

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER."

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

No. 1963] NEW SERIES Vol. XLVI. No. 25. THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1930. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . . . .	289	THE SCREEN PLAY. By David Ockham . . . . .	294
Dollar-finance, peace-propaganda and Mr. H. G. Wells—abolition of armies and tariffs—is a banking dictatorship any improvement on a military dictatorship?		<i>Mother. The End of St. Petersburg.</i>	
CURRENT POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Ben Wilson . . . . .	291	REJUVENATION: MY EXPERIENCE. By C. W. Armstrong . . . . .	295
Mr. Snowden, Mr. Churchill and the Budget.		ECONOMICS AND EUGENICS. By Neil Montgomery . . . . .	296
ABOUT THINGS. By Herbert Rivers . . . . .	292	<i>Birth Control, Abortion and Sterilisation.</i> (Lennbach.)	
Some reflections on the Fox murder-trial.		MORE SEXARIANISM. By N. M. . . . .	297
SOCIAL CREDIT IN OPERA. By R. L. N. . . . .	292	<i>Sex and Its Mysteries.</i>	
<i>The Meistersingers.</i>		REVIEWS . . . . .	298
THE NEW AGE AND MR. GARVIN. (Reprint from the <i>Daily Express</i> ) . . . . .	293	<i>Modern Canada.</i> Woodcraft and World Service.	
		<i>When Mammoths Roamed the Frozen Earth.</i>	

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We feel it important to emphasise the fact that whenever we have had occasion to connect the names of British publicists with alien foreign policies which we consider inimical to Britain's interests we have never intended to imply that they were necessarily conscious agents of foreign finance and diplomacy; and we challenge anyone to say that our language at any time could have been reasonably construed as an attack on their personal integrity. Our case is independent of anybody's character: in fact, if every diplomat, politician and financier in every country from the top to the bottom of politics were honestly convinced that this country would serve its own interests best by admitting the United States to a 50-50 participation in the control of the financial and military powers of the British Empire, our objection would remain unabated, because our reasons for that objection are based on considerations entirely unrelated to the convictions and idealisms of representative leaders, but directly related to the day-to-day practices and motives of the masses of useful citizens who have to carry on the work of the world under the handicaps imposed on them by a defective system of finance.

It is a demonstrable fact that in the present system a failure of capitalism to earn profits and of labour to earn wages constitutes an absolute exclusion of capitalists and workers as individuals from access to the means of existence. For this reason economic competition is conducted in a spirit of desperation, and not (as it should and could be) in a spirit of amicable emulation. International trade is international war. Now, we would listen attentively to any authority who could advance credible assurances that an international pact of financiers and (or) politicians would alter the conditions under which their respective peoples had to find the means of existence. But, as our readers know, we have been waiting for years upon years to hear a hint that our accustomed mentors have

even considered the necessity of altering these conditions as the sole means of ensuring peace. They are letting their populations down; and that being so, it is immaterial whether they are aware of it or not. In one sense we wish they were, because then our criticism would at least not suffer the handicap of provoking an honest resentment in those whose educative activities we indict as mischievous.

In saying this, let it not be supposed that we mean to imply that there is no deliberation at all behind the policy to which we refer elsewhere in our Notes held over from last week. That a conscious motive and a concerted policy exist in the brains of some people somewhere is placed beyond doubt by the circumstantial evidences that we have reported and discussed in these columns for so long. The only thing lacking is that these shadowy principals have not revealed themselves. It would be of advantage in one sense to know their identity, but it is doubtful whether the knowledge could be put to any immediate practical use by ordinary political methods, because we should without a doubt find that they were above political control. In such case the task of a public journal which understands what their plans are is to do what it can to frustrate them; and the only thing it can do at present is to discredit any teaching which appears to be furthering them. Journalists therefore who lend their names to such teaching have no right to feel affronted at the consequences. The more conscientious they are the more they should appreciate an independent examination of the problems which they are publicly discussing, even though it convict them of an error of judgment. Recantation need not be fatal to the reputation and popularity of a journalist.

This last remark finds ample demonstration in the case of Mr. H. G. Wells. During the war he was broadcasting positive guarantees to his readers that this was the last war of all. There could never be another. Very good. Not many months ago he admitted that he had misjudged the situa-

tion. Has he lost his authority, prestige and following? No; it is higher than ever. We must not, however, lay too much stress on this line of argument, because Mr. Wells has corrected one error only to fall into another. He has been hypnotised into the belief that the drawing of boundaries round communities is the cause of their quarrelsomeness. In his series of articles on "The A.B.C. of World Peace" in the *Daily Herald*, he said (March 19 last)—

"I do not believe in internationalism; I believe in world federation, that is to say, in cosmopolitanism. The day of nationalism and its correlative internationalism is drawing to its end."

This is the ideal world as visioned by the cosmopolitan banking trust, and particularly by the dominant American influences in that trust. Now, we published a cutting from an American paper a few weeks ago in which a gossip-writer referred to the close terms of friendship existing between Mr. Wells and Mr. Lamont, the American financier. It is not necessary to suppose that Mr. Wells, who is a man of ideas within certain limits, inherited his present beliefs from Mr. Lamont; but it is reasonably clear that Mr. Lamont must have discussed them with him and encouraged him to give them public expression. Not only so, but some powerful influences must have been at work to produce the spectacle of Mr. Wells on the Continent addressing, not long ago, what was virtually the League of Nations on the subject of peace. Why on earth Mr. Wells, and why on earth an international sounding board for his ideas? Let us continue our quotation from the *Daily Herald*:

"We do not want to deal in nations any more. We want new forms. Nations are, and always have been, militant forms."

"There will be no secure peace on earth until flags, military uniforms, boundary posts, customs houses and all the symbols of sovereign independence have followed bows and arrows, armour, chains, fetters, instruments of torture and suchlike methods of dealing between man and man, into the museum of superseded things."

A flag connotes an army: a uniform connotes a regiment: boundary posts connote property: customs houses connote trade-protection. So Mr. Wells's thesis amounts to advocacy of the abolition of any localisation of property and trade; and his method of achieving this is to destroy the symbols of international competition. What he says would have made an excellent peroration to the Bankers' Manifesto. The removal of national boundaries would open the way at once to the "reconstruction" and the "rationalisation" of the world's industries. National disarmament would remove the power from all people outside the banking-profession to make any sort of resistance to the decrees of the high-financiers. The credit-monopolists would be able to promote or eliminate as they thought fit any economic activities anywhere in the world merely by a selective dispensing of loan-credit. They could decide whether Sheffield should be closed down and Ruhr steel-production opened up; whether Dundee should make jute or the job be handed over to India; whether or not to abolish British agriculture completely and hand the business to growers in America or Canada. The manner in which they thus allocated the trade of the world would involve the migration of people from where employment was shut off to where it was turned on: not merely batches of men tramping from London to Manchester but, it might be, the evacuation of large national territories. It may be answered that bankers would use their power wisely. Very good: and what is meant by wisely? It must mean that they would compromise about applying their policy of "perfect" rationalisation, having regard to the customs, or prejudices, of the peoples affected. But if Mr. Wells or any of his school are going to rely on the judicious self-correction of errors on the part

of an omnipotent world-oligarchy, we can only say that we prefer the guarantees which are at present exemplified in armies, navies and fiscal systems—in-effective as they are as ultimate solvents of the economic problem. Indeed, why should the banking-trust want these national guarantees removed if it be not its intention to extend its experimental interference into matters which are at present kept in some sort of equilibrium by the interplay of differentiated sovereign powers? Let us grant that financiers might draw back before they created a famine anywhere; but what we want to hear are good practical reasons why they should be allowed to push off. Mr. Wells says in the article from which we have quoted:

"I am arguing here not simply for federation, but for progressive federation, leading finally to a federal super-government for all the world, as the only way to a real world peace."

America and England might make a start, he suggests, if nobody else would; although he thinks that the mere announcement that they had agreed to do so would bring other nations in.

"At first there might be a great outcry against a conspiracy to establish Anglo-Saxon world-dominion. . . . Then after that storm had blown itself out the fundamental commonsense of France would assert itself. There would probably be much less suspicion and resistance in Germany and that would help the traditional realism of the French to face the new situation." (Our italics.)

American finance has been trying to encircle and reduce France for a couple of years, and France is well aware of it. At the present time she is potentially the least bellicose of all the Powers. The reason is that she has no unemployment-problem. She is the best able to mind her own business without snatching more business from other nations. Is America? Is England? It would be interesting to know how France's policy is considered likely to be affected by a combination of America and Britain, and in what particular respect. France is giving her people work. America and Britain are failing to do the same. How would a super-government adjust the matter? Would it compel France to take over a share of unemployment? Reflection on these present concrete facts suggests that there is a much better theoretical case for Anglo-French unity—assuming, of course, that peace could be assured by political federations at all. We might ask the French Government to be so good as to give poor Mr. Thomas a few tips about providing work.

Readers will remember our account in these Notes of the episode where the U.S. Ambassador in one of the Balkan countries presented an autographed letter from President Hoover to some obscure Jewish visionary in recognition of his services to the "cause of world peace." We have forgotten the names for the moment, but they were given at the time and can be looked up by anybody who would like to verify our recollection. The gentleman so honoured pictured Europe, and ultimately all countries, brought under a central financial oligarchy which would abolish national currencies and issue instead a cosmopolitan currency whose unit would be called the "World Peace Dollar." The controllers of this currency would be able to reduce any bellicose nation to ruin by depriving it of credit, and so would maintain peace among the nations. This ideal dovetails beautifully in with Mr. Wells's; in fact, it defines the method by which Mr. Wells's Utopia would be brought about. One can imagine the elation of the New York banking interests when they see this sort of stuff expounded and listened to. Mr. Wells says in his article that he is "too much of a realist" to believe in the attainment of peace

through a League of "perfectly independent sovereign states." His realistic alternative is apparently to have a League of perfectly dependent individuals, wearing the same costumes during the day and leaving their doors and windows open all night.

What has all this "realism" to do with the facts of this life? The danger to peace is economic. It consists in the fact that every nation is under a financial obligation to sell more goods than its people can buy. If it does not fulfil that obligation, it suffers a financial penalty which would ultimately entail the cessation of economic activity altogether. Mr. Wells's contribution to the solution of this problem amounts to the suggestion that if only these "national" surpluses of goods can be put into one "cosmopolitan" heap, they could be sold right away and everybody would stop quarrelling.

## Current Political Economy.

An item of news says that "the voice of youth will be raised to-night." The event is the first public rally of the League of Young Crusaders; the place is the Queen's Hall; and the purpose to support Empire Free Trade enthusiastically. There are no crusades so valuable as young ones. There is even a proverbial piece of advice to husbands on the selection of wives which says, "Catch 'em young, treat 'em rough, and tell 'em nowt." Part of this method of recruitment was long alleged to be the monopoly of that genius of organisation, Jesuitry. But Lord Beaverbrook, with his one-man show, can teach points to all of them. The first rally of the Empire Free Trade Crusaders will begin with a novel musical prelude. Ambrose, whoever he may be, and his band of thirty-three (a mystical number for all Crusaders since it is the revolutionary's dangerous age) will play that fine Empire product, popular jazz-music. It will also accompany the new community choruses, set to jazz, conducted by Mr. Gibson Young. After the youth of the Empire has thus been suitably prepared by the new religious hymns for initiation, Lord Beaverbrook will address the meeting. Whether he will play a one-man jazz-band and deliver his Imperial wisdom under the Stars and Stripes will be known by those who attend to-night—if they are in a condition to notice it after the new community songs, set to jazz. Anyway, Lord Beaverbrook will be supported by other speakers all under the age of twenty-five. This probably does not mean that Lord Beaverbrook is under twenty-five, although there was once some talk of his being challenged to take a set of intelligence tests by some other publicist to determine his mental age. Lord Beaverbrook is well over twenty-five, but young enough nevertheless to lose the Empire before he dies.

Mr. Churchill's speech in opposition to Mr. Snowden's Budget was an excellent piece of work worthy of Mr. Churchill's remarkable brain. From Mr. Churchill's point of view, which is the same as Mr. Snowden's—Mr. Snowden expresses it better and more concisely—there was absolutely nothing to be said. Everybody knew, from Mr. Norman downwards, that it would be impossible to balance the Budget this year without an increase in the taxation of the rich. The social services about which there is so much pother are at the minimum in view of the state of "unemployment." At the passing of pensions Acts and other social ameliorative measures Mr. Churchill has done his share, since these pittance were calculated devices to encourage thrift and respectability among the lower classes for the sake of reducing costs in wages and relief. In the long run they were expected to be cheaper than the alternative of leav-

ing it to the worker entirely. It was not considered politic for Mr. Churchill's party to do the dirty work of increasing income tax and death duties, and it was preferred to allow somebody to do it who could be reviled for it, if and when it became necessary to get rid of him. The relief of smaller incomes from additional income tax is not only a "vote-catching" dodge, in spite of the Conservative interruptions. The smaller earned incomes are just those at which increased direct taxation discourages efforts to increase earnings, and thus jeopardises the collection of the anticipated revenue. Within the conventions of the present financial system and condition, Mr. Snowden has presented a Budget distinguished by its efficiency, and Mr. Churchill knows it. The Labour left wing has much more ground for protest than the Opposition. Mr. Snowden has not only preserved the Bank of England's Government in the teeth of fate, but has given hostage to it. He is confident of remaining where he is for another year, and his confidence must be based on his undertaking to preserve the Bank of England's Government next year. Everybody whose standards coincide with those of the banking industry agrees that Mr. Snowden has proved himself a loyal and efficient servant.

Mr. Churchill, accordingly, knowing that nothing could be said, took on the job of doing it, said anything that came into his head, and referred to the Budget when it came back to his mind. He talked out the General Strike, "Socialism in Our Time," and kindred matters from which Mr. Snowden has been at more pains to dissociate himself than has Mr. Churchill, who would probably find virtue in them in other circumstances. When there was nothing in Labour's past to rake up, Mr. Churchill said that the Budget would discourage saving. Death duties, in their rise from nothing to 50 per cent. discouraged saving all the time. But they did not prevent accumulation in a few hands of vast fortunes, and as means were not at the same time taken to give others the means of making moderate fortunes, inheritances have to be shared out. This saving idea is comic. The biggest item by far is the war-debt charge of £355 million. This represents a collection from certain persons handed to certain other persons. If the capitalisation theory were true it would mean that hosts of people who might spend their money are forced to hand it over to others who are nearly sure to save it. If the present credit system were what it is claimed to be the collection and concentration of over three hundred millions of capital would be the salvation of the country. The higher the interest on the war-debt the more the irresponsible citizen had to pay in taxes, the more available for re-capitalisation the nearer Paradise the country would be.

Round and round the mulberry bush Mr. Snowden and Mr. Churchill dance to a tune played by the Bank of England and sung by the hypnotised community. Mr. Snowden is glad of the saving from building less battleships, and Mr. Thomas will no doubt be glad also since more unemployed will make his job of curing unemployment statistically more important. Mr. Snowden regrets that so large a sum is spent on beer, whereas according to his own creed that the devil finds work for idle hands he ought to be glad that so many people are making beer who might be making nothing. If all three parties really believe—and they all profess—that the nation can be saved by saving, that is, by consuming as little as necessary, why do they not immediately put us on a severe rationing scheme. At the banquets given by Mrs. Snowden, Mr. Samuels, the Lord Mayor of London, and the League of Nations, let there be served bread,

cheese, and water, with dripping for any guest who furnishes the requisite doctor's certificate. Let the Duke of Westminster, among the rest of us, be limited to two pairs of boots (or shoes) and one suit per annum. Let taxi-cabs be abolished, doctors provided with Austin Sevens, their consumption of petrol being checked, as are their prescriptions for the poor, and a genuine saving scheme tried all round. I am ready to try it so long as everything I have is given equally to everybody, unemployed and whippet-racing, or unemployed and directing fifty-two companies. That would do two necessary things. It would show that the "saving" fools are in earnest, and it would convert them to sense. Mr. Walter Runciman, speaking on the Budget at a City Liberal Club luncheon, said that one man, immediately he knew the proposals of the Budget, ordered a new Rolls Royce car. Whether saving was more practised by those who sat down to the luncheon, or by the man who ordered the Rolls Royce car need not be pursued. There was at least joy in the heart of the caterer who provided the luncheon, as well as in the heart of the man who received the order for the car. Even Mr. Snowden would be gratified at the rapidity with which his Budget benefited the Rolls Royce industry.

"A great many people were hurrying about the day the Budget was introduced, saying, Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

So said Mr. Runciman, leading us to believe that if we eat gluttonously enough we can consume the harvest of 1940. Would that God would give the power to the Runcimans, Churchills, Snowdens, Normans, and other savers of seeing a distinction between restricted financial credit and growing, pot-bound real credit.

BEN WILSON.

### About Things.

The execution of Fox has left the *Daily News* in an uneasy frame of mind. I am told that the same uneasiness is freely expressed by legal and medical people who had been following the case. The original Counsel for Fox was Samuel T. T. James. At the last moment Cassels, K.C., was called in, James becoming Junior Counsel. Forensic epicures consider Cassels a bad speechmaker, and believe that his Junior's more emotional and dramatic methods would have served Fox better. In Bar circles Cassels' speech for the defence has been criticised for its lack of energy. It is also thought that no-one will in future be allowed to conduct a post-mortem examination without assistance. For an important piece of evidence for the prosecution was the finding of a stain on the wall of the pharynx of the deceased woman. But as Spilsbury had omitted to preserve the "exhibit" in spirit the jury were unable to verify the presence of the stain. On the other hand Professor Sidney Smith brought into Court some freshly obtained pharyngeal walls taken from bodies of persons who had died natural deaths, and showed that all of them had stains similar to that only described by Spilsbury in respect of Mrs. Fox. Smith's other evidence respecting the brittleness of a certain bone in the throat went to show that it is impossible to prove strangulation, especially of elderly persons, unless this bone is broken. Spilsbury admitted that this bone was intact in the case of Mrs. Fox, and also that there were no external marks of pressure on the throat; nor was there any injury to the thyroid cartilage. Spilsbury conceded that Smith was the premier pathological authority, whose experience in post-mortems was vastly more extensive than his. In the technical parlance of the Bar Smith is a "bad witness"—dry and technical. Spilsbury is a

"good" one—rhetorical and impressive. The conclusion drawn by the legal and medical experts to whom I have referred is that there was ground for reasonable doubt of Fox's guilt on the direct evidence concerning the cause of death.

If this is so it is inexplicable why no appeal was lodged against the verdict. Fox had everything to gain and nothing to lose. I am not well acquainted with legal processes, and am unable to say whether when a prisoner fails on a certain line of defence, he can appeal on another. What I am getting at is this: that, as I understand, a prisoner is advised by his solicitor or Counsel what is the best defence to adopt. It is told of Sir Frank Lockwood that on one occasion when he was to defend a prisoner, he was looking through a series of alternative alibis (!) submitted by the prisoner's solicitor, and, at last selected one of them, remarking "This is the one I like best." Now, according to my information, Fox's own explanation of the affair was this: that he started the fire to destroy, as if by accident, a handbag, in which he was going to say he had put the money which he had gone to London ostensibly to obtain. His idea was to plead the loss of the money, and so be allowed to depart from the hotel without settling. His mother was on the bed asleep, woke up, saw the fire, started up, gave a cry, and fell back. Fox lost his self-possession, ran downstairs, and called for help.

There are imperfections, no doubt, in this defence, so I must leave it to legal connoisseurs to decide whether, on balance, they "like" it. As a non-expert I prefer it to the prosecution's theory that Fox strangled his mother when her false teeth were in her mouth, afterwards removing them and placing them somewhere else. The prosecution had to infer the teeth being in her mouth to explain the pharyngeal stain. But Prof. Smith's evidence proved that pharyngeal stains do not necessarily require such an explanation—they appear spontaneously. There are several other circumstantial merits about this account, but my present intention is rather to indicate my need for information. To put a hypothetical case: an innocent man has a choice of two defences. He is advised to adopt one of them, which fails. Can the other be subsequently investigated by any authority at all?

HERBERT RIVERS.

### Social Credit in Opera.

How hard it is to realise that Social Credit is not yet twelve years old! The literature of its "saving health" were needed it would probably be easy enough to show that every great artist had written of one or another of its many aspects. Mr. Bonella a week or two ago showed that Shelley was, to the children say, "warm." Give me leave to demonstrate, by "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," that Wagner was also a prophet who should not be without honour when this tyranny is over-past.

Social Credit, essentially an artistic concept, is typified by the young poet Walther; and his "Prize Song" theme, expanding like a flower from a few notes in the Church Scene to become the dominant motif of the opera, is its musical interpretation. Eva is the Spirit of the Community, from the first responsive to the new idea, and her union with Walther in the last act marks the victory of Social Credit.

Leaving symbolism, the parallel becomes really interesting with the advent of Hans Sachs, the chief figure in the opera. Poet and philosopher, he is yet the practical man: he unites vision with a practis-

ing knowledge of industry. He is one of those rare beings for whom the ideal and the real have no fundamental incompatibility. When all the Mastersingers, led by Beckmesser, condemn the new music, he alone is haunted by its strange beauty and in solitude ponders its meaning. Realising the truth and sanity of its inspiration, he sets about the task of securing its recognition with all the practical energy of his nature. He shows Walther how far the existing forms are good and how far they may be rejected, he gives structure and substance to the elusive idea, and encourages the young poet to make a final effort to defeat Beckmesser before the Guild.

The apostles of modern banking lost a faithful disciple when Beckmesser was born some seven centuries too early to receive their gospel of formalism and barren dogma. Eva respects him outwardly, but she will have none of him as a suitor. His reactionary mind accepts nothing which lies outside the old rules, he can comprehend nothing but the old and empty routines, and when his uneasy respect for Sachs impels him to steal Walther's song the result is not more disastrous than ludicrous.

The Mastersingers themselves are merely members of the F.B.I. very thinly disguised in medieval robes and false beards. How the March sums up their characteristics! Blare and pomposity, arrogance and hide-bound tradition, which yet achieves majesty and a real strength. How rapidly their bewilderment at Walther's Trial Song is turned to condemnation by Beckmesser's savage marking! Nevertheless, their acceptance of the Prize Song, the symbol and apotheosis of the new spirit in culture, is prompt and spontaneous when in the last act they have an opportunity of judging it fairly. But where to-day shall we look for Pognor, the wealthy man who staked all he valued to advance the true welfare of his fellow-citizens, and made the final triumph possible? It is not unlikely that a new Pognor may prove to be the solution of the present deadlock, and bring Beckmesser and all that he stands for to his trial at last.

Thus we may watch the great issue of our own days shadowed forth upon the stage. The love-story of Walther and Eva has a new interest, the meditations and advice of Sachs a deeper significance, as they suffer and triumph through the subtleties of Beckmesser and the traditions of his creed. A new meaning is born from the union of the Prize Song and the Mastersingers' March during the contrapuntal exuberance which ushers in the final tableau. And he is a poor Social Creditor whose eyes will not brighten then, when the lost cause has been victorious, and the lovers, united at last, crown Sachs with the laurel wreath as the rejoicing music lifts to the overpowering plagal cadence from People, Apprentices and Mastersingers alike, "Hail, Sachs! Nuremberg's poet, Sachs!"

R. L. N.

"It should also be remembered that it is a settled policy of the banks only to increase the dividend when there is a reasonable certainty of an increased rate being maintained. The strength of the majority of the banks is now so great that in many cases the reserve fund equals the paid-up capital, so that the investor need have little nervousness with regard to liability on the shares."—*Journal of Commerce on Bank Shares*, March 18.

"Various countries, conspicuously our own, could produce incalculably more if consumers able to pay the price could be found. Given reasonable time, Americans alone could supply Europe with all its automobiles, steel, oil, copper, cotton, coal, tractors, typewriters, cement, beef, pork, mutton, locomotives, freight cars, films, cameras, adding machines, cash registers, generators, lighting fixtures, and a thousand-and-one other things."—*B. C. Forbes, San Francisco Examiner*, March 7.

## THE "NEW AGE" AND MR. GARVIN.

[The following appeared on the front page of the "Daily Express" of April 17th.]

## PAGES LEFT BLANK IN LABOUR PAPER

## UNPRINTED NOTES ABOUT MR. GARVIN.

## "THE NEW AGE."

"The New Age," a prominent Socialist weekly, appears to-day with two facing pages almost blank.

A black-framed paragraph informs the reader that the printers (the Argus Press) "decline to take the responsibility of printing the remainder of this week's Notes."

A "Daily Express" representative who visited the offices of "The New Age" was informed that the Argus Press had refused to print the offending matter because it consisted of a criticism of Mr. J. L. Garvin's attitude towards America.

[The Argus Press are the printers of the "Observer," which is edited by Mr. Garvin.]

### IN SUPPLEMENT FORM.

It was also asserted that these notes had been submitted to Mr. Garvin, who had expressed disapprobation of them.

The Argus Press claimed that they were at liberty to refuse to print anything of which they disapproved.

The actual matter to which objection was taken will not be published until next week, when the text will be contained in a supplement to "The New Age," which will be printed by another printer.

This occurrence is almost unprecedented in the history of British journalism. During the war printers occasionally refused to print matter which they considered might render them liable to prosecution, but it has rarely happened that such a large space—nearly four columns—has been left totally blank.

## The Screen Play.

Mother.

The first round in the fight against the Film Censorship, a campaign that may not inconceivably lead to a radical alteration of the existing régime, has been won by the West Ham Town Council, whose victory should become historic. Some time ago the Film Society, whose membership fee is more than the proletariat can afford, was permitted to show Pudovkin's "Mother," a work of art which has won universal reputation and is recognised as a classic. But when the Masses Stage and Film Guild, enrolment in which costs only a shilling, proposed to show the film, its presentation was categorically prohibited. The official attitude was naturally interpreted as representing one law for the rich and another for the poor, which, within certain limits, is a perfectly obvious inference. Curiously enough, sight seems largely to have been lost of the fact that presentation by the Guild is in the eyes of the law just as much a private matter as presentation by the Film Society or the Stage Society. However, in this curious country of ours it is nearly always possible to surmount a legal difficulty, and so far as concerns the area over which it exercises jurisdiction the way out was found by the West Ham Town Council, which licensed "Mother" for public—not private—showing at the Imperial Theatre, Canning Town. So to Canning Town I made a recent pilgrimage.

One could write a treatise on the workings of the British Film Censorship after seeing this one film. Not being in the confidence of Pudovkin, I am unable to state whether his intentions were primarily propagandistic, or even propagandistic at all. If they were, the propaganda is purely retrospective, since the picture in no way idealises the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, but merely depicts some of the less pleasing features of Czarism. I seem to remember that before the war those same aspects of Russian life did not exactly endear themselves to the great mass of the British people, and historical reconstruction in any event appears harmless enough, especially as we have had so much of the same sort of thing in pseudo-Russian films made in Hollywood, the spoilt darling of the British Board of Film Censors. But Hollywood wears its Czarism with a difference; while it is legitimate to depict libertine Grand Dukes and spendthrift cavalry officers of the Romanoff era in order to minister to the superior moral vanity of a great democracy, it is an entirely different matter to demonstrate that the law may be callously administered and brutally executed. That the Censors will not allow, whether the scene be laid in Moscow, Manchester, or Minneapolis, and that is the reason why "Mother" has been refused a licence. Or if there be any other reason, it is ineluctable even to those able to probe the dim and subterranean workings of the Censorship. Leaving the artistic aspect out of account, a matter which frankly troubles neither the Censorship nor the film trade, it does not seem as if the British Constitution would be endangered if Pudovkin were made freely available to the public, save on the assumption that the Censors imagine Britain to be on the verge of a bloody revolution which can only be averted so long as Russian films are not shown, and which will break out the moment they are exhibited.

"Mother" is a great film, although it has its defects. These include a too rapid alternation of scene, although cutting for English presentation and too rapid projection may here be contributory causes. The photography, camera angles, and crowd work are superb; indeed, after seeing this and other Russian films, the handling of crowds in the screen play of commerce appears artificial at its best; one involuntarily strains one's ears to catch

the director's instructions. Pudovkin's genius expresses itself in ways which seem extraordinarily simple, but which, in fact, are often the most treacherous of pitfalls, because the dividing line between genuine emotion and bathos is narrower in the film than in any other medium. Among the unforgettable scenes is one in which the prisoner, taken from the prison van to the law courts, lifts up his head to look at the newly risen sun. With the utmost economy of line, Pudovkin here makes the spectator feel all the emotions of gaol delivery. The most admirable use is also made of contrast in scenes alternately showing the interior of a prison and the freedom of running water.

One short scene, in particular, stands out in my mind both for its artistic perfection and for the manner in which it brilliantly crystallises and emphasises the whole theme of the film. An immense soldier on duty outside the law courts, rendered still huger by the position of the camera, fills the screen in some shots in which he is never shown at full length; first come his legs and feet, the perfectly expressed symbols of the brute dressed in legal authority, and then the head and shoulders, surmounted by a brutal face. "Mother" would be a work of art even if only for those brief moments.

Gentlemen of the West Ham Town Council, I salute you.

### The End of St. Petersburg.

Two Russian films in London in a week, and two Pudovkin films at that, seem almost too good to be true. "The End of St. Petersburg," which is being given for a short season at the Scala, is one of the very few films for which the word "genius" is the only proper description. This is a superb production, alike in direction, editing, photography, and in the sweep of its rhythm. The last is magnificent. Pudovkin handles celluloid as a great musician handles his score, and no other director with whose work I am familiar can so exactly adjust the tempo to suit the intensity of the action. Of the acting, one is not called on to say much, since "The End of St. Petersburg" is too impersonal in its construction for the individual to matter greatly. Not that the dramatis personæ are lay figures, but the place of the conventional protagonists is taken by the crowd, by the great mass of humanity, by groups of factory workers, by the anonymous men in the trenches, and by the unknown soldiers whose bones lit rotting on every front.

The war scenes in this film are only incidental in so far as concerns the length of time which they occupy on the screen, but in these brief sequences Pudovkin has compressed more of the stark horror, the waste, and the stupid brutality of war than all the makers of the official and semi-official films and of all the so-called war films of the commercial motion picture factory. Even "Ypres" is by comparison a reproduction of a military tournament. How these scenes passed the British Censorship I do not understand; indeed, it is incomprehensible that it should have licensed "The End of St. Petersburg" for public exhibition after treating "Mother" as though it were a cholera epidemic.

In this film Pudovkin makes even more effective use of pictorial counterpoint than in "Mother." A series of sequences alternates between the Stock Exchange, where frenzied speculators are dealing in the shares of armament companies, and the trenches in which drenched soldiers, half stuck in the mud, are waiting to go over the top. This trick of contrast is part of the stock in trade of film directors, but in Pudovkin's hands it is woven into a definite rhythmic pattern.

Some of the scenes in "The End of St. Petersburg" are of an unforgettable beauty, notably the reflection in the quivering waters of the Neva of the palaces and cathedrals of the city, and the stark bulk of the Winter Palace with its facade pierced by

a few lighted windows which accentuate the surrounding darkness. The final scenes, after the attack on the Palace, strike me as in the way of anticlimax, since they have the effect of lessening the tension which has previously been keyed up to a magnificent crescendo, but they round off the film by bringing the theme to its logical conclusion and showing the victory of the Proletariat.

A masterpiece, to which no words of mine can do adequate justice.

DAVID OCKHAM.

## Rejuvenation.

MY EXPERIENCE.

By C. W. Armstrong.

Let me say at once that, in speaking of rejuvenation, I am NOT referring to the Voronoff method. For that I have always felt—reasonably or otherwise—an instinctive repugnance. What I am about to describe is something very different.

Even as a boy at school I was much interested in physiology, and in the functions of the blood stream more especially. And as I read with avidity all I could get hold of upon this fascinating subject, I said to myself, "Since it is the blood which builds up the tissues, it is evident that the blood of the old must be of different quality to that of the young: why, then, do they not transfuse young blood into old veins?" That was forty years ago or more, and transfusion was never then spoken of.

One day I read somewhere that transfusion had been practised in Queen Anne's reign, but had led to so many fatal accidents that it had been forbidden by law.

Then, I suppose about thirty years ago, I was greatly interested to learn that the practice had been revived, and was coming more and more into general use as a means of saving life after accidents. I also became intensely interested in Dr. Carrel's wonderful experiments at the Rockefeller Institute; more particularly one in which he had succeeded in keeping the heart of a bird beating long after separation from the body, but had found it necessary to supply it at intervals with fresh supplies of blood from young birds.

At the age of fifty-four, I found to my dismay that I was suffering from functional troubles of the heart. I went to a London specialist who told me not to be alarmed; it was simply that my heart was getting old. Nearly everybody at my age, he said, began to notice one organ or another working differently—in my case it was the heart—but there was nothing organically wrong.

I remembered Dr. Carrel's experiment, and asked the specialist whether blood transfusion, in my case, might be of any use. "No," he said, "for to be of any avail it would have to be practised very frequently, and would be dangerous." Nevertheless I begged him to try it, or tell me where I could go to make the experiment.

"In your case no reputable doctor would attempt such a thing," was his reply.

"Then send me to a disreputable one," I said.

But it was no use, he would not hear of it. At fifty-eight years of age, I found my heart was getting much worse. It seemed to have no rhythm at all. One day, when worse than usual, I took alarm and caught the first train for London. I was abroad at the time, and had to pass through Paris. On a book-stall there I saw a book on "Rejuvenation," and picked it up. To my surprise and delight I found that a Paris doctor was practising a new method of rejuvenation, not by blood transfusion, for that had been found dangerous or impracticable, but by small injections of young, healthy blood into the veins of old people.

I went to see my London specialist, who told me I was worse. "Your heart is now quite irregular, not merely at times, as formerly, but all the time. It has, in fact, no rhythm at all." Such was the cheering news he gave me.

"But what must I do?" said I.

"Nothing," he replied. "But don't be alarmed, it is not serious; you may live for many years yet." Then I showed him my book. He seemed interested; but he finally remarked that a physician who needed to advertise his methods by writing books about it must be a quack. "If this discovery were of real value," he said, "the man would have so many patients that he would be quite unable to cope with the work."

However, he told me there could be no harm in my trying the method if I wished. It would probably have no effect for good or ill. He smiled as he suggested I should get my photo taken "before and after."

"If, however, you come to see me shortly with black hair, I shall know you have dyed it." This was his parting shot.

I was fairly warned, on arriving in the consulting room of the Paris doctor, to expect no result unless I was prepared to co-operate by healthy living and a strict observance of all the ordinary rules for keeping fit. "I work no miracles," he said, "and cannot enable those who are intemperate to be so with impunity, nor should I wish to do so if I could."

"I have always been temperate in my habits," I replied, "and shall carry out any instructions you may give me with regard to diet, daily exercise, and so forth." This I have done and shall continue to do. It is simply a matter of temperance in all things and a little exercise every day, not only for the legs, by walking, but also for the trunk and the arms. That and plenty of fresh air are orders easy to fulfil.

As regards the treatment, it is very simple, and that in itself gives one confidence.

The blood is taken from the arm of the donor and injected into that of the patient, five cubic centimetres at a time. First, however, the blood corpuscles are separated from the serum, in a centrifugal machine, and two drugs are added to the serum: the one to prevent coagulation and the other to sterilise in case any harmful bacilli should be present.

Believing in the advisability of trusting to nature as far as possible, I begged that, in my case, these drugs might be left out, for the doctor himself acknowledged they were unnecessary in most cases and were only resorted to because, if anything untoward should happen, public opinion—and still more so professional opinion—would be very severe. He only allowed me to have my way in the case of the last of my three donors—for each donor may only give twenty cubic centimetres in a total of sixty.

A chemist is constantly employed in examining the blood of donors and patients, for they must be of the same "blood groups," and the better they mix the more favourable are the results likely to be. They call this experimental mixing *le mariage du sang*.

I am obsessed with the idea that I got more result from the last donor than from the others, and that were the addition of drugs discontinued altogether, all results would be more satisfactory. In this the doctor's assistants seemed inclined to agree with me. The donors are exceptionally healthy young people of both sexes, from sixteen to twenty-four years of age. I asked one of them, a bright rosy-cheeked girl, whether she felt any ill-effects from giving her blood, to which she replied, "On the contrary, I believe it does me a lot of good, for it causes the blood in one's veins to be continu-

ally changing. I have been giving it now for two years, and you see how strong I am!"

My treatment lasted twenty-four days, the twelve injections being made on alternate mornings. Before the first and again after the fourth, eighth, and last, I was thoroughly examined, copious notes being taken with regard to my condition.

I am now back at work again. My heart is not cured, but the rhythm is improved seventy or eighty per cent. The actual number of beats per minute had varied from sixty to seventy-five; it now varies from seventy to seventy-three. I have been told to expect a continued improvement for five or six weeks to come, and, certainly, up to the time of writing, it seems to continue. Matters are likely then to be stationary for one year or two, after which I may need to go through the same treatment again. I am to keep watch on my pulse and report from time to time.

My hair is still grey—nearly white—as it was when I went to Paris. But my step is lighter and my eyesight undoubtedly improved. I had told none of my friends what treatment I was going in for, and was therefore curious to hear their remarks about my appearance upon my return home.

Everyone has noticed a change. Some merely remark that I look more cheerful, some wonder how I have managed to get such a greatly improved colour, while others remark that my eye looks brighter. One friend said, "Why, C., where have you been? You look quite different."

"Different?" I repeated. "Do you mean that I look better or worse than before?"

"Wonderfully better. You have a much healthier colour; your face is fuller, and your body slimmer. The fact is, if it were not for your hair I should have said you looked just as you used to about ten years ago. Have you discovered a method of rejuvenation?"

Another friend, after looking me up and down, asked me a question I did not quite catch about "monkey-glands." I indignantly and quite truthfully told him that I should never dream of submitting to any such thing. I added that I had had a month's holiday. But he shook his head and said that would not account for the change. "You must have found the elixir of life," he concluded.

## Economics and the Eugenics.

"Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain  
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?"

—Milton.

The subject of birth-control has been so thoroughly thrashed out in the columns of this journal that readers must be perfectly familiar both with the general run of arguments favoured by the supporters of such measures and with the answers to them. It must be obvious, in fact, that from the economic point of view economies in babies differ in no respect from other kinds of economy, that in a society which lives by making and selling things (the last part of the process becoming correspondingly more difficult as the first part becomes easier) each individual is forced to practise economies which increase the general stress and friction.

But though the necessity for economics is obvious to everyone, their general effect is perceived only by a very few, and they are almost powerless to remedy the trouble, so that birth controllers can point triumphantly to the growing success of their propaganda. Dr. Lennbach,\* for instance, is evidently socialist in sympathies, and hopes for a time when such economics will not be so necessary

as they are at present, but he insists, unanswerably, that, after all, we live under the present system, and what are we to do meanwhile? But being a good Neo-Malthusian, he goes a good deal further, and quotes in complete innocence Malthus' "Simple Truth" that "man has a tendency to unlimited multiplication, whereas the surface of the earth and the food supply of mankind must necessarily be limited." The logical consequence of this is, of course, that under any system whatsoever people will always have to submit to limit their families in this life, and to take the risk, in the next, of being sent to whatever Hell awaits infanticides, where no doubt they will spend eternity explaining the reasons for their conduct to farmers like the one in Macbeth, who "hanged himself on the expectation of plenty."

Dr. Lennbach, however, would certainly smile at such hypothetical eschatology. He is a modern, concerned only with trying to build an earthly paradise. Consequently he is quite willing to allow us the fun of begetting as many children as we like. He only wishes to relieve us of the care and trouble of bearing them all and bringing them all up.

That is the modern way of looking at things, and naturally it is fundamentally opposed to the older ideas of self-discipline and continence. Such demands are cruel and impossible to observe. Well, there is certainly a limit to one's endurance in this matter, and one which apparently is pretty quickly reached by many of us. Yet there is a good deal more to be said for the older attitude than the moderns are willing to hear. That is why, after reading such a book as this, I always turn with a sense of relief to the refreshing and tonic austerity of Milton's "Divorce" pamphlets, which he wrote, it is said, on his honeymoon. He would thoroughly have approved of Meredith's conception of the ideal marriage "with the senses running their live sap, and the minds companioned," but he was well aware of the need for discipline in the matter of the senses. Otherwise they give rise to a "sublimary and bestial burning, which frugal diet without marriage would easily chasten." No doubt, Milton overstates the case in one direction, as much as the moderns do in the opposite one, but it is well to remember both sides.

In favour of the modern view, then, it would seem that, as things are, we must countenance contraception, for much the same reason as St. Paul countenanced marriage. Milton could not believe that St. Paul really meant what he said about marriage, "for," says Milton stoutly, "marriage must not be called a defilement." But he would have had no hesitation, and we need have none, in applying that term to contraception. For assuredly that is a defilement, whatever method we may use, from the loathsome pastes and contraceptive jellies, or the disgustingly vaginal "froths" and sprays, to the various types of rubber obscenity. Every physician gets scores of advertisements of such things. You open an innocent-looking circular, apparently from some gentleman who wishes to provide you with a wireless set, and lo and behold here are revolting details about various kinds of "The contraptions with ingenious names such as 'The Venus,' 'The Hercules,' 'The Rosebud,' 'O, (corruptio optimi pessima)' 'The Sappho.'" O, burning poet, grant us of your charity!

Let me not be understood to implicate Dr. Lennbach. As a responsible and honest pioneer in sexual reform he has suffered badly at the hands of such commercial charlatans, and his attack upon them is all that I could wish. But he quotes, apparently without a smile or a groan, a saying attributed to Judge Lindsey, to the effect that "rubber has revolutionised sexual morality."

However, this is not yet, thank heaven! Dr. Lennbach admits, contraceptive technique is

not yet perfect, and he will not be really happy until its failures are made good by the legalised production of abortion. A colleague of mine in these columns recently put the case against this very powerfully and, I think, truly, by saying that to legalise abortion is to legalise murder. It may interest him to know that Dr. Lennbach quotes a petition presented by a number of working women's organisations to the Danish Government in 1929, in which it is pointed out that "a new moral in sexual matters is on the point of developing," and "more than one case" is cited "in which a jury has overridden the out-of-date paragraphs in the penal code by acquitting, even in cases of murder of live-born children."

There you are. Aborticide is no doubt worse than contraception, as murder is worse than aborticide, but they are all in one logical chain, and the divisions between them are more or less arbitrary.

It will be clear, I hope, that my objections to the whole system of eugenics for which Dr. Lennbach stands are more fundamental than personal. I like the author's style, and thoroughly agree with Dr. Norman Haire when, in a preface, he recommends the book to all interested in the problem, whether advocates or opponents.

But I feel I must state my real objection to eugenics as a whole. "Man," say the eugenicists, "must control his destiny." Well, I hold it as a profound conviction that self-mastery is the mastery of destiny, but if Man (with a capital) exists, he must be something that includes all men while transcending them. The old-fashioned religions had an old-fashioned name for such a man. They called him simply God, and they were content to wait till Judgment Day for His decision as to who should live and who should die. I submit that this attitude is on the whole less confused than that of the Eugenists, who in the name of Man and His freedom would arrogate to themselves (or to any section of society) the right to make such decisions about the lives of others.

The birth controller may reply, "Very pretty and sentimental, but come to the facts. Why should a woman ruin her health by continual childbearing?" I hope I am not less humane than he. But is he so sure which is cause and which effect? Perhaps it is because her health is so bad that her fertility is so high! There is a good deal of evidence which points that way. It would seem, to put it roughly, that fertility tends to vary inversely, as the individual's chance of survival, and thus is vitally affected by environment. If so it becomes the more imperative to set the social muddle straight from the economic end, and having done that we shall probably find that Nature has forestalled us with a "contraceptive" which has none of the indelicacy (in both senses) of our clumsy make-shifts.

"You, therefore, who wish to remain free," to quote Milton once more, "either instantly be wise, or as soon as possible cease to be fools."

NEIL MONTGOMERY.

## More Sexarianism.

To deplore the present-day prevalence of sex-knowledge amongst young people is a curious way of introducing a fairly long volume packed full with facts and theories about sex. Nevertheless, this is what Mr. Scott does.\* He regrets the passing of the old taboos with which this subject was hedged about, on the grounds that love depends upon romance, and romance upon mystery, and mystery, in its turn, upon ignorance. And in support of this view he quotes a passage from H. L. Mencken, very typical of the silly-clever style of that writer.

The obvious answer to this sort of thing is, of course, that if sex really is such a pinchbeck mystery as all that, the

\* "Sex and Its Mysteries." By George Ryley Scott, F.R.A.I., F.Ph.S., F.P.C.(Lond.), F.Z.S. (John Bale, Sons and Danielsson, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.)

sooner it is exploded the better; so that we may be free to attend to more interesting things. There are, after all, plenty of real mysteries in the world, and the mark of a real mystery is plain enough, viz., that the more you know about it, the more mysterious and interesting it becomes. Such things await the adventurous wherever he may turn, and he may find them in all forms, from Faith and Love to Electricity or Real Credit. Personally, I do not see how we are to exclude sex from this category. Had Browning's *Abt Vogler* been a biologist instead of a musician he would probably have said:—

"And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed  
to man,  
That out of two cells he frame not a third cell, but a  
child."

It is, indeed, the close association of sex with creation which gave the old taboos and regulations the only shadow of an excuse they possess—the fact that they are based upon the intuitive realisation that procreation, since it implies the appearance of new individuals, carries social responsibility, and that since these individuals have souls to be saved or damned, their parents have also religious responsibilities. Therefore sexual activities must not be left to immature or irresponsible pleasure-seekers; and consequently society hedged all such activities with all the mythical flames and devils it could imagine.

It is very curious to see Mr. Scott bidding sorrowful adieux to the bogies while jeering at the truth upon which they rested with all the arrogance and self-assertiveness of an adolescent newly liberated from their terrors.

The trouble with the modern attitude to sex is not too much knowledge, but too little. True, there is much more talk about "sexology" (barbarous word!) than formerly, but there is also much less realisation of its import. No doubt sexual life is not, and should not be, confined to the procreation of children, but our good moderns, being ignorant, or blinded by fear and sloth, have forgotten that creation, also, has a much wider significance than the physical, so that their standards in sex, as in all things, are rapidly approaching that of mere animal pleasure—and what sort of sorry creation can one expect from that?

It is worthy of note that when Mr. Scott uses the phrase, "It is beyond dispute," or its equivalent, one may look out for some more than usually controversial statement. Thus, for instance, he informs us that the ancient religious festivals of spring and early summer were "beyond dispute" sexual festivals. Yet this would be quite hotly disputed, I think, by such authorities as Sir James Frazer and Miss Jane Harrison, while, from an entirely different angle, it would be fine sport to see how M.B. Oxon would deal with such a statement. What is beyond dispute is that sexual orgies formed part of such festivals, but to say that they were primarily, or even mainly, sexual is like describing a modern dance as an orgy of music. The very essence of a "religious" festival is that it "binds together again" all man's separate activities and aspirations, whether they be sexual, agricultural, social, or spiritual. Hence the appalling welter of contradiction in our attempts to explain them.

Once or twice the author starts a promising case—as, for instance, when he denies the existence of a sexual instinct. Now I will confess to the possession of such a strong *a priori* conviction that sex provides a perfect model of what one would expect an instinct to be, that if it cannot be squeezed into the limits of biological or psychological definitions, I am much readier to doubt the accuracy of these than the "instinctiveness" of sex. Nevertheless it must be admitted, as a point in Mr. Scott's favour (which, however, he does not mention), that McDougall, in his classification, was unable to assign a primary emotion to this instinct. Yet the provision of a differential catalogue of emotions was one of the main reasons for McDougall's scheme. The trouble is, that while sex is obviously linked with sensation on the one hand, and with love on the other (which, however, is not an emotion in McDougall's sense, but a sentiment), there seemed to be no primary emotion available except the "tender" one, which had already been snapped up by McDougall's parental instinct.

This, however, is largely a matter of terminology, and that is, perhaps, why Mr. Scott has refused to hide behind it. On the other hand, his own definition of instinct is at once too narrow and too wide. "Instinct," he says, "is inherited automatism." But this would also include reflex action—a much simpler mechanism not requiring any change, in consciousness. The rest of Mr. Scott's case largely depends upon his statement that coitus is not automatic, but must often be learned, which separates it from an instinctive act. So must boxing, but that does not prevent my regarding self-preservation as an instinct. In fact, my instinct is open to education in its cognitive and

\* "Birth-Control, Abortion, and Sterilisation." By Dr. J. H. Lennbach. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.)

conative aspects. It is only the affective aspects that resist change.

Mr. Scott, however, would have us regard sexual activity, at least in the male, as essentially tropistic, almost reflex, and only by education or chance associated with the female. In the absence of such a happy issue it degenerates into masturbation or other "perversions." Now this seems to me to describe the facts tolerably well, but I cannot see where it differs fundamentally from Freud's sexual theory, which Mr. Scott stigmatises as "bosh" and "plain idiocy." Freud never claimed, as Mr. Scott seems to imagine, that "thumb-sucking" and other childish manifestations were sexual in the ordinary sense, still less that the child thinks them so. What he does claim is that perverted sexuality is neither more nor less than the magnification of the separated elements of this "childish" auto-erotic sexuality. But he goes further and shows how, in the normal individual, all these early trends became welded together under the sway of the typically sexual instinct. Which, again, seems to me to describe the observable facts.

"Sex and its Mysteries" is not intended for general circulation, but only for serious readers, such as medical men, lawyers, ministers, and social workers. Mr. Scott seems to think that the modern disease of sex-knowledge has gone too far to be cured, and that its virulence can only be modified by the homoeopathic method of the "hair of the dog that bit you." This "hair" is to be disgorged to us in suitable quantities by our pastors and masters whom Mr. Scott has inveigled into swallowing the whole carcase.

Let me apologise for my raillery by saying that the book is really well worth study, not only for the facts with which it abounds, but also for the shrewdness and common sense of the author, when he is not riding one of his crotchets. If it accomplishes no more (and it may do much more) than teach some few girls that, notwithstanding all old wives' tales to the contrary, it is not only harmless but necessary to keep themselves clean during menstruation; and, on the other hand, if doctors will learn from it that painful menstruation is not a law of nature but a sign of ill-health, Mr. Scott will have wasted neither his time nor ours

N. M.

## Reviews.

**Modern Canada.** By Harper Cory. (Wm. Heinemann, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Cory has compiled a most exhaustive statistical review of Canada's real wealth. He has, moreover, shown in dollars her favourable balance of trade in 1929, and a feature is made of the fact that in 1928 tourists in Canada spent 158 million dollars more than Canadians spent abroad. Commenting on this "invisible export," he says: "Its importance may be gauged by the fact that it was surpassed only by the exports of wheat from the Dominion during the fiscal year 1928-29." Canada is stated to be the second largest wheat producer in the world to-day, although less than 20 per cent. of the available farm land is under cultivation. In spite of this wonderful picture of Canada's actual and potential wealth in agriculture, mining, timber, and manufactures, unemployment has become an alarming problem, and Premier King has predicted "the dole." The organisation in Toronto that cares for distressed ex-Servicemen made a special appeal for funds last January to meet the necessities of 200 extra families who had not before been in receipt of charity. Speaking from my own experience as a world-wide traveller, I have never before met so many able-bodied male beggars in any white country as I have there. Distress amongst rural labourers during the long winter is acute. The record wheat export in 1928-29 has been followed by the problem of how to sell the current crop without facing a loss. A member of the Manitoba Wheat Pool informed me that Canada's granaries contained two years' supply for their European customers, who usually take about 70 per cent. of the whole output. To those who wonder why these things should be, let them turn to page 162 and study there a graph and follow up the clue it gives. It shows a precipitate rise of exports from 1915 to 1918 with the Canadian army out of industry, and a sudden fall of exports from 1920 to 1922 with the army all back again. But then the book is dedicated "To the Gentlemen who rest on Vimy Ridge."

D. V.

**Woodcraft and World Service.** By I. O. Evans. (Noel Douglas. 6s. net.)

How the devil must grin when the critic turns author! Here is our friend, I. O. Evans ("Blue Swift"), offering

himself up for sacrifice. And right worthily he does it. Whatever "craftiness" he may have learnt in camp and wood, it is obvious that he has still much to learn in the way of pen-craft! Attempting a survey of the development of Woodcraft movements in this country, and their contribution to Sport and Adventure, Science, Art, Literature, Ceremony, Religion, Sex, and World Service, he falls between two stools. He becomes, not the scientific-philosopher recording facts and commenting upon them, but a somewhat cynical rolling-stone critic, whose opinions are rendered untrustworthy by obvious personal prejudice. He has an irritating way of setting up dummy arguments in order to destroy them. He introduces new words and phrases without definition and quite unnecessarily. Passages that rise to the point of eloquence are spoilt by sheer carelessness in selection of appropriate words or figures of speech. He criticises the Kibbo Kift for adopting Social Credit; yet elsewhere bewails the fact that Woodcraft publications col-lapse as a result, not of lack of ability or integrity on the part of the producers, but of their financial position. A book along these lines was overdue. It is a pity Mr. Evans did not make a special effort to keep his work free from personal bias, and generally up to the standard of writing which he can attain at his best. Drastic excision and revision would have made this a useful book. He really ought to have read his MSS. from the point of view of a critic!

**When Mammoths Roamed the Frozen Earth.** By Heinrich Schütz. Translated by Frank Barnes. (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.)

This remarkably original book is the life-history of a mammoth that survived the rest of its herd in the days which followed the Great Ice Age. It consists of a number of vivid word-pictures of the various creatures that lived at that period; the description of their combats are especially well rendered. Nature appears, indeed, as "red in tooth and claw," but no undue emphasis is laid on its distresses. In the later episodes of the book man appears, but here the author seems to have confused several distinct stages of human history: unless the present reviewer is sadly mistaken, the growing of corn and the use of pottery were not introduced until a much later date. None the less, the book is well worth reading, and its interest is increased by a dozen or so excellent illustrations.

I. O. E.

"Our brilliant labour-saving achievements should reduce man's labour, man's hours of labour. How, then, can the seven-day work week, or the twelve-hour work day be defended at this stage of America's progress?"—B. C. Forbes, *San Francisco Examiner*, March 7.

"The chairman of the Singapore Chamber of Commerce, speaking at the annual meeting of the Rubber Association, said that in his opinion a distinct improvement in the price should result from the scheme for the cessation of tapping during May, which was already assured of extensive support."—*Journal of Commerce*, March 20.

"One of the chief principles of 'the new economy' which is to save the country from industrial depression is that people should not be encouraged to save, but to spend. Thrift has almost become a vice and luxury a virtue. Mass production requires mass demand."—Washington correspondent of the *Journal and North Star*, Newcastle, February 11.

"It is pointed out that, apart from the safety of the capital invested and a steady yield, the shareholding tends also to appreciate gradually in value, owing to the fact that each year the profits considerably exceed the amount paid away in dividends, and the employment yearly of additional funds permits increased distributions either in dividends or by share issues."—*Journal of Commerce* on Bank Shares, March 18.

"I hear that the members of the Industry and Finance Committee set up by Mr. Snowden under the chairmanship of Lord Macmillan, were deeply impressed by the evidence given before them to-day by Sir Roland Nugent and Mr. R. G. Glenday, the director of and the financial adviser to the Federation of British Industries. The session was private, but both these expert witnesses, I am told, placed before the Committee some convincing facts and figures on industry as an integral part of the nation's life which had taken weeks to collect. Unfortunately, the Committee's recommendations will not be available in time to assist Mr. Snowden in framing his Budget."—*Daily Dispatch*, March 21. Feature entitled "Fleet Street."

## 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.

## THE "NEW AGE" CIGARETTE

Premier grade Virginian tobacco filled by hand in cases made of the thinnest and purest paper, according to the specification described in an article in this journal on January 23.

Large size (18 to the ounce). Non-smouldering

Prices: 100's 7/6 (postage 3d.); 20's 1/6 (postage 2d.)

Price for export ex English duty quoted on minimum quantity of 1,000.

FIELDCOVITCH & CO., 72, Chancery Lane, W.C.2  
(Almost on the corner of Holborn and Chancery Lane.)

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

SET A.

Comprising:—

Social Credit in Summary (1d.).  
The Key to World Politics (1d.).  
Through Consumption to Prosperity (2d.).  
Great Britain's Debt to America.  
Post free, 6d. the set.

SET B.

Comprising:—

Set "A" above.  
The Veil of Finance (6d.).  
Post free, 1s. the set.

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

## The Social Credit Movement.

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

### 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.

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.  
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.

H. M. M.

An Outline of Social Credit. 6d.

HATTERSLEY, C. MARSHALL.

This Age of Plenty. 3s. 6d. and 6s.  
Men, Money and Machines. 6d.

POWELL, A. E.

The Deadlock in Finance. 5s.  
The Flow Theory of Economics. 5s.

SHORT, N. DUDLEY.

It's Like This. 6d.

TUKE, J. E.

Outside Eldorado. 3d.

### Critical and Constructive Works on

### Finance, Economics, and Politics.

CONNOR SMITH.

Where Does Money Come From? 1s.

DARLING, J. F.

Economic Unity of the Empire: Gold and Credit. 1s.

FOSTER, W. T., and CATCHINGS, W.

Profits. 17s.

HEWART (LORD).

The New Despotism. 21s.

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.

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.

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

The Notes published below were held out of THE NEW AGE OF APRIL 17, in the following circumstances. The Argus Press Limited are the printers of *The Observer*, of which Mr. Garvin is the editor. As a commercial house they cannot, of course, afford to print any views which might lead to the withdrawal of an account of the dimensions of *The Observer's*. They apparently felt that on this occasion there was such a risk; and, with our assent, submitted proofs of these Notes by messenger to Mr. Garvin. Mr. Garvin replied that he was uneasy about their going in. In the circumstances there was no alternative but to leave them out. As will be seen, they contain nothing libellous: they are a forceful, but not unfair, commentary on a matter of public importance. Moreover, they are almost entirely a review of facts and discussions which have already been published in THE NEW AGE from time to time. The only difference is that here they are assembled and given a more vivid relation to the policy with which they deal. This virtual suppression passes any question of personalities. Any editor such as Mr. Garvin must expect a policy such as he has been consistently advocating in *The Observer* to be the subject of criticism; and as it is a policy which vitally concerns not only this country but the whole British Empire he should be the last person to object to criticism. The issue is so important that we are obliged to make it a matter of principle.

THE EDITOR.

The following paragraph appeared in the *Gloucestershire Echo* of April 9:

"BRITISH BASES FOR U.S.

"I advocate, and hope to live to see, the putting at the disposal of the American Fleet of every British naval base throughout the world, upon the most reasonable and practicable terms that can be established between our two countries. Not rivals of the sea are we, but joint guardians and trustees for ever."—Mr. J. L. Garvin in a speech on Tuesday."

There is a system for eliciting information from a person which consists in putting to him a succession of words or phrases to each of which he is required to supply an associated word or phrase without reflection. The idea is to stimulate, so to call them, the reflexes of his memory, and thus help him to disclose clues as to what is in his mind for the benefit perhaps of himself or perhaps of his interlocutor. It is an interesting game on all occasions, but can be particularly so for students of the credit question and of the politics of finance to play with themselves or with each other. In the case of readers of THE NEW AGE, who during the last ten years, have had placed before them thousands of facts, hypotheses, speculations and arguments concerning financiers, politicians, industrialists and common civilians and the affairs in which they are engrossed nothing would be more illuminating than to elicit from each reader the evidence of his individual reaction to this mass of material. What has his mind absorbed from it, and what has it rejected? Where has it laid its emphasis; and what kind of synthesis has it made of them? Let any reader write a starting word at the top of a piece of paper, and quickly put down an associated word, and then let this second word serve as the stimulus to a second association, and so on. Probably in no case will his word-sequence coincide with that of anybody else who makes the same experiment on the basis of the same initial word. And equally probably, not one of them would to-morrow develop the same sequence from the chosen word as he would to-day. To demonstrate this we do not know of any more fruitful key-word to begin on than the name of Mr. Garvin.

What a multitude of associative radiations proceed from the mention of this ineffable journalist. Let us put a few down at random—which is the only way in which to put any down at all. Of course we shall begin with a generalised sequence, such as

Garvin. Uplift.

Then more particularly:

(1) Garvin. "The Observer." *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*. "Britannia." *The Inveresk Paper Co.*

(2) Garvin. Mr. Gilbert Frankau.

(3) Garvin. Lord Astor. *The Astor dinners to the pioneer Labour members.* Snowden. Thomas. MacDonald.

(4) Garvin. Lord Astor. Lady Astor. Mrs. Snowden.

(5) Garvin. *The Astor Family.* America. *Pilgrim Fathers.* "Mayflower." Plymouth. Lady Astor.

(6) Garvin. America. *Anglo-American alliance.* MacDonald—Hoover—Dawes in America. Bernard Baruch in Scotland.

(7) Garvin. *Naval Parity.* British naval bases. Plymouth. Lady Astor. *Freedom of Plymouth Sound to the Yankee Fleet.*

(8) Garvin. *Disarmament.* Economy. *Improvement of British credit.* Making the Empire a safer security for dollar investments.

(9) Garvin. Lady Astor. *Prohibition in Britain.* Suppression of export of British spirits to America.

Mr. Garvin, of course, has no more part or lot in the contriving of the schemes above indicated than have any of his readers. We are persuaded that he is even unaware of their meaning; for he is a dealer in sounds, not sense. He believes that a high motive for any action sanctifies all the consequences which can arise from it, and therefore he does not waste time in considering what their nature may be. Where there is a good will any way is a good way. Nor do we imply anything against the loyalty or integrity of the Astor family. They are pursuing their fads like other people. The difference is that they exert much more influence over public opinion. Mr. Garvin is not so much a danger as a nuisance. He is a gnat in the wind, who invariably gets blown into the eyes of people who are trying to watch straws.

It was in our issue of October 4, 1928, that we reported on the episode of Mr. Garvin's falling foul of Mr. Gilbert Frankau. The occasion, it will be remembered, was a note in *Britannia* over the signature of "Samuel Johnson," saying that the American proprietors of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* had stipulated with Mr. Garvin, the editor, that all articles on Eastern political questions should be written by Americans. Mr. Garvin took a column for a super-heated repudiation of the insinuation. Out of thirty-one such articles, only one, he declared, was going to be written by an American, and even this contributor was of Canadian extraction. Speaking of himself he said:

"The King's subject concerned is known to be amongst the last men alive to whom such a stipulation could be safely breathed by anyone on earth."

We commented at the time that since Mr. Garvin had always believed in the friendliness of America to Britain there was no obvious reason why he should read into the note an attack on his loyalty to this country. And now, eighteen months later, it seems more mysterious still to explain Mr. Garvin's wrath. For what is a share by American writers in the authorship of articles on British foreign policy compared with a share by American forces in the occupation of British naval bases? Apparently whereas alien

Published by the Proprietor (ARTHUR BRENTON), 70, High Holborn, London, W.C.1 (Telephone: Chancery 8470), and printed for him by THE ARGUS PRESS, LIMITED, Temple-avenue and Tudor-street, London, E.C.4.

opinions on British political policy were anathema to him, he sees nothing but good about alien penetration into British naval power. We can well believe that no American interests of any sort have ever exacted any guarantees from Mr. Garvin. Why should they? For here is a British subject who voluntarily advocates a policy which Washington itself would not have dreamed of hinting at.

Again, in our same original comment we mentioned for Mr. Garvin's benefit Mr. Denny's book, *We Fight For Oil*. In that book Mr. Denny showed how closely inter-related are British oil properties and British naval bases. Warships protect the oil and the oil feeds the warships. The two cannot be dissociated for an instant. The British policy in selecting and acquiring oil sites (whether at present being worked or not) has been to see that so far as possible a potential supply exists in close proximity to each naval base. Mr. Denny illustrated this by pointing out the location of British-controlled oilfields in the vicinity of the Carribbean Sea. The main thesis of his book was to show that while America had been going in for tremendous exploitation of her internal oil resources for purposes of commercial expansion and profit, Great Britain had been quietly picking up all the best resources outside America, primarily for strategic reasons. The result, he pointed out, was that America was threatened with an oil shortage in the near future even under peace conditions; while an outbreak of war would precipitate a famine. Quite recently, as a result of experiments in aircraft manoeuvring the American authorities proved that the Panama Canal could be put out of action by enemy bombers. The danger to the Canal is relative to the proximity of the bases outside of America from which such bombers could operate. America is in a quandary. As the title of Mr. Denny's book suggests, she has been manoeuvred into the position of having to "fight for oil." But she cannot fight for it in a war-sense, because she needs to get it first in order to prosecute a war. She cannot get it by purchasing the control of external fields which are practically all in Britain's hands, because Britain acquired them, not to sell them, but for a precisely opposite reason—to prevent America from getting them.

Upon the advent to Office of the British Labour Party there seemed to the American Government to have arrived a good opportunity for trying to secure oil-parity by methods of high diplomacy combined with low financial intrigue. Shortly before the election Sam Gompers got his people to send dollars to Arthur Henderson's war-chest. Not long after we had the spectacle of Mr. Snowden's heroic diversion at The Hague, while Mr. Henderson was busy arranging for Britain's evacuation of Germany, and while other people were pushing forward with J. Pierpont Morgan's Bank of International Settlements. Then we saw Mr. MacDonald break precedent by going to the United State to shake President Hoover's hand. (Mr. Garvin sang through a bar or two of "The Homeland" and completely broke down). Back he came, and at his heels came the American naval delegation to see what sort of a deal had been foreshadowed by the handshake or would emerge from its world-wide publicity. Well, nothing has emerged. Mr. Hearst's newspapers have been telling the American delegates that Mr. MacDonald has twisted them, and advising them to pack up and come home. Poor Mr. MacDonald: as if the power of giving or withholding anything tangible rested with him, or for that matter with any of the gentlemen who compose the Cabinet. On a question like this the War Office and the Admiralty (as distinct from the Ministers who represent them in the House) decide what is to be done. The American Press seems to have proceeded on the assumption that just because the Conservative Party, whom they identified with "intense nationalism," had made way for the Socialist cosmophiles, there would be a break in the continuity of British foreign and military policy. They forget that in this country it matters nowt who's in or out.

Of course, the limited agreement to scrap certain battleships in the British, American, and Japanese navies will now be acclaimed as justifying the holding of the Conference. It will probably pay the expenses of the delegations by permitting economies in the

consumption of fuel-oil—which America particularly will be thankful for. But it is nothing. The Conference has failed to scale down armaments drastically, and has failed to readjust their ratios.

For the same reason that foreign policy is an extension of domestic policy, military policy is an extension of economic policy. The economic policy of the modern nation is derived from its chief problem, which is, not how to make goods but how to dispose of them in the territories of other nations. Because of this, military armaments are an essential part of economic equipment. Engines of war are not impediments to peace. They function rather as a concrete frame of reference in which the nations are able to come to a horse-sense agreement about the dividing up of trade opportunities. Once upon a time it was possible for competing exporting countries to get a share sufficient to keep their populations employed and quiescent. To-day there is hardly a place on the globe that has not got a surplus to export. If reason alone could calculate what would be a fair share of available trade for every country having regard to all the relevant circumstances of its population and standards of life, it would be found in practically every instance the share fell short of urgent need—need verging on desperation. An appeal to force is inevitable; and the only question is whether the contestants shall separately control powers of coercion or whether there shall be one arbiter exclusively controlling all powers of coercion. International finance aspires to be that arbiter, and the Bank of International Settlements is designed ultimately to become the court of arbitration. We might yet see the Swiss Navy that we have so lightly joked about—a navy controlled by bankers, operating from bases once Britain's but now the bankers', and composed of ships and aircraft which once belonged to Britain, America and Japan. If that were to happen, then look out. America, the dominant influence in international finance, would be well away with it. She would bestow on herself through the Arbitration Court the pick of the prizes; and however unfair her action and harsh the consequences there is no orthodox banker who could say that she need infringe any basic financial principle in so doing. According to accepted financial law, America, by virtue of having got the rest of the world to owe her money for goods and services, is entitled to lead the world in dumping, and thus maintain, and even increase, the world's indebtedness. If nobody can see sense in the law, that is the affair of the experts who framed it.

At the time when Mr. Garvin fell foul of Mr. Gilbert Frankau, the U.S. Embassy in London had just issued the American Note on the Anglo-French Agreement. The Note said, after a reference to economy in construction:

"The American Government seeks no special advantage on the sea, but clearly cannot permit itself to be placed in a position of manifest disadvantage." (Quoted in *THE NEW AGE* of October 4, 1928.)

But why not? Here is an under-populated country, of whose productive capacity Senator Ladd once said that with a little preparation it could export sufficient to keep the civilised world in comfort. Except for one or two articles, which at a pinch America could do without, she has no need to import anything, and has not the excuse offered by British and Japanese statesmen that they must export to get imports to feed their peoples. America, who is best able to withdraw from the economic competition for markets overseas, is the most aggressive dumper on the earth. Of course, she is able to prove to the satisfaction of people who believe in the present financial system, that though she is physically self-supporting several times over, her financial solvency depends on her selling goods abroad. And that is the irony of the situation; for there are plenty of financiers and influential politicians who could, if they chose, explode this argument, and by so doing justify to the conviction of the British public the retention by Great Britain, and by the Allies in general, of superior naval strength. Instead of this they hold their peace while Mr. Garvin intones the latest American prayer: "Not rivals of the sea are we, but joint guardians and trustees for ever." Yes; joint guardians of British oil-resources, and trustees for Wall Street and Washington.

Published by the Proprietor (ARTHUR BRENTON),  
70, High Holborn, London, W.C.1 (Telephone:  
Chancery 8470), and printed for him by THE  
ARGUS PRESS, LIMITED, Temple-avenue and  
Tudor-street, London, E.C.4.