, and for definition quote Nietzsche . . . We affirm beauty. . . ."

After such a healthy cry at its first breath, in spite of the class-room cleverness of the editorial manifesto, by Mr. Stephenson, which follows, one cannot help but welcome the new baby, on grounds embracing eugenics. On the strength of that cry I read the number straight through from start to finish, and in Mr. Jack Lindsay's opening "essay towards an integration," entitled "The Modern Consciousness," I repeated several times my congratulations, Mr. Lindsay's power to cast images for conveying his judgments of taste, with no floundering in academic bogs, gave me the joy of being in the presence of someone alive. Although this highly concentrated essay is decked with *obiter dicta*, and contains mannerisms of style both awkward and precious, which would no doubt enable anyone who wanted to discount its views to dismiss it, its canons are not mean ones, and their application is convincing evidence of vigorous revolt against the epoch of "analytic artists."

Mr. Lindsay perceives how prophetic of our present state were the philosophers from Hegel forward, including Bergson and, foremost of all, Nietzsche, in their insistence on the world as flux. The modern psychological position is that each man must create in himself his own "fixed point." It is necessary for his life's sake that he behave "as if" he were the one fixed point in a flowing world. He must affirm himself the one steady flame of *being* in a universe of *becoming*. Yet it is far from clear that Mr. Lindsay realises either to what degree each of us must be his own fixed point, or the full extent of his responsibility. Mr. Lindsay writes:—

"We stand at the gates with Nietzsche, Beethoven, and Wagner as the signposts of our future . . . themselves our future if we are to have one."

This is very like making Nietzsche, Beethoven, and Wagner our fixed points, which may be as legitimate for experiment's sake as the now obsolete one of finding the fixed point in a miserable, suffering Jesus Christ. In a world wherein nothing remains constant, faithful, or stable, where everything is in "transition," where there is no shape in religion, politics, or social life, where each one has to decide for himself what he will do with his life and take the consequences of his decision, without help from priest or counsellor, the only fixed standard possible is the affirmation of a goal. One can affirm superman or Utopia, and discipline oneself to bring it about. That way, if not health at least occupation, which is related to health, is to be found. The mind that clings to any philosopher as unique, however, is as obviously afraid of "flux" as if it clung to some particular philosophy.

Mr. Lindsay also sees that the great mass of "moderns" make no effort in the direction of learning. . . .

* "The London Aphrodite." (Fanfrolico Press. 9s. the set of six numbers.)

ing to swim in the swirl of time. All that they desire is irresponsibility—e.g., D. H. Lawrence's Nirvana wish, Miss Gertrude Stein's prattle, which preserves her from criticism by standards of either meaning or beauty, Mr. James Joyce's permitting the brick-dust of language to join together by fortuitous association. The Nietzschean spirit of Dionysus flinging itself gaily into a world of becoming, was a vastly different thing from the yearning to gain Nirvana in the womb of the Queen of Heaven, or to gain cradle irresponsibility. Dionysus may scorn petty responsibilities in so far as they furnish excuses for avoiding greater ones. Above all, however, he despises and breaks down all the petty securities for the gift of which meaner spirits consider a mean civilisation worth preserving. He would sacrifice by destruction the petty goods we have in order to realise our greater possibilities. If Mr. Lindsay and his colleagues have a Dionysian spirit to bring to London it will be welcome, except to such believers in petty securities as the Baldwins and Jixes, Bennetts, Squires, Inges, and Shaws, and all these represent. Alas! in the very choice of a title for their periodical, Mr. Lindsay and his fellows betray their conflict between the manly and forceful desire for the Dionysian, ecstatic plunge into chaos for creation's sake, and their longing for the consolations of Aphrodite. The one requires immense self-discipline and responsibility; the other can be had in illusion by any mind afraid of leaving behind its adolescence.

In a sense all literature, pure, philosophical, meditative, or cantative, is medical literature. It may be the ointment that appeases growing pains, or the balm that soothes the spirit when it has been torn in the struggle for consciousness; it may, alternatively, be the dope with which decadence is rendered pleasant. No creature which has arrived at a static consciousness has any need for literature, from tennis players to Plymouth Brothers. Such persons readily confess—outside the compulsion of public opinion—that they have no more need for literature than creatures so far apart as a healthy panther and a broken horse. If the diseased human saint is of higher rank in the hierarchy of the universe—canonisation is somebody's decision that he is—than a healthy panther the reason is in, first, consciousness of self, and second, which is more important, consciousness of racial responsibility. A man is not so fine a figure as a panther, neither in colour nor in agility. To introduce a test that even men have not been too manlike to use, he is not even so content with his lot. He cannot be said to be more obedient to the laws of Nature or of his own being. The man neither lives so gaily nor dies so bravely. His trust in the universe is no greater. For the temporal superiority, which is all that is in question, the man has only one valid claim to higher rank: that he is the vehicle of a growing, creative, consciousness. He has in him the possibility of turning chaos—which is the extreme of becoming—into being, and he acknowledges the duty to do so. Further, when chaos has all been turned to order, so pat that no further creative adventure can go on in it, he acknowledges the duty to destroy it. Gods are allowed to live just so long as they serve the creative instincts and caprices of man. Such is the meaning of Apollo and Dionysus. It is also why a child draws upon a slate; no matter how prodigious the work may be, it can be washed off, to make room for another picture. In a phrase, man is the creature which can appoint itself a goal.

All through Mr. Lindsay's critique of modern culture beams of this truth crop out. Why Aphrodite inspired the venture is only fully apparent when the rest of the contributors appear. Most of these drown themselves in the saliva of kissing games; indeed,

their way of attaining Nirvana seems to be by committing suicide in the memory of their cradle cloths:—

“ I sang with Nonie, side by side,
Sunk in a drift of tumbled laces.”

sings Mr. Kenneth Slessor, resembling a banqueter whose one recollection of the Olympian feast is the table-cloth. Mr. Robert Nichols writes a dialogue between Don Juan and a priest apparently forgetting what everybody now knows—that Don Juan and the priest are close kin, though in their desire to get even with women they may behave differently. Stanley Smith's "Lark before Spring," is a cold, clear, well among so much hot-damp of adolescent kisses.

The Souls of Tarquinius.

I.

Scene: Inside the skull of Tarquinius.

Dramatis Personæ: Members of the Executive Council of the General Assembly of Mental Faculties.

Form.—Behold the woman—perfect in shape.

Colour.—Her hair and complexion a dream.

Tune.—And her voice beyond the power of speech to tell.

Amativeness.—Then we must have her. What is her name?

Language.—Lucrece.

Alimentiveness.—I propose we discuss our next banquet. Let the woman wait.

Amativeness.—But we cannot wait. A little fasting won't kill us.

Vitality.—I should say not.

Comparison.—But hold on. The woman has a husband. She won't wait.

Intuition.—We can easily find out when we meet her.

Language.—And anyway we can tell her the tale and persuade her.

Destructiveness.—Tell her the tale! Nonsense: if we want her we take her.

Caution.—But her husband will oppose us.

Combativeness.—We will kill him if he interferes.

Caution.—But society will banish us, or—

Locality.—Good: then we can travel in new countries. I'm sick of living in one place like we are.

Inhabitiveness.—Oh! Then I'm not. We're happiest where we are.

Acquisitiveness.—But we shall be stripped of our possessions. We can't travel naked.

Caution.—Except to a felon's grave.

Amativeness.—And well worth it.

Vitality.—I do not agree with you.

Alimentiveness.—Nor do I. When we cross the Styx let it be on full stomachs.

Ideality.—You are disgusting.

Causality.—I wish you people would not quarrel about what we shall do. How much better to enquire what it is that makes us quarrel.

Amativeness.—How would that get us woman?

Causality.—I was not interested in—

Amativeness.—Then shut up. You are a chicken at this Council. I've swung it since there ever was a Council.

Alimentiveness.—So have I.

Amativeness.—Never mind. We both have if you like.

Destructiveness.—By the Gods; how do you fellows think we'd have kept alive but for me?

Secretiveness.—With my help.

Caution (to the last speaker).—Now, don't you butt in. Whatever you did was by my advice.

Time.—Gentlemen, I propose we get on with the meeting.

Amativeness.—Hear, hear. The proposition before us is that we get the woman.

Constructiveness.—And, if so, how?

Secretiveness.—It is now clear, I hope, that we must do it by stealth.

Mirthfulness.—Ha, ha! What? We, the valiant Tarquinian Council, crawling on our bellies to dodge her husband?

Approbateness.—Yes, and think of our shame if anyone saw us in that attitude.

Self-Esteem.—Nonsense. What do other people's opinions matter if we believe in our own?

Firmness.—And maintain them until others respect them.

Continuity.—And persevere with the tasks we set ourselves.

Conjugalitv.—When we take this woman we must for ever keep to her and her alone.

Amativeness.—That can be discussed when we've had her.

Benevolence.—But how about the woman's sufferings? I'm pretty sure she won't want us.

Philoprogenitiveness.—Woman is born to suffer. We must beget offspring by her. They will comfort us and be her recompense.

Amativeness.—I don't mind that, if you insist.

Imitation.—But it is not the custom to rape women. We must follow—

Self-Esteem.—That's all been settled.

Combativeness.—Damn the custom. What-ever we do will turn out all right.

Hope.—Well, don't let us get disturbed. What-ever we do will turn out all right.

Caution.—I've heard that rot before; and a devil of a lot of work it's given me in my time.

Ideality.—I think there may exist an even more beautiful woman. Let us wait for her.

Spirituality.—I feel we do not want this woman. What we really want is some high experience that she represents.

Conscientiousness.—After all, there is something "right" or "wrong" in this act apart from what people will think. We must make sure.

Veneration.—Yes, and the Gods will tell us. We must consult the Oracle.

Sublimity.—Hearing about this woman has made me conceive of illimitable womanhood; of Lucrece as the firmament, of her beauties as—

Amativeness.—You go and gabble that to your navel, you young fool. . . . I move that the vote be now taken.

Vote taken.

Action accordingly.

II.

Scene: Inferno.

Dramatis Personæ: "Student" and Virgil.

Student.—I would like to see the place where Tarquinius is being tortured.

Virgil.—Tarquinius?—and tortured?

Student.—Yes. Tarquinius, the Roman who raped Lucrece and caused her to kill herself. What is his punishment?

Virgil.—But no people enter here, nor is this a place of punishment.

Student.—But—you astound me. Did you not show Dante—?

Virgil.—I conducted a man of that name through Inferno, but never heard what he said about it.

Student.—But his name is world-famous because of his tale of the tortures that took place in here. In fact, he is regarded as the owner of Inferno.

Virgil.—Then his fame is founded on an error—as fame usually is on the earth.

Student.—But what, then, is Inferno?

Virgil.—Inferno is the place where God compounds souls. Come, we will enter, and I will show you.

Virgil.—Inferno is divided into forty-two pits, each of them used for cultivating one faculty of the mind. Each faculty is visible here as Shapes, all

exactly alike except that there are a hundred sizes in each kind of Shape. When forty-two Shapes are taken, one from each pit, and assembled, they make up a mind or soul. The number of kinds of soul that can be made is beyond calculation.

Student.—But it is believed that the soul is one and indivisible.

Virgil.—Not so. The soul of a complete human being is really forty-two souls. Sometimes fewer. The skull of man is a chamber, inside which forty-two Shapes are incessantly attracting and repelling each other. They cease only when death destroys the chamber.

Student.—And then—?

Virgil.—They return here for restoration. Not in company as they went; they straggle back singly, and each goes to its proper pit.

Student.—Then the soul of Tarquinius no longer exists to expiate—?

Virgil.—It exists only in the form of forty-two or fewer Shapes.

Student.—Could I see the Shapes that made his soul?

Virgil.—No. When they arrive back they cannot be identified; they lose themselves among their companies. Moreover God uses them again when rested and invigorated.

Student.—Ah, I've heard of such a thing. It is called the transmigration of souls.

Virgil.—No. For consider, the forty-two Shapes which once dwelt in Tarquinius might each have afterwards been assembled and sent out with forty-one others. Thus no fewer than forty-two human beings might share in the soul of Tarquinius.

Student.—There was a great discussion in a newspaper called the *Daily News* about "Where Are the Dead?" Someone had wondered where the disembodied souls of the millions of millions of past generations were being stored.

Virgil.—That is no mystery. The store is here. Now, look at those Shapes swimming there in boiling oil. They are the Shapes of "Amativeness."

You observe that they are of all sizes. That very large one on your left has probably inhabited untold millions of skulls—not of men alone, but of animals before men existed. Most men who have housed him were probably much addicted to women. It must have been such a size as that which led Tarquinius to his disgrace—not to speak of great statesmen who have housed it in these later times.

Student.—Then God only keeps complete souls in living mortals: outside mortal life he only stores these ingredients of the soul?

Virgil.—It is so. God is a stern economiser of material.

Student.—But this Economy of Continuous Resurrection destroys the theologians' doctrine of a raise? The brain of man is a place where the Shapes struggle. The character of the man, as mortals call it, is good or bad according to how the struggle issues. Would these theologians punish a battlefield because the wrong army won?

Student.—So a man's acts are the acts of a crowd?

Virgil.—And his motives those of a crowd.

Student.—That is what we call mob psychology, meaning that nobody in a crowd wills exactly what the crowd does.

Virgil.—So if the crowd be caught in a wrong act and punished, the "innocent" and "guilty" suffer together.

Student.—But if it separates?

Virgil.—It becomes so many "innocent" persons.

Student.—The death of a man scatters his crowd of Shapes?

Virgil.—Yes. There remains nothing to be rewarded or punished.

Student.—What does humanity mean to God?

Virgil.—A succession of unexpected phenomena.

Student.—But He knows beforehand what the spectacle is going to be if He compounds every baby's soul.

Virgil.—He compounds the new soul, but He may not compound it how He will.

Student.—Then what is it that commands His will?

Virgil.—The whispers of lovers.

Virgil.—Attend! Silence! An angel is interpreting a nuptial command to the Infernal Assemblers.

(Voice.)

"To the Assembler of the Perceptive Shapes. Pit 27, Individuality, take size 94; Pit 28, Form, size 20; Pit 29, Size, 52; Pit 30, Colour, 49"

"To the Assembler of Race-Preserving Shapes. Pit 1, Alimentiveness, take size 72; Pit 2, Amativeness, size 68; Pit 2, Conjugalitv, size 20; Pit 4, Vitality, 83; Pit 5, Destructiveness, 20; Pit 6, Acquisitiveness, 93;"

"To the Assembler of the Social Shapes. Pit 11, Approbativeness, take size 43; Pit 12, Friendship, size 38;"

"To the Assembler of the Moral Shapes. Pit 16, Intuition, take size 50; Pit 18, Benevolence, size 69; Pit 19, Hope, 74; Pit 20, Conscientiousness, 33"

Student.—How I wish I could watch everything that those Shapes will do with that baby through life.

Virgil.—You speak as God. It is to fulfil his own curiosity that He has ordained these things. That new baby will be like no other baby ever born into the world. The mother will declare it. No mother has yet been known not to so do since the dawn of time. . . . And now, I pray you pardon me. . . . Can I offer you a goblet of ambrosia ere you depart?

Student.—My thanks. I am so bewildered that I believe I could do with one.

Virgil.—Here's peace between your Shapes, mortal.

Student.—Here's happiness.

Virgil.—You have spoken my word.

HERBERT RIVERS.

"In May, 1920, the representatives of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks had a confidential executive meeting in Washington and advised deflation of credit and currency. . . . The contraction of loans was put over by the banks The contraction of loans was put over by the banks On June 30, 1920, of the country with determination. . . . On June 30, 1920, loans of Federal Reserve Banks totalled \$34,087,126,000. . . . By June 30, 1933, they had dropped to \$28,483,004,000. . . . By contracting the currency by \$1,500,000,000, millions of private citizens were bankrupted. . . . Ogden Armour was reputed to have lost \$50,000,000, crude petroleum dropped suddenly from \$3 a barrel to \$1 a barrel; the Goodyear Rubber Company lost on its inventory \$25,000,000. But the heaviest loss of all was suffered by the farmers and stockmen whose property was estimated by the Agricultural Department at \$79,000,000,000 before the contraction of credit, and at \$58,500,000,000 when the contraction was finished.—*Manufacturers' Record*, July 19, 1928.

NOTICE.

Mr. C. S. Delaware proposes to conduct a party through Mme. Tussaud's at an early date with the object of analysing the characters of certain of the figures by reference to the configuration of their heads. The contrasts and similarities between the occupants of the Chamber of Horrors and the assembly of celebrated soldiers and statesmen on the floor above will be explained. Intending visitors should write to him at 36, Grove Hill Road, S.E.5. Date and time will be arranged according to their wishes, which he invites them to indicate. A fee of 1s. per head will be charged in addition to the admission fee, and will be payable on the day. Further particulars will appear later.

Two Frenchmen in Russia.

It is a curious state of affairs. If, for example, a Japanese journalist, however brilliant in his own country, but entirely ignorant of the French language, were to write a book on his "Three Weeks in Paris," few people, even in Japan, would likely regard it as a reliable account of France under the Third Republic.

With Russia it is even more difficult. For Russian life is full of subtle *nuances*, and to write of it intelligently a long and close acquaintance with the country is necessary. The present position, however, is such that no one, either inside or outside of Russia, has the slightest chance of investigating the true conditions under Soviet Rule with all the freedom of inquiry necessary in such matters. A glimpse can be caught now and then of the "new mentality" in some contemporary Russian fiction, but there, too, and for obvious reasons, one would search in vain for any direct criticism of the régime. Newspapers again, reflect only the Government's point of view, and one has to read between the lines; and one doesn't always read correctly. The foreign Press, again, seems definitely to refuse the devil his due.

Of the two Frenchmen who visited Russia during the past year, M. Geo. London is undoubtedly the more penetrating, the more critical, the more cynical observer. Not that he saw very much; but he saw a great deal more than M. Duhamel, and he has a better sense (perhaps *too good a sense*) of "copy."

His political impressions may be summarised thus: That the superficial and very partial improvements in social organisation are greatly outweighed by the general economic impoverishment of the country; that the worker is no more a dictator now than he ever was, and that his civic privileges do not compensate for his miserable pay; that the educational system is the source of every physical and moral vice; that the marriage laws are contrary to civilised society; that common-law criminals are treated better than the "dictators"; that Stalin—the new Tsar of all the Russias—is encouraging the *Kulak* at the expense of the poorly equipped peasant, and that the régime is no more than a highly inefficient and unsatisfactory form of state capitalism with the rich peasant as the principal source of revenue.

M. London is a stern critic, and his chief preoccupation is to emphasise the differences between Communist tinsel and actual practice. In the Russian dining car already he notes with glee that:—

"Malgré une pancarte proclamant que 'le pourboire dégrade l'homme,' ils (the waiters) empochaient avec une sérénité totale ceux que tout le monde leur dispensait."

Walking about the Theatre square on his arrival in Moscow and admiring the flower beds and the sunlit façade of the theatre, and the children selling "*Tswety, tswetochki*," he decides that "la vie est vraiment charmante," when he is suddenly stirred by the "infernal vision" of a hideous crowd of shrieking, homeless children. These homeless children seem to be his most powerful impression in Russia, and he accepts them as the symbol of an absurd and inhuman system of society. In Leningrad, where they are even more numerous,

"they have taken refuge in an unfurnished building. Begun before the war, this building was never completed. A hundred haggard children, clad in rags, were there, all huddled together. They sleep during the day. At night the police drive them away . . . sometimes one of them remaining. The policeman looks and discovers that the child has died of hunger or of cold. The haunt was discovered some time ago. A man had disappeared and the police found his body among the children who, in order to rob him, had murdered him. Together with the man's body there were found two thousand skinned rats. The homeless had installed there a fur factory. What a story for Edgar Allan Poe!"

M. London says there are between two and five million homeless children in Russia. This is an exaggeration. According to a recent estimate there are not more than one million (*Poslednia Novosti*, November 18, 1927). "J'ai vu cela l'après-midi," M. London concludes. "Le soir, l'Opéra brillait de mille feux" etc.

But one might say almost the same of Park Lane and Bethnal Green. The point, however, is this—that even the

"Elle a dix ans, la Russie Rouge!" By Geo. London. (Paris, Fayard, 1928. 12 fr.)

"Le Voyage de Moscou." By George Duhamel. (Paris, Mercure de France, 1927. 12 fr.)

worst evils of the capitalist system are intensified a hundred times by the anti-capitalist system. On the other hand, what is solid and efficient in Bolshevik Russia signifies in each case the acceptance of Western models. The ordinary law courts are efficient, because they are very similar to those in France; the *Kulak* is no more than a Russian version of the French farmer, the Red Army is a good army because "discipline has become again as severe as in the Tsarist army. The punishments have been reintroduced. The suppression of outward signs of respect, a Bolshevik achievement, alone subsists. It is the sole difference between the present and the past."

M. London is convinced that Bolshevism in itself are created nothing good; the only reason why the wheels are still turning is because they are turning *backwards*.

He seems to doubt the greatness of Lenin just as much as he doubts the genuineness of his body encased in the Kremlin and worshipped by the daily queues of the curious and faithful.

A very different kind of observer is M. Duhamel. He has heard about the homeless children, but has never seen any and thinks them more or less an invention. He maintains that there are far more paupers in Algeria than in Russia. He even sees some good in the Russian marriage laws, which he thinks more honest than the sordid hypocrisy of Western family life. For him Lenin is not a wax dummy, but "un fantôme de génie."

Lenin, he thinks, and Bolshevism are merely another manifestation of the great spirit of the Russian people. The objectionable sides of Bolshevism—the political "plugging" of children, the censorship—are only temporary, as the Government, he thinks, is already strong enough to be able to dispense with them. It really isn't "Bolshevik Russia" or "Soviet Russia," it is "Russia," pure and simple. It evolves slowly along its natural course, and if the failure of pure Communism is apparent, it has nothing to do with the failure or success of the Revolution. It has borne a moral victory for the oppressed worker; "qu'importe la misère!" so long as a man feels a full-blown citizen in his own Republic.

Altogether, his *a-priori* judgment that the Revolution is a good thing, triumphs over the obvious discomforts and sufferings it has caused to those involved in it and leads him to one or two rather curious notions. When a Communist (who, from his own standpoint, is undoubtedly right) tells him that the Terror is justifiable, and that in great historical movements like the Revolution a few human lives cannot be taken into consideration, M. Duhamel cannot, as a civilised European, quite agree with him:—

"Je me sens loin d'une telle résignation. Mais je crois bien que nous aurions tort de juger les Slaves avec nos coeurs occidentaux, nos coeurs que la guerre même n'a pu tout à fait endurcir. . . Les Russes sont faits aux jeux dangereux. La prison, les attentats, les exécutions, les représailles. On ne trouve guère autre chose à toutes les pages de leur histoire."

Which is a perfect illustration of real French "insularity"! What, after all, is "the truth about Russia"? One of them sees everything black, the other *thinks* everything white, with one ignoring the spirit behind a historical upheaval, the other closing his eyes on its practical everyday results. Surely, there ought to be a happy medium.

ALEXANDER WERTH.

Reviews.

The Third Republic. By Raymond Recouly. (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.)

This volume is the seventh in a series called "The National History of France," the general editor of which is M. Funck-Bretano. It carries the history from September 3, 1870, the day after the capitulation of Sedan, to the present day; and it includes a précis of the events of 1914-1918. The chapters which summarise the causes of the Great War, from the seeds of hatred sown in the annexation of Alsace Lorraine to the final detail of the murder at Serajevo, are reminders that although there are powerful economic factors which create war, it is persons, as well as things, who strongly affect human issues. Recouly's emphasis on the *personalities* who gave orders, conspired, and counter-plotted in the armed camp of pre-war Europe is therefore useful. Worth noting is Marshal Foch's indictment of the national psychological error which prevented the French from being able to separate the fate of Paris from that of France. With the excellent realism of the military commander, Foch looks for the best way

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE THIRD LINE.

Sir,—We are told that there are two parties in the Credit Reform Movement:—

1. The Little Rushlight Party, and
2. The Big Propaganda Party,

—but we should bear in mind that there is no such thing as a Credit Reform Movement (with a big "M"). There is a Credit Reform agitation, perhaps, showing a number of differing schools of thought—and no policy at all as a Movement.

Two schools of thought show themselves through the pages of THE NEW AGE and *The Age of Plenty*. They may be summed up as:—

1. The Big Bugs of Finance may introduce a Social Credit regime from the top;
2. We must educate the public to demand Credit Reform via the voting system.

The question has been asked*: "Can there be no third line of policy?"

There is already a third school of thought which may become the only possible policy, but it is a school of thought which seems to be rather disconcerting to (1) and (2) above.

This Third Line is a third resolute factor in what is clearly an impossible duality. It states that it is most unlikely that things will be put right at the top by those now at the top, and it is able to show that the necessary reform cannot come about via the present Parliamentary machinery.

What, then, is the Third Line? Quite obviously it is based upon the idea of a possible change at the top brought about by Mass Pressure from below. It implies Direct Action—a form, perhaps, of Civil Disobedience on an organised mass scale—and this implies leadership and organisation having *focus, uniformity, and obligation* (all three things distasteful to the mind-muddled weaklings of the "intelligentsia," but absolutely needful if anything is to be done at all to put Social Credit into operation, and quite well understood and easily accepted by the industrialised workers and the countryfolk, not to mention the unemployed).

So we can summarise the three points of view as follows:—

1. Something will be done, or may be done, at the top if we keep on blowing the gaff on the present financial system.
2. Something can be done if the people are educated to vote for a Financial Inquiry;
3. Nothing can be done without mass pressure under direct leadership and strict discipline.

Those taking part in the Credit Reform agitation tend to sort themselves out into these three schools of thought.

The Barons at Runnymede, and Cromwell's Roundheads were forced by circumstances to choose. The Credit Reform movement (with a small "m") will be—is being—forced to choose.

GORDON JACKS.

[There is no "Movement" except educational. So far as THE NEW AGE is concerned it inspires practical policies but does not adopt any one of them. If Mr. Jacks can organise mass pressure of civil disobedience under discipline, good luck to him. But there is no necessity for the "Credit Reform Movement" to choose between that policy or any other.—Ed.]

"RURAL LIFE AND LORE."

The articles by your correspondent R. R. are frequently very interesting, although at times he makes one wonder whether he is amusing himself by doing a little leg-pulling or is merely stating as facts old country beliefs which the observation of trained naturalists has proved to be without foundation.

In his article in the issue of August 23 he makes a statement which is without foundation, and if taken seriously might assist in perpetuating a very cruel practice—I refer to the slitting of a jackdaw's tongue to enable it to talk. I know this practice was widely believed in at one time in some parts of the country, and as a result not only jackdaws, but magpies, jays and starlings were maimed in this way, the last variety of bird in order that it could whistle, but I have yet to see a bird on which this operation has been performed which is able to talk or whistle.

As a youngster I assisted in rearing a brood of young jackdaws, one of which became very tame and could say a number of words, although he was never given the "silver treatment." I should like to ask R. R. whether he has ever heard a bird with a slit tongue talk? M. J. WATT.

* "What Next?" page 220, NEW AGE, September 6, 1928.

of defeating the invaders with the maximum of damage to them and the minimum of loss to his own armies. He finds it in the idea of leaving the metropolis to its fate and retreating at once to the sea. Faced by such tactics, says Foch, "what could our adversaries have done except cross the Loire, and, with an exhausted army, enter upon a campaign of methodical conquest of territory over a distance of 375 miles as far as our southern frontier . . . while we should have had the sea for supply of arms and corn, the soil for furnishing food, and plenty of room to manoeuvre and fight in." Unfortunately, this sort of horse-sense always comes afterwards, and blood and treasure are wasted to protect the parasitic metropolis as if it were, indeed, the heart of the nation. A similar sort of foolishness disabled the Germans when, at a critical moment, they detached two army corps from the Western front and sent them to Eastern Prussia because the sacred soil of Germany (that is, of certain influential Prussian landowners) was about to be invaded by the Russians.

Charles Dickens: A Portrait in Pencil. By Ralph Straus. (Gollancz. 16s.)

It is very clever of the publishers to reproduce, by way of a dust sheet, a picture from some Mid-Victorian gala issue of the *Tailor and Cutter*, showing Boz and Dizzy dressed up to the nines, and looking as if they enjoyed it. For the picture gives a foretaste of the pleasant, intimate flavour of this book. Mr. Straus is truly wise in concealing all evidence of painstaking research. There is nothing so much irritates the lazy reader as to have his author rubbing in the fact that it has been a he-man's job to collect material. The biographer who knows his business—which is to sell biographies; for the mere tribute of duty or affection, which nobody reads is equally useless to writer and written-up—tactfully makes you feel, as you turn his pages, that you could have done the job quite as well yourself, only you hadn't time. He makes the thing look so slick and easy that you credit him at once with being extremely well paid for a few hours' work a week, and accordingly render the esteem you would certainly withhold if you knew he was sweating like fun and being paid at bare union rates. If this biography is weak at all, the weakness comes from living in a wale. Mr. Straus seems to have been taken in by a quality of Dickens which nevertheless he specially notes, the high mourning over the usual hard knocks and little troubles. Dickens was temperamental, and made a noise when things went wrong. But he rejoiced loud and long over his successes, and Mr. Straus does not give us enough of Dickens joyous and triumphant, right in the news at twenty-nine. There must be, spread throughout the works and correspondence of Boz, sufficient material for a brighter portrait, a portrait of Dickens at his liveliest and best, the portrait he himself, with his keen sense of the theatre, his excellent judgment of advertising value, would have chosen for presentation. At the same time, this is a book of really absorbing interest, workmanlike, clear-cut, of permanent value, and just about one-tenth as pretentious as the average Dickens treatise of a tenth its size.

Food Science for All and a New Sunlight Theory of Nutrition. By M. Bircher-Benner, M.D. Translated and edited, with an Introduction by Arnold Eiloart, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Daniel. 5s. net.)

Few problems have been treated in the past so carelessly as the one of our correct nourishment. Dr. Bircher-Benner exposes the fallacies of the old system of nutrition whereby protein foods (meat in particular) are given pre-eminence as energy providers, and food values are calculated from the Heats of Combustion of the chief food constituents—Proteins, Fats and Carbohydrates. He proposes instead a novel theory based on the activation of food molecules by solar energy; and from consideration of the light energy absorbed shows the possibility of obtaining a conception of the true nutritive value or "nutrition potential" of various types of food. This potential is a function of the wave-length of the rays emitted by the activating substances which in turn depends on its temperature. Vegetable correspondingly the highest nutrition potential (resulting in vitamins, etc.) is simply explained even though Professor Baly, at a meeting of the British Association, 1925, expressed a similar idea—the existence of compounds of extremely high energy content—many times the usual order. Because heating or preservation destroys these structures, the foods of most value are fresh uncooked plant bodies. The translation of this book is excellent.

BRITISH LYRIC WRITERS!

We are offering **£25 CASH** and usual Royalties for best Lyric submitted. Peter Derek, Ltd., Dept. 2029, 106, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

THE LATEST PAMPHLET.**Social Credit in Summary**

4 pp. Price 1d. (Postage ½d.)

A broad survey of the principles and technique of the Social Credit Theorem and Proposals in a series of thirty-nine short paragraphs, numbered and cross-indexed.

Quantity Rates: 25 copies for 1s. 3d., 50 for 2s. 6d., 100 for 4s. 6d., 1000 for 42s. All prices include postage.

THE CREDIT RESEARCH LIBRARY,
70, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Readers in Australasia can get supplies from Mr. C. A. Haythorpe, Elmore, Victoria, Australia.

A consecutive introductory reading course in Social Credit is provided by the following sets of pamphlets:—

SET A.

Comprising:—

Social Credit in Summary (1d.).
The Key to World Politics (1d.).
Through Consumption to Prosperity (2d.).

Post free 6d. the set.

SET B.

Comprising:—

Set "A" above.
The Veil of Finance (6d.).

Post free 1s. the set.

CREDIT RESEARCH LIBRARY, 70, High Holborn,
W.C.1

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.

All communications should be addressed,
Manager, THE NEW AGE, 70, High Holborn, W.C.1.

CREDIT RESEARCH LIBRARY**Books and Pamphlets on Social Credit.**

- ADAMS, W.
Real Wealth and Financial Poverty. 7s. 6d.
- BRENTON, ARTHUR.
Social Credit in Summary. 1d.
The Key to World Politics. 1d.
Through Consumption to Prosperity. 2d.
The Veil of Finance. 6d.
- DOUGLAS, C. H.
Economic Democracy. 6s.
Credit Power and Democracy. 7s. 6d.
The Control and Distribution of Production. 7s. 6d.
Social Credit. 7s. 6d.
These Present Discontents: The Labour Party and Social Credit. 1s.
The Engineering of Distribution. 6d.
Unemployment and Waste. 1d.
Canada's Bankers and Canada's Credit (Reprint of Major Douglas's Evidence at the Government Enquiry in Ottawa). 2s. 6d.
The World After Washington. 6d.
Great Britain's Debt to America: Method for Repayment. (A reprint of Major Douglas's suggestions to the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, in 1922.) ½d.
- DUNN, Mrs. E. M.
The New Economics. 4d.
- GALLOWAY, C. F. J.
Poverty Amidst Plenty. 6d.
- HATTERSLEY, C. MARSHALL.
The Community's Credit. 5s.
Men, Money and Machines. 6d.
- POWELL, A. E.
The Deadlock in Finance. 5s.
- SHORT, N. DUDLEY.
It's Like This. 6d.
- SOCIAL CREDIT MOVEMENT (Symposium by members).
Social Credit and Economic Democracy. 6d.
- TUKE, J. E.
Outside Eldorado. 3d.
- YOUNG, W. ALLEN
Dividends for All. 6d.

Critical and Constructive Works on Finance and Economics.

- CHASTENET, J. L.
The Bankers' Republic. 6s. [Translated by C.A. Douglas.]
- DARLING, J. F.
Economic Unity of the Empire: Gold and Credit. 1s.
- FOSTER, W. T., and CATCHINGS, W.
Profits. 17s.
Business Without a Buyer. (In preparation.) 10s.
- HORRABIN, J. F.
The Plebs Atlas. 1s.
An Outline of Economic Geography. 2s. 6d.
- MARTIN, P. W.
The Flaw in the Price System. 4s. 6d.
The Limited Market. 4s. 6d.
- SODDY, Professor F., M.A.
Cartesian Economics. 6d.
The Inversion of Science. 6d.
- WAKINSHAW, W. H., and THOMPSON, H. J. D.
The Golden Crucifixion of John Bull. 6d.

Instructional Works on Finance and Economics.

- BARKER, D. A.
Cash and Credit. 3s.
- COUSENS, HILDERIC (Editor).
Pros and Cons. A Guide to the Controversies of the Day. 2s. 6d.
- HILTON, J.P.
Britain's First Municipal Savings Bank. 1s. 6d.

Address: 70, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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