

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER."

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Last week Miss Eleanor Rathbone, in her presidential address to the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship, announced that the election policy of that body was to mobilise women's votes for women candidates irrespective of party. It does not seem likely that women voters will follow this idea in any numbers. Moreover, even if they managed to pack the Commons with women legislators the impact of their influence on government policy would not be noticeable. They would of course have the power to accelerate somewhat the feminisation of remunerative employment, and so to modify slightly the distribution of purchasing-power as between the sexes. If that were the limit of their ambition, well and good; but it would not represent any new principle, nor would it touch any root problem.

The emergence of the feminist movement was not the act of feminists, it was the automatic outcome of industrial development under the financial system. Directly the first female received a wage for doing something which was going to be charged up in a price feminism was made inevitable. Inasmuch as this unknown female pioneer in the territory of industrial careerism cannot be said to have fought her way in, neither can this be said of the millions who have flocked in after her. It is true enough that there have been and are continuous skirmishes between the male holders of jobs and the female aspirants for those jobs, but to interpret the discomfiture and retreat of men in the field of employment as the loss of a "sex-war" to the "all-conquering woman" is a delusion. The control and direction of *policy* is as definitely in the hands of men as ever it was; and, ironically enough, the irruption of women into employment has tightened men's grasp of the reins of power. Political power is only a reflection of economic power, and economic power is controlled by the monopolists of financial power. The nearer you approach the apex of this great finance-economic-political pyramid the more demonstrably masculine

you find it to be. If the ladies in a Church congregation were to object to the music, and insisted on improving it by changing the organ-blower, their idea would be no more foolish than that of women to-day who regard division-lists as the key-board of power. Miss Eleanor Rathbone may adopt the Conservative technique of organ-blowing, or that of the Liberal, or of the Labour Party; or she may flout them all and take strokes of the depth and frequency that seem good to her feminine fancy; but in no case will she alter anything. Montagu Norman will play the organ. To adapt Henry Ford; All Parties are bunk, including the Women's Party.

We said just now that women's entry into industry and politics had strengthened men's control of policy. The men we speak of are not men in general, for they never had any control to be strengthened. We speak of those men who have always been in control—the Secret Statesmen of High Finance, whose decisions and acts are not affected by anything that Parliament may think, and yet which affect the basic economic life of every man and woman in the country. In whatever direction women may consider themselves to have usurped men's privileges by the force of their own initiative and character, it can be shown that their opportunity to do so was determined, and its results foreseen and deliberately encouraged, by the Secret Statesmen. They seduced women into industry, not as women, but as cheaper sellers of labour. They foresaw that women, in their new environment would become subject to the voting-complex. They thus provoked a sex-controversy between wage-earners in the economic plane and between electors in the political plane. Their purpose has been doubly accomplished: they have got economic production based on cheaper labour, and have manoeuvred women into a movement which tends to consolidate and perpetuate this achievement.

Women's so-called "power," self-determined as it may seem in the narrow arena of its exercise, is

actually a leased power. Women are not the conquering force, they are the vehicles of it. The distance which they can travel towards what they call complete emancipation depends upon the will of the Secret Statesmen. They have equipped and munitioned the women's movement because it is a useful instrument for dragging down the general level of consumer purchasing-power. Conversely they have delivered men over to defeat in pursuance of the same policy. Historically, it has been the mission of men to make economic activities safe for women. Men have, as it were, held women up to reach for jobs and votes. The process may be illustrated by our previous analogy of the church organ. At one time men puffed and perspired at the handle: but later their engineering faculties came into play, and made the job of blowing merely a matter of turning a switch. The job became safe for a lady. The same idea can be illustrated from history itself. In Mr. Kenway's autobiography, *Pioneering in Poverty Bay*, which was reviewed last week, he contrasts the travelling risks that he and his pioneer companions had to run in the early days in New Zealand with the safety of travel now. Where once he risked his neck behind a horse on rough roads, to-day young flappers risk pedestrians' necks behind steering-wheels on smooth broadways. So the wheels of feminine progress travel over the dust of intrepid male adventurers. The same truth applies even to the suffrage agitation before the war. When militancy was at its extreme height, and women came into physical contests with the police in the Palace Yard and elsewhere, there was no instance where ordinary male onlookers hesitated a moment to intervene when the guardians of law and order showed signs of roughness. Contrast this with what happened in the General Strike.

It is true that the process of making economic tasks safe for women has equally made them safe for men—which, of course, means that no man of the present generation may exploit his male ancestors' achievements as an argument for his superiority to contemporary woman. The triumph of engineering has largely eliminated the opportunity for men to exercise their distinctive faculties in the field of economic activity. The margin of hardship, risk, and adventure has now been narrowed almost to nothing by mechanical processes. The machine absorbs the hard knocks of progress. What is left now is a mass of enervating, irritating, monotonous, routine tasks; and the question whether male or female functionaries perform them is not inherently a matter of any consequence. The whole trouble is that we live under a financial system which denies the money to everyone who does not perform them. The true moral of our analysis is not that male pioneers and inventors have made work safe for either men or women, but that they have made leisure safe for both. What remains to be done is to induce or compel the controllers of the money system to finance the leisure life for men and women. They financed leisure during the War. Naturally, the spectacle of twenty million men fighting each other does not readily suggest the leisure-state, but nevertheless those men were absent from industry. Yet industry produced more things in each year of the War than in any year previously or since. These things were the product of machines, which have no sex and want no freedom. It is possible, even to-day, so to extend their capacity for replacing human labour that one can permit himself to visualise, without being fanciful, a situation where the personnel of the industrial system could be constituted solely of people who have no sex and want no freedom. There are, unhappily, a sufficient number of a-sexual Robots and Robotesses among the population to make this easily conceivable. The present cruel competition of both sexes for undifferentiated task-work engenders sex-exhibitionism. Men and women can only rediscover the truth of their

differentiated sex potentialities in a leisure state. The sex-war is a product of the work state; and the individuals who allow themselves to become emotionally absorbed in the conflict are cerebral hermaphrodites. A man must be structurally over-womanish, and a woman structurally over-mannish, to become addicts of the barren hobby of debating the question of sex equality or superiority against one another. The true debating issue, now becoming more and more insistent, is the superiority of the human being to the economic system. In such a debate real men and real women can co-operate in supporting the affirmative and working to realise it.

There is only one assurance of freedom: it is the unconditional possession of money. Nobody wholly dependent for money on performing a dictated task is free. Under the present system of dictated task-work both men and women have a common grievance: there are not sufficient tasks to go round; and the tasks provided yield insufficient pay to go round. The keener the competition to perform the less the remuneration for the performance. This is the automatic consequence of the present system of distributing and collecting money exclusively through the industrial system. Logically it is private consumers who are the ultimate employers of labour. They are super-employers, because they are the employers of the employers who employ them. Here is a picture of a circular money-channel; and in principle there is no more reason why money should flow through it one way than another—or in both directions at once. Since all money originates in bank-creations of credit, the flow must begin at the bank: but there is no theoretical reason why the next recipient, capitalist should necessarily be the next recipient, or why, if he is, the whole flow should go that way. Money is indestructible so long as somebody or other is spending it. There is only one way in which a community of its own volition can make money disappear; it is by tearing up currency notes. Private hoarding of currency notes is practically equivalent to destruction. But the community can lose money by the bankers' act. Whenever a borrower from a bank repays the money the banker retires it. He does not credit any other customer with the amount, as is popularly believed, because the money he lent was nobody's property; it was created by a ledger entry and distributed in cheques when the borrower spent it. Money is therefore destroyed in the practical sense that it comes out of circulation and cannot be spent. It is this fact (in conjunction with the industrial producers' system of price-accountancy, which need not be discussed at present) which gives rise to the scramble for jobs and the scandal of their low remuneration.

Speaking in principle, and for the sake of argument, the financing of the consumer through industrial borrowing is neither more nor less "safe" than would be the financing of industry through consumer-borrowing. By "safe" we are speaking with reference to the conservation of credit just discussed. For instance, if a private household were run on a price-plan and the children were going to buy their dinner, it would not matter whether he lent mother the money to pay them, or whether he lent them the money to pay mother. The only difference would be that in the second alternative he would not get it back from the children, but from mother, who had collected the money; but this would not affect the money-cycle. Supposing, however, that the rule of the household were that no child should have dinner unless he helped to cook it, the practical advantage of the first alternative would be apparent. Mother would be task-mistress and pay-mistress, and would receive the loan to pay for the work when done. So the question hinges on

work, and not on any danger to the money. Now the children may be required to do this work for two reasons: either mother needs the help of all of them to get the dinner cooked in time, or else she makes all of them help in order to keep them out of mischief. But, as mother knows, every helper more than necessary is a hindrance, and if she crowds all the children into the kitchen to prevent quarrelling in the nursery she will often find her dinner spoiled, with the result that a row of larger dimensions takes place in the dining-room. So if she is sensible she will get what help she wants and let the other children play their games. It would pay her to give them dinner-money not to help with the cooking.

This homely illustration is not anything like so remote from the actualities of our economic system as people might suppose. The system has got in a mess because father, the banker, has insisted on conducting its operations on the principle that mother, the industrial system, must willy nilly employ everybody to keep him out of the hands of Satan. It is a stupid notion, because every man and woman concerned knows very well that if he or she had a couple of days more leisure and a few pounds more income per week, he or she would not misuse the time and money. Moreover this wrong principle is not worked out consistently even with itself. It bids all to work but does not provide work for all. What it does provide is the work of looking for work—the hardest of all work, which nevertheless is not remunerated. And of those who find work what proportion are able to secure such work as they have spent time and money on fitting themselves for? (Tumble in anywhere for the devil of destitution is at your heels!)

We all want dinner-money because we want dinners. Back in the times when the kitchen range could cook us one dinner each in a day, with us all helping, we all got our dinners. To-day when this range has been made capable of cooking us ten or twenty dinners a day, with few of us helping, there is a shortage of dinner-money. If the employed got all the dinner-money (or their equivalent) it would be understandable, though unjust. But the old rate of cooking is practically unchanged. Nobody at all gets the benefit of improvements in process. The reason is that the manipulators of the money-system retire all the money that represents machine-capacity for work, and leave to be effective only that money which represents the capacity of human beings for work. The general capacity for consumption. It is as consumers that men and women must formulate their rights. These may be expressed in the formula: An adequate basic income for every man and woman as citizens, and an additional work-bonus for such of them as are industrial employees.

People's anxieties regarding the decreased fertility of work as a yielder of adequate incomes are an important factor in the phenomenon of get-rich-quick speculation. While it is the big manipulators of Stock Exchange values who fill the scene, it is the millions of hopeful little investors who finance the gambling at the bottom end, and the bankers who retire and destroy the lost money at the top end. By a stroke of poetic justice the manipulators on the New York Stock Exchange, whom the bankers have encouraged because they were virtually diverting earnings from the consumption market to the investment market, have so extended their operations as to scare the bankers. Mr. Paul Warburg, a former member of the Federal Reserve Board, has issued a public warning that the banks are losing control of money. He calls for drastic measures to cure the "Stock Exchange debauch" which has swollen the index value of fifty industrial stocks, twenty public utility stocks, and twenty

railway shares from approximately £3,500 millions to £6,000 millions. This stupendous bulge in value, Mr. Warburg points out, covers only a limited number of corporations. It does not include bank stocks, or "some of the subtlest elements of inflation." Leading "bulls" on the Exchange, whose interests are served by increasing share-values, talk cynically of this outburst, remarking that "while Judge Landis has been appointed Czar of Baseball, money has no intention of appointing Mr. Warburg Czar of Finance." Speculators, said a banker to the *Daily Mail's* correspondent, "grabbed the money market and they control it now—what is going to be done about it nobody knows."

We do not remember reading anything of Mr. Bernard Baruch since the Armistice. He has at last bobbed up into notice in connection with the General Electric Company. This company contemplates the issue of some new stock, but has decided that only British citizens may subscribe for it. Although the majority of existing Ordinary shares are in American hands, this decision has caused intense feeling among American stockholders of whom Mr. Baruch, Mr. John J. Raskob, and Mr. William F. Kenny (the two latter prominent millionaire Democrats) are substantial holders. There is even talk of their protesting to the United States Government as one means of getting the British directors to alter their policy. The *Daily Mail's* correspondent reports:

"But the company's action is seen from a wider angle than that of the local interests of American shareholders. There is a fear that it may be the thin end of the wedge designed to check the expansion of American investors abroad. If a precedent is set by which American investors in British enterprises are not on an equality with the British, the flow of American capital into other foreign investments may later be prevented. One large shareholder in the General Electric described the British action as evidence that there will soon be no free money market in England. The new move, he said, was exciting public opinion, which might influence the State Department to take some action on behalf of American shareholders."

We should think that anything calculated to stop the flow of American capital into foreign investments is to be applauded, if only for the academic reason that Britain, for instance, cannot pay off her American debt by increasing it. Lord Birkenhead, who is no longer a member of the Government, has been defending the practice of borrowing American money "if we want to." Well, if the interest and conditions suit, there is no commercial reason why not. But the public, who are told that they must pull in their belts to repay America, and refrain from letting them out when we borrow more from her, must be wondering how many financial policies are alternating in this country from week to week, and whether any experts really know the reason of what they are doing.

In Mr. Winston Churchill's last volume of *The Crisis* just published there is a definite statement by him that the *Lusitania* was carrying war munitions. She was practically a warship, and the Germans were entitled to sink her. By doing so they provided the United States with an excuse for entering into the war as an executor of judgment on German "piracy"—and the world believed the lie. During a war, of course, lies are useful measures for keeping hatreds glowing; and no-one could expect any belligerent to renounce the telling of them. But what must make a civilised citizen blink a little is that when the war was over and the victory won, the truth did not emerge in time to eliminate false impressions as to the exact nature of Germany's "war-guilt," on which the Peace Treaty was formally founded. Again, what is the use of the present attempts by statesmen to settle what are to be the rights and privileges of belligerents and neutrals in another war while nothing is to be done to ensure

that the evidence brought against alleged delinquents shall be true? Tainted testimony will rot the purest law.

Nor must Mr. Churchill's tardy admission be imputed to him for repentance. The truth has not been revealed now to do justice to Germany's moral reputation, but as part of a scheme to enhance her financial credit. It provides a moral weapon for those members of the Reparations Conference who desire to cut down the amount which Germany shall pay to the Allies. It has been stated in the Press that Mr. Churchill favours an alliance consisting of America, Britain, and Germany, in contradistinction to one of which Britain and France would be the nucleus. It is universally known that Britain is entirely neutral on the question of Reparations and other debts owing to her, Lord Balfour having laid it down that Britain will not demand in Europe a penny more than she must concede in America. Therefore the ultimate conflict at the Reparations Conference is between America and France. Mr. Pierpont Morgan, representing American debenture-holders in the German Economic State, would like to reconstruct it after the Vickers-Armstrong precedent, by writing down the "ordinary shares," of which France is the largest holder. These "ordinary shares" are Reparations. We can almost hear Mr. Morgan now pointing out to France that America's coming in and "winning the war" was due to a Lusitanian misunderstanding, and that really the conscience of the world will not so punitive levy on the German Government (of American property) tolerate. Europe must of disruptive antagonisms, cured be (and for American capital safe made). What France's reaction to this proposition is likely to be is already reflected in the London financial Press where doubts are voiced whether the Reparations Conference will settle anything.

The *San Francisco Examiner* of February 6 reports that the Brotherhood National Bank of San Francisco is to be sold, as also (later) the Brotherhood banks of Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma. The buyer is to be the Calitalo Investment Corporation. The management is expected to be in the hands of the Bank of Italy. This transaction marks the end of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' banks on the Pacific Coast. There is no significance in the transfer: these Trade Union banks reverted to capitalist control in every practical sense years ago; in fact, the body which approved the present sale is called the Pacific Brotherhood Investment Company. The railwaymen are no longer bankers; but to assuage their disappointment (if any) they can still be speculators; the Calitalo Investment Corporation is offering its common stock at the low price of one dollar a share, and hints at "exceptional opportunities for market appreciation." We hope that this appreciation will not be maintained by railway wage cuts. Perhaps it will be all right; for the proverb about rolling stones need not necessarily apply to rolling-stock.

#### NOTICE.

On Friday, March 22 (the day before "The New Age" Dinner), there will be a Reception at the Holborn Restaurant (at the corner of Kingsway and High Holborn), to which all readers of "The New Age" are invited, together with any friends they would like to bring. The proceedings will be informal—the intention being to encourage the making of new acquaintances and the renewal of old ones. Visitors should enter by the main doorway in Holborn, when they will be directed to the Reception Room. No arrangements will be made to provide refreshments as these are easily obtainable elsewhere on the premises. Admission is free. Time, 6 p.m.

At the Dinner, on the following night, Saturday, March 23, Major Douglas will be present as usual. This year we are arranging for his speech to be delivered much earlier in the evening than before. Tickets for the Dinner will be on sale at the Reception on the Friday.

## Current Political Economy.

### THE APOTHEOSIS OF ECONOMICS.

Nineteenth century economists chose as the constant factor of their science the economic man. He was hardly an ideal man, or even an admirable man: nor was he a real man. He was a fiction bestowed on economic science by the imagination of the scientists. By assuming him economics was able to proceed. Perhaps it was to the credit of the economists that they wanted a man they could take for granted, without having to reform him, or convert him. That there actually were a number of men, not economic, but preponderantly economic, men—for whom an economic training school was formed at Manchester, future history will say—helped the economists out. The science of the laws and principles governing the production of wealth depended for its vindication as a science on the success of a particular type of man. This man wanted to get rich at all costs. His whole thinking, feeling, and willing, conspired to avoid the obstacles to his achieving riches. If he succeeded, economics was justified; if not, it was futile. So economists and economic men joined together in persuading Governments to remove the obstacles. These consisted largely of the remnants of tradition and humanity left in the non-economic man, a few squires, parsons, reformers, labour-leaders, and a huge proportion of the working-classes. The economic man was the archtype of the middle-classes, but even these saved their souls for a time by wanting also to be family men, jealous of the social status of their children, and club-men, anxious for the social recognition of their hard study and overwork.

The conflict between economic and non-economic man is the history of nineteenth-century legislation. The economic man was the producer man. By hypothesis his test of success was that his capital and plant increased, however frugally, even miserly, he lived. Non-economic man was consumer-man, whose test of life's worth-whileness was that his enjoyment of the good things produced, and of leisure, increased. So the statistics of production and export, furnished by economic to non-economic man, proving the prosperity of the nation as a whole, from the prosperity of a part of it, never convinced the latter to the former's satisfaction. Invention, organisation, the immense bankruptcies arising out of financing transport—all this was on the side of economic man. It confirmed his belief in his readiness to strike or parade or riot for some share of the increased production. Factory legislation, prohibiting the employment of children, restricting the employment of women, and shortening the working day; mines legislation designed to reduce danger to life or protect the nation biologically by excluding women from mines; the Plimsoll line; public health legislation; compulsory education; result of efforts by consumer-men to defend the world against producer-men. All the way these efforts have been condemned as the work of soft humanitarians hindering production. The more economic the man the more he has opposed these reforms, which could therefore only be consolidated by statute, and by setting inspectors with enormous staffs to see that the statutes were not flouted. Hence, very largely, "bureaucracy." To-day these things are what there is of civilisation. They are the measure of the success and failure with which consumer-man has stood up to economic man.

It is impossible to imagine what England would have been like but for this war of attrition desper-

ately carried on by consumer-man against the mountain built by producers. But for the hordes of Civil servants, municipal servants, teachers, and the army and navy, the machinery of industry would be clogged even worse than it is, since the greater excess of labour would reduce the cost of it. Before consumer-man obtained a technique of distribution he had not been idle. As things are, to disband the army and navy at the peaceful behest of Geneva would increase the supply of labour while reducing incomes, since the taxpayer's saving would not be used as consumer income to the extent it is by soldiers and sailors; ships and guns, fortunately, add nothing to production. Until the solution of the distribution problem represented by the protest of consumer-man, disarmament would make war necessary, if only to distribute army pay and separation allowances. Before the advent of economic man the greatest problem in life was to save one's soul. For ladies and gentlemen the problem was how to divert one another the long day through. The more the power of production increased the less important it has become to save one's soul, for the reason that an empty belly puts the soul past care; and nowadays ladies as well as gentlemen have bad consciences unless they are assisting trade. Apart from that, they cannot afford to be ladies and gentlemen. The great leap of productive power during the war was followed, immediately after it, by the impoverishment of nearly all the cultured families of Europe. The economic man has at last founded the economic State, in which the whole task of life is to make a living; and the economists have supported a system that purposely makes getting a living hard work.

With the economists perplexed to lunacy by the problem of "over-production," nobody dare spend a penny except "productively," which may not mean to make something, but to sell something. Suggest somewhere in the West of England a new city with Gordon Craig theatres, concert halls, opera houses, beautifully designed accommodation for human beings, playgrounds in the centre, schools embodying modern knowledge, Vitaglass, and all the rest. Would it cost as much as Canterbury cost its builders, expressed in terms of real credit? By scrapping some coalfields and employing water-power; by tearing down such monstrosities as Hollinwood and Oldham, it would be possible to rebuild England as a future leisure State for far less in terms of effort than it took to put up London after the fire. Let me not proceed at the moment with this fantasy. It is a mere suggestion of the sort of re-planning which England should do now that internal combustion and electricity have so largely replaced steam as the source of real credit. When a revolution such as this happens, either a nation makes the corresponding mental revolution, or it dies. London also is a monstrosity. All its theatres and concert halls (how poor by comparison with discovered ideas) are concentrated on one square mile. Even the quality among picture-houses are on the same square mile, as are the museums and galleries; the measure need only be stretched a little to include South Kensington. Round London are whole areas hungry, or past hunger, for the light bottled up on the square mile. Suburbia creates a mushroom substitute for that square mile, a worthless imitation. Everywhere wretched habitations for films go up without any regard whatever for design. England has to be rubbed out and done to a design. For at present, as is natural, everybody, no matter where he was born, wants to come to overcrowded London, if his health will stand it.

That England has to be done again to design means all of it except the works that can be unanimously acclaimed as worthy to live for ever. It

means houses (all of them, not the slums only), shops, railways and railway stations, canals, factories, and public buildings. Our town and city schools emphasise by their very appearance only the word compulsory and not the word education. For a true insight into the state of mind in which our civilisation was built, contemplate, as for the first time, a tram! Look round a few old factories by comparison with an up-to-date one. On the philosophy of the economic man, in short, that production and production alone mattered, that smell, taste, sight, hearing, everything might be offended at a profit, we have built an England to be ashamed of, an eyesore and cesspool of an England. At the end we find that it cannot make a profit, since the world has not market enough for England, America, France, Germany, and Sweden, all to make profits. What England was uglified for is unattainable. Though the whole world flowed with milk and honey, one astringent word from the banker would dry the wealth up. The banker can sew up our pockets. He can give the whole of the magnificent industry of the world constipation.

A few days ago a man looking for a job scanned four newspapers at a café in my presence. Do not say that he found no jobs to let. The papers were thick with jobs to let. They were all jobs for salesmen. For men who should prove their worth high "commissions" were offered. How, where production waxes and consumption declines, can these salesmen prove their worth? The waste of man-power of economic civilisation is heart-breaking. Here are thousands of men who could enjoy themselves on or in the river, make a picture, carve a boat out of bark, turn a billiard ball, sing a song, tell an original story, or drink a quart, and instead they go about in haste and ferment to keep appointments, to trick a buyer who has over-spent into seeing them and losing his job, or to persuade a village shop-keeper to advertise in the city papers. Through-out the length and breadth of Britain hosts of the lord call on all the women in the land to persuade them that the things not news or views contained in some newspapers make it indispensable in the home. A million unemployed, and nobody knows how many salesmen, since every non-professional fancies himself as an amateur, and we cannot afford to buy their wares. What is beyond us is not the reborn England—the Scots have their separate problem—hinted at earlier. It is not thirty spaced out cities beautified with their appropriate agricultural environs. We cannot afford a worthy Shakespeare memorial; we cannot afford to preserve the beauty of Oxford. We cannot afford time or labour or credit for anything but giving one another the slip in the competitive strategy to get into the buyer's room first. That is modern civilisation. Given the chance we can make anything. But cannot sell anything. "We've got the men, we've got the ships,"—but we haven't the money. A. N.

A number of residents were summoned at the South-Western Police Court yesterday for failing to make their electoral return. Mr. Campion, K.C., the magistrate, said that he regretted that people were to be found who would not even trouble to carry out their elementary duty as citizens. One man described it as "disgraceful" that he, a resident of Battersea for many years, should be forced to attend a criminal court for what was, after all, an oversight. Mr. Poole, the prosecuting solicitor, said that the registration officer gave the public opportunities of fulfilling their obligations before deciding to take this unpleasant duty. Mr. Campion stated that if after this warning the same apathy was shown sterner measures in the shape of increased fines would be imposed.—*Daily Express*, Feb. 28.

## Political Pragmatism.

By Walter Goldsby.

Dr. Elliott's book on modern political tendencies\* is not a defence of Fascism nor an apologia for the many dictators who are making their people happy, *volens volens*. With a clear, erudite mind, he has explored political philosophy and given the results of his explorations without undue bias. He proves, beyond question, that pragmatism is a definite facet of the group mind, and that to dismiss it as a form of cultural dilettantism or a mere expression of impatience with constitutional morals and principles, while being easy, is dangerous. Pragmatism, seeded by social utilitarianism in the forcing ground of anti-intellectualism, has found quick and strong growth, and derived nutriment from everything with which it has come in contact. Dr. Elliott states that Gentilean Idealism, Sorelian Myth making and the functionalism of Guild Socialists and Syndicalists, have contributed to the ideology of Fascism. Is it a weakening of Mussolini's pragmatism that he has begun to exploit the will-to-believe by appealing for faith in the greatness of his country's hierarchical discipline? It is long since Macaulay wrote of Italy crouching like a dog under the whip. The dog, indulging in self-flagellation in a frenzy of nationalistic reaction, might mean a flouting of William James or it might mean a more complex development of his protest against absolutism. It is difficult to say where absolutism will stand in Italian political philosophy by the time the dog is tired of whipping himself. Considering Fascism as an expression of pragmatism, and regarding pragmatism as the voice of the age, one wonders whether the age can accurately appraise the timbre of its own voice. The will to power is rarely concerned with the rationale of power.

Dr. Elliott does not disguise his opposition to the syndicalism of the late M. Sorel, and the pragmatic pluralism of Mr. H. J. Laski. The followers of the former are reminded graciously of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's dictum that "the answer to Communist tactics is Fascism." Probably, but can it be taken inversely? Has Italy to face another revolution? Mr. Laski's now fairly well-known "Grammar of Politics" is dealt with at length. The view that State sovereignty in reality differs from the power exercised by a church or a trade union and Mr. Laski's hint that the unions could take the law into their own hands in the event of a question of allegiance as between the State and themselves, are contested. The author's instinctive constitutionalism rises in horror at any challenge to legal sovereignty. The State is purposive, and its chief purpose to establish the rule of law—its own law. Mr. Laski is not allowed even to exploit Aristotle as an anticipator of the modern political pragmatist. He is reminded of Aristotle's insistence on the superiority of the speculative over the practical reason, and on "the moral end of the State."

The book, widely comprehensive as it is in its review of political policy, economic theory and their adjacent fields, has one extraordinary omission, which is so serious that Dr. Elliott is either partisan or has made an incomplete study of his subject. The index to his references is a long one, yet to the surprise, I hope, of every reader, it does not contain the name of Major Douglas. Moreover, the Social Credit Proposals are not mentioned. There is just one brief reference to THE NEW AGE and Mr. Orage on Guild Socialism. Surely Dr. Elliott is not lending his approval to the deliberate attempt to obscure Major Douglas and the Social

\* "The Pragmatic Revolt in Politics." By W. Y. Elliott, D.Phil. (Macmillan, New York, 16s.)

Credit Theorem under a veil of silence. Dr. Elliott seems to correct that view himself when he writes:

"If a community be infused with a high purpose and a conscious realisation of that purpose by its members, that community will make its weight felt out of all proportion to mere numbers."

Commenting on the December, 1927, loan to Italy of one hundred and twenty-five million dollars, Dr. Elliott found it interesting that J. P. Morgan Co. again took fifty millions of this loan, and that the Federal Reserve System participated to the extent of thirty millions. He says:

"It is certain that this tightens the bankers' hold on Mussolini."

One pities the Dictator. Herein lies the explanation of the Fascism that

"repudiates the World Court in favour of the old diplomacy of the balance of power"

and the Fascism that

"boasts of three million effective soldiers in reserve."  
"Hard pinched Italy still finds money to lend out for military use."

Despite the foregoing, the doctor's position with regard to the bankers is but faintly outlined.

"The golden rule of Capitalism is the association of risk with control. Corporate finance, by losing that thread . . . has made imperative State inquiry."

It might mean much or nothing. Unless, however, they adopt the proposals of the Social Credit Movement, Pragmatist and Constitutionalist alike will fail. Against Fascism, as the

"super-organic control of a financial hierarchy supported by an uncriticisable oligarchy";

Bolshevism, before its own magnitude overwhelmed its fiercer elements; and the approach of that ever-threatening Decline to which all previous civilisations have succumbed, there is but one bulwark, both rationalistic and constitutional, namely, the Social Credit Proposals.

## Twelve o'Clock.

"Shakespeare strikes twelve every time."—Emerson.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE NEW AGE."

(Edited by Sagittarius.)

"They (the banks) are not primarily concerned to collect interest; but they are deeply concerned to maintain the principle that a loan is a loan, and may not be forgiven, but must exist as a claim in one form or another."—Notes of the Week.

"Granted that when the roads are all repaired or constructed, road traffic will be facilitated. But faster travel does not create money."—Notes of the Week.

"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."—Strange Interlude. A. Newsome.

"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."—America in Forty Days. Maurice B. Reckitt.

"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."—Drama.

"Russia is the devil of the world qualifying to be its martyr."—Drama.

## America in Forty Days.

V.

By Maurice B. Reckitt.

The wandering lecturer in America is apt to find himself at first secretly gratified and (still more secretly) surprised by the readiness of the well-informed and even the distinguished to listen to his more formal deliverances and to provoke him subsequently to a protracted series of informal ones. Americans are proverbially a voluble race, but their powers of listening far transcend even their powers of speech. It is a land, indeed, where speakers discover the unusual experience of tiring sooner than their audiences. To after-dinner speeches the European is accustomed, but it is disturbing to discover that a guileless-looking invitation to lunch conceals the determination to extract "a few words about the situation in Great Britain" from the alarmed (and slightly torpid) guest, already apprehensive as to a formal afternoon engagement. Even breakfast, I am told, is on occasion employed as a decoy, and though I escaped this, I once arrived for tea (an essentially exotic function in the States) at a ladies' club, to find the inevitable "few words" demanded even before I was granted my teacup. At this I rebelled; though my ideas might be stale, I was determined that my tea should not be. Once fortified, I attempted to "knock out" my audience with eighty minutes rapid-fire oratory, but even then curiosity seemed unabated. Indeed, "the dog it was that died," and I retired to bed that night with 'flu and a temperature in three figures.

I attended a large luncheon in New York convened by the League for Industrial Democracy to discuss the political situation revealed by the election. It was timed for twelve-thirty, but being New York it did not begin till half an hour later. The meal was still being served when the speaker began. There were three scheduled speakers, and they did not stint themselves in the matter of time. After this one expected to disperse—but no, the feast of reason and the flow of soul had but begun. One guest after another (including a bewildered English visitor) was called on to feed the insatiable appetite for oratory, and at three forty-five, almost the first, I left a gathering which showed no apparent signs of breaking-up. Listening to speeches, indeed, seems the only relaxation from business which the American feels to be thoroughly justifiable. *Laborare est orare* ran the mediævalist injunction. *Audire est laborare* might be the motto of modern America.

When the American can find no living orator handy he hopefully turns on the radio. The power of endurance displayed by the American electorate during the Presidential contest was amazing. I found our first charming hostess in the States could conceive of no finer hospitality than to invite us to sit for three hours in silence and listen in to the election rallies of the two great parties. This lady's evenings had been largely occupied by this kind of vicarious citizenship for weeks, yet when the election came she found herself quite unable to decide between "three such splendid men." Shall we in England find this strange combination of enthusiasm, breadth of sympathy and political impotence arising out of our impending experiments in "radio-mocracy"?

It is easy to smile at the proclivity of the American public for "lectures," but it witnesses to a genuine "interestedness"—something more than an idle curiosity—which is, for all its crudenesses, a real to be asset. The American is commonly supposed to be conceited and complacent, and these characteristics are certainly obvious enough where they exist, for no subtleties are employed to conceal them. But so far as my own observation went (and

it was, of course, somewhat specialised and restricted), they are neither dominant nor fundamental. At bottom the American is often both modest and diffident. He is very proud of the things which he feels his country has proved itself able to do well and is inclined to shout rather loud about them, but this is not seldom, precisely because he is doubtful how far they are the things that civilisation most requires to have done. If he invites you to praise his achievements (as he will often naively do) it is perhaps because he himself desires to be reassured about the value and significance of them. And he is always ready to consider the possibility of being able to do better still; a nation that pulls down its cities almost as fast as it can build them, is at least not the victim of complacency. A popular allegory—too long to quote in full—which sums up the reactions of an imaginary band of African travellers of different nationalities to a study of the elephant in his native haunts, makes the American take as the title of his monograph, "Bigger and Better Elephants." No doubt the trouble is that the American is always apt to identify the bigger with the better. From all one can gather, indeed, the architecture of Manhattan seems to have been determined less by material considerations than by the conviction that the New Yorker needs must love the highest when he sees it.

Much that is of the greatest importance and interest in the life of America cannot be discussed in a brief series of articles aiming rather at the recording of impressions than at any ambitious analysis. The writer was brought in virtue of his interests into contact with many who are closely bound up with both the religious and the educational development of the United States; yet forty days spent in some half-a-dozen centres near the Atlantic seaboard have not inspired him with the confidence to venture upon profound generalisations upon either the one or the other. He must be content to repeat that the two great evils from which neither religion nor education seem able to rescue the American mentality are the indulgence of intolerance and the habit of enforced prohibition. Democracy in the United States seems to be increasingly interpreted as the right of the majority to "put over" anything it can, and the obligation of the minority to keep quiet about it under pain of persecution. Religion, for its part, seems far less busy seeking to establish and to safeguard the autonomy of personality as a necessary condition of moral development than it is in "finding out what Johnnie is doing and telling him not to"—so far as possible with the assistance of Governmental methods of compulsion. Akin to the evils of intolerance (racial, religious, and cultural) and prohibition (the enforcement of conformity in matters of personal conduct) is the peril of standardisation. One is, for instance, astonished at the number of people who hand over to "Literary experts" and magazine editors the choice of their reading; the selected "book of the month" finds its way simultaneously into thousands of American homes (to the vast enrichment of its fortunate author and publisher), and "priestcraft" and "authority," so ostentatiously banished from religion, seem to be returning on a more impressive scale in the sphere of culture.

Two phenomena of everyday life that inevitably force themselves upon the attention of the traveller deserve more than the passing word that it is all which can now be given to them. Once outside this specialised field of daily journalism (where England seems to me to score in nearly every respect save in regard to the leading articles, where American directness and vivacity contrast favourably with our pomposity and dullness), one is struck with the superiority of almost every form of American periodical over our own. *Harpers* must be one of the best

magazines in the world; we have certainly nothing to touch it for readability combined with quality and variety of interest. The American *Nation* and *New Republic* compare very favourably with the dreariness of our political reviews, while in the sphere of entertainment the perfection of *The New Yorker* makes one realise that there is a technique in this field which in England is still undreamed of. But I must hurry on from the subject of mental to that of physical food. For it would be a solecism to overlook altogether a matter that is taken with proper seriousness in America, at any rate domestically, for the shade of the Cafeteria has fallen disastrously over public eating. A still viler word, "Luncheonette," which is scarcely less ubiquitous, hints that there are depths below depths which I had not the courage to plumb, and there are many, I learnt, among America's soberest citizens who habitually go for their breakfast to a drug store. But if such enormities be forgotten, there is much about the American cuisine to praise—though one would respectfully submit that "chicken à la King," however, admirable, recurs too frequently, especially in the magnificent dining cars, and one laments that the cooking of beef is a secret revealed to all too few in the United States.

Food leads naturally to the recollection of hospitality, and that to those fine strains in the American character which account for its warmth and its abundance. The Americans are so free from affectation and concealments, so naturally kind-hearted and spontaneous, that the generosity and amplitude of their welcome is almost as enjoyable to their visitors as it seems to be to themselves. In a nation that so conspicuously loves any pretext for "getting together," it is difficult to persuade anyone that one can be happy for an hour by oneself. Americans visiting these shores must indeed think their inhabitants a sulky and a solitary race, and it is possible that this impression may have something to do with the present lack of cordiality in Anglo-American relations. That misunderstanding at least it should not be difficult to repair. It would be deplorable indeed if even the most legitimate grievances against Wall Street or the White House affected our friendliness, directly or in print, towards a people so eager to be liked, so full of that real spirit of enterprise which will "try anything once," whose estrangement from Europe would be so clearly a tragedy for themselves and a disaster for the world.

(The End.)

## The Screen Play.

### "Royal Remembrances."

The film is something more than a moving picture or a sequence of moving pictures, otherwise it would be impossible to make a uniform whole out of a series of disconnected "topicals." This is what has been done in "Royal Remembrances" (Marble Arch Pavilion), which links the first motion picture ever made with the present day, via such historical episodes as the cycling boom, the Boer War, Queen Victoria's funeral, the coronation of King Edward, and the marriage of the Duke of York. It will be noted that the episodes are mainly royal, which means the accompaniment of military trappings, and interesting and vivid as is the record of a similar compilation depicting, for instance, the evolution of the motor car and the aeroplane and the re-building of London during the past twenty years, would have been of greater social and human interest. Still, "Royal Remembrances" is history as it should be taught, and as it will be taught when we have progressed beyond mere lip-service to the obvious educational possibilities of the screen.

There is a poignant and unrehearsed moment in this film when a woman with a young child in her

arms is caught by the camera in the background of one of the pictures of King Edward's funeral. Obviously this was not posed—probably the photographer was unaware of these bystanders when he made the exposure—but the composition and symbolism could not have been improved on by the most modern director in search of deliberate effect. Incidentally, I noticed that hardly any well-known figure obtained so much applause from the audience as Mr. Lloyd George. Does this presage a Liberal revival in May?

### "Sin."

This is an interesting and uncommon Anglo-Swedish film (Capitol), for which British Instructional Films and the Svenska Company are jointly responsible. Production and acting are also cosmopolitan; Gustav Molander, the director, has John Orton as his assistant, and the cast includes Gina Manes, Elissa Landi, and Lars Hansen. The story, which is based on Strindberg, is thin enough, but the acting and direction are admirable, the latter notably for its rhythm and excursions into impressionism. This is pre-eminently a producer's film, but the acting of Gina Manes makes it much more than a collector's piece. Critics who exhausted their superlatives over her Thérèse Raquin in "Thou Shalt Not" will find it hard to devise convincing thes for this more forceful and far more convincing impersonation. When she incites to murder, she is not only as sincere as Lady Macbeth, but is informed by a sadistic pleasure capable of horrifying an emotional spectator. Elissa Landi, as the young wife, has improved so much on her performance in "Underground" that I include her in my select gallery of British Female film White Hopes. That fine actor, Lars Hansen, did not seem happy in his rôle, nor the rôle with him.

DAVID OCKHAM.

## Drama.

### Major Barbara: Wyndham's.

In a programme-note Shaw defends himself in anticipation of censure—such is the nature of Shaw—for reviving a twenty-four year old play. He "offers our amateurs of progress a hint or two as to how far the passage of time has affected the actuality of 'Major Barbara.'" West Ham is in a worse mess than it was. The Salvation Army's efforts to relieve poverty, the one form of Heavenly love the poor could understand, have had to be subsidised by forced levies and loans on the guarantee of future forced levies. "Major Barbara" certainly smashed the cant about the Salvation Army, which was formed by a prophet to conquer sin for Jesus, and collared by Capitalism to tame the resentful souls of the unemployed. As voluntary hospitals are to a State medical service, so the Salvation Army became to the poor-law. God would be offended said the Army, if the partaker of His charity did not chop firewood. This firewood, alas, had no symbolic connection with Hell-fire. Its chopping was designed to maintain the Pauline discipline founded on the idea that God combines the services of the Jewish merchant and the Gentile capitalist; giving nothing for nothing, and as little as necessary for anything. So the proceeds of the firewood sale subsidised the vote of the bankers and industrialists for the support of the labourers and derided "surplus" by machinery.

Shaw has not advanced, however, in all directions. While he confesses that Undershaft, the munitions manufacturer and Pelman propagandist, broke down during the war, and had to be taught the alphabet of output by public officials, Shaw does not confess that his own gospel of efficiency has also broken down. Undershaft's collapse brought down all Shaw's engineers from the

man who cut the irrational knot to Straker. For that reason Shaw's philosophy is behind the times. He still believes that the Salvation Army was at least right about the firewood. For him, whereas poverty is only crime, idleness is sin; not lack of income corrupts, but lack of occupation. He would give nobody an income unconditionally. In the Shaw state the freest man would be on ticket-of-leave, breadless and waterless until his work-ticket was stamped, and beerless, anyhow.

Shaw's plays demonstrate how necessary is co-operation in the theatre. Given a free hand to prune his first and last acts, his producers could make whole performances intellectually thrilling. "Major Barbara" begins with far too long an explanatory dialogue à deux, and with a family reunion where the young people are almost dumb with shame at the garrulity of their elders. The last act ends many a time; but on every occasion the curtain-man has to hold his hand because Undershaft recollects something unsaid or not said as well as he could say it now. He talks until every other character on the stage has passed into oblivion. Shaw cannot let a thing drop. He suffers, in spite of his bluff, from the Victorian sentimental terror of being misunderstood. The second act, in the yard outside the Army Shelter, is magnificent. Its action and situations have more than variety and strength enough to carry the case. It is, indeed, a model of amalgamated drama and debate, providing both acting and oratory. The actors enjoy themselves like schoolboys set loose, making the most of the present in the knowledge that after a few minutes a bell will call them back to lectures. Gordon Harker's Bill Walker, Clare Greet's Rummy Mitchens, Harold Scott's Snobby Price, were all excellent, and Elizabeth Colls as Jenny Hill better than did Major Barbara. Baliol Holloway's Undershaft deserved the devilish epithets of the professor, for he was as polished, euphonious, and persuasive as Mephistopheles. Lewis Casson's performance as the professor was brilliant; in this actor's hands the professor became a self-confident, victorious presence. In fact, he was the artist who would always knock Shaw's engineers out if the engineers' gloves were not loaded. Margaret Scudamore's Lady Undershaft, an excellent performance as the Shavian caricature of nobility, was marred for me by the pronunciation of every word ending in y, such as *properly*, too emphatically as if the end-words were *ay, properlay*. As Major Barbara Sybil Thorndike was too restrained. But she spoke with a clear-cut vitality I have not previously heard from her. She still drags some vowels, particularly the *iphong* i, but so great an improvement is a promise. Wilfred Shine's Peter Shirley was pathetic—the least like a fitter. But that was Shaw's fault. Dorothy Tetley, Wilfred Fletcher, and Eric Portman in the last excellent in the final act) all suffered nobly in the effort to redress Shaw's inability to understand that youth may have compensations for its lack of philosophy.

### Hilda Spencer Watson.

Recently the children of the Caldecott Community played "King Saul." Played is here the word, inasmuch as the actors did not pose as interpreters or creative artists; they were having a game, probably unaware that the object of playing it publicly was to earn their living. Their lives were practically the stark Bible narrative distributed among the appropriate characters. This very simple dialogue made a perfect play. It widened horizons, it gave infinite scope for action, and sounded magnificent overtones. Recollecting how tame much of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "David" was, I realised that to build any superstructure of words on top of the Bible narrative is to build a mausoleum over a living creature.

"Saul," in the hands of actors utterly without technique, was actor-proof and audience-proof. There is an economy of the same class as that of the Bible narrative in Hans Andersen's fairy-tales, some of which Mrs. Hilda Spencer Watson is producing at the Studio Theatre, 38, Warwick-gardens. Her work differs from the children's, of course, in being technically almost flawless, though it is organic not mechanical. Blake wrote that it took a million years to make a little flower; Emerson was also struck by Nature's regardlessness for time in the making of beauty. Mrs. Watson's art has grown in Nature's way. It must have been thought, practised, polished, and perfected, with the love and zeal for the great prose-writer, or the old lens grinder; she has beaten her colours with the patience of the old masters.

Beginning with the fairy-tale as focus, Mrs. Watson creates an original work of theatre art. The elements of her design, besides the story, are music, singing, dancing, and colour, which are so combined that the result is one work. To the English mind that the result is one work. There is no she opens the gate to a new world. While so much is used, straining after naturalism. While so much is used, the art of leaving out, as C. E. Montagu called it, has been honoured with so sure a knife that the audience's imagination vibrates with pleasure at the compliment paid to it. That besetting temptation to fall into the snare of over-doing in order to make sure is avoided with the utmost delicacy.

As the figures in the tale illustrate their portion, and the music comments, the fairy world and the known world mingle. Clock-time ceases. The only time left is that created by the rhythm of the pattern. Every rhythmic pause is exquisitely measured, so that, as in great music, it is the silences which are most eloquent. At those infinitesimal instants that human beings live for, and which are lost irrecoverably the next instant, the action is poised. The in-stant is preserved long enough for contemplation, but not so long as to offend against truthfulness or taste. Thus the work is a sound picture dreamed about, but not expected to materialise outside Paradise. Heaven becomes a sphere where men and women exercise imagination; where roguery is as welcome as piety so that a just proportion spoil not the design; and where grown-ups and little children are of one spirit. For surely Mrs. Watson's contribution to the theatre must be for children delight; for grown-ups delight intensified.

PAUL BANKS.

## Music.

Hearing High Mass on two occasions (both special) in the great *Gesù* Church here in Rome, to say that I was struck by the grotesque and almost indecent discrepancy between the grandeur of the sublime ritual of the Mass, carried out with such reverence and beauty by the Jesuit fathers, whose Mother Church, so to speak, the *Gesù* is, and the incredible poverty of the organist's share in the proceedings, is to put it quite inadequately. Accustomed as I am to the scandalously feeble efforts of the organists in the greatest of Italian Churches, I never become reconciled to it. The feebleness of the organists is only equalled by the miserable little toy instruments that are called on to do duty in these magnificent temples. In some vast church about the size of Westminster Cathedral or Westminster Abbey, after hunting quite a long time, one will come upon some absurd little wardrobe elaborately gilded and decorated, perhaps, nay, very often, with a blind drawn down in a window-like opening in its middle. It is the organ. When in use the blind is up displaying a small row of smallish pipes. This instrument, besides being wretchedly inadequate and invariably inaudible, is, in addition, rarely if ever properly tuned, and has a quality like

a cheap harmonium. This alone is incomprehensible: when on top of it you have the type of person who usually presides at the instrument, it is a combination that must be heard to be believed. Not only is it the badness of the playing, as of a first-year organ student of rather more than average stupidity (or, like the *Gesù* organist, what sounded like the most wretched meanderings of "improvisation" after the manner of your neighbour's daughter—diminished sevenths arpeggio'd up and down the keyboard—and other such delights), but the stuff purveyed as "voluntaries" at the inexpressibly solemn moments of Elevation, the climax of the Mass, calling either for a reverential silence or the finest movements of a Bach, that is so amazing. The apparent toleration of such indecencies by the ecclesiastical authorities is astounding; for among the exalted personages in the Catholic hierarchy are many fine connoisseurs and distinguished music-lovers. How is it that their influence is not more exerted? I commend the matter to the attention of that admirable new Catholic periodical, *Order*, which is doing such a fine work in combating the tolerance of that base and unworthy shoddy which it so well and scathingly calls "Repository Art."

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

### Review.

**Raiders of the Deep.** By Lowell Thomas. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

Mr. Lowell Thomas has collected, where possible, from the men concerned, the adventures of the U-Boats during the submarine blockade. He has collected matter for a great book; he has written a bad one. It is hard to see these stories, which, told in simple narrative, would have read like an epic, tricked out with the gauds of a war correspondent's "Fine Writing." The only story short enough to quote is that of a U-Boat, minus periscope, which emerged in the hope of finding things quiet after a hot chase. The commander threw open the conning-tower hatch to see an English submarine emerging a few yards away. The two commanders took one long look at each other; then slammed down their hatches and dived for their lives. There are scores of such stories which compensate the reader for the violence done to his literary taste; but there are some insults which no Islander can let pass. For instance: The crew of the U-9 were about to scuttle an abandoned fishing boat when suddenly "our Quartermaster sang out: 'Destroyer ahoy!' Ach! What a start that gave us!" We should think it did! We may excuse an American writer for his constant misuse of a sea term, but any English proof-reader should have told him that the sailor uses "ahoy" to hail a friendly ship, not to report an enemy.

M. J.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### ENGLISH NATIONAL CHARACTER.

Dear Sir,—I have read the review, published in *The New Age* for February 28, of "Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards" by Senor de Madariaga, with a great deal of interest. Senor de Madariaga's analysis of European national character seems correct, but I cannot agree with your reviewer that the peculiar qualities of English character can be accounted for, even partially by geographical isolation. Ireland is as much isolated from the continent of Europe as England, yet there could scarcely be a greater contrast than that between the Englishman and the Irishman. The central principle of English character, is, I think, long standing imperialism, which, in England, is not a foreign or economic policy, to be assumed or renounced, according to circumstances as in countries like France, but a scheme of national life, as in ancient Rome or Sparta. John Selden, with his usual penetration, laid bare the very soul of English and all other true imperialism when he remarked in his *Table Talk* that "all men who would get power over others must make themselves as much unlike others as they can." This explains the Englishman's repression of emotion, his general browbeating of instinctive nature, and his consequent high valuation of "moral worth" and "character." An analogy may be found in the extreme self-restraint taught

to all citizens in ancient Sparta, the "laconic" speech, or abstention from free conversation and similar efforts to modify the elementary features of man's natural impulses. From Plato we learn that of all the ancient peoples the Spartans came nearest to the ideal of the modern totalitarian, who is a type which flourishes only in the great imperialist countries of the modern world, England and America. The English public school education, with its "character building," insistence upon athletics, and discouragement of anything like "intellectuality," is a faithful reflection of the imperialistic society of which it forms a part. Its purpose is to train a ruling class, inspired by a narrow but rigid code of honour, adequately equipped to resist the physical and moral hardship that beset the pioneer and the administrator. Senor de Madariaga has mentioned the hypocrisy of English life, and it is noteworthy that the English, Americans, and Spanish of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (the heyday of Spanish imperialism) have alone produced in modern times satirical humorists of the highest order. Cervantes and Mark Twain had their birth in an exquisite sense of the utter mendacity, rampant in energetic imperialism, in a keen perception of the complete contrast between what ought to be or what is said to be, and what actually is. Petronius, in ancient times, may be taken as a parallel. Most of the phenomena of English national character can be traced to the influence of imperialism. It has, for instance, begotten self-consciousness, which has deadened English sincerity and spontaneity. A consequence of this is the absence of musical composers, except Purcell, in any degree comparable to those of the Continent. This absence is still more pronounced in America. Imperialism and music are two incompatible quantities. The most emotional and naïf of all the arts cannot possibly flourish in an atmosphere of sombre repression.

Finally, the Englishman's faith in empiricism and his distrust of "logic or principle" again seems to be an outcome of Imperialism. His strong appreciation of "character and will power" will naturally lead him to prefer inductive rather than deductive methods of reasoning, and the latter appears a matter of persistence and patience, and the very mere superficial brilliancy. Hence the English dislike of formulas, such as that of Social Credit; indeed, the very word "formula" awakens associations of disparagement in the English mind. Certainly, in English, no philosophical or political work of great fame is as small in compass as Montesquieu's "Grandeur et Décadence," Lessing's "Laokoon," or Machiavelli's "Principe."

J. C. DAYNES.

### THE ECONOMIC PARTY.

Sir,—I have seen the advertisement for the Economic Party in your last issue and I don't like it. The Kindred of the Kibbo Kift have a peculiar and very effective method of their own, which may in time work wonders, but, meanwhile, the majority of English people consider the method ridiculous. Now the Economic Party is not to enjoy the advantage of the method, but if it labels itself "Kibbo Kift" (as it most unnecessarily does) it will have to endure the disadvantage of the ridicule, and to no purpose.

This is simply absurd. The two movements should be kept quite distinct in name and organisation, if not in personnel.

By the way, we must beware of a subtle heresy that seems to be creeping into the Social Credit Movement that it is a kind of Revolution, like a revolt of the Poor against the Rich. It is nothing of the sort. It is a revolt of the whole people against a national pest. If the financial fraternity will forgive my making use of so odious a simile, it is like Rat Week.

And so we are inclined to forget that though the Throne of England is "above all politics," so are we also. We are in a position to appeal directly to the King. "His Most Gracious Majesty, George V., by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland and of the Dominions beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India, who still reigns, and whom God preserve!"—have these words lost all meaning? Or are we a set of Bolshies that don't know where to look for our best friend?

It will be objected, by the super-clever, that the personal assent of a constitutional monarch to legislative changes is of no value, however strongly he may be supported by the officers of the fighting services, trusted by the middle classes, and loved by the common people.

With so much at stake? I wonder. ROLAND BERRILL.

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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.

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## The Social Credit Movement.

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

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

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