

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER."

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Baldwin's intervention during the debate on the Irish loyalists' claims in the House of Commons on Tuesday of last week has occasioned more Press-comment than any other event. After Mr. Winston Churchill had announced a definitive refusal to pay in full, Mr. Baldwin got up and said that the Government would think it over. On the Friday the Government had made its mind up, and announced that it would meet the claims in full. The cost is estimated to come to £400,000, so it is probably true that, as stated in the newspapers, Mr. Churchill agreed with "some reluctance" to this change of front. This new commitment will dim the brilliance of his projected window-dressing Budget later on, unless, of course, he can manage to avoid recording this sum in his Estimates as a debit against revenue. Perhaps he can borrow the money and debit only the interest. After all, the electoral risks of a menacing budget affect the fortunes of the Cabinet as a whole and not only Mr. Churchill; so the talk in the opposition newspapers of his "discomfiture" has no more significance than a university "rag." What is most to the point is that something approaching half a million of money is going to be distributed among the loyalists, and will probably appear in a consumers' market somewhere. Objectors are pointing out that taxpayers in general will have to foot the bill; but the tax has not been collected yet. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

A matter of deeper significance than this concerns the attitude of the Conservative back-benchers, who, it cannot be doubted, were resolved to risk defeating their own Government on the principle involved, that the claims of the loyalists represented a debt of honour. The Liberal and Labour newspapers call them Die-Hards. We can only say that we wish there were more of them. Whatever objections can be brought against Diehardism, it is undoubtedly a force disruptive of the conspiracy of Front Benchers to treat private members like a flock of sheep. The

traditional custom of Governments to resign and appeal to the country upon being beaten in a division in the House is, in theory, right and proper. But in practice to-day, a Government's rigorous insistence on the rule has nothing to do with the intention of consulting the electorate; it is its method of frightening Members of Parliament out of independent voting. For an election costs money, and the cost falls on private purses, whether of the Member himself or of his Party or individual constituents. Moreover, there is nothing that need prevent three or four elections in twelve months, with the result that in the end the Party with the most money at command would rule the country.

From this point of view it will be realised that every extension of the franchise has tended to restrict the freedom of the Commons to vote as it wishes. The ever-growing cost of appealing for votes constitutes an ever-increasing financial penalty on independent voting. Generations ago the House of Commons was composed of rich men representing a small electorate. To-day it is composed of poor men representing a huge electorate. Again, Members once paid all expenses arising from their duties out of their own pockets; hence they saved money when they lost their seats. Now, they all lose their State salaries; and the majority of them cannot afford the loss. Our readers will now be able to appraise at its true value the idea that the influx of five million women into the electoral register is going to result in a feminist policy, in what is called "petty-coat government." All it will do will be to consolidate Whip-government.

Mr. Cecil Chesterton and Mr. Hilaire Belloc published a book called *The Party System** in 1911. Writing on the above theme they said:

"If we take the year 1870 as the pivot year, we shall find that in the forty years that preceded 1870, nine Administrations which could normally command a majority

* Published by Howard Latimer, Ltd. Printed by Neil and Co., Ltd. Edinburgh. (Probably now out of print.)

of the Commons were upset by the independent action of members of that House. In the forty years that have passed since 1870 only one instance of this happening can be mentioned—the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1886. . . . In the last twenty-four years not a single case of such independent action on the part of the Commons has occurred."

On the other hand this book is packed with authenticated examples of Parliamentary subservience to Cabinet authority. When the *Star* now holds up as a scandal the "Cabinet's Surrender" it is virtually suggesting that a Cabinet should dictate, not obey, a majority vote in the Commons. For the rest, it is a moral certainty that the Government's decision was the result, not of a Cabinet consultation, but of a Front-Bench agreement. Neither Opposition wants an election before the appointed time. In a deep sense the revolt of the Die-Hards is a stick in the wheel of high-financial economising, and is a parallel to the revolt of the F.B.I. against the Mond-Turner scheme. If democratic government is to retain what is left of its prestige there will have to be a good deal more independence in the Division Lobbies.

In a recent issue of the *Evening Standard* there was a leading article which took the form of an open letter to the woman-elect. We give a summary of the argument with interruptions of our own:—Now, you girls, when first the proposal to enfranchise you in such numbers was made known certain people [unspecified] were "panic-stricken." But not we oh no. We and Mr. Baldwin trusted you, and still trust you. When people spoke of feminist government we said what rot because of course we knew you would split up among the parties. And aren't we right? All three Parties are inviting you to vote, and they wouldn't do so if they didn't expect you would, would they? [So nobody in politics is panic-stricken now: and since nobody outside politics troubles one way or the other, no panic exists anywhere. But "panic" is too useful a word to be dropped: to hear it gives a girl a sense of power.] So that's that. But what we want to tell you girls is that it is up to you to "help the candidates" by making up your minds what you want. You see, the electorate has grown most "unwieldy." ["Unwieldy"! What an unerring subconscious choice of the right adjective. Electors do not wield—they are wielded] So it is now more "difficult" than ever for candidates to "keep in touch" with you and to know your wishes. We know that it is just as difficult for you, because you cannot see "any difference between one set of promises and another." But you must overcome the difficulty: you must "compare programmes." [Yes, they can compare them all right; their trouble will be to contrast them.]

Let any elector make up his or her mind that what he or she wants is an income sufficient for subsistence—in return for work if required, or without work if not—and no candidate will promise it. On the contrary he will declare that this requirement is impossible to fulfil. That is the catch in the system of electoral appeals. Whatever the banking system does not approve is excluded from all three Programmes. The bankers certainly disapprove of the above formulated demand, and that is quite sufficient for all candidates to resist it without any investigation. The demand nevertheless represents a need for the minimum of economic security. If no Party can promise it the interest of the elector in party politics should be at an end. The basic needs of the population are in conflict with the principles of the banking system: and since every Parliamentary candidate bases his programme and promises (or accepts them ready-made from the Party caucus) on those principles, voting is a farce. We only wish it were true that women would

bring their specific mentality to bear on political "sales" in the same way as they use their wits when shopping. The country badly needs the spirit in which a woman will go in and have a shop sacked and come out unperturbed without buying anything: the spirit which says: I've not come here to buy what I don't like even if I ought to like it: I've come here to buy what I do like, even if I ought not to like it. "I'm afraid you will not be able to obtain it, madam; you see, there's so little demand, etc. . . . Now here I have a particularly . . ." "No thank you, I must try elsewhere." "But, madam, I can assure you that there are no . . ." "Very well, then I must make it up myself." Watch a man in similar circumstances. He will accept any substitute so that he can walk out of the shop with dignity. The tragedy is that in the political shop the woman will adopt the man's method and distrust her own. Our advice to both is to combine fun with duty when the great Electoral Shopping Week takes place next May, by walking round audibly disparaging the goods in the windows. The law of slander does not cover this recreation—yet!

Let us now talk of something worth while. We have received a copy of the *China Press*, an important Shanghai daily newspaper, of the date January 28 last. Its leading article, of one and a half full columns, is all about Social Credit. It is entitled "Social Credit and Doles"; and in the text such terms as "The Douglas System of Social Credit," "Douglas Theory," "Mr. Douglas," and the "Douglas System" alternate with a frequency which would hardly be equalled in a text-book from the Credit Research Library. The article would fill two and a half full-length columns of *THE NEW AGE*. It appears to have been inspired by an address on the subject which, it says, was "ably and eloquently expounded by Mr. Cyril Pennett at a recent meeting of the Quest Society." If the *China Press*, as we presume, derived its facts from Mr. Pennett's address, we congratulate that gentleman. We must also express our appreciation of the direct and concise way in which the writer of the article has put down the essential features of the Social Credit analysis and proposals. It begins:

How would you like to have the Government pay you enough for food, lodging and clothing whether you worked or not? That is just what the Government would have to do if the Douglas System of Social Credit were adopted by the nations.

Then in the following order these further passages occur:

One Douglas theory is that financial credit should not be in the hands of any one group like bankers, but controlled by the whole community.

The reason given is that financial credit is based on "real" credit, which is nothing less than the consuming power of all the people. The present system causes several kinds of disaster for several reasons, and conditions will become ever worse.

Say that a man has financial credit and builds a factory that is not really needed. Will he lose and fail? Not always. He may join a combine that is able to hold up prices and make his business pay in that way. If a combine has a monopoly, prices can be raised.

Mr. Douglas shows that unemployment must constantly grow. And the reason is the demand for profits in the form of money. Take an illustration. If four men were playing bridge with a kitty into which each put a penny, the winner could not draw out five pence. If a million factory workers each draw one dollar, they cannot spend \$1.10 to give the factories ten per cent. profit. They can spend only the dollar which they have. But machinery take care of this and, by reducing the labourers' need, make possible the ten per cent. profit—with the result, however, that, say, ten per cent. of the people will be unemployed.

The amount of financial credit in circulation depends upon the action of the banks in creating and destroying it. Real credit, however, being the potential consuming

power of the people, can increase consumption and industry if a means be found, an extraneous form of income that will make up the difference between the amount of money in circulation at a given period and the price of all goods produced during that period. This could be brought about according to Douglas by the issuing of a national dividend out of credit raised by the State in order to insure everybody food, clothing, and shelter as a right.

The *China Press* reviews some of the difficulties which mark what it thinks are the "weak points" of Major Douglas's theory. It accepts the principle that every individual should be assured the means of life, but it cannot assent to a proposal that would make this benefit unconditional on the performance of work. It accordingly puts forward a proposal of its own, namely that a system of road-building and other projects should be inaugurated by the Government to afford work to all the unemployed, their wages to be "much more than the Dole" but not so high as to attract men now employed away from their existing jobs.

Considering that the *China Press* is not an economic journal, and that its acquaintance with Major Douglas's ideas is in all probability of short duration, we should be confessing ourselves implacable doctrinaires if we treated this reaction on the part of that journal as an occasion for heresy-hunting. It is the natural first reaction of the lay mind. But it is something better: it is an honest attempt to evaluate that part of the Social Credit theory which it has grasped, and it shows a desire to translate humanistic principles into action of some sort. We have seen, and have condemned, similar proposals in British newspapers to those now offered, but that has been because, apart from their inadequacy, their sponsors have had endless opportunities of learning why, and have neglected to use them. The concluding paragraph of the article supporting the proposals reveals a quality of mind which one would seek vainly in Fleet Street.

It may be thought that projects paying an intermediate wage between the dole and the good living wage ordinarily paid for the same kind of labour would not be popular. There would be complaint that the Government was stingy. True enough. But no one would be forced to work on such projects. The dole would still exist for the weak or lazy. The low-grade projects would merely be open for those ambitious enough to want more than the dole but still unable to find a good job. And there might be bonuses for those unusually active or doing more than the regular amount of work. Those actually and continually killing time could be returned to the mere dole. This plan has some of the advantages of the Douglas plan. It would prevent healthy men from degenerating into criminals or bandits and would prevent starvation. It would circulate general funds, but only for work. It would not increase idleness as the Douglas System of Social Credit might.

We call this excellent going. Notice that even the "lazy" are to have something. That does away with the moral test. In this country public opinion is led to applaud the practice of forcing out-of-works to tramp round for miles on the fruitless errand of finding work before they can get their dole. They must prove that they are not "lazy"—and pay for the proof in boot-leather.

The task on which we hope the *China Press* will bestow more attention is to study the technique of financing its own proposals. At present it wants to get the money from income and inheritance taxes, so as to "put funds into the national treasury instead of paying them out as in the Douglas plan." We invite it to consider that all taxes have to come out of the amount of financial credit in circulation, and to consider it in conjunction with the statement, which it has quoted (and which is a statement made by the Chairman of the Midland Bank, Mr. McKenna) that the amount of financial credit depends

upon the action of the banks in creating and destroying it. This means that a Government, in association with the banks, can create and put new financial credit into the national treasury for the desired purposes without touching anybody's existing income either beforehand or afterwards. But we warn the *China Press* that its investigation must be undertaken independently of banking opinion. The average banker has no better knowledge than the layman of the facts and reasoning on which the Douglas Scheme is founded. He is only a routine functionary. He knows the immediate effect of what he does; but so does a Chinaman who sows rice. Lord Milner once said that one of the things that struck him most forcibly during important consultations was the stupidity of the average banker on matters outside the orbit of his daily activities. The people competent to advise are those in control of the banking system itself; and they object to the "Douglas" policy because it clashes with their own. Their advice would be no more dependable than that of a trader in opium who should be asked whether the suppression of the traffic were a feasible proposition. He would of course say "No"—but his "no" would only mean: "I do not want suppression." We are far from meaning by this that the banker-statesman class is actuated by sordid motives. As individuals they know that they would be richer—certainly no poorer—in a Social Credit State. What they object to is the deprivation of their exclusive power of controlling governments and shaping the destinies of nations. It is a spiritual deprivation; and what it means ought to be plainly guessed at by, let us say, an independent editor of thousands of people are influenced by his judgments far outweighs considerations of income. General Booth's resistance to supersession in the command of the Salvation Army had the same basis—pride in spacious achievement. The trouble with the banker-statesman is that his handling of the credit-system results inevitably in widespread poverty. His objective requires it. The whole problem of economics is that of involuntary poverty. It can only be solved by a policy which is based on an entirely new concept of the nature and use of credit, and upon the inherent right of the public to understand and approve high-financial objectives.

The *China Press* itself rightly says that

"When millions of herrings are thrown back into the sea because of no sale, and when millions of tons of wheat rot because of low price, and yet, at the same time, people are dying of famines in several lands, the present system stands condemned."

It adds that "Mr. Douglas's scheme is based on very deep principles of economics most difficult to disprove," and that "the Douglas ideas on social credit may some time modify the present system of finance." Its bugbear, singularly enough in view of its own proposals, is the "selfishness of human nature"—"some individuals would never work"—they would "sponge" off other people to supplement their free incomes. Well, there is no use in arguing against fears of this nature. The proof of laziness if any will be revealed by the provision of work. The first step is to offer the jobs and see. The number of unemployed in China who chose to remain on the dole rather than work for the higher "intermediate wages" would afford a "laziness-index" by reference to which the authorities could easily decide whether it was "safe" to raise the dole a little, or leave it alone. In the Douglas Scheme there is no indiscriminate insistence on giving idle men free incomes. In any country where every man's service was truly necessary, and the Government forced every man to earn his keep, that would not conflict with the economic principles of social credit. But

where is such a country to be found? Take existing plant and other equipment, and let it work at full capacity (this being merely a matter of creating the credit to give the machinery a push-off) and there could be a substantial increase in production per head of the community. And by creating further credit, an expansion of equipment could be made to multiply that increase, and the process could go on indefinitely, until, in fact the population could not absorb any more. The economic argument against forced labour in that case would be obvious. Such a situation is for the future. Meanwhile it remains a fact that machinery is crowding men out of industry, and men are virtually forced back and crowd the machinery out. Labour-saving inventions are being held up by the thousand because of the impossibility of providing work for the displaced labour. Under the present system industry is laid under the necessity of hiring one worker for every customer. That was what "industry" did before the world used even primitive tools and implements. So that it would appear that the productivity of every mechanical invention since has been *nil*. One thing is certain, that throughout whole generations of expansion in physical means and methods of production, the general standard of living has barely moved. A rational system would turn redundant labour out of industry and give the machine room to do what it was designed for. But in letting a machine displace a worker you must not displace a customer, because if you do you displace the machine—a sort of ring-o'-roses game to the refrain: Produce more and sell less.

Last Friday evening we caught the tail-end of a "debate" by wireless on the subject of Home Rule for Scotland. It took the form of a public-house dispute, that is to say there were no rules, each disputant interrupting the other when he liked. This is not a bad idea; it strips away all the oratory and leaves the arguments naked. The gentleman opposing Home Rule had the advantage of a louder voice and a more practised diction than the other, and must be presumed to have won the debate in the opinion of the average listener, who measures truth by the device of multiplying sounds by their rate of flow. One argument put up against the Scottish protagonist amounted to this: "Look at the Irish Free State; it is in a worse mess than when it formed part of the Union." The Scotsman's reply should have been that the Free State Constitution is not Home Rule; but he did not make it. We fancy that he must have been selected to take part in the debate because he was not likely to do so. The interests that censor the B.B.C. programmes know what they are about. The Irish bull's nose is ringed by the Bank of Ireland, and he is tethered by a currency-law rope to the Bank of England post. He is free to graze where he likes—inside the gold-standard circle. If this is all that Scotland wants there will be no serious opposition in London.

A circular entitled "Canadian Prosperity" has been sent to us. It opens with the statement that Canada has shown greater expansion since the war than any other country in the world. Its method of demonstrating this is to make 1913 the datum year, expressing the industrial production of that year by the index figure of 100. The industrial expansions of seven countries are worked out, and after being equated for populations the resultant indices are as follows. Canada 188, United States 138, France 130, Belgium 118, Italy 110, Germany 104. The last item must have a sentence all to itself. Great Britain 79. So John Bull's horse was not simply an also-ran, it also ran backwards. The Americans' favourite gibe is that Britain is a "back number"; and certainly the above figures appear to justify their confidence. We are not saying that there is

no answer, but we do say that it is up to the Directors of the Bank of England to supply the answer. If the bankers' canons of prosperity are sound, they have let Britain down badly. But since the Big Five Chairmen were unanimously boasting last month that Britain's situation and prospects were bright, one must infer that they are applying other canons of prosperity which they have not yet revealed. The public would like to know which it is to be.

Canada's horse-power increased in 1928 by about 500,000, bringing the total to 5,328 million. After boasting about this, the Circular says:

"The only weak spot was the newsprint industry where the increase in productive capacity led to price-cutting and caused a sharp fall in the price of newsprint. This situation is in process of being righted." (Our italics.)

This is saying that when you increase your productive capacity you put the situation wrong. We suggest to "Arthurian" in the *Referee* that he take a little holiday for reflection before he resumes his agitation for "productive credits." If this newsprint had happened to be a perishable article it would have been dealt with after the manner which the *China Press* described in regard to the herrings. But since it will keep, the makers are keeping it off the market until they can get a higher price. And of course in the meantime they will take care to reduce their production. If this be sound economics, "Arthurian" ought to be shouting for "destructive credits." In conclusion, these curious results from expanded production suggest that Britain may not be such a "back number" after all. The puzzle is to know whether her contraction of production is born of a super-astute design or whether it is one more manifestation of John Bull's lucky propensity for "blundering through." We shall see.

The Back Page.

By "Old and Crusted."

—you can introduce almost any measure of Socialism or Communism into England provided you call it by some other name.—(G. B. S.)
Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set.—Proverb xxii., v. 28.

When old Sir Charles is laid to rest in the family vault amongst the great company of faithful servants of Church and State, the usual announcement appears in *The Times*, with perhaps a short obituary notice in addition; his son enters on his new duties and privileges resolved to be worthy of his father, and to uphold the ancient traditions of his house; the Manor resumes its cheerful air, renewing its generous hospitality with all the zest that youth can bring to it; and Sir Charles, painted in his uniform of Colonel of Yeomanry, looks down from the panelled walls of the great hall on a happy crowd of young folk whose exuberance proclaims the virility of the stock. The individual passes, but the family persists—and so history is made.

When an ancient home passes, when the owner of Tudor Manor, Elizabethan Hall, or Georgian Rectory, bled to death by succession duties and ever-increasing taxation, finally falls a prey to some speculator; when park and gardens are cut up into "desirable building lots" and the once familiar name becomes but a memory in the county, something more than a beautiful house in a stately setting is destroyed; the country has suffered irreparable loss; for one more breach has been made in the fortalice of good manners through which pours the flood of vulgarity, spreading devastation.

And that is why the back page of *The Times* is the saddest of all the thirty whose closely printed columns go to the making of one daily volume of the

world's tangled story. Day by day the list of properties for sale increases, until one begins to wonder whether the next generation will ever experience the charm of a perfectly run country house, or know the meaning of "a haunt of ancient peace" and hear

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms."

Not a morning passes but some

"stately ancestral home occupying a high situation commanding beautiful views in the heavily-timbered Deer Park,"

is offered for sale—which is the equivalent of saying,

"Never morning wore to evening, but some heart did break."

If the words William Scawen Blunt puts into the mouth of the Old Squire:—

"Nor has the world a better thing,
Though one should search it round,
Than thus to live one's own sole King,
Upon one's own sole ground."

are true, then the day when the lord of the manor passes out of the gates of his ancestral home for the last time is perhaps the most bitter experience life can bring to one whose heart's desire was ever

—to be as my fathers were
In the days ere I was born.

It is idle to explain that the expansion of "industrial areas" and the needs of "housing schemes" cannot be stopped by a park wall. Since the development of cheap and rapid transit thousands of acres have become available for either purpose without deflowering a single garden or cutting up a demesne that has sheltered deer since the days when William Shakespeare went a-poaching. It is equally futile to protest against predatory vandalism if one has not a practical suggestion to offer for these sanctuaries of peace and beauty, these schools of courtesy, to be saved for the training and consolation of our children's children. There is no common agreement as to what is practical, and the suggestions that an indurated lover of all things ancient and gracious may venture to put forth will doubtless be received with jeers and laughter by those thick-skinned preachers of "rationalisation" who do not scruple to remove "the ancient landmarks." So be it. Let the risk be run. And this is the dream and vain imagining:

When an old home can no longer be kept going by the family that created it, the first thought of a Government worthy of the name, one that had the welfare of the race at heart, should be to take immediate steps to prevent its dissolution; for house and contents, garden, home-farm, and park constitute a living entity, and once dispersed and divided, not all the wealth of the profiteer can gather them together again.

Therefore if the owner of one of these shrines of fine living can no longer meet the cost of its upkeep and dispense its traditional hospitality as a private person, let him represent his nation as host of an Imperial Guest House. Every day at Tilbury, Dover, Liverpool, and Southampton there lands some home-coming man or woman from the North-West Frontier, from equatorial swamps, or the frozen remoteness of Canada; from every outpost of Empire come loyal servants of the King; all in need of rest; and some in search of a quiet spot in which to pass the evening of their days: a great and goodly company who have deserved well of their country. Has England no welcome for them, no hospitality to offer other than lodgings or the casual fellowship of the Club? This is a matter of such magnitude that only a "Ministry of Imperial Hospitality" could hope to handle it.

It will be objected that, apart from the general fatuousness of the suggestion, the financial difficulties are insuperable, and the outcry against the additional taxation necessary to give practical effect to

such midsummer madness would be so great that no Government dare face it. Well, why should they? There are other and better ways of raising the wind than fleecing the taxpayer. Are there not in this realm of England five swollen amalgamations of money manufacturers who have such vast reserves that they are positively at their wits' end to know what to do with their superabundance? They cannot go on building branch establishments indefinitely, and they must have used up nearly all the eligible corner sites between Melvich and Mullion; nay, some of the more favoured localities are so stiff with branches that they would be all the better for a little pruning. No heavy capital outlay would be necessary. It is only a question of upkeep, which would easily be met by a little liberal book-keeping in the way of permitting the Squire to overdraw his account a few thousands.

Besides, there is such a thing as gratitude. Were not the "Big Five" and their minor accomplices in credit-control saved from ruin in 1914 by a three-days Bank Holiday and a gratuitous supply of Treasury notes? Could they not in return provide a free holiday for some of their most valuable agents? It does pay to cast one's bread upon the waters sometimes. To send a jaded pioneer back to his task refreshed and grateful is to create a living branch in a new area that may bring more business than a dozen costly edifices in country towns. Who knows but that another Cecil Rhodes might be saved from passing out ere the promise of his youth had been fulfilled—and what that might mean for "Big Business" and the Empire let the story of South Africa tell. It is worth considering, my Lords and Gentlemen of high finance, in your own interests; for if you do not the day will surely come when the "Back Page" of *The Times* will startle the world with a very different style of advertisement.

By direction of the Trustees of The National Credit Department.

For sale, without reserve, with immediate possession, a number of valuable corner sites recently occupied by Amalgamated Banks, Ltd.

What utter nonsense all this must seem to the upholders of "sound finance"! Well, if sweeping death duties, crushing taxation, and the consequent breaking-up of great estates and gracious homes be the outcome of "sound finance" and the last word in practical politics, let us give the dreamers of dreams a chance, and see if they cannot save for us some of those precious inheritances which, if once destroyed, can never be restored. Would not a poet make as good a financier as a pawnbroker? Have we not had more than enough of those clever folk who "know the price of everything and the value of nothing"? Who will put a price on the gratitude of the lonely wanderer who, after a holiday spent in a stately "Guest House," returns braced and inspired to his lonely outpost? Who will gauge the value to the Empire of a renewal of faith in the Motherland in one who, perhaps for the first time, has lived in surroundings where tradition is the breath of life?

The M.M. Club meets on Wednesday, March 6th, at 5 o'clock. Discussion at 6.15.

"If the scheme had proceeded according to strict legal rights, the share capital of £10,012,500 would have been completely wiped out by the capital and other losses to be provided for; but by means of the reduction or amendment of loan capital, largely by the aid of the bankers, who have agreed to accept Ordinary shares in satisfaction of the securities held by them, we have retained an interest in the equity of the shareholders."—The Chairman of the Armstrong-Whitworth shareholders' meeting. *Daily Herald*, February 20.

Views and Reviews.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

By James Viner.

In spite of his varied experiences during the war, the Englishman still remains isolated in spirit from the rest of Europe. Almost any two Europeans feel a certain unity in the fact of being European—with a common historical and cultural background. To live in foreign capitals and to become cosmopolitan is not inconceivable to them as to the Englishman—Russian Emigrés for example adapt themselves easily in France, Germany, and Serbia. Out of Germans, Italians, and French has emerged a Swiss people. But to the Englishman Europe is foreign. He is seldom completely at his ease even when he has overcome difficulties of language; this is only partly accounted for by the fact that we are an island people.

When Anatole France was asked to explain why we remain so un-European, he replied that the values of the European were intellectual, cultural, and aesthetic rather than ethical, while the Englishman demands of his fellows moral worth—something that he calls Character. While this was too swift a generalisation of Europe as a whole, it is essentially true that the basis of English life may be found in this idea of character, provided we interpret it correctly. We demand of our friends trustworthiness and sincerity rather than that they shall be interesting or amusing. Ask an Englishman for an opinion of an acquaintance and you will be told that he is "decent," "reliable," "not much of a fellow"—"straight" or a "twister." A German, similarly questioned will give you details of positions and achievements, while a Latin will be more apt to stress qualities of mind and spirit. *Il est très instruit, très spirituel*—common phrases of the Frenchman which have no exact equivalent in English.

We are essentially a moral people—hence, since practice is never equivalent to precept, we are accused of hypocrisy. Decent, proper, fair, and right are our commonplace and peculiarly English adjectives. Our schools "build character," but do not believe much in training the intellect. The private lives of our statesmen must be highly proper if we are to accept their guidance in other spheres. The arts have seldom been a matter of public concern, but when Watts paints pictures of small aesthetic but high moral value, mass-reproduction follows. We English, however, give a very narrow significance to this word *character*. We have little conception of personality in its full sense. We neglect the mind and the spirit, and concentrate on the moral aspect, stressing especially the public virtues such as are required for games, business, and war—a man "must play fair," "work hard," "be straight," and "stick it." As a code of life it is clearly insufficient for the complexities of modern life. It has, however, the advantage of being simple.

This conception of character as the supreme "value" helps us to understand a great deal, but it is too limited to serve as a comprehensive basis for all the phenomena of English life. Nor does it help towards the understanding of the rest of Europe. We are, therefore, the more grateful to Senor Madariaga for his essay in comparative national psychology.*

This book should be read by every delegate to Geneva and every tourist. It is logical, lucid, and interesting. Professor Madariaga has rendered a service to the world of international politics, for whether one's contacts be those of war or of peace, one will be more successful for a deeper understand-

* "Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards." By Salvador de Madariaga. (Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.)

ing of national characteristics. Psychology is no longer a subject of purely academic interest, but has a vital concern with the activities of concrete human beings. S. Madariaga demonstrates that it is possible to generalise on national characters and shows us how certain fundamental traits manifest themselves in the structure of the community, its religion, politics, arts, letters, and even its language. He finds that Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards typify the predominance of will, thought, and passion, respectively, and chooses as symbols the three untranslatable expressions: *Fair play; le droit; el honor*.

Starting with this conception S. Madariaga analyses the three peoples under the following headings: (1) Thought in the man of Passion; (2) Thought in the man of Thought; and (3) Thought in the man of Action; and so with each of the nine categories. Later he demonstrates the validity of its deduction by numerous examples from the history and customs of the three peoples. For our present theme we must confine ourselves to the Englishman.

The Englishman is the man of action. He lives in action and for relaxation turns to action again. His national heroes are therefore soldiers, sailors, and the great adventurers. Life cannot be schematised. Therefore, experience rather than logic or *principe* is his guide. His institutions are the result of spontaneous development, not of plan. He adapts himself to the law of things. To be immaterial means to be of no importance. His values are empirical and utilitarian: he is concerned with the immediate objective. For the sake of action "the demands to be led," and is inclined to trust "the man at the helm." For the sake of successful action he forms groups whose conduct is guided by fair play, whether the group be a football team, the House of Commons, or the British Empire. He can co-operate only with those who understand this code, and in consequence remains insular. He is self-conscious because the eye of the group is on him. For the collective life, agreement in customs is more important than ideas, hence tolerance in the realm of ideas but not in that of morals. His religion is ethical, his virtues social, and only those passions which serve the community are approved: all others are repressed or sublimated as sentiments. His imperialism is concerned with things and not ideas or persons.

It is clear from the author's description of the English character that qualities such as these would serve the race well in the days of its infancy. A group of pioneers is confronted by a situation which they can view in its totality, and which itself prescribes the necessary action. Immediate responses in the form of outward activity are all that are required. Trees must be cut down, bridges built, or economic necessity is apt to take the form of war.

The problem of population, raw materials, over-production, and under-consumption cannot be instinctively solved. Forethought and passion need to be united to the qualities of to-day. Where are these of the human purposes of to-day? The time is not yet passed when England can give a lead in the world. As a people we shall remain men of action, of fair-play, and courageous endeavour, little interested in principles of liberty and equality, militarism, or pacifism, and demanding practical decisions interpreted in terms of action and of things. It is with facts rather than with ideas that we shall lead the rest of Europe. For vision and consciousness purpose we must look to the rare leader—the man who transcends his national qualities, and who is not only a representative Englishman, but also a great European.

America in Forty Days.

By Maurice B. Reckitt.

III.

I reached America on the eve of the Presidential election. These contests, it would seem, resemble the 'Varsity Boat Race of post-war years; the recurring interest and excitement is not in the least affected by the fact that one side always wins. On this occasion, however, even dispassionate observers regarded the fight as an open one. Parties counted for less than usual; the contest, one was assured, was between two great personalities. Certainly the prevailing view in every circle into which I came was that whatever happened would be a change for the better. The acid and disgruntled Coolidge ("he must have been weaned on a pickle," one of his more incisive critics once declared) had been fast losing hold on the more sanguine and dynamic elements in American society. The Republicans realised that another standpat politician was more than America would endure; faced by such a prospect the electorate, whatever its prejudices, was likely to welcome in succession to "Silent Cal" the breezy energy of a far from silent Al. They preserved the tradition of silence, indeed, by selecting a man who had scarcely harangued an audience in his life; but instead of a politician they chose an organiser. Politics were to be interpreted in future as social engineering; and the exuberant health of America was to be guaranteed by the leadership of one who had proved his quality by presiding with a quietly contemptuous efficiency over the convalescence of a senile Europe.

No one anticipates that Herbert Hoover will prove a "standpatter." A certain amount of conformity was required of him if he was to make sure of the Republican vote, and the *New York Times* on the morrow of his election ironically suggested that now he was assured of power he might give up posing as a champion of Republican principles and become Mr. Hoover again. His election campaign, however, while politically unimaginative to a degree, contained some elements of vision in the purely constructive field (e.g., the ambitious proposals for the extension of inland waterways), and men with new ideas in economics (like Messrs. Foster and Catchings) believe that he will not prove inaccessible in this direction. He is, it is repeatedly affirmed by the optimists, essentially a "social engineer," whose outlook, scientific and dispassionate, will show no sympathy to anti-social vested interests. It is difficult not to feel that all this is merely an optimistic deduction from his past career; there was little in his political debut to support it. It seems unhappily more probable that in accepting the Republican nomination he has given to Wall Street gifts intended for mankind. The quality of the gifts is not in question. Mr. Hoover is undoubtedly a man of force and ability; but whether the world will henceforward grow more peaceful and secure because American imperialism has at its head a sanguine and energetic "go-getter" with the instincts of a dictator instead of a sour and cautious conservative, is very doubtful. For that the new President is an expansionist is unquestionable; his first gesture was a sally into that South America which contains so many of Britain's still remaining markets, and he is likely to prove a representative champion of those exporters of American capital whose national anthem would declare that

Wider still and wider
Shall thy bonds be set.

If Hoover was the spokesman of finance-capital, as his opponents commonly suggested, would Al Smith's election have been a victory for democrats—or merely for Democrats? On this question American "Liberals" (as persons professing "advanced" opinions are quaintly described in the

States) were violently split. Apart from the disinclination to "throw away" a vote on a third party, many really believed in "the Happy Warrior," as the Democrats were wont to describe their highly un-Wordsworthian candidate. They pointed to his long record for good and (rarer still) "clean" administration in both the City and State of New York; they argued that, as himself a "roughneck," he was likely to have regard to the interests of the downtrodden elements in the city life of America, while as a Catholic he would care for the well-being of those poor immigrants ("wops" and "dagos") who are so commonly his fellow-religionists; they contended that the election of a Catholic would be highly valuable as a check to the intolerance of the "hicks" and Klansmen of the South and Middle West; they urged that the corruptions and hypocrisies of Prohibition would be undermined by the election of an honest "Wet"; they laid stress on the fact that his programme took a firm stand on the vital question of preserving the public control of the services of waterpower and similar national assets, and promised a remedy for the glaring injustices perpetrated by the employment of injunctions in labour disputes. Confronted by the fact of Al Smith's ignorance of the whole sphere of foreign affairs, they were apt to reply that he was the less likely to pre-serve rather than imperil the tranquillity of the world.

I was never quite able to make up my mind as to the validity of these arguments in determining a vote if I had had one to cast. The "Happy Warrior's" personality was forceful and attractive; he had plenty of courage and a clean record where few men would have found it easy to preserve one. Inmen tolerance and Prohibition (not merely the Liquor tolerance and Prohibition) are evils experiment, but the whole social outlook) are evils so menacing and so fundamental in American society that no opportunity of striking an effective blow at them ought to be thrown away. But the Liberals of the "Third Party" type countered with these arguments. Smith might be an honest man and an able leader as far as he went, but for a champion of the people against plutocracy he kept very queer company. His campaign managers included some of the most notorious figures in the world of big business, and it was to be suspected that these forces had already compelled him to abandon the traditional Democratic demand for a modification of the tariff. In office they would render him powerless for good. And no enthusiasm for Smith, even if it were better founded than could safely be assumed, should blind "Liberals" to the fact that it was time to have done, once and for all, with the moribund, divided and unprincipled Democratic party, and set about the building of a new one. The five million votes previously polled for La Follette proved that the task was practicable if it were but followed out consistently without the expectation of immediate results. And the opportunity for the first step had arrived with the candidature of Norman Thomas.

The Socialist Party, of which Mr. Thomas was on this occasion the champion, is the Third Party of the moment. The party is in the midst of a significant transformation; it has large and apparently confident ambitions, but precedents in this respect cannot be said to be encouraging. Some enterprising sociologist has recently produced a volume of some six hundred pages on the history of Third Parties in the United States; the material was clearly not lacking, but—"where are the snows of yester year?" The American Socialists profess themselves undaunted. Nothing, they say, can re-create the Democratic Party; its traditions have exhausted themselves, it is transparently a bundle of warring contradictions, and if it could

not win with Al Smith it will never win at all. The retirement of "the people's Al" into the congenial affluence of a bank directorship is the opportunity of a new party, which is relegating its hard-boiled Marxism into a convenient oblivion, striving to modify the Jewish hegemony in its councils, and studying to become a harmonious feature of the American scene. The inspiration behind this adroit adjustment is not far to seek; American Socialists have long bent an envious gaze upon the British Labour Party. Their naive admiration for every aspect of our Labour movement, indeed, has something pathetic about it; one hesitates to disillusion them, only to find that scruples are needless, for it is impossible to do so. Yet I would back the brains and social realism of their intelligentsia, the League for Industrial Democracy (some of whose publications have been favourably noticed in THE NEW AGE) against those of our moribund Fabians and rhetorical I.L.P.ers. The energy, charm, and breadth of outlook of Harry Laidler, the fresh mind and intellectual vigour of Stuart Chase, the effective eloquence of the forcible, if less profound, Norman Thomas, to mention only a few, render the pretensions of the Socialists (as they still unwisely call themselves) less ridiculous than they appear at first sight. They may indeed become the official Opposition. But they have yet to face the blunt question of the "hicks" and the Babbitts—in our new world of prosperity what is there for an Opposition to oppose?

Drama.

The Rumour: Court.

Mr. C. K. Munro's serious work has gained little recognition outside that fortress of intelligence, The Stage Society. Whether such a work as "The Rumour" can succeed in the commercial theatre is doubtful. Who "The Rumour, Ltd.," are, on whose behalf Miss Hilda Dallas presents the play, I do not know; but they are brave, and deserve success. "The Rumour" cannot be described as a play, though it is dramatic; nor as anti-war propaganda, unless an exposure of how wars are brought about is inherently propaganda against war. "The Rumour" is an initiation into politics rendered in the technique of the theatre. One of Carlyle's suggestions for cleaning nonsense out of Parliamentary speeches was that, instead of hiding behind ceremonial robes and regalia, politicians should conduct their affairs naked. Mr. Munro's play is politics and finance with the clothes rubbed out. That it becomes a bitter, sardonic, indecent exposure is due to the hypocrisy and disease of the people from which the covering is removed.

As a rule plays divided into many scenes give a rag-bag impression, and a longing for a more classical pattern. "The Rumour" has sixteen scenes, which jump about from a financier's house, a munitions contractor's office, a public-house in Przimia, the Prime Minister's room, the peace conference hall, and other places, with interludes in a London street and at the docks. Each of the four acts, however, contains a long "behind the curtains" scene which receives the emphasis of the act, and shorter, sometimes momentary scenes, which illuminate the effect on the various social classes of the episode in the longer scene. The compression of the play, originally very long, has been carried out with a flair for form and for essentials. The result is an admirable and technically very interesting work.

The financier's test of which country should annex another is that the righteous borrow and pay interest. The munitions contractor has no concern

as to what explosives are used for provided they are paid for. Big business knows that the country which buys, with the financier's loans, railway track and rolling stock, is more civilised than the country which can manage without these things. The Prime Minister adopts a pose of rational impartiality while obviously regarding the petitions of the big men who provide his revenue as commands. Governors of the small subsidised States puff themselves out as though their victories were the reward of their virtue.

"The Rumour" was first produced by the Stage Society in 1922. It is of necessity, therefore, history rather than prophecy. It is an allegory which can be pinned over the events of our time like one of Euclid's isosceles triangles over the other. It is free from either sentimentality or falsehood. It contains more true history in any act than all the collected volumes of speeches, propaganda, and proceedings, of the League of Nations and the League of Nations Union, put together. True, the exposure is entirely negative. But it is simple, interesting, and miraculously comprehensive. No other play on politics reveals so overwhelmingly how all things and all people are tied together, and at the mercy of a rumour deliberately set going to cause the man-hunt which must ultimately re-tribute property and debts.

Except that Torino's oration, excellently as it is delivered by Mr. Cecil Trouncer, should be cut even more, the production as a whole is a memorable one, and a great credit to Mr. Allan Wade. So many first-class actors are rarely seen together as in this cast of forty speaking parts, and crowds besides. Several actors double, but this is not the work owing to the team spirit in which all the work is done. Mr. Michael Sherbrooke and Mr. Charles Carson are most prominent, and no testimony to the high quality of their performances is required by anybody who knows them. The combined oratory and acting of Mr. Rupert Harvey and Mr. Stanley Lathbury is also first-class.

The Princess: Stage Society.

Jacinto Benavente is one of the group who have brought Spanish drama into the sociological flow. Benavente sees society as conflict between the right to live one's own life, whether society be saved or damned, and one's duty to uphold, at any sacrifice, the social structure with the help of which self-expression is possible. To escape from against the puppet life of palaces. Bébé revolts a future in which the office is all and the person nothing, she throws away the privileges of rank, and sets out to seek sincerity. She tries the art world, but the famous, surrounded by sycophants, are ashamed of their origins, though they will not let her forget hers. "For me," they cant, "you will always be a princess." The man she eloped with shows himself a snob, whose only ambition is the King's forgiveness and return to Court. Finally, following with her cousin—a prince who had similarly misbehaved—the cheerful sounds of low life, she meets a woman mad with love. Thereupon she and her prince do what is expected of them.

"The Princess" is Dulcinea going out to find Don Quixote after reading "A Doll's House." Ibsen was wise to leave Nora's future to imagination, as was the author of "Hindle Wakes" in a comparable case. Benavente's royal blood was hotter while it flowed in the royal palace. Indeed, the first act, with its comment on the inextricability of domestic and political affairs, which made the head that wore the crown lie so uneasily, was entertaining and promising. But Benavente's emancipated princess, like so many subsequent emancipated ladies, was unfortun-

nate in finding no more likely places to look for sincerity than Arty-parties and Bohemian night-clubs.

The English version used by Graham and Tristan Rawson follows closely that of John Garrett Underhill, published about ten years ago. The present one is slightly more vernacular, and for that reason better. But the cuts have been made in a way that blurs Benavente's theme. Most of the first half of the second act should have been omitted. Everything there brought out as to the hypocrisy of highbrow art appreciators is established elsewhere. The author had a bent for clowning. But much clowning, topical in 1905, has lost its savour. Besides, we are not good at clowning, and the production of these passages suffered greatly from insufficient rehearsal. By cutting these and similar passages the ending might have been less abrupt, and the Princess might have delivered herself more fully of her views on life. Mr. Bromley Davenport's performance as the King was the only one, except those of the minor parts in the last act, which was entirely satisfying. As the Princess, Moyna Macgill had vivacity, and spoke well. But she was not quite warm enough for this earnest royal feminist rescued by love.

Quality Street: Haymarket.

Barrie resembles the Syrens. When they are silent they are powerless; when they sing their magic is irresistible. To his credit, by comparison with the Syrens, Barrie does not turn men and women into animals but into children. All the characters he compels us to open our hearts for meet the situations of life with child celebration—and triumph. Phoebe and Susan Throssel represent us all in our feeling of childish inadequacy before the tasks set by fate. In the genteel school which poverty, heroically borne, forces them to start, Phoebe can assert the price of eleven herrings at one and a half for three-ha'pence because, in confidence, she once worked it out with real herrings. She can teach Latin, as a schoolmaster of my acquaintance taught the village working-men French, by learning a lesson ahead of the class. If need be, she will teach algebra on the same plan. There is no conjuring trick for mixing tears and smiles at the frailty of common humanity at which Barrie is less than adept.

That men die and even lovely women grow old is the single unanswerable argument ever adduced against the existence and goodness of God. Barrie puts everything right. Phoebe is sister to "Peter Pan" and the rest of the Barrie family. Phoebe Throssel falls into despair because youth fades. She snatches at the chance to get it back by going to the ball as her own niece. When the ensuing complications lead her into deceit without a foreseeable end, Love comes to release her, and compensates her for her lost youth with eternal happiness. What a world, one is forced to say at the end of Barrie plays, it would have been if only it had been created by God the Mother.

This revival is a beautiful production. Miss Angela Baddeley as Phoebe stays rather more in this world than some of her fore-runners. Through Barrie's plays, as Mr. Nathan has remarked, runs an undertone of mild cynicism which preserves sanity. Miss Baddeley conserves that undertone delightfully. Mr. Francis Lister is as dashing a ball-room Captain Valentine Brown, with a pathetic empty sleeve, as is likely ever to play the part, and Phoebe in his arms at the end satisfies everybody that God's in His Heaven. Miss Jean Cadell as Susan Throssel, Miss Hilda Trevelyan as Patty, and Mr. Sidney Morgan as a magnificent Vesta Tilley Recruiting-Sergeant, were all fit and proper company for the two lovers, while the school-children realised the nursery that a man lost in Greenland might dream.

PAUL BANKS.

The Screen Play.

"White Shadows in the South Seas."

I understand that this film (Regal) achieved even greater popularity in New York than "Ben Hur." It is incomparably better. Here is a production which unites the charm of the best travel films with admirable acting, and a story that appeals alike to the intelligent and the purely emotional. Its theme is the baneful effect of the White Man's civilisation on an unspoiled community, and although the dice are perhaps loaded against the White Man, it is none the less a bitingly true indictment of Western progress, conceived with as much sincerity as restraint. I do not know if it was deliberately undertaken as propaganda, but whether or not I would emphasise that it must be judged as a work of art, and as an example of the type of film that should be introduced to those superior persons who still sneer at the screen because their knowledge of it is confined to a few cowboy and custard pie pictures. That finished actor, Monte Blue, gets every ounce out of a great part, which he plays exactly as it ought to be played, and without the slightest concession to female playgoers of the "Keen on Waller" type. Incidentally, the production has almost reconciled me to synchronised pictures, since the musical accompaniment and sound effects are so well done. A better title, both in itself, and from the box office standpoint, would be "White Shadows," *tout court*.

"The Last Laugh."

Space considerations forbid more than a brief reference to the revival of "The Last Laugh" (Avenue Pavilion) and a recommendation to my readers to see it. In this film superb production is wedded to the superbly great acting of Jannings, whose impersonation I rank even higher than his famous part in "Vaudeville." The production is by Murnau, who in his masterly backgrounds and masterly handling of crowds and traffic foreshadowed here the even more remarkable achievement in these respects which characterised "Sunrise."

"The King Who Was a King."

It is perhaps the diffidence of British journalists in dealing with established reputations which has caused nearly all the reviews of Mr. Wells's latest book* to be in the nature of a synopsis rather than a review, and although the synopsis is appropriate enough in the case of a film, it is inadequate to the matter in hand, which is a "Book of a Film." Let me say at once that this book, which contains the germs of a new art-form in the shape of a novel written as a screen-play scenario, increases my admiration of Mr. Wells. It again shows him as the man of imaginative foresight who, like Shaw, finds it easier to adapt himself to new ideas than to object to them on the score of their novelty. He demonstrates both characteristics in a single phrase when he describes the film as "a means of expression, exceeding in force, beauty and universality any that have hitherto been available for mankind." And in saying that he crystallises in less than twenty words the possibilities of the screen alike as an art, a form of entertainment, and an engine of propaganda.

Propaganda is frankly the object of "The King Who Was a King." Mr. Wells agrees with Mr. de Mille that the screen should and could be a mighty weapon in The War To End War. I unhesitatingly agree with the thesis, but I do not agree that this particular film would be so useful for the purpose as Mr. Wells believes, because I have my doubts as to the effect of the story on the average film audience. Here, I may be entirely wrong, but if I were writing a Will to Peace scenario I should make the

* "The King Who Was a King." By H. G. Wells. [Benn. 7s. 6d.]

issue one between Great Powers and involving the peril of a World War rather than between a couple of Ruritania. Mr. Wells has himself pointed the way in "The War in the Air." Armageddon is still too near for us to take seriously wars between Anthony Hope countries. That is not to say that "The King Who Was a King" should not be effective as propaganda, in addition to being excellent entertainment, and I want to see the film made. I understand that negotiations to this effect are pending, but have so far been fruitless because Mr. Wells very rightly refuses to blur his issues by the introduction of sex appeal as understood in Hollywood.

DAVID OCKHAM.

Music.

"Fra Gherardo": Teatro Reale dell' Opera, Rome.

This work of Pizzetti, new to Rome, was staged with all the astonishing resource, completeness, and sumptuousness which distinguishes the Roman Opera House. So much so that in default of finding anything of interest in the music one was glad to have something to rescue one's attention from the numbing *assoupissement* of complete boredom induced by the composer's part in the affair in observing the innumerable clever and delightful details of *Inscenierung*—to use an eloquent German term for which no adequate equivalent exists in English.

Both libretto and music are by Pizzetti himself. The story is the conventional operatic trumpery which, given music such as Puccini knew how to write, would make an effective enough stagepiece; indeed, in such hands, even brilliantly effective. There is a man and a girl and an affair followed by violent repentance and the cloister on the part of the man, a cross between Wat Tyler and Savonarola, with the discovery of the man by the girl six years later when, of course, the child is dead, hardships, etc., etc.; and when by this time the monastic father has grown a reputation for thaumaturgic sanctity. The work ends naturally with the death of both "in tragic circumstances," as our pathetic news-sheets have it. Dull and commonplace enough, it has at least some element of movement about it, but the composer succeeds in surrounding it with music of such paralysing quality that it could be relied on to bring to a standstill a whirlpool like "Titus Andronicus." The composer, to begin with, has attempted the impossible blend of a recitative derived from Debussy with a plangent orchestral accompaniment. Then, again, this recitative, which, in Pelleas, is full of eloquence and appropriateness—one extended study in half-tone and penumbra—is supported in Debussy's work by orchestral music of magical delicacy, made, so to speak, out of spiders' webs and hoarfrost. In Pizzetti's work the singers, having no line on which the voice can, as it were, swing itself above the orchestra, have to shout most of the time to make themselves heard at all. As for the orchestral part of all this, it was simply a prolonged *pictiniment surplace*. After a purposeless start the music went just nowhere . . . another start, and the same thing, and so on during the entire proceedings. One was reminded of Vaughan Williams at his worst, and also of Gustav Holst. For its utter lack of pregnancy and its flabby aimlessness, the latter is the juster comparison. There is a complete lack of ability to find convincing musical expression for the emotions that are, it is to be supposed, being expressed on the stage: a monotony and lack of resource in orchestration that became infuriating after two hours, which was as much as I found myself called upon to endure. Occasional attractive moments were when the composer obviously remembered Wagner or Puccini. To sum up, this opera is the product of a laborious and not too able artisan, with no trace of genius and almost as little

of the artist. The work confirms one's impression from the rest of Pizzetti that one knows. It is as singular as it is deplorable that while its Pizzettis, its Santoliquidos, its Respighis, *et al*, are freely to be met with, the work of one supreme Italian master with one opera that is among the greatest of modern times, is practically unknown here. I allude to Busoni and his *Doktor Faust*, one bar of which contains more than all Pizzetti put together.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

Reviews.

Purpose. A magazine. (C. W. Daniel Co. 6d. quarterly.) The first number of this magazine contains articles by Alan Porter, W. T. Symons, Philippe Mairet, and M. B. Oxon, whose names are familiar to readers of THE NEW AGE. Postulating, by implication, that within every phenomenon on every plane of experience there lurks a purpose, the purpose of *Purpose* is to detect and reveal it. As may be expected from the recital of the above names (or the first three) the proposed research is largely psycho-analytic; although other methods are not necessarily excluded. Nearly all the articles in this issue reveal the influence of the Adlerian interpretation of psychic phenomena. If, as Adler holds, even a bodily ailment may be the visual evidence of a hidden purpose, so may parallel ailments or disturbances in the "body" of a country or a civilisation afford clues to its destiny. The task is to discover, interpret, and, if possible, relate or synthesize these clues. Whether this be possible or not, the mere attempt may incidentally throw light on problems which are within the capacity of mankind to solve. Of these the economic problem needs the most urgent attention. Readers of this journal know what adjustments will solve it; but they do not know how to overcome those adjustments. Shall it be direct action, mass pressure, logical obstacles which prevent the making of those adjustments. Shall it be direct action, or psycho-analytic treatment? How can a mass-hypnosis be dispersed by a small body of enlightened people against the mutually complementary forces of the Press, Platform, Pulpit, and the B.B.C., which are directed to fostering it? It appears that while the seeds of disease can be sown broadcast by the many, the weeds have to be pulled up one at a time by the few. Any help that psychological research can afford in this direction must necessarily be of the utmost value; and it is to be hoped that the contributors to *Purpose* will pursue their task with this idea in the forefront of their difficult enterprise. J. G.

Dante. By Cesare Foligno, M.A. (Benn's Sixpenny Library.)

This biographical background to the work of Dante is ably written, but it is too short to make good reading and too long for purposes of reference. This is a criticism of the series, not of the author's work. M. J.

The Machine of Life. By Ethel Browning, M.D. (Heinemann's (Medical Books), Ltd., 5s.)

This book has been written to give the lay reader some idea of the "workings" of his or her bodily machinery. It describes in clear language and with the aid of simple line illustrations the structure and functions of the special senses. Especially valuable are the chapters that deal with the duties of the various "systems" and of the body functions. Glands and with the Mind. The authoress regards anatomy as inseparable from physiology; also the body functions as one whole and not as a "composite mass made up of separate blocks working more or less independently of each other," while "to separate mind and body is an impossibility." This book is also noteworthy as a medical work intended for the layman which deals with the organs and functions of reproduction in a matter-of-fact way. Here are the facts, explained as fully as space will allow, and with an entire absence of mawkish sentiment or quasi-religious cant. I. O. E.

Kelston of Kelts. By H. M. Anderson. (Blackwood, 3s. 6d.) A decently written historical novel about the court of Charles II. The author has wisely avoided any attempt to give a Restoration flavour to his dialogue by modelling it on Congreve, Wycherley, or Dryden. It is plain, toothsome stuff, with an occasional "Oddsfish!" or so out of the Wardour Street vocabulary to remind us of "old times." Most boys and girls will find this delectable entertainment. J. S.

Who?

Who killed British Industry?

"I," said the Bank,
"Might as well be frank:
I killed British Industry."

What made you do it?

"The Federal Reserve,
Whose interests I serve.
That made me do it."

What was your weapon?

"My Finger of Fate
Pointed the Bank-Rate.
That was my weapon!"

Who saw her die?

"I," said THE NEW AGE,
"In sorrow and rage.
I saw her die."

Who sewed her shroud?

"I," said the Captive Press.
"I had to, more or less.
I sewed her shroud."

Who preached at her funeral?

"I," said Mond-Turner.
"A lesson to learn her;
I preached at her funeral."

Who is Chief Mourner?

"I," said the Consumer,
"I'm trying to exhume her:
I am Chief Mourner."

When shall she arise?

(Voices from Deeps and Skies)
"When we have forged her chains;
When Britons use their brains.
Then shall she arise!"

L. S. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MADAME BLAVATSKY.

Sir,—As regards Dr. Montgomery's letter, the next question seems to be, Which is a plane? And that, I think, is rather beyond me. As to Reincarnation, I most certainly believe in it, though I should be sorry to have to say exactly what it is that I believe. Since, however, he finds Cosmic Anatomy to his taste I would suggest that, pp. 84, 145, 141, 149-151, 158-9, 161-2, 146, 147, 148, and Fig. 15 contain points which, perhaps, more or less show the field in which the answer is to be looked for. "Superficial" was a bad word, but it must be remembered that even in nineteenth century the idea of more-dimensionality was still so unfledged that Madame Blavatsky could find no better word for her spheres than "interpenetration." M.B., OXON.

FEMINISM.

Sir,—I was extremely interested by R. M.'s review of Doctor Wieth-Knudsen's treatise on "Feminism," but I confess myself a little puzzled. Vaerting's "The Dominant Sex" was first published in 1923, six years ago. Now this earlier book, it seems to me, must be one of two things; either it is very great nonsense, or else it is epoch-making—*liber mirabilis*. There is no third alternative. I have not read Doctor Wieth-Knudsen's book; but it would appear, from the review, that he is quite uninfluenced by Vaerting's conclusions, and no doubt with good reason. But surely it is the duty of an authority who seeks to instruct the public to tell us what that reason is? ROLAND BERRILL.

R. M. writes: Dr. Wieth-Knudsen criticises the conclusions of the Vaertings as indicative of confusion of mind, and states that they mistakenly believe men and women interchangeable. (There is an English translation of Vaerting's book published by Messrs. George Allen and Unwin.—Ed.)

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