THE

NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER."

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

No. 1904] NEW SERIES Vol. XLIV. No. 19. THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1929. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . . . . . The Liberal Party's unemployment scheme. Mr. Beaumont Pease and the *Financial News* on the nationalisation of banking. Higher petrol prices and the Anglo-American oil-struggle—oil-selling and oil-saving. Karl Wiegand in the *San Francisco Examiner* on British and European antagonism against the United States.	217
STRANGE INTERLUDE. By A. Newsome . *Strange Interlude.* (Eugene O'Neill.)	220
THE BRITAIN OF THE SOUTHERN SEA. By John Grimm . . . . . . *Pioneering in Poverty Bay.*	222
AMERICA IN FORTY DAYS.—IV. By Maurice B. Reckitt	223
DRAMA. By Paul Banks . . . . . *Hoppla. Red Rust.*	224
THE SCREEN PLAY. By David Ockham . *The Epic of the South Pole. The Student Prince.* Charlie Chaplin's old films.	225
BANK OFFICERS AND SOCIAL CREDIT. By L. K. K.	225
REVIEWS . . . Seven Days' Whipping. Some Aspects of H. G. Wells. *Number 56.*	226
LETTER TO THE EDITOR . From Philip T. Kenway.	226
VERSE . . . . . . By Margery Porter.	220

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There is a story, vouched for as authentic, about an old Lancashire mill-hand whose life's experience of economic consumption had consisted for the most part in acquiring things second-hand from consumers who had done with them. After the manner in which the transmigration of souls is supposed to happen, so had his body inherited everything wherewithal it should be clothed. Grandfather's breeches lived again in the knickers of his sons and grandsons, and so on. One morning he was overtaken by some of his mates shuffling to work along the road in tiny steps at a pace of a quarter of a mile an hour. "What's t'matter, Tom;" said one of them, "hast tha' got t'rheumatics?" "Nay lad; it's these new boots t'lass just bought me: *they're stringed together by t'heels!*" We were reminded of this story by the newspaper comments on Mr. Lloyd George's speech last week. "Put the Liberals in power," he said, "and they will show the country how a Government can get a hustle on." "Hear, hear," shouted the *Star*. "Fantastic," retorted *The Times*. "Anyhow, it's good political salesmanship," interposed the *Spectator*, "and we Conservatives ought to promise to hustle as well." "There's nothing new in this," chimed in the *Observer*, "nor is the go-quick doctrine a Liberal monopoly, for we proposed years ago. . ." And so proceeds, as we write, this verbal conflict between the "haven't-dones" in office, and the "going-to-do's" in opposition. If the public could only taste the blood of the dragon like Siegfried did, and acquire the faculty for hearing the secret thoughts of their political foster-father, they would hear the Conservatives saying to the Liberals, "You know very well that the seven-league boots of Office are a snare and delusion. The Bank has 'stringed them together by t'heels.' You won't dare cut the string when you put them on any more than we. So don't be 'fantastic.'"

* * *

But, since this miracle is denied, the public are unaware that the enterprise of political Governments is limited by the policy of high-financial interests. Either, through ignorance, they cannot do more than "keep on shufflin' along" (as the song goes), or, through connivance with the Mansion-House string-merchants, they do not choose to. So it comes about that the only practical use in voting is not to express what you think should be done, but to express your dissatisfaction that what you wanted done years before has not been done. When you put the second fellow in, it is not because you like him, but because you do not like the first fellow. As Mr. Bernard Shaw has said: "People hate all Governments."

* * *

Happily the activities of credit-reformers are causing the public gradually to suspect the existence of the string-limitation on economic reconstruction and political independence. The trouble is that the stronger the suspicion grows the more astutely will it be allayed by the financiers. The time has come when they are beginning to admit that the boots of progress are attached; but they will not admit "string," they will preach "elastic." They will say, through the mouths of the politicians, that if everybody will be friendly the elastic will stretch, and that there will be no need to break with time-honoured tradition by removing it. This argument can already be discerned in the numerous suggestions that somehow or other if you do more work you will get more money and money's worth out of your industry.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George has made a pledge. He is going to put the unemployed on to productive work in such numbers as to reduce the unemployment figure to the normal. "No half measures," he told an interviewer; something like a million men would find a job under the scheme he had in mind. The *Star*, in a leading article, says of it:

"Boiled down to hard fact, the Liberal proposals are to use the millions already spent each year on keeping people in enforced idleness in finding productive employment for them, and to supplement that money by *loans raised on such securities as the Road Fund*. . . . The Liberal

proposals, of course, *need amplification.* But Mr. Lloyd George has struck the *right note.* Already he has *caught the ear* of the country as no other statesman has shown himself capable of doing." (Our italics.)

It is possible that the country may like the sound of the Welsh tuning-fork, but there is no guarantee that a new key-note means a new tune. And from what the *Star* lets drop it looks certain that the song which the Conservative bass chorus has made a mess of the Liberal tenor chorus will botch in a higher register. The new key-note, as the *Star* remarks, "needs amplification"—that is to say, the anthem has yet to be composed.

* * *

There is "nothing inherently improbable," the *Star* continues, about Mr. Lloyd George's plan. But to say that is to say nothing in its favour unless it can be shown that there are no external impediments to its inherent potentialities expressing themselves in action. Directly the word "loan" is brought into the scheme an impediment is named. No loan is unconditional: and no borrowing party dictates the conditions. It is not impossible that the City would assist this programme of capital-construction, especially if the alternative threatened to be a Conservative programme of fiscal protection. But loan-accommodation does not solve problems of this sort, it complicates them. Assuming one million unemployed drawing a dole of £1 a week, the situation is that the taxpayer is buying consumption-goods at the rate of a million pounds a week from industry and giving the goods to the unemployed. If the Liberals now put these men to work on the roads at a wage of say £2 a week, the taxpayers will be buying and giving the unemployed consumption-goods to the value of two million pounds a week. This is true in the long run whether the community pay the whole sum in taxes as spent or pay interest and principal on loans. "Yes," says the Liberal, "but the men will be doing productive work." But what the taxpayer will want to know is how this productive work is going to produce and return to him the 100-per-cent. extra that has been added to his taxation. Granted that when the roads are all repaired or constructed, road traffic will be facilitated. But faster travel does not create money. It can enable motor-transport to filch work and revenue from the railway companies; but that is no gain to the taxpayer, who has to supply the revenue in prices whoever collects it. A little reflection will show that this scheme amounts to the imposition on private individuals of compulsory investment out of their incomes. Its finance is based on the assumption that people out of work cannot be put in work unless the people now in work reduce their consumption. The effect will be that while the population as a whole will merely redistribute their total consumption so as to bring the destitute in—and will not in the aggregate consume a loaf more than they did—they will end up with a million pounds indebtedness which was not in existence before. The causal relation between investment out of incomes and the problem of the "unsaleable surplus" has now been established. No economist of eminence has come forward with a refutation of the analysis on which that relation has been demonstrated.

* * *

Again, when a cure for unemployment is preached, a vital question is whether the cure is going to be permanent. The greater the number of unemployed that Mr. Lloyd George puts on the roads the sooner the road scheme will be finished. What, afterwards, is to become of these men? Is it going to be pretended that the more productive work that is done the greater the necessity for still more work to be done—that the greater the labour-saving production the greater the need for labour? One of the few things that Mr. Snowden has said worth notice was when he pointed out against the Independent Labour Party's agitation for State control of credit that a Government might utilise credit for expansionist schemes and temporarily absorb all the unemployed, and then obtain a new lease of office on that achievement before the electorate discovered the "evil consequences." The only fault in this argument is the reference to the new appeal for Office. It is much more likely that such a Government would wait until the job was done and the exodus of now unwanted men began again, and would contrive to court unpopularity at the election by some means or other (all too easy) so as to let in another Government to clear up the mess if it could.

* * *

The *Financial News* of February 22 publishes a leading article on the Socialists' idea of nationalising banking. The occasion of the article is afforded by a speech by Mr. Beaumont Pease, chairman of Lloyds Bank, who, says the writer, is the "first prominent banker who has publicly stated his opinion" upon this "'plank' in the Socialist platform." Mr. Pease is reported to have used the following arguments:

(a) "In the Socialist menagerie it is the tail that wags the dog."

(b) Three-fourths of the financial dislocation which followed the War was due to the control of Central Banks by Governments."

Mr. Pease's first statement is explained by another to the effect that in the Socialist Party there are two sets of leaders, one controlling the head and the other the tail. He quotes one of its phrases: "The savings of the people should be controlled by the people," and points out that it means that the majority of people, who have no savings, would control the minority, who have. This does less than justice to the Socialists, but it is not our business to fight their campaigns, considering that their general strategy is unsound. Mr. Pease's second argument can, of course, be expressed to point a different moral. Post-war financial dislocation was due to the actions taken by Central Banks to resume their pre-war control of Governments.

* * *

The writer of the article underlines Mr. Pease's views, and adds some of his own. The central theme of them both is "Savings." These savings, in the form of shares and deposits in the banks are, he says, already under the "control of the people," that is, using the term "people" without fraudulently playing upon its double meaning. Again; "who would pay money into a 'nationalised' bank to get it back in the nationalised bank's more and more rubbishy paper?"

> "The 'banking habit' gathers the people's savings and uses them to provide work and wages, and assure and facilitate exchange. But for it, 99 per cent. of the present-day equipment and development of industry would have been impossible. Destroy it, and the alternative is hoarding—that ugly disease of evil government."

Elsewhere he says that under nationalisation "savings and work and wages" would be converted into "masses of more or less miserable dependence and squalid pauperism." He concludes this dissertation with the general warning: "There are limits beyond which even ignorance and public folly cannot venture."

* * *

This writer identifies savings with banking deposits. This enables us to put to him a fact or two which do not fit into his thesis. From 1914 to 1918 this country was, according to his case, suffering from Government control of banking policy. During that time the deposits in the banks rose from about £900 millions to about £2,000 millions—an increase of savings amounting to roughly £1,000 millions.

This country had five million men excused from economic work, but being paid for military service. It sounds insulting to describe the army as converting savings into "masses of more or less miserable dependence and squalid pauperism," but the financial effect of sending them out of industry must have been identical with what this writer may mean by this quoted phrase of his. It should have been worse, for while the soldiers were drawing pay they were not only idle in an economic sense but were destroying economic production. Yet this conversion of £900 millions of savings into "miserable dependence" coincided with the more than doubling of those savings. Now, if the banks, as the writer says, only gather and invest savings, then the banks did not create the increase. But on the authority of Mr. McKenna all money comes into existence as a consequence of bank-loans. "Every bank-loan creates a deposit and every repayment to a bank destroys one." Hence the above £1,000 millions of extra savings were created by the banks.

* * *

But assuming for the sake of argument that the banks only gather savings, and that they use them to "provide work and wages," it still remains to be explained why the banks, with twice the amount of savings to use, and with the advantage of their much greater freedom from Government control, are providing less work and wages than in 1914.

* * *

The writer refers in his article to Socialist "currency-debasement," remarking that "it has already been proved that the thistles of inflation do not yield the promised figs." He is really saying that credit-expansion defeats its object. But in saying so he is committed to the proposition that savings-expansion does so, too. It is not our purpose to rest any case on a debating-point like this. Let us cut the word "savings," as he defines them, out of the argument. Credit-expansion has always previously been followed by price-expansion; and on this experience he affirms that it must always inevitably happen. If he limited himself to pointing out that this would be the outcome of all the producer-credit proposals now being hawked about by the Labour Party, the I.L.P., the *Referee* and other reformist agencies, he would be able to maintain his ground under hostile criticism. As it is his case fails before Major Douglas's analysis of the reasons for inflation and his proposals for avoiding it.

* * *

The threatened rise in the price of petrol has aroused more protest than did the actual rise in the Bank Rate. We need not trouble to review the reasons for objecting to it: they all naturally have to do with the question of who would be hit by the rise and what would be the consequences in terms of trade-profits and tax-revenue. In one or two quarters there is a demand for an explanation why after so large an increase in oil development the price should rise. This of course is a part of the deeper question why the development of all means of production is not reflected in cheaper products. The answer lies in the analysis of costing: and since there is a conspiracy of silence in Fleet Street and Parliament on this aspect of the economic problem the public will not hear the answer except insofar as they come into contact with THE NEW AGE or any of its readers. Everybody can see that increased output reduces the cost per unit. But hardly anyone allows for the fact that decreased prices reduce output. The strange feature about this is that everybody in business knows that programmes of production are settled according to the expected trend of prices: if the market is rising, he makes more; if falling, less. If he happens to make more and the market falls he blames himself for his miscalculation; while the idea of making more with the deliberate object of causing a fall in the market he would regard as nonsense. The public will never receive the benefits of increased production until the Government and the banks make a low price-level safe for sellers by adopting the principles of Major Douglas's price-regulation proposals. Manufacturers would then receive a financial premium in new credit as a reward for price-reduction to the public.

* * *

There is, however, a special complication in the case of oil. Petroleum production happens to be a vital war-industry and a vital peace-industry at one and the same time. It needs no adaptation of plant or process to function in war. Hence oil policy is shaped more by political than by commercial considerations. This fact was clearly seen in Mr. Denny's book, *We Fight For Oil*, which we reviewed in these Notes a few weeks ago. He showed that the problem of the United States was how to conserve output, not how to get rid of it—the reason being that Great Britain had got control of nearly all the wells outside United States territory, while inside that territory there was a huge volume of consumption draining home resources. Referring to some of Great Britain's properties in South America he suggested that, measured as commercial undertakings, they would be bankrupt: they had never covered their cost. From this he argued that Great Britain was deliberately incurring a financial loss for strategic reasons. As the title of Mr. Denny's book suggests, the struggle going on is for the power, not to sell oil, but to save oil. When there is competition to sell, the hostile combinations cut prices to obtain markets. When there is competition to save, they reverse their method and raise prices to relinquish markets. We can summarise the situation and its probable development by saying that when war-risks are remote the "Standard" and the "Shell" combines will join in a selling-competition: when war-risks are proximate, the Foreign Offices will intervene on both sides and change the policy into a saving-competition. Our readers will notice that when Governments have in view a state of war, in which the stability of national economic structures will be fundamentally tested, there is no more "we-must-export" talk: they discover that economic stability is a matter of concrete things, not of "favourable balances of trade" written on pieces of paper and called "wealth."

* * *

Mr. Karl H. Von Wiegand, the chief foreign correspondent in London of the Hearst newspapers, had a long despatch in the *San Francisco Examiner* of February 3. His theme was the unprecedented prosperity of America and the enmity which it was causing in Europe. Referring to the naval rivalry between Britain and America he says that it is but a "stage picture of the war of commerce." "Behind the naval controversy is one big factor—the world markets." English trade-predominance has gone to America, and it is "difficult for the English to realise that that predominance has gone." At the same time he observes:

> "It is one of the weaknesses of the Englishman to ignore disagreeable facts as long as possible. When he does awaken to them, and that he usually does not until driven into a corner, he has in the past shown amazing resourcefulness, great determination and astonishing energy, sometimes even desperation."

He quotes many statistics, presumably to show that England has reason to be desperate, and they tell the tale of lost trade in India, South Africa, Australia, Mexico, China, Japan and South America, trade which has been taken by the United States chiefly, but by other countries as well in some cases. In another passage he says:

> "The rapid Americanisation of manufacture and salesmanship in Germany is another thorn in Britain's foreign

trade. Under the high pressure of reparations Germany is steadily becoming more formidable to England in the world's marts. . . ."

"England has not the export trade to-day to carry easily or comfortably, as once she did, the immense navy that she maintains."

As a consequence the English are displaying much "bitterness."

"The feeling against America is being as insidiously cultivated as it was against Germany before the war. The London Press 'plays up' prominently almost every item of news that deals with American wealth, number of millionaires, vast profits, income tax reductions, fortunes made in Wall Street."

Reactions in Europe are summarised in the following passage:

"When Britain and France and all their Allies could not defeat Germany in the war, they called upon America's resources in men, money and material to accomplish that end.

"And now we see the efforts to mobilise Europe, in sentiment at least, against America. Germany has stood out against the attempt by certain elements in Britain and France to create a united front against Russia. That alone blocked the move.

"In the same sense Germany is regarded in Paris and London as leaning toward America instead of sympathising with the European family. And there is no question as to the sentiment in Germany."

He thinks that Mr. Parker Gilbert's report affirming German "prosperity" may disturb this Americo-German sentiment, because it must encourage France to insist on a higher reparation figure than she otherwise would; and he mentions that Arnold Rechberg, a German industrialist, is advocating an alliance between Britain, France and Germany "because it will 'place us all in a better position vis-a-vis America.'" In conclusion Mr. Von Wiegand declares:

"*In all its history America never had so many envious potential enemies as it has to-day. I have been in Europe eighteen years and in all that time I have never come across so much envy, jealousy, open or scarcely concealed bitterness against us as now. In the last analysis it comes down to 'Trade.'*"

The flavour of the article is not palatable, but its frankness is to be commended. On the face of it, it appears to be a warning to America to be ready for some undefined and unforeseen move on the part of Great Britain to retrieve her lost position. In a deeper sense it conveys a warning to statesmen on both Continents that the "Trade" problem must be solved if peace is to be preserved.

THE SPECTRE OF AGE.

(After Paul Bourget.)

With fingers opening to take my hand
The ghost of thirty came to me to-day.
Half-faded now the flower of my bright youth,
Across my path the shadow of the grave
Grows dark. The Spectre with white lips spoke thus:
"What of these years now past, O mortal man?
These days will nevermore their branches green
Incline to you; what have you plucked of them
Under the freshness of the morning skies?"
"Spectre," I said: "I lived as most men live,
A little good, much evil have I done.
This century is hard on those who dream,
Yet my supreme ideal I have kept."
I showed him then my inner secret dream,
That treasure which from shipwreck black I've saved,
And youth's few verses where is all my heart.
"Yea, all: all happy hopes, caprices light;
And guilty passions; rancour charged with spleen,
Within these verses I have all things said:
And they are dear accomplices and true,
Who, Spectre, testify for me and for
My heart. Let their sincerity, O Judge,
Touch you, and as in days of long ago,
Golden painted dreams forgive, and then
There will escape from out their mouth this cry
Of great and Christian love: 'Confiteor.'"

MARGERY PORTER

Strange Interlude.*

Eugene O'Neill's five-hour play has been produced by the New York Theatre Guild, but not in this country, where so large a plateful of drama would dismay theatre-goers. It is, both fortunately and unfortunately, one of those plays which have to be seen for a sound judgment to be possible. That is to say, it is impossible, even at the cost of imaginative effort, for the reader to transform the literary version into a stage-presentation, partly because of the novelties introduced into the technique. During production it would become evident where the novelty had justified itself by illumination and dramatic force, and where it could be dispensed with, as it would need to be in places. The question, however, whether the literary version and what imagination can do with it create an effect dramatically strong enough to call for production can be answered with a definite *yes*.

O'Neill has created a drama of the intertwined feelings and thoughts of complex characters. He has brought the whole of modern psychological discovery, though of a preponderantly Freudian character, to use in a play without becoming so analytical as to lose the characters. They are persons from beginning to end, never abstract bits of persons strewing an expository dissecting table. In spite of their complexities being rendered obvious and of the laying bare of the differences between their true motives and their social pretences, they act and re-act like human beings. From what is disclosed of Nina Leeds in the first act, the events of the other eight are sprung as the children of Nature and circumstance. Her lover was killed in the war. At the time of his departure for France her impulse was to marry him, and, if it should turn out so, be pregnant for a posthumous child. Her father's advice was to wait until the war was over. She waited, with the result that she developed "guilt." She had been selfish, ungenerous, playing for safety for herself. Now she was restless, obsessed by the wish to make amends to somebody.

Her leaving home to serve in a hospital for the disabled; her giving herself to cripples; her subsequent marriage to the placid and generous Sam Evans; her love for the brilliant, analytical biologist, Dr. Darrell; her abortion of Sam's procreation, because his mother proved the family heavily streaked with insanity; her palming off Darrell's baby on Sam; and the magnificent scenes in which she or Darrell, or both, are strongly impelled to upset Sam's complacent pride in his offspring, as well as the offspring's pride in himself; Sam's death, and her marrying not Darrell, but the old friend of the family, a veritable woman of a man; the whole drama develops truly for imagination. At each crisis—and no act is without—the parties act, when they fall or do not fall, according to standards of morality or honour, in a way that accords with their natures. Without committing offence on the integrity of the characters' personalities, O'Neill has written an illuminating psychological drama.

The characters are cultivated persons, a professor, a biologist, a doctor, a novelist, and the women, except the doctor's mother, the feminine élite of modern civilisation, educated, and with functions beyond the domestic. They think and talk like persons who possess the knowledge and training they are supposed to possess. But O'Neill has dramatised the outcasts of society, among many, the "Hairy Ape" "who belonged nowhere," and the nigger who only belonged somewhere so long as he stayed there. O'Neill's choice, then, of the élite of an intellect-worshipping society is not made to turn out "fashionable stuff." All these persons are at the mercy, their culture notwithstanding, of emotional forces of which they are only sometimes, and only partly, aware; and the awareness comes, as a rule, too late to influence the action. It is as though the "Strange Interlude" of the present is the moment over which we have least control. "We have to call on the past and the future to bear witness that we are living." We always have done, or are going to do, something rational, under the patronage of the Reason goddess we profess to worship; but what we do is invariably governed at the moment of doing by a god who does not respect our philosophy. If, ironically, we appear to act rationally, as Nina did at Gordon's going, it costs the rest of our life to wipe out the consequent self-demoralisation; if we act rationally as Nina did in procuring abortion against perpetuating insanity, again it multiplies future complexities. This civilisation of whose glories men and women affect to be so proud is for the people involved a breaking up of their natures into animals that will not work together, in the charge of a herdsman who is invariably just too early or just too late to get from them the rationally efficient action.

The play is not pessimist, O'Neill does not deal in optimism and pessimism. It is truthful. Life, mind, character, are not simplified to fit the frame of a stage. When Darrell performs the aristocratic action, as he does more than once, it is not a simple action that the gods can applaud. It is an action with motives underlying it which drive in other directions, and these made it silence the reader. The play is too real, life is too much in it, too much understood in it, for so romantic a greeting as applause. One doesn't shout; one thinks. One appreciates the contrast between the unnecessary flight from life taken by Charlie Marsden into his novels, writing of continental adventures, when one real but very small continental adventure choked him with disgust for life, and the very different flight of Darrell in the effort to simplify life a little for somebody else. The play, in short, is really of persons who stand full front to the complexities and responsibilities of modern social and domestic problems, and who, instead of getting through on logic and fantasy, get what the gods send them.

One of the novelties is what has been referred to elsewhere in THE NEW AGE as the "thinking-aloud technique." An example of O'Neill's stage directions for these passages is as follows:

"His voice takes on a monotonous musing quality, his eyes stare idly at his drifting thoughts."

These passages of "thinking-aloud" reveal the speaker's mind as he recognises it himself. They show his reactions to a previous remark, reactions which he may or may not betray in his reply *à haute voix*. Sometimes these passages partake in a degree of the nature of "asides." But they are not, of course, asides in the traditional stage manner, in which a character makes the audience privy to the plot by whispering his real intentions at the top of his breath, behind the other characters' backs and the back of his own hand. That kind of aside merely brought the audience into the trick as aiders and abettors. They resembled the onlookers at the public-house who are informed by the wag of the joke to be played on the man expected shortly to arrive. O'Neill's "asides" are more a development of the domestic asides of Thomas Hood, in which the lady betrayed the malice behind her gushing politeness. Yet Hood's were crudely traditional. No problem really faced him, whereas O'Neill is faced by a problem which has to be solved for the drama to maintain the intimate contact with life already brought about. Modern psychology has proved beyond question that conflict and crisis, recognised as the essentials of drama from Brunetière to Archer and Henry Arthur Jones, have their true field of action in the minds of the characters rather than in events. Consciousness is a realm of perpetual crisis. When crisis ends consciousness has departed. Between the values of consciousness and the impulses given to thought and conduct by the instincts there is perpetual conflict. This crisis and conflict are the foundation of the post-modern drama, and as yet the technique for portraying them is in its infancy. In the office scene in "The Adding Machine" Elmer Rice occupied the two characters on a routine task which required one to call out amounts from bills and the other to write them down. This they did monotonously, breaking off very frequently to speak the thoughts, day-dreams, and unsatisfied desires, which formed a semi-conscious background to their work. "Impressionism" is the sort of technique, however, destined not to satisfy for long. Europeans do not feel that a task is mastered until the progress to naturalism has been achieved. Strindberg is not altogether dissimilar to O'Neill. They treat of similar situations frequently. But Strindberg's task was easier than O'Neill's for the reason that O'Neill has access to a field of observed psychology which Strindberg had not. O'Neill cannot be satisfied to get what Strindberg got out of it; he can only put in consciously what Strindberg put in unconsciously. I do not think that O'Neill has mastered the thinking-aloud technique necessary to reveal the complexity of human-motives and their background of past as well as their future "purposiveness." But he has made an heroic experiment. If the play were produced under conditions where every "thought" passage had to be cut out unless it proved of demonstrable dramatic value I am sure that many would be left in, though many would be cut out, and many abridged. The standard would no doubt be that the passage would come out wherever it partook too strongly of "soliloquy" or "aside." For nowhere in the play is "soliloquy" necessary to give some actor the stage to himself for a purple passage; and nowhere is an aside necessary to enlighten the audience on some detail of plot. What is absolutely necessary, however, is that the audience should know the characters' thoughts and expressed emotions.

One point on which the modern dramatist has to be criticised is the expansion beyond legitimate length of stage-directions and descriptions. The author treats theatre producers and actors like children who can work only to absolutely detailed instructions. Instructions inserted by an author into the lines of a play should be limited to the minimum. Where the actor should be, what gestures should be used, how the letter should be held, the emotion to be put into the lines, are the producer's and actor's job. While I regard the author as the principal of the theatre, he should not assume that nobody else possesses intelligence.

A. NEWSOME.

* "Strange Interlude." By Eugene O'Neill. (Jonathan Cape. 12s.)

Mr. Churchill will find himself faced by questions which are definite statements of fact:—

Is it not true that the chairman of the Anglo-Persian Company, Sir John Cadman, was the appointee of the Government?

Is it not true that the staff of the Anglo-Persian Company is recruited heavily from the ranks of the Civil Service?

Is it not true that Sir John Cadman looks to Whitehall for guidance. . . .

These are questions which will come particularly close to Mr. Churchill, since it was through his advocacy that the Government of the day decided to purchase control of the Anglo-Persian Company *as a guarantee against foreign domination of the oil situation in Great Britain.*

The British Government refuses to acknowledge Soviet Russia politically, yet, through its appointee, Sir John Cadman, it now sits at the board table of the British Petrol Distributors' Committee conferring with Soviet Russia as to what price shall be charged the British motorist. (From an article on the price of petrol, *Daily Express*, March 4.)

The Britain of the Southern Sea.

It is said that in earlier times, when a public building was erected, a living human being was bricked up in the foundations. There was a notion that his spirit would imbue it with immunity from destruction. In these days we adopt the humaner method of sealing up coins and manuscripts—records of men's actions rather than of the bodies of the actors. I like to think, by the way, that in the not far distant future we may be able to afford such vast foundations as to be able similarly to inter for ever all the literary "tripe" that infests the present generation of readers. Meanwhile we do not bury what we are ashamed of, but what we are proud of. Granted this principle, I express the view that when the New Zealand Government were erecting the London headquarters for their Agents General they could not have chosen a thing more worthy of the above hermetic distinction than the book* which Mr. P. T. Kenway has recently written of his pioneering days in that country. Unfortunately the Government did not wait. But though the foundations are closed, the library is open—if they have one; if not they should form one at once. This book achieves more effective publicity for New Zealand than all the "selling-literature" that could ever be produced by professional publicity-merchants. It must turn inside out the attitude of every thoughtful reader as regards the relation of New Zealand to England. We are prone to speak of Mother-States and Daughter-States, but by the time Mr. Kenway has done with us we have the feeling that the "Mother" is out in the South Seas (and by extension otherwhere). She is certainly not England. The New Zealanders had a designation for newcomers; it was *new chum*, which they pronounced "newch'm." Its equivalent here would, I gather, be "greenhorn." Mr. Kenway records how on one occasion a native-born citizen of New Zealand paid his first visit to England. In a letter to his family he said:

"It's most extraordinary, the whole bally shop seems chock-a-block with new chums."

This judgment deserves to be paired with Carlyle's famous epithetical reference to Englishmen as "mostly fools." The writer meant, as Mr. Kenway comments, that the people he met had been so far removed all their lives from the "bases of life" that they would be "quite lost if they had to make a livelihood in any sort of direct contact with nature."

Mr. Kenway's own contacts with nature must be set down, for their mere enumeration constitutes his justification for writing a book. Farmer, lumberman, stock-breeder, huntsman, carpenter, engineer, bushburner, surveyor, driver (horses, and, later cars) prospector, wool-raiser, wool-packer, horticulturist, botanist, architect, angler, paper-hanger, cook, wood-carver, market-gardener, fish-breeder, road-maker, shepherd, and book-keeper. I have put these down at random, and have had to omit many activities which, being examples of ingenious improvisations based on a combination of two or more of the above accomplishments, cannot be baptised with any craft-denomination. Here is an example of what I mean. Suppose you have a horse-drawn vehicle. You propose to drive along a rough roadway laid across the middle of a mountainous declivity. The off and near wheels of the vehicle are four feet apart. Then you hear that at a certain place there has been a landslide, and that for a hundred yards the road is only two feet wide. You cannot drive with your right wheels up the slope, nor with your left down (for your centre-of-gravity is no respecter of equilibrium). Puzzle: how do you drive by with the horse in the shafts? The only hint I will reveal is that it takes two of you to do it. For the rest you must *buy* the secret so far as I am concerned. Mr. Kenway and his friend did it, and without any physical effort to speak of. When you find out how, you will be puzzled to invent a single craft-designation to fit the operation. Talk about the "illegitimate overlapping" of trade-union rights—this job would, in these days, pose a question that would provide material for a year's quarrelling about whose it was.

Mr. Kenway has mastered the art of conveying much information in few words. That is how he has been able to compress so much craft-lore as he has into a book of 250 pages. Yet this compression of language has not eliminated his characteristic style of writing. Whether he is describing the details of operations, or sizing up the characters of men or animals, he exhibits a keen sense of humour. His method is exemplified, for instance, by his reference to "an old friend who was usually so extraordinarily taciturn that about a dozen words a day got him through life quite nicely." But the whole book is equipped with these cunning little searchlights.

My own impression of Mr. Kenway's general reaction to his experiences is that he regarded what is usually called the "struggle" with nature more as a game with nature—a game of leg-pulling between animate and inanimate forces—a game in which the luck might turn any way, where no man, however watchful, could ever be sure whether the blind forces he was proposing to lay by the heels were not themselves watching for him to make a wee mistake. A pioneer would decide to do a bit of fencing. He would plant his posts down one slope of his run, and up an opposite one, in a beautiful straight row. Then he would thread his wires along. Finished! except of course to gild the edges of the "security" by tightening up the wires. But lo and behold, the finishing-touch finishes the fencing; for all of a sudden, whoop!—all the posts along the lower level spring aloft out of their sockets and swing suspended from the wires like stockings on a clothes-line. God the Disposer is in a humorous mood this day. He has taught wisdom by playing a practical joke. Mr. Kenway, throughout life, has evidently been on the look-out for these jokes. There is one grim exception; namely the fate of his doctor friend who assisted at a bush-burning. A sudden change of wind came, and he was caught and burnt to death.

I have still to touch on Mr. Kenway's versatility from another angle. He has an ear for rhythm and an eye for beauty. Many of his chapters are headed by short verses of his own composition, while his text is illustrated by numerous reproductions of photographs of his own taking. His style as a yarn-spinner repeats itself in this direction too. For him, there is no such thing as artistic licence. He chooses simple rules of scansion and rhyme, and sticks to them. His verse has a point to make, and makes it. This instinct for exactitude is visible in his photographs. Here is a disciple of the old school so heartily despised by the photographic highbrows of modern times; for he is an "f/32" man. For him, whatever is in the view has got to come out sharp in the print, from the briar-stem at his foot to the cloud over the sea. Yet he gets his "atmosphere"; and this is because he has selected his subjects well, and knows how to handle his tools.

The songs and sayings of our soldiers in the great war were in Mr. Kenway's vein. While the Germans sang hymns solemnly, the Englishmen sang "Pack up your Troubles in your Old Kit Bag, and Smile, Smile, Smile." And in this spirit masculine pioneers have gone out to make business careers safe for metropolitan hermaphrodites. Mr. Kenway's book will make any young, adventurous Englishman proud of his sex and proud of his race.

JOHN GRIMM.

* "Pioneering in Poverty Bay." By Philip T. Kenway. (John Murray. 7s. 6d.)

America in Forty Days.

By Maurice B. Reckitt.

IV.

"Prosperity" is the eternally recurring theme of American controversy. Republicans proclaim it as a universal and impregnable fact, so overwhelming as to cover a multitude of sins and bury even wholesale corruption under a Teapot Dome of silence. Liberals question its universality and challenge the claim that it is all-sufficing. Preachers utter warnings of the demoralising materialism alleged to follow in its train. Economists speculate on its psychological no less than its material causes, and hazard doubts upon its staying power. And the Socialists hover between eager expositions of its limits and lamentations over its numbing effect upon the receptiveness of the proletariat.

What then is the truth about Prosperity? If I knew the whole answer to this simple question it would doubtless take me not an article, but a volume in which to deliver it. But the reader can be re-assured, for I do not know. The common impression seems, indeed, to be true enough. High wages—even in relation to the price-level—are widely earned in America, especially by the "nordic" elements; material comforts, especially of a mechanical kind, are pretty universal; labour-saving devices make the virtual absence of domestic service tolerable for the middle classes; slum areas are unknown upon the scale only too familiar in Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool and East London. But once we pass beyond these familiar generalisations, interpretation becomes difficult and the truth elusive. There was undoubtedly a check in the expansion of American business last winter, reaching a mild climax in December, 1927, and causing many prophecies of woe, but statistics seem to show that this crisis has been surmounted, and that "prosperity" has re-ascended to "normalcy" again. But this is to take the merest bird's-eye-view. Looked into a little more closely the framework of American industry exhibits significant and alarming cracks. Agriculture, textiles, and coal have been customarily regarded as the basic elements of a healthy economic system, yet prosperity in these directions is almost as far to seek in America as in Great Britain. And their embarrassments necessarily affect the general economic level of the districts in which the arable areas, the mills, and the mines are set. While in Boston I "sat in on" (the reduplicated preposition is a strangely common singularity of American speech), a conference convened to discuss the far from prosperous condition of industrial New England. The conference met on the morrow of the election in which Massachussets had reversed tradition and falsified expectation by "going Democrat." Republication administration had brought no prosperity to the mills of New Bedford, and the whole State was feeling the draught. As I listened to the tale of woe, from employers, economists and trade union organisers, the phenomena sounded sadly familiar. Out-of-date plant overtrumped by thrustful new competitors, the competition of negro wages and lower costs in the rapidly industrialising South, conservatism of business administration, ruthless wage-cutting with its consequent queues of starving women and ailing children, and (very respectfully submitted) a certain stringency and lack of enterprise on the part of the banks. New England sounded very like old England.

It has to be remembered that where prosperity fails the consequences are grave indeed for those involved in this departure from the normal. The economic system of the States does not provide for breakdowns; there are no social services, and trade unionism covers a far smaller proportion of the workers than in Britain. The very idea of a "dole" is nearly incomprehensible to the American mind; I was repeatedly questioned with a sort of puzzled pity and wonder upon the nature and administration of our Unemployment Insurance. The strangest notions upon this are current; members of the staff of one of the largest ladies' colleges in America seriously believed that English workers were in the habit of spending their time at health resorts on the coast of Normandy, sustained solely by their doles. Income otherwise than in return for work is a notion even more shocking to the American than to the English mind. The idea of work is a fetish in America, where for all its prosperity there can scarcely be said to be such a thing as a Leisure Class. A friend told me that near the college in the Hudson valley where he taught lived a multi-millionaire, whose inherited wealth owed nothing to his ability, yet this man felt himself forced to open and visit daily a real estate office where he could go through the motions of work as a condition of retaining the respect of his neighbours.

Yet the question of the relation of employment to income will have to be faced in America, for it is becoming plain that an increase in the output of industry does not guarantee an expansion in the number of those at work. And this is particularly the case in the United States, where industrial technique is learning to dispense very rapidly with processes of human toil. No unemployment statistics are officially issued in the United States (as Messrs. Foster and Catchings never weary of complaining) and the most varying guesses are made—the number was commonly set last winter as high as five millions. One would imagine this to be an over-statement, but there can hardly be so much smoke without a considerable fire—smoke which must hang like a menacing cloud over the smiling land of prosperity. It will be interesting to see how the Socialists of America, who seem not incapable of looking on many matters with fresh eyes, will face up to this problem. Free from the incubus of Trade Union ideology, they should be able to visualise industry as something more than a perpetuation and multiplication of jobs. At present their outlook on the prosperity which "capitalism" has so widely (if far from universally) distributed has about it something grudging and bewildered. They speak sometimes as if the impoverishment of the worker would be well worth while if the consequent discontent provided them with the party which at present this galaxy of leaders so conspicuously lacks. They do not yet seem to have attained to an outlook which can found its struggle for just and noble social relationships upon a secure basis of abundance.

At present, moreover, American "liberals" find themselves occupied as much with questions of external as of domestic policy. There is an acute—if not always a perfectly informed—consciousness among them of the perils of American imperialism. The visitor is indeed struck at once with the vigour and seriousness of both militarism and the opposition thereto (which it is perhaps unfair to call pacifism) in the United States. These opposing outlooks are far more self-conscious and far more powerful than is, or ever has been the case in England, and they are disputing eagerly for the soul of America. The returning soldier in Europe came back for the most part exhausted and (in varying measure) disillusioned, and his influence was as often anti-militarist as otherwise. The position was very different in America; there the war impulse, so far from having spent itself by the Armistice, was still gathering momentum, and that momentum has never really been exhausted. My own impression of this spirit of aggressive exuberance was that it existed without any clear objective; it did not seem specially directed against any nation in particular, not even (in the Eastern States anyhow) against England.

The danger in Anglo-American relations lies not in any popular animosity, but in the existence of unresolved grievances and unadjusted rivalries (the right of blockade; the Debt settlement; the struggle for oil supplies; the "intrusion" of America into markets and fields of investment traditionally British). Armistice Day in America certainly struck one British observer as far more obviously a glorification of the force of arms than of the blessings of peace, and the hectoring militancy of Mr. Coolidge's speech on that occasion appeared in disagreeable harmony with the occasion.

But the Coolidge speech was not the voice of a united America. It was most violently and indignantly repudiated in quarters far wider than are commonly ready to associate themselves with a sentimental pacifism. The influence of this anti-imperialist volume of opinion has already proved itself on more than one occasion, and its effectiveness is not to be discounted. While there are no doubt many prepared to assert with a certain candid orator to whom I listened that "in future the United States will be the fear and envy of the world," there are as many perhaps sincerely determined to substitute "admiration" for envy, and "respect" for fear.

Drama.

Hoppla!: Gate.

Ernst Toller's "Machine Wreckers" did not have its full influence in England because of the author's weakness in English history. "Hoppla!" is autobiographical although the "action passes in many countries eight years after the suppression of a rebellion," that is, in 1927. Again, however, the full force cannot be felt in England since the rebellion of 1919 was merely a news report of the troubles of less happier lands. When the postponed English rebellion happened, in 1926, it was led backwards. "Hoppla!" is not communist propaganda. It is a truthful projection of the effect produced in the mind of a communist by the collapse of the post-war idealistic conscience. In 1919 Toller was imprisoned for his part in the Bavarian communist revolt. "Hoppla!" is the world as he found it when set free.

Karl Thomas, the figure in the play identifiable with Toller, is one of a group under sentence of death. Commutation to internment sends him mad. When he is released as sane eight years later, the one member of the group he had mourned for as shot is a minister of the new Government, suppressing strikes and involved in all the conspiracy associated with the old régime. The girl Thomas had loved, Eva Berg, is a Civil Servant, later dismissed by the Minister for encouraging factory-hands to resist a longer working-day. Thomas is urged by his old comrades to get a job, to become a good-mixer, against a more favourable time. He becomes a waiter, and proposes, in his despair at the spinelessness about him, to shoot the Minister, who is at dinner in a private room. As Thomas decides that the Minister is not worth a bullet, a monarchist, son of a degraded general, does shoot him. Thomas is arrested and charged; his associates are questioned in the hope of convicting him. Just before his innocence is proved by the arrest and suicide of the assassins, Thomas hangs himself in prison.

As the Bible is cant to the aggressive young atheist, so to the communist the epigrams of bourgeois art are platitudes, champagne bubbles without significance. Similarly, the communist's explosive truths sound like platitudes to the bourgeois. Serious concern at the corruption of politicians, or the sufferings of the "people" is a thing the bourgeois puts away in his youth for his career's sake. In spite of this handicap Toller's communists are alive, and their agony is real. Though the scene is any country, and the characters any people of the social class or political office specified, they are known to us. They are the bad dreams of bourgeois civilisation. Toller's communism, indeed, is more than anti-capitalist revolt, or rage at being passed over by capitalism in the distribution of its rewards. Some of it may be rage, but the provocation is the subordination of man in the mass to the machine and the mechanism of organisation. If the human spirit, cries the fiery voice of contemporary German art, is to be cut off from its roots, it must not end under leash to the machine, which must rather free it to swim in the ether.

Mr. Peter Godfrey, having installed his Bank-holiday festivity, "Fashion," at the Kingsway Theatre, has shown London a phase of the European mind which, as far as "organised publicity" goes, is unconscious. Technically expressionism is a protest against hampering the imagination with anything but essentials, while at the same time using all that power and machinery can give towards completing the essentials. The doctor's white coat—apart from the eerie shadows which electricity renders possible—is the whole setting for the lunatic asylum; a desk all that is necessary for the rooms of the Minister and the Chief of Police. Yet while the communists wait for death a cinema commentary on another section of the stage shows events in the streets and the terrors of the waiting prisoners. The wireless operator at the hotel where Thomas is a waiter gives him a taste of "belonging nowhere" by turning on a medley of Wall Street quotations and a Cairo jazz-band.

The Gate Theatre's resources are utilised to the utmost to give an idea of the original "proletarian theatre" production in Berlin. The stage is divided into four "pigeon-holes," so that, for example, the Minister's waiting-room and his private room are visible together, as are later four prisoners in four different cells. The rapid transfer of the action from one to another of the quarters caused me no trouble. Transfer at the apposite moment helps the action forward without cross-references, and appropriates for the theatre what has hitherto been the special advantage of the cinema. Unless some communist amateur dramatic society takes the play over as the Labour societies took over Capek's "R.U.R.," there is not likely to be any other opportunity of seeing a production of great dramatic as well as technical interest. Although the cast is numerous, only one serious criticism can be made; granted the sartorial indifference of idealists, unless the authority is Toller's, Karl Thomas need not have been the most unkempt of the characters. Beatrix Lehmann's performance as Eva Berg, the crucified Woman, and counterpart of the Blue Woman in "Mass-Man," was hypnotically beautiful. She must have been born to act in proletarian drama. Her origin suggests that the art which America ought to be producing is being made in Germany.

Red Rust: Little.

The title of "Red Rust," by V. M. Kirchon and A. V. Ouspensky, adapted by Virginia and Frank Vernon, implies anti-Bolshevist propaganda. To me the play was interesting for its pictures of Soviet social life, which, allowance made for the inevitable distribution of emphasis due to the authors' point of view, did not appear either false or illegitimately propagandist. Indeed, Moscow student life in 1926 confirms that the more violent the change the less the difference. In Moscow students were discontented, and expressed politically heretical and atheistic views, as at Oxford. In Moscow couples who wished to be both married and free lived together without registration, as in all cities, especially in Paris. In Moscow, students bewildered by the chaos of their future attempted suicide; in America and Berlin their reasons are less clear. In Moscow the public loud-speakers were a public nuisance which prevented old folk from enjoying the shelter of their dulled senses; in London the loud-speakers are private property. In Moscow divorce was so easy that lawyers made nothing out of unhappy marriages; in London the hypocritical penance of six months' theoretical abstinence accompanies divorce, which is only easy where incomes are high. One real difference between London and Moscow in 1926 is that in Moscow people married because then they could get a room to themselves, whereas in London they did not because they could not. A difference of greater significance is that Russia, with oriental logic, is engaged on the experiment of carrying all the theories and wishes of other nations logically to fulfilment. Co-education, for example, may include sleeping together, instead of merely spending a secret hour together in the nearest wood. Abortion in Moscow is public and free if approved, whereas elsewhere it is secret because it is punishable. Russia is the devil of the world qualifying to be its martyr.

Interesting as is this instruction in Moscow social life, the actuality of Bolshevism is unfortunately the background of a plot common to the third-rate romantic literatures of the bourgeois world. Terekhine, an ex-peasant university student advancing in the political scheme, is not so much a character as a villain, with all the deadly sins plus "wife"-beating. His trial, however, by the Yacheika, the cell, or social unit to which he belonged, and his subsequent trial on appeal, by the Commission of Control, for "depraving youth," and having "non-communist relations with women," were the most interesting episodes of the play. They showed in practice something of what we really want to know about. The production, by Frank Vernon, was good, except in the earliest scenes, especially the gymnasium scene, which foreshadowed a sort of Hamilton's Excursions. Ion Swinley played Terekhine with great vigour, but here again it seemed unnecessary to make him in every way more disreputable than his colleagues. Good performances were given also by Paula Trevanion, Elizabeth Arkell, Nadine March, and Selma Vaz Diaz, but the last two suffered, as did John Gielgud, from the fact that the authors endowed ex-peasant vice with far greater vitality, for all their anti-Red views, than they gave to ex-bourgeois refinement. The excellent stage settings by Aubrey Hammond, the drop curtain in particular, made me rub my eyes to test whether communism was not an actuality in London.

PAUL BANKS.

The Screen Play.

"The Epic of the South Pole."

Epic is the *mot juste* for this now famous film of Scott's last expedition to the Antarctic, which was shown by the British Empire Film Institute at the Albert Hall on Tuesday last. Here is an intensely moving story, told as only the screen can tell it, of the conflict between Man and Nature in which Nature is seemingly triumphant, while the real victory goes to the indomitable spirit of her challengers. Herbert Ponting, who made the film, can teach most professional producers a great deal, and his picture is the more notable in view of the fact that it was taken before the War, when screen technique was in the main clumsy in comparison with present standards. "The Epic of the South Pole" contains scenes of indescribable beauty and grandeur, such as that of an iceberg with an area as big as London, and there is also some excellent comic relief in the shape of the courtship and social habits of penguins, birds so nearly human as to make one understand why Anatole France dressed contemporary history in their shape. Another "high spot" is the really marvellous series of pictures showing the hatching out of two skua gulls. But the dominant *motifs* of this great film are those of courage and adventure. I do not know whether the British Empire Film Institute has any plans for exhibiting it, but it should be shown all over England. Picture theatre proprietors need have no fear as to its box-office value, which is, incidentally, a matter of history.

"The Student Prince."

To put "Old Heidelberg" on the screen seems at first to invite a combination of excessive sentimentality with the out of date, but in "The Student Prince" (Shepherd's Bush Pavilion) Lubitsch has made a film of such charm and delicate artistry as largely to atone for some of the banal themes on which he has recently been engaged. There is a fragrance about this production, which is admirably cast. I prefer Ramon Novarro's Karl Heinrich to that of George Alexander, even if allowance be made for the greater age of the actor-manager when he played the part, and Norma Shearer's Käthi is delightful, although she is not physically the type of a German *biermäel*. Jean Hersholt's Dr. Juttner is the outstanding performance; he balanced himself unerringly on the thin wire which separates sentiment from sentimentality, and it was a pleasure to see this finished actor in a role worthy of his distinction. Our own George K. Arthur, of "Kipps" celebrity, was another member of a cosmopolitan cast. His rendering of an intoxicated student gave me a thirst.

"Charlie" and Others.

Among the serious needs of the screen is a large supply of comedies, and I am delighted to see that so many of Charlie Chaplin's old films are being revived, notably at the Avenue Pavilion and the Capitol. The latter theatre has recently presented "A Dog's Life," part of "Easy Street," and the perfectly delirious "Tillie's Punctured Romance." One is freshly struck by the genius of Chaplin in seeing these old films since, save for the costumes, which merely add to the fun, they hardly date, although, curiously enough, "Shoulder Arms" is an exception. That is, however, probably due to its theme. An excellent new comedy is "Circus Rookies" (Empire), in which Karl Dane and George Arthur are admirably partnered and contrasted. This is clean fun, and I specially commend Fred Humes, whose impersonation of a gorilla or an ourang-outang—I am no authority on natural history—is so convincing as to deceive most of the audience.

DAVID OCKHAM.

Bank Officers and Social Credit.

The chairman of the Westminster Bank, in his annual overture to the shareholders, made some very witty remarks, which might well be utilised by the writer of "Have you heard this one?" in a certain London evening paper. To an "A-plus-B" man, however, it seems amazing that at this late hour men still listen to, and applaud, such obvious "white" lies as this:

"Production could be stimulated by credit, but trade expansion is dependent on effective demand for the goods produced. Credit can help at the psychological moment; and those who controlled credit must always be ready and watching for the opportunity to help. *But the initial impetus must come from the side of trade and industry.*"

Then, later on, this gem:

"It was the banker's duty to serve the national interest; but in doing so he must be guided by the principles of sound banking practice, and from a purely banking standpoint the results of premature credit expansion were as undesirable as they were from the national. Banks, it was sometimes *forgotten* (my italics; what subtlety! 'Sometimes forgotten!'), did not originate loans; they granted them in response to applications from their clients."

I assume that Mr. Tennant's remarks were directed at the Social Credit Movement; and they seem to have had some

effect, because two bank officers have tackled me thus: "Say! Westminster Bank has been having a smack at you and your credit ideas, eh!" and "What have you Social Credit-ites to say to Tennant's dressing down?"

And it is with Bank Officers that I wish to deal here. They have a Guild, a Trade Union as some of them are open enough to call it, which is stressing continually that it is concerned with something more than mere wage-increase-getting and better conditions for Bankmen; that it is out to encourage the spirit of good will between the Managements and Staffs in order that they may the better serve their common master, The Great British Public. Social Credit was once discussed—I am told—in the columns of *The Bank Officer*, but—well, it was once discussed, and Bank Officers snooze on. Mr. Tennant's speech is accepted without demur by the very men in the banking world who would benefit most by the establishment of a social credit regime. There is something radically wrong when such statements as the following can be made in a circular letter, issued by one of its Branch Committees:

> "Banks cannot escape indefinitely the modern tendencies of commerce and industry of creating still greater units reaching beyond the boundaries of countries, not only to minimise waste, but also to co-ordinate the activities of the industries concerned, thereby increasing their power. Before the war it used to be said that the banks were responsible for their doings to their shareholders only. If you read the recent speeches of the chairmen of the leading banks in England you will see that they now take into purview a much larger field. They themselves make no secret of it that they consider themselves responsible to the public they serve far more numerous than the shareholders, and to the country at large—a great step forward."

Talking about "the fight for deposits" the circular says:

> "Banks, in order to meet the competition, have to grant better conditions to their investors. By doing this, they increase the cost of the money which they in turn lend out to their borrowers."

While the Bank Officers' Guild gives its support to the orthodox school(s) of economics it is not surprising that the Bankers' Association does not take steps to suppress it.

Bank Officers are most assiduous students, and while they are encouraged by their own Guild and their Tennants to lap up the milk of orthodox economics they will continue to purr away and give point to the epitaph:

> "Born a man; died a Bank Clerk
> What a fate!"

L. K. K.

Reviews.

Seven Days' Whipping. By John Biggs. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

An American judge sentences a poacher to one year's imprisonment. The prisoner is an old man, an Indian, and he refuses to speak a word before or after the sentence. With this curious fellow in mind, the judge goes home to his wife. While he is pottering about in his garden an Indian mysteriously emerges from an adjacent wood, bearing upon his shoulders a dead deer. Reaching the judge the man says, "Take the deer, plees." So far as I can make out the judge is then attacked by severe influenza or is driven temporarily insane by this stranger with his strange gift. At least, the rest of the book is devoted to showing the judge, as if in a nightmare, trying to avoid taking the deer and finally shooting the Indian in desperation. And after all, the poor devil was only the son of the old poacher, who was trying to buy off his father from imprisonment. The shot man does not die and the affair is hushed over. That is the end of the story. The author has written it as if he were inside the judge's head. He does not discover in it anything very thrilling or amusing. His attempt to surround the characters with an atmosphere of sinister mystery is, in my opinion, entirely unsuccessful. J. S.

Some Aspects of H. G. Wells. By Patrick Braybrooke. (C. W. Daniel Co. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Wells is used to criticism, but misunderstandings as complete as this book are far between. The author seems to have a genius for careless misreadings. He interprets "eight hundred and two thousand" (the year of the Time Traveller's adventures) as 2,800; he speaks of the Morlocks as going underground of their own free will, whereas Wells describes them as driven under in the Class War; and he describes the Giants in "The Food of the Gods" as making war on the little people (and proceeds to deduce no end of morals), whereas Wells showed the little people as making war on the Giants. When Mr. Braybrooke deals with Wells's philosophy his tendency to misunderstand is fortified by religious differences, for he appears to be of the Catholic persuasion. So he thinks Mr. Belloc "smashed up" Wells, and agrees with him that in the "Outline" Wells attacks Christianity. (Wells has denied that he did so, but, of course, his opinion is irrelevant.) Mr. Braybrooke carefully explains that Wells's view of a new social order disregards the Christian Kingdom of Heaven, although Wells definitely insists on the idea of the Kingdom in this very "Outline." Still, as he does not join in the common wail that Wells ought to have stuck to story-telling instead of writing seriously, he has a claim to attention. Once or twice he seems to have a vague idea of economics; and at the very least he may stimulate us to read Wells once again. I. O. E.

Number 56. By Catulle Mendès. Translated by Phyllis Mégroz. (T. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.)

Those who delight in macabre stories of the Edgar Allen Poe type will be pleased to learn of these translations, the first of the work of a French author who is very little known in this country. Catulle Mendès (1866-1909), the husband of Judith Gautier, was one of the originators of the *Parnassiens*, and founded *La Revue Fantaisiste*, a periodical produced by that school and resembling the English *Yellow Book*. Of the four stories translated, that which gives the book its title is a crime story with an unexpected ending; it is noteworthy as showing a line of thought similar to that of the later psycho-analyst. Two short stories, *A Wayside Village* and *The Cough* are "studies in the occult," with no attempt at any explanation; the translator has been unable to discover whether they are pure romancing or whether they have a basis of truth. The last, *Luscignole*, is described as "an extremely original and beautifully-written fantasy, which could obviously never have been conceived by a writer who was not also a poet . . . a masterpiece of sensitive imagination." Its chief incident, in which a madman burns out a girl's eyes with white-hot needles, is certainly most beautifully and artistically dealt with. I. O. E.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE ECONOMIC PARTY.

Sir,—In writing to you I wish to address myself, I trust with your approval, to all those readers of THE NEW AGE scattered throughout the country whose interest in the New Economics is not merely intellectual curiosity; to those, in fact, who are convinced that the salvation of our country—and, indeed, of our civilisation—depends upon the full application of Major C. H. Douglas's great discovery.

Heartily agreeing, at once, that our continued support of THE NEW AGE is essential to our ultimate success, I yet ask you to consider whether the mere intellectual convincement of even a great number of intelligent people will be sufficient to implement the financial reorganisation we are striving for, unless we manage to call forth a very large popular emotional response to back us up and carry us forward.

Now we have with us a body of devoted men and women calling themselves "The Kindred of the Kibbo Kift"—strange-sounding words to some of us, but words that nevertheless arrest attention—setting keenly to work to generate the widespread emotional force we need.

Douglas has provided the logical analysis; the Kindred is intent on building up flesh and blood upon the "mathematical skeleton" without which we may be sure the idea can never be fully embodied and realised.

The Kindred picks and chooses its men, young, intelligent, and willingly subject to severe discipline under first-class leadership.

No one is asked to join this body, which may be regarded as the cutting edge of the movement, but I do strongly urge those who are in earnest to consider whether it is not their duty at once to join a more loosely formed and less strictly disciplined association which has been established to work in support of the Kindred's New Economic activities.

This is THE ECONOMIC PARTY, the aims and objects of this which will be found on the advertisement page of this journal.

In conclusion, I may mention that the names of members are not published, except, of course, those acting as Divisional, District, and Local Secretaries, and to state with some emphasis that financial support, whether much or little, so long as it does not lessen support of THE NEW AGE, is unquestionably needed.

I feel I am justified in making this general appeal to all men and women who support THE NEW AGE, since so many well-known in the New Economic Movement have already joined the Economic Party.

PHILIP T. KENWAY.

London Divisional Secretary, Economic Party.

THE LATEST PAMPHLET.

An Outline of Social Credit

By H. M. M.

With a Foreword by C. H. Douglas.

52 pp. Price 6d. Postage ½d.

Special terms for quantities quoted on application.

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

THE "NEW AGE"

DINNER

will be held at

THE CRITERION RESTAURANT

on

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1929

Tickets 10s. 6d.

Particulars Later

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL PSYCHOLOGY

(The Adler Society) 55 GOWER ST., LONDON, W.C.1

A COURSE OF LECTURES

on FRIDAYS, at 8.15 p.m.

Mar. 8 Adult Responsibilities — Rev. V. A. Demant
Mar. 15 The Plan of Neuroses — Dr. A. R. Redfern
Mar. 22 Personality — Mr. D. Mitrinovic

¶ This course of lectures has been arranged as a complete introduction to Individual Psychology and is free to Members. A charge of 2/- for each lecture will be made to non-subscribers to the Society.

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.

YOU SHOULD JOIN

THE ECONOMIC PARTY

BECAUSE

¶ The policy of the Economic Party is based upon the following first principles:

1. That the Credit Power of the community belongs to the community as a whole and may not be restricted or withheld by any private individual or group whatsoever.
2. That the cash credits of the population of this country shall at any moment be collectively equal to the collective cash prices for consumable goods for sale.
3. That the sole function of Finance is to make available for consumption and use the total goods and services produced.
4. That banking organisations shall act as the Public Accountants of the British People, and not as private monopolists of the community's credit power.

The Aim of the Economic Party is:

TO CREATE AN EFFICIENT PROPAGANDA INSTRUMENT FOR THE NEW ECONOMICS

¶ Members of the Economic Party are those in sympathy with the Kindred of the Kibbo Kift who undertake to do their best:

1. To study the Social Credit Analysis and Programme.
2. To carry out individual Social Credit propaganda.

And when possible and desirable:

3. To form local centres of the Economic Party.
4. To carry out co-ordinated Social Credit propaganda through the medium of such local centres as and when necessary.

¶ The Economic Party is not a political party in the ordinary sense of the term, and has no intention of cadging votes to send anyone to Parliament. It is an *Economic* Party which recognises that economic power precedes political power. It intends to break into the political impotence and stagnation of the Tory-Liberal-Labour-Communist mass by making articulate the dumb urge of the British People as ONE GREAT NATIONAL DEMAND TO BUY THE GOODS PRODUCED.

It is not a loose, democratic movement run on the usual committee methods. It is under direct leadership and willing discipline.

'THE AGE OF PLENTY'

is the recognised Propaganda Organ of the Economic Party. Annual Subscription 5/- (includes a copy of "The Age of Plenty" each month).

Address: BM/KIFT, London, 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.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

COME TO SCARBOROUGH. Ideal Social Holidays on Guest House Lines.—Syllabus, Dept. N.A., High Cliff, Scarborough.

AUTHORS WANTED

MSS., novels, biographies, plays, poems, children's stories, etc., for book publication.
CLAUDE STACEY,
177/178, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

SONG POEMS WANTED

Successful Composer invites known or unknown Authors to submit Lyrics for prompt consideration. Send MSS. and stamp **"Composer" (184), c/o Rays Advt. Agency, Cecil Court, London, W.C.2.**

CHEST DISEASES

"Umckaloabo acts as regards Tuberculosis as a real specific."
(Dr. Sechehaye in the "Swiss Medical Review.")

"It appears to me to have a specific destructive influence on the Tubercle Bacilli in the same way that Quinine has upon Malaria."
(Dr. Grun in the King's Bench Division.)

If you are suffering from any disease of the chest or lungs—spasmodic or cardiac asthma excluded—ask your doctor about Umckaloabo, or send a postcard for particulars of it to Chas. H. Stevens, 204-206, Worple Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.20, who will post same to you **Free of Charge.**

Readers, especially T.B.'s, will see in the above few lines more wonderful news than is to be found in many volumes on the same subject.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Subscription Rates for "The New Age," to any address in Great Britain or Abroad, are 30s. for 12 months; 15s. for 6 months; 7s. 6d. for 3 months.

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.

COLBOURNE, M.
Unemployment or War. 12s. 6d. (Procured from New York to order.)

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.

DUNN, E. M.
The New Economics. 4d.
Social Credit Chart. 1d.

GALLOWAY, C. F. J.
Poverty Amidst Plenty. 6d.

H. M. M.
An Outline of Social Credit. 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.

Critical and Constructive Works on Finance and Economics.

CHASTENET, J. L.
The Bankers' Republic. 6s. [Translated by C. H. 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. 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.

McKENNA, RT. HON. REGINALD.
Post-War Banking Policy. 7s. 6d.

SODDY, Professor F., M.A.
Cartesian Economics. 6d.
The Inversion of Science. 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. 3s.

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.