THE

NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER."

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On February 11, the date of the Economy Debate in the House of Commons, the Bankers' Broadcasting Corporation naturally got busy, and turned on their Fat Boy to administer a flesh-creeping warning about the "grave" condition of public finance. In the meantime they had, through the permanent officials of the Treasury, issued a document which not simply gave statistical evidence of the financial position—which so far was right and proper—but also embodied virtual instructions to the Commons what interpretation to place on the figures and what action to take on that interpretation—which was equivalent to imposing their own frame of reference on the debate which was to take place. No doubt the course and outcome of the debate would have been the same without the intrusion of the Treasury, but it is important to take notice of this action all the same, the more so since such occurrences are not new and their familiarity breeds consent. As was inevitable in a debate in which every leading speaker accepted bankers' financial premises, the House arrived at bankers' financial conclusions. And having arrived at them it naturally proceeded to adopt bankers' political plans. These had been prepared long before the debate, and handed to the Liberal Party to propose on the day—which this Party did in the form of an amendment calling for a committee of bankers to review the situation over the head of the constitutional authority—the Cabinet—and make their own recommendations. Of course Mr. Lloyd George did not ask specifically for bankers to take over the functions of statesmen in this manner, and probably in the event there will not be a single banker on the committee. Yet it will be a bankers' committee. One may adapt the French saying, and remark of all such committees, commissions, councils and what not, that the more they are non-political principals, the more they are bank agents.

* * *

According to the wireless account, the crew of the House listened in tense silence while Captain Snowden opened and recited the sealed orders of the Mansion-House admiralty. Subsequently the debate took the farcical form of slanging the captain for that he had brought the boat to where she was and proposed to take her where she was to go. Nobody noticed, or appeared to notice, the significance of Mr. Snowden's abandonment of extempore speech and his recourse to reading from a written document when he came to the important parts of his announcement. For the Chancellor, whatever his failings, does at least possess the gift of conveying his meaning clearly in his own words when he speaks; so the inference should have suggested itself that what he had to announce to the House was as new to him as it was to his hearers—that he had not known what he meant to say until he broke the seals on his instructions upon rising to reply to the motion of censure. However, it is not necessary to decide whether he was as a matter of fact privy to the Treasury's opinions and intentions, either wholly or in part, because we know that he had neither the knowledge nor the power to stay its hand. Every Minister and ex-Minister in the House was well aware of the fact, and yet not a word was said that would give the public the slightest inkling of it.

* * *

It seems to be an unwritten law of debate that the subservience of the Cabinet, and of each several member of it, to bankers' policy shall be kept a close secret. There seems to be a code of chivalry which forbids anything to be said that would humiliate a Minister of the Crown by impugning his responsibility for his policy. The concerted avoidance of mentioning a banker in debate corresponds somewhat with the convention in the Services that no lady's name must be mentioned at mess. "It isn't done"—and that's all about it for a gentleman. Now, if Parliamentary proceedings concerned only members of Parliament courteous pretences like this would do no harm. But Parliament is charged with the stewardship of the community's economic existence and progress; and the *rationale* of the franchise rests on the assumption that Parliamentary candidates, when elected, are able, by agreement between themselves, to discharge their trust according to the best of their pooled judgments, and independently of any judgment not formally recognised by the

Constitution. If that assumption is not true democratic government does not exist. It is all very well to say that a Minister must accept responsibility for his own acts when in office; but his real responsibility arises before he accepts office; it is the responsibility for making sure that he takes office under conditions in which his judgment and authority are unfettered, or fettered only by considerations known to, and accepted by, the electorate. For instance, a Labour Cabinet knows that the House of Lords is likely to modify, and even hold up, certain of its legislation; but the Lords are accorded that power under the Constitution, and every Labour voter is aware of the fact when he votes for his chosen candidate. If the Labour Party throughout the country chooses to leave the question of the Lords' veto out of its electoral programme, a Labour Cabinet would be foolish to refuse to carry on because of the veto. Similarly, a Conservative Cabinet returned under a pledge to bring about severe economies could not be expected to refuse to continue in office just because its freedom of action is limited by the fact that beyond a certain degree of pressure both employers and employed would resist the policy by direct action in the industrial field. These restrictions are known to exist, and are allowed for by the public. But it becomes an entirely different matter when a so-called responsible Government accepts office as the instrument of a concealed autocracy and connives with the Opposition leaders to preserve the secret. Things have come to a pretty pass when to enlighten the public as to the truth is regarded as an ungentlemanly act on the part of a Minister of the Crown.

* * *

There have, however, been some signs recently that the cat is picking at the mouth of the bag. Mr. Winston Churchill, who still retains something of the *enfant terrible* about him—some lurking propensity for shocking the proprieties—figured in an episode of this suggestive kind recently. It was when Sir William Jowitt was defending the Trade Disputes Bill. At one point in his speech he made the observation:—

"I take my stand on this principle, that it is a . . . wrong thing that one Government should endeavour to fetter and control the discretion of their successors with regard to a matter such as this. We [have to consider] whether it is right that regulations should be imposed on a Government. I am not speaking on behalf of the Treasury, but merely stating the matter as it appears to me after somewhat careful study. Whether or not the Treasury, if they get the power, will modify those regulations *is a matter for the Treasury.*

"MR. CHURCHILL: How do you mean, *the Treasury?* Do you mean the *Chancellor of the Exchequer?*

"SIR W. JOWITT: *Not the Chancellor of the Exchequer; he is not the Treasury; he is only a bit of it.*

"MR. CHURCHILL: Do I understand you are contemplating a *separate responsibility* attaching to a body called the Treasury different from that exercised by a responsible Minister?

"SIR W. JOWITT: This matter for 100 years has been within the discretion of *what is described as the Treasury*, although I do not doubt that in practice, in the case of an important matter of this sort, the decision would be a Cabinet decision." (Parliamentary Report in the *Times* of January 23, p. 8, col. 2. Our italics.)

Any alert watcher in the House would have seen the cat's eyes peep out before Jowitt jammed her back in the bag. We cannot have too much of this unpremeditated question and answer in Parliament: it is only in these spontaneous heckling duels that the swords strike any sparks of truth. Directly a Minister says: "I must have notice of that question," the inquirer can abandon hope of enlightenment; for what the demand means is: "I must ask the boss what to answer"—the boss being some irremovable head of his Department. It is a foregone certainty that, if Mr. Churchill's interruption had been anticipated, Sir William Jowitt would have been advised to steer clear of such phrases as "a matter for the Treasury" and "a bit of the Treasury," and "what is described as the Treasury." What was in Mr. Churchill's mind when he took the Attorney-General to task and tripped him up in this manner is a bit of a mystery; but whatever it was it has afforded us pleasant entertainment, and we hope that he will go on with the good work.

* * *

Most readers will have been intrigued by Mr. Lloyd George's attitude in the debate on the Liberal Party's resolution on national development. His recommendation to Mr. Snowden not to be "too frightened of the City" was, of course, the soundest of advice, but it must be borne in mind that when he, Mr. Lloyd George, was Chancellor of the Exchequer he earned that famous encomium from Sir Edward Holden who, referring to Mr. Lloyd George's financial policy and methods at that time, declared: "He did everything we asked him to." The "we" was the bankers—or "the City"—and the time was war-time, a time when bankers have a very precarious hold over statesmen compared with the hold they exercise in time of peace. To be fair, however, we must allow that when the war broke out the nature and consequences of bankers' credit policy was little understood; also that even if it had been, the first duty of the Government, including the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was to prosecute the war in a physical sense—to pour men, meals, machines, and munitions into all the fields of conflict as fast as they could—not to dissipate their energy in probing the basic principles of high finance. The only financial consideration which the Chancellor needed to take notice of was that whatever action the Government decided to take to achieve victory the necessary "right of action," i.e., the money, was forthcoming in adequate quantity—which it was. From this point of view Mr. Lloyd George might just as truly have complimented the bankers through Sir Edward Holden in identical terms: "They did everything I asked them to." What it came to was that the Chancellor said: "I must have so much money," and the bankers said: "So you shall if you will legalise the methods by which we raise it." The bargain looked equal; so it was struck. Currency was printed under the authority of the Crown and Parliament, and the King's subjects were enjoined to accept it in lieu of gold. The banks were now in a position to "raise" the credits needed by the Crown. How they did it is now familiar; and the method they adopted is being more and more understood, and recognised as having been unnecessary in its principle and disastrous in its consequences. But, as we say, Mr. Lloyd George could not have foreseen that at the time.

* * *

But when on September 20, 1921, the *Financial Times* warned him that the City could "upset the whole fabric of Government" he ought to have shown the same courage as he now advises Mr. Snowden to show. Either the threat could be made good or it could not; and it was the duty of every democratic Statesman to investigate it instantly for the information not only of themselves but the whole electorate. Then again, when on September 6, 1922, Major Douglas opened his correspondence with Mr. Lloyd George on the question of the American debt-settlement, the latter, though perhaps not in a position himself to understand the *rationale* of Major Douglas's concentrated summary of the plan he was recommending, was perfectly able to appreciate its enormous import to British taxpayers *if it were technically sound*; and in our opinion he ought to have felt it his duty to instruct financial authorities of the highest reputation to examine and report on it from a technical standpoint, and to have issued

copies of that report at least to the members of the two Houses of Parliament. This plan, from the point of view of domestic polity and economy, was not only free from the slightest controversial element, but, on the contrary, would have secured the support of the whole nation, with the exception of a microscopic minority of people whom Mr. Lloyd George is now jibing at as "money barons." It may be urged that, even had the plan been adjudged sound, its advocacy by the Government would have caused strained relations between Britain and America. But we are not arguing here that the Government should have advocated it, we are arguing that the nature of the plan and the official criticism of it (for of course the experts to whom the Government would have been obliged to refer it would have been "money barons" and therefore adverse critics) should have been made public. We would not mind so much if the Government had said: "Here is the plan, and here are the bankers' technical objections to it: we do not feel it wise at the present juncture to adopt the plan against the bankers' advice." That is to say, we would have put up with the reason: "Bankers know best" for rejecting the plan as a policy if only the public had been permitted to see what it was that bankers knew so well. As it is, the plan was ignored because of the secret testimony (or threats?) of interested witnesses. For, after what was said in the debate it is impossible henceforth for any politician to say that the bankers are disinterested. Mr. Lloyd George made the following statement in his speech—

"The settlement of the American debt was City advice. I agree with everything the Chancellor has said about that."

This statement, by the way, invalidates Mr. Lloyd George's public criticism of Mr. Baldwin last month for having agreed to America's terms of settlement; for if the City possesses the power to upset the fabric of Government finance and is prepared to use it when its views are ignored, its advice amounts to an order. But our present object in quoting the statement is to draw attention to the implication that Major Douglas's advice was suppressed and ignored by City advice—and this notwithstanding that whereas Major Douglas had summarised his reasons and had offered to elaborate and defend them before any responsible body of investigators, the "money barons" did neither: "we're not going to have it, however sound it may be" was their attitude.

* * *

However it is something gained that Mr. Lloyd George should now declare, rather belatedly, that—

"Since the war the City of London has been invariably wrong in the advice it has given. . . . Rapid deflation was a mistake. . . . The settlement of the American debt was City advice. . . . The precipitate establishment of the gold standard was another mistake. . . . Now there is no doubt at all that it is using its tremendous influence for the purpose of restricting the raising of money for national development. It has been wrong every time."

It is a pity that Mr. Lloyd George, not being in office, is denied the opportunity of demonstrating the reality of his repentance by bringing forth fruits meet for it. It is all very well for him to nudge Mr. Snowden, and, pointing out Mr. Montagu Norman to him, tell him: "There 'e is—that's the fellow—now, don't be funky—go and 'it 'im"! But it is hard to discover what risks the Liberals would incur, or what help their votes would be to him, if he decided to take their advice. The combined Labour and Liberal vote can ensure a majority in the House for a scheme of development disapproved by the City, but no majority, nor even a unanimous House, can bring about the creation of new credit or rely on successfully floating a loan in the money-market. Mr. Lloyd George himself when speaking of his experiences with City magnates at the time of his national-insurance and old-age-pension proposals, stated: ". . . they said there would be a flight of capital. And there was. That can always be arranged." This is an interesting hint as to the nature of City reprisals, but is of no value unless something is going to be done to prevent them or to counteract their present consequences. There is only one way to put the bankers in their proper constitutional place, and that is for the Government itself to become its own banker, exercising powers of exactly the same sort as the others do. The Chancellor of the Exchequer in such an event, instead of being "a bit of the Treasury," and the Treasury a "bit" of the Bank of England, would be—as he always should have been—the Governor of the Treasury; and the Treasury the supreme banking authority in the nation. This of course presupposes that the National Bank is run on the Social Credit principles—that its loan policy for social services is co-ordinated with the correct system of costing and pricing those services to the public. For although the institution of a National Bank run on customary lines would be a useful demonstration of the Crown's right to exercise the function of banker, the effect of the change on the interests of individuals would not justify the policy and would almost certainly do the reverse; for since the pressing need at the present time is for an expansion of credit, the National Bank would be expected to expand it, and would do so, with the result that (a) price-inflation would appear; and (assuming a probable boom in capital development) (b) the gap between collective price and collective personal income would be widened. The Social Credit Proposals differ from all others in that they insist primarily on the necessity for the correct system of economic costing to be adopted before any system of loan-expansion is permitted, whether by Government-controlled or privately-controlled banks. The electric wiring must be capable of carrying the load of current. When the orthodox banker warns the public about "inflation" he is talking sense at present, because what he is saying is, in effect: "More money means blown-out fuses." But since there is a means of eliminating such danger, the Government, by adopting it, can turn his sense into nonsense.

* * *

In considering the relation of the British people to the British bankers, the relation of these bankers to American bankers must be taken into account. Mr. Montagu Norman, although dictator of British banking policy, should be considered, to adapt Sir William Jowitt's formula, as "a bit of the Federal Reserve Board"—perhaps also with a bit of Washington diplomacy thrown in. It may be that the F.R.B. has the same power to control British policy as the *Financial Times* claimed for the big heads of the Big Five, and that it has the power of forcing these big heads to upset the fabric of government in this country whether they would otherwise do it or not, or of accomplishing the same thing directly, and without their help. But all comes to the same thing so far as personal responsibility goes. In the case of Mr. Montagu Norman, if he and the Big Five are voluntarily consenting parties to American financial restraints on Britain's economic recovery, they are morally indictable for sedition as well as subversion. If they are not consenting parties, their concealment of the fact makes them just as bad, for such a situation is a matter for Parliament and people to understand, even if there is no way of altering it. The moral of this is that if and when any aggrieved person (or body) desires to bring home responsibility to the principals in the present system of financial repression he should visit his displeasure on the nearest culprit to hand without waiting to estimate the pre-

cise degree of his real responsibility. For example, when the French citizen is highly aggrieved at some injury received locally he hits back locally, and the nearest public official—usually the Mayor—receives a tangible vote of censure in the shape of a brick through his window. "If I am put out," says he, "somebody's got to cop out." This is what may be called rough justice as distinct from just justice, but until the system of the just price is adopted administrators of the present system must expect rough justice. In this country softer methods properly prevail, but the principle is the same. Thus it was right to attack Mr. Baldwin for signing the American debt agreement —although Mr. Lloyd George was not the right man to do it. Probably if a sufficient number of people whose opinion Mr. Baldwin appraised highly were to join in the attack he might be constrained to confess that he was only a subordinate. At any rate this is the only way to treat these instruments of policy if they do not show evidence of awakening to the meaning and consequences of the system they help to administer. They must, as persons, be stirred out of their complacency and be made to feel uncomfortable by any method within the law. And not only administrators but also private busibodies who retail bank-bunk in letters to the papers or in public speeches. During and after the war there was such a practice as an English town "adopting" a French village. This principle of adoption can be applied in a hostile as well as a benevolent direction. In every place in this country down to the smallest hamlet can be found and identified a "bankers' orphan" who needs someone to look after his education and behaviour. And in most of these places there should be by now at least one Social Credit supporter to father him. The plan is to choose the biggest ignoramus, and drop on him every time he opens his mouth. Tell him off privately, for usually he is not worth arguing with publicly even though the papers might print your letter.

THE EDITING OF HANSARD.

On February 12 Major Elliot called attention to a serious discrepancy between the text of a passage in Mr. Snowden's speech in the "Economy" debate as published in the Press and in Hansard. Mr. Snowden had said with regard to the three-party committee on Unemployment Insurance that "the Conservative Party representatives failed to make any recommendations at all." The Hansard version was: "The committee failed to make any representations." There is no doubt which version is correct, because Mr. Snowden had been pulled up at the time and challenged on the question of his accuracy in making the Conservative Party representatives the scapegoats for the failure. Major Elliot said that

> "When there is a divergence such as this between the Official Report and the reports of journals who have access to the Press Gallery, I must say that it is a point which, it seems to me, for the honour of the House should be further cleared up."

But it was not. Mr. Snowden declared that he had not asked the editor of the Official Report to correct what had been taken down, and remarked:

> "Of course, one cannot be absolutely sure, but I should say that the report of the Official Report is accurate. It was what I had in my mind. I did not expect a report from the Conservatives. What I expected was a report from the committee, and therefore the words in the Official Report express what *I should certainly have had in my mind, whatever words I used*"! (Our italics.)

Our suggested explanation is that when handing the "sealed speech" to Mr. Snowden before the debate the Treasury officials also handed a duplicate to the editor of Hansard, who was thus able to publish what Mr. Snowden *should have said* irrespective of what he *did say*. For all the public know, this sort of thing may be going on all the time, the resulting divergencies usually remaining unchallenged when noticed, because on the face of them they do not appear to make much difference either way.

Current Political Economy.

"Contributions to the Problem of Unemployment" becomes a better title for the B.B.C. lectures as they proceed. They contribute to the problem by contributing to the general muddle of the public and expert mind. One suspects that the lecturers have a good deal less faith in their proposals when they speak frankly at their club to one person than when they speak authoritatively into the microphone to millions. The "refractory million"—the low-water level of unemployment is now, it seems, by general convention a million—

> "is due to the fact that we have been failing to keep pace with competition; we have been failing to offer good enough value to keep our population employed."

From which readers will be able to construct nearly the whole of Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree's valuable lecture on national salvation by appropriating to ourselves all the work of the world, and thus forcing all the dirty foreigners to run and play. It is obvious from the number of expressions of sentiments such as Mr. Rowntree's that minorities are not as well represented as they should be. No B.B.C. lecturer up to now has expressed the point of view of the Englishman who might object to the foreigner having all the leisure while the English collar all the work. It is true that we are an industrious people; I have rarely been called lazy myself. But when it comes to competing for more than a fair share of the world's task work, let the Rowntrees do as they like, some of us do not want it.

* * *

While Mr. Rowntree, in his beautiful, "Come let us compromise," Liberal Party-programme, style, explains that the "greatest degree of inflexibility" is displayed by us in "a rapidly changing world" is only partly due to—

> "rigidity of Trade Union rates of wages."

these, in the end, are one of the sources from which he would reduce costs. Nevertheless, with that other Liberal quality, a passion for fair-play—

> "directors and draymen, bankers and butchers, would all contribute in proper ratio."

With patriotism and empire inflating our hearts, we are to deflate everything else, including our pockets and our plates, in order to do the foreigner out of his share of the work of the world. We are to make absolutely sure of doing all of it by doing it for less than anybody else will do it for. If Germany has five million unemployed and America far more, it still remains that they are doing more than their fair share of work, as would be true if England had only one unemployed person. So England expects that every man will work harder, produce more, and consume nothing. If the effort succeeds, although we are all naked, the fact that we have got the foreigner into our debt will be financial, i.e., absolute, evidence of our prosperity. Such are the implications of the bunk broadcast as political economy.

*

Mr. Rowntree, speaking in the first person plural, considers the first essential to be—

> "a full realisation by all classes in the country of the true position with which we are faced. . . ." is that the "Our first recommendation, therefore, is that the Government should call a Conference representative of all industrial and commercial interests (including, of course, the Unions, the Banks, and the distributive trades), and should put the facts before them."

"These bodies should be asked to regard the situation as a national emergency," and to suggest, to summarise it, the cutting down of their own purchasing power. What optimists these liberal Liberals are. Who but a Liberal would suggest a Conference, a government Conference, of trade union leaders and bankers, industrialists and multi-

ple-shop proprietors, for teaching all classes what every stupid newspaper is telling them all the time? Has not Mr. Rowntree told them, *by wireless*? But let it be assumed that Mr. Rowntree has obtained his Conference, and that Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald, Snowden, and Montagu Norman, have just put the facts clearly before them. Every member would make the same reply: We all knew this when we left home, but the sacrifice should be made by the other fellows.

* * *

The one class or interest which has an urgent grievance, in this and other countries, would not be represented at Mr. Rowntree's Conference. The single fact of "overproduction" and unsatisfied wants existing together proves that the consumer is being deprived of things he could have. It is not the distributive trade which needs to come to conference. The trade can distribute only what it can exchange for currency, which is far less in amount than the price of all the goods on offer. It is the distributive system, in which the price of the goods and purchasing power are unco-ordinated, which is required before a tribunal; and at such a tribunal a judge would be preferable to either a conference or a jury.

* * *

One noticeable point about the B.B.C. unemployment specialists is that they do not take the trouble to hear one another. This is, no doubt, a form of comment. Mr. Dennis Robertson, who last week spoke on "Financial Doctors," does not hear any of the others.

> "In England, *as a rule*, we rub along *very* nicely without inquiring *too closely* whether the ultimate fount of financial policy is to be found in Downing Street or Threadneedle Street." (Italic inserted.)

Quaite.

It is a relief to turn to Mr. A. P. L. Gordon on "The World of Business." Mr. Gordon does not appear to be talking about anything in particular. He is not doctoring anything. His chief positive point appears to be that the broker who recommended the purchase of gold-mining shares in May, 1930, was a good tipster. Mr. Gordon tends to the fervour of optimism in his last paragraph, but no doubt that was due to the microphonic atmosphere. While he appears to know no more than the other B.B.C. speakers about the causes of slump, he is more realistic about what is going on, and what is being attempted alongside the contraction of everybody's purchasing-power:

> "Output restriction has to be tackled root and branch or not at all. . . ."
>
> ". . . There is nothing unsound in the idea of cutting output. . . ."
>
> "Restriction is only possible through collective action. . . ."
>
> "The year 1929 was one of almost crazily good consumption (of tin). The world used many thousands of tons more than could reasonably be considered normal; and yet there was too much production."

Tin, rubber, sugar, corn, sheep, and all things that a man may need or desire; he cannot have them because there is too much of them. Mr. Gordon's choicest piece of economics is reserved for dessert. It is so beautiful an underlining of all that has been written about finance, both orthodox and unorthodox:

> "While our own retail prices have been sinking, those of France have been rising. In fact, it is inflation; not of the *old type, unbacked by gold*, but of a *more solid type*, the result of a *glut* of cheap credit." (Italic inserted.)

Mr. Kenney, who asked that the orthodox should be exhibited speaking their own folly, could hardly want anything more. The old type and the solid type of inflation ought at once to be differentiated in the school textbooks.

BEN WILSON.

Law Notes.

TREASURY ROBBERY-AT-LAW.

In March, 1929, the House of Lords decided that the Luncheon and Sports Club was not liable to pay betting tax in respect of stakes passing through a totalisator which it had installed for the use of its members. Previously to this decision the National Pari-Mutuel Association, which was similarly running a totalisator, had paid tax under the belief that it was liable to do so. Between 1926 and 1928 it had paid £900. It claimed the return of this sum, but Mr. Justice Branson decided that the Inland Revenue Authorities were not liable to return the money because it had been voluntarily paid under a mistaken view of the *law* and not a mistake as to facts. On December 5 last the Court of Appeal upheld the judgment. This brought a long letter to the *Times* of December 9 from a Mr. R. B. Yardley entitled "The Retentive Treasury," in which he protested against the Treasury's action in holding on to the money and relying on the practice of the Courts to give no relief where money had been paid through a mistaken view of the law. The House of Lords had made it clear that the suppliants were never liable to pay; so the payment ought to have been returned directly the fact was established.

> "The Treasury asserted and emphasised their point that the payment was 'voluntary,' but this is a technicality. People do not draw cheques in favour of the Government as a mere amusement. Presumably there was a formal claim. . . . A claim of a Government Department is always a serious matter, because the subject knows only too well that if he . . . disputes it he may be taken to the Courts with all the attendant worry and uncertainty and the risk of heavy costs. Therefore many prefer to submit to the claim as the lesser evil. In this sense it may be 'voluntary,' but it is not without an element of pressure."

Mr. Yardley pointed out that when the Land Value Duties of 1909-10 were repealed in 1920 the whole of the duties paid in the preceding nine or ten years was returned to the payers. Moreover, he added, it was not formerly the practice of the Treasury to retain money paid in mistake, adducing the case of a friend of his who, twelve years ago, was presented with a bonus, was assessed to it and paid tax on it, but later unexpectedly received his money back—the Treasury advising him that he had not been liable to pay it. Mr. Yardley, it may be mentioned, was not connected in any way with the Pari-Mutuel Association.

THE BANK-OF-PORTUGAL CASE.

The Bank of Portugal's action against Messrs. Waterlow and Sons is included in the issue of *The Times* Law Reports, dated January 30, price 1s. Presumably copies can be ordered through newsagents as well as direct from *The Times* office, Printing House-square, E.C. If desired they can be procured and supplied by the Credit Research Library, 70, High Holborn, W.C.1.

THE B.B.C. AND THE MOSLEY-PERCY DEBATE.

The B.B.C. took fright last week and postponed a debate on the wireless which was to have taken place between Sir Oswald Mosley and Lord Eustace Percy on Parliamentary procedure and the organisation of the Government. It is understood, says the *Manchester Guardian* of February 11, that the B.B.C. were anxious that the two speakers should "consult the Whips of the three political parties" on the subject. The postponement is easily understandable in view of the fact that both the procedure and organisation are designed to keep unorthodox members from asking inconvenient questions and making embarrassing speeches in the House and to prevent their attaining to positions of influence within their Party. Sir Oswald has explained to a reporter for the above journal that the views he was going to express were "far more drastic than those advocated by any party, and were, in fact, unacceptable to all three parties." Is the B.B.C., he said, going to forbid the expression of any political opinion except by "permission of some party machinery"? He must wait and see. However, though he may be forbidden to speak, he can still write; and presumably there are journals which will print his views and the facts on which he bases them. If not, we shall have something to say about it.

" Genesis."

Mr. Epstein has once again created a sensation. Round that strange monster which embodies his conception of Genesis rise and surge heated denunciations and equally emphatic counter-assertions. " But I say a baboon face on a woman in that condition is revolting! "—" Marvellous dignity and power! "—" Infamous conception! "—" Skill and genius combined in a masterpiece! "—" Disgusting! "—" A true work of art! "—" Repellent! "—" The back is admirable! " So runs the commentary as the groups gather round, examine and disperse, to halt again and regard anew.

The figure is on a heroic scale, the white staring marble in which it is carved standing out boldly in its nakedness among the bronze busts by which it is surrounded. The head is thrown backwards, and this attitude further emphasises the Mongolian impression conveyed by the small slanting eyes and excessively protuberant lips. The pregnancy is pronounced, and in comparison with the huge torso the shoulders appear unduly narrow, but the hands are disproportionately large.

There are no mysteries to-day. We cast aside the old reticences and denounce them as shams and hypocrisies. To blush at this open exhibition of pregnancy is to mark one off as belonging to yesterday. The age is outspoken and art reflects the age.

But some of us are still repelled by the presentment of an obstetrical subject as an object of art and beauty. Sitting there in front of that monstrous mass of white marble, I attempted to analyse the repulsion and horror with which it filled me.

Aristotle declared the tragic drama purified the emotions. And art, for most of us common people, *does* purify the emotions. The artist is articulate where we are dumb. He releases and gives form to something in us which was previously only dimly felt. A piece of music, a picture or a statue, may arouse in us, if art rightly fulfils its mission, emotions which literally make us better men and women and give us a wider basis on which to build future life.

For me Mr. Epstein's work does not fulfil this function. On the contrary, it depresses and discourages me. " When I read Shakespeare," a writer has said, " a feeling of longevity comes over me." He was raised above the finite and mortal by the voice that was not for an age, but for all time. But Mr. Epstein's " Genesis " forces the observer to concentrate wholly on the physical and animal aspect of life. He emphasises the transitory and misses its relation to the ideal.

For the Aryan race the Greeks reached the highest level yet attained in sculpture. Before even fragments of their work we may echo with Miranda, " O brave new world, That has such people in it! " We feel ennobled. Our horizon is enlarged. The Greeks attained perfection by combining excellent craftsmanship with ideal conceptions.

No one may deny that Mr. Epstein possesses in a very high degree artistic skill. The bronze heads around bear eloquent witness to his mastery in execution. But where is his nobility of conception?

The reaction, I submit, is racial. Mr. Epstein does not speak our language. The reason why his work arouses such violent passions is because he is alien to our stock. The Jew and the Aryan spring from different soil. Their race-souls have been formed and nurtured against a different background in the past. Art has its roots in the sub-conscious. So has the race. Art is the voice of the race-soul making itself articulate through the individual. But Mr. Epstein's sub-conscious is not European nor even Western. It is Oriental; and the forms created by him call forth no understanding response in the Western soul.

The distinguishing characteristic of Western culture, I believe, is proportion. The consciousness of the Western world has been intensively cultivated in a narrow area of the earth's surface. With all its defects, and despite the distortion caused by the financial frame in which it is cast, the Western consciousness marks a definite advance in order, form and proportion over the formless and chaotic exuberance of Eastern art and literature. In the work of creation, of transforming chaos into form, the Western world has made a distinct advance.

But Mr. Epstein's work pulls us back. He would plunge us anew into that primitive world where chaos is not yet imprisoned in form, but where monstrous images pass and repass in the dim animal consciousness of man. Just as Mr. Barrie shrinks from development and would remain for ever a Peter Pan instead of growing up, so Mr. Epstein, though he lives in the twentieth century outwardly, yet belongs to an earlier and more primitive age. When he speaks through his art his creations are mainly bestial. I have yet to find even among the marvellously moulded bronze heads one of those women in whom the physical and the sensual did not preponderate. In " Genesis " he has depicted a very low primitive type of woman devoid of all those complicated reactions which make up soul. It gives no hint of

> " how spirit comes to light,
> Through conquest of the inner beast,
> Which Measure tames to movement sane,
> In harmony with what is fair."

That is a language of which Mr. Epstein has apparently no conception. His work shows that he is utterly alien to Aryan ideals. It may be said that the ancient injunction to the Jews, " Thou shalt make no graven image," which forbade the development of sculptural talent throughout the ages, has limited Jewish sculptors to-day. But in the case of Mr. Epstein this can scarcely be true, since his technique and execution leave little to be desired in so much of his work. But his conceptions lack nobility. His head betrays his hands.

For the West, Mr. Epstein strives in vain to speak. Like a man confined in a padded room he shouts, but the noise is muted. His work can awake no response in the Western soul. He is articulate only for those who belong to a past age, to those who physically have not advanced. As we pass into the British Museum we look at the statues of Easter Isles and admire them. But only in relation to the stage of culture they represent. We should not admire them if carved by a modern artist. Similarly with Mr. Epstein's primitive chaotic creations. He uses his genius to create monsters, as seen by Western eyes.

FRANCES PREWETT.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH SCHOOL,
Peckham Road, S.E.15.
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22, AT 7 p.m.
ALISON NEILANS will lecture on
The Influence of Finance on Unemployment.
QUESTIONS INVITED.

THE "NEW AGE" DINNER.
This has been fixed for Saturday, March 21, at Restaurant Frascati. Tickets, 10s. 6d. Other particulars later.

Drama.

After All: Criterion.

When Mr. John van Druten had interpreted " Young Woodley " so sympathetically as to imply censure on all grown-ups, especially parents and teachers, he must have felt that amends were required. In " After All " he shows that children are just children, after all, and that no matter how much they may rebel against the tyranny of the old fogey, in the end they see that the old fogeys were right; that security, peace, the easy-chair and fireside, that home, in short, is the best place, after all. Mr. van Druten's boy adventurer returns from artist-Bohemia and the faithless Greta, sad, wise, and world-weary. His sister, after an affair with a " married-man," can understand her parents better when she has become a model housewife, with a very quickly filled quiver.

> " You're all right
> If you've got a wife and children
> And a nice little home of your own."

The old pantomime song was, of course, common-sense, as pantomime songs generally are. But it was also much less sentimental than Mr. van Druten's version, which contains no criticism of life, and merely gives to self-righteous Philistines the right smugly to ask, " There, didn't we tell you so? " In the first scene I had the same feeling as when the play was produced by the " Three Hundred Club " in 1929; that had I had to play Ralph Thomas's father, I should have altered the whole of the subsequent events by giving Ralph, at the risk of my life if need be, a thorough tanning, and no reasons. Then he would have spanked Greta, and everything would have been different.

Since the experimental production Mr. Van Druten has revised the play considerably. If one may guess, the reason was to remove the objections of prospective backers. The result of revision is that the play as a whole is much more polished. But the brilliant scarlet scene in the studio, between Ralph and his Russian dancing mistress, has been nearly bleached, for which reason, no doubt, the very blonde Jeanne Stuart now plays the part very blondely, in place of the very brunette, Elissa Landi. I preferred the original, both lines and actress. The tempo of the whole play seems to me slower than originally; it would bear speeding up, and Robert Douglas might put more life into Ralph. The play is otherwise excellently acted and produced, and as on the first occasion, Muriel Aked's performance as Aunt Melville is a creation of the highest quality. It has surprised me that the play has not been commercially presented before, and there is no obvious reason why it should not make a profit.

Supply and Demand: Haymarket.

Women, Shaw alleged, prefer a tenth-share of a first-rate man to the monopoly of a tenth-rate man. As every woman knows, whether she tells or not, Shaw was then, as he is, and seemingly ever will be, merely employing the female form divine as the vehicle of his own romantic nonsense. Philip and Aimée Stuart's " Supply and Demand " treats of the woman question in terms of economics, and although the economics are purely descriptive, and therefore not profound, the picture is more realistic than Shaw's. " Supply and Demand " is a morality play, with numerous morals both intended and unintended by the authors. The most evident of the intended morals is that where a woman is the only cat in the basket, as may happen in pioneering camps of any kind, she has a scarcity-price which gives her excessive, and too easily gained, command; so that she becomes the monopolist of ten first-rate men. When such a woman returns to civilisation, she is totally unequipped for her part in the tiger-cat fight for men where women, although surplus, are no more willing to share, and have " to combine the virtue of Saint Joan with the art of a Viennese cocotte " to stand any chance at all. The unintended morals are, one, that men are fools if, when they pioneer, they do not either take with them as many women as they fancy or bar women altogether; and two, that either an appreciable shortage or an appreciable surplus of women creates a sex problem which withdraws attention from more important problems.

The play is light and witty. But the characterisation suffers because most of the figures are modelled to fit the thesis. Mr. Blayne, who takes over the Upper Indian bungalow when the Oliphants come home, and Major Tennant, the doctor, are there only to give the audience the equivalent of " a synopsis for new readers." Dicky Greig, Maurice Murrell, and Bunting Kennedy, belong to the marionette, not the human, theatre. The two Scottish servants, excellently performed by Betty Hardy and Gilbert Davis, merely provide Scottish atmosphere by means of conventional Scottish humour. Thus the play is carpentry, built to sustain its thesis, and the dovetails are much too obvious. Even the humanness of the chief figures, Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant, is to some extent sacrificed for the sake of the moral. Nevertheless these parts are so well performed by Nigel Bruce and Marjory Clark that both make a human, sympathetic impression on the mind, the latter almost in spite of the authors. All the acting, indeed, is satisfactory except the performance of Mary Newcomb as Kit Kennedy. This actress failed to perceive a lesson which S. J. Warmington and Nigel Bruce were teaching all the time; that is, how little could be done with the parts. There was no need for the actress to win Simon Oliphant from his spoiled and unsocial wife; the authors had done it for her, so that her gestures were altogether excessive, especially her trick of throwing back her head with her face almost in profile, which she far too often repeats. In addition, her breathing should not be heard in the auditorium.

The Man Who Pays the Piper: St. Martin's.

In 1913 Daryll Fairley thought it caddish of her exasperated father when, as a last resort, he told her that she would keep reasonable hours because he needed sleep to earn her allowance. By 1929 Dr. Fairley is dead, and Daryll, the one practical member of an idle, spendthrift family, is exasperated by their lack of consideration precisely as father was; and although she still thinks it caddish, she has to remind her ultra-modern sister Fay that the man who pays calls. Two years later she has given up her job and married a man who had waited for her docilely since 1913; only to rediscover that the fact of life is still a fact of life. The man who provides the credit rules the home, at any rate if he decides to do so. But by 1929 Daryll has re-learned a little ancient feminine wisdom. Providing the credit carries with it such irksome responsibilities that there is everything to be said for allowing the man to do it.

" The Man Who Pays the Piper," by Mrs. G. B. Stern, almost repeats the theme of her novel and play " The Matriarch "; and in repeating it comments on it, and almost contradicts it. When Daryll leaves her family to live by its own wits, it apparently gets on quite well. Belief in one's indispensability was not generally cultivated between 1913 and 1918, and Daryll's young man ought not to have allowed her to yield to that delusion. The play is intelligent in theme and often brilliant in dialogue. It has some first-class crises. Whether, however, it has first been written as a novel, or was simply conceived as a novel, a novel it remains. The novelist creates suspense by means of keeping the reader in ignorance. The dramatist creates suspense by keeping the characters in ignorance, or by over-

powering the audience with the characters' doubts and emotional conflicts. The novelist has a right to hide the identity of a person speaking until the "right time" to divulge it. The dramatist must not keep the audience in doubt about a character's identity for a second. By all possible tests "The Man Who Pays the Piper" is a novel.

There is some beautiful acting in the play, especially by Diana Wynyard as Daryll, and by Jessica Tandy as her sister Fay. Diana Wynyard's performance, during which she has to grow up, is fine, sustained work, which emotionally convinces at every stage. But what thankless jobs the men have! If it is true, as it seems to be, that women dramatists have no capacity whatever for portraying men, they really must give up individual for co-operative composition. Finally, the producer, Mr. John Hastings Turner, committed a cardinal error of production. I do not remember a production of drama in which so many of the participants were allowed to speak, move, and fidget at once, all of them causing the audience's attention to flutter everywhere except where it ought to be.

PAUL BANKS.

Music.

Hallé Concert: Sibelius Vth Symphony. Jan. 23.

There are interesting signs that the Symphonies of Sibelius are going to fix themselves in the orchestral repertoire, and high time too. There are also less welcome indications that those people are going to start noticing Sibelius by whom it is important and proper that an artist of Sibelius' greatness and stature should pass unnoticed. So long as these gentry confine their attention to pygmies like Stravinsky, Holst, Prokofief and Co., it is well—like to like—but one does not contemplate the spectacle of their beslobbering a Sibelius with their "too marvellouses" with either relish and equanimity. Still, one may take comfort in that the admiration is as fictitious in the one case as it will undoubtedly be in the other.

It is a strange thing to say, possibly, but each succeeding work of Sibelius seems to be more essentially *Sibelius*, so to speak, than the last. The laconic directness and apparent simplicity of speech conveying intensely concentrated, condensed and subtle thinking, is as much in evidence as ever, even more so, but it is taking ever new and fascinating directions. It would be hard in any music to find four major works of any composer so sharply differentiated in thought-matter, so wholly individualised as one from another in mood content, yet so unmistakably stamped with the thought processes of their creator as the first, second, fourth and fifth Symphonies and the Violin Concerto of Sibelius. And his power of gradually flooding a movement with ever greater and greater luminosity through a most inspired handling of the brass section of the orchestra as in the closing pages of the Fifth Symphony, are quite indescribable; beside it Elgar's brass writing, wonderful as it is, sounds coarse and crude. And those two men are in many respects a pair of parallels, but in how many ways not! Where Elgar writes the pot-bellied city alderman pomposity and vulgarity of a "Land of Hope and Glory," a "Pomp and Circumstance," or one of those truly frightful productions of his, in his, as Cecil Gray would call it, "Musician Laureate of the British Empire" mood, Sibelius writes an "En Saga." Where Elgar drivels into a "Salut d'Amour" or a "Wand of Youth," Sibelius will produce what has become a hackneyed and much-mauled piece perhaps, yet a fresh forest-fragrant, open-air little composition like the "Romance" and many another. The British Empire has often been an artistic millstone round Elgar's neck, and indeed the Russian Empire an actual millstone round Finland's neck in every sense of the word. And although one must not risk committing the fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, the artistic results, judging on the totalling up as between Elgar and Sibelius are, I fear, much to the balance of Sibelius.

Clifford Curzon: Wigmore. Feb. 5.

Having recollections of forming an opinion of this young pianist some years ago, as not only miles ahead of any of his English pianist *confrères* of his own age, but of an older and much more widely advertised class, I went with considerable anticipatory interest to hear what had happened to him artistically during the few years' lapse since I last heard him. The results are frankly rather disappointing. Now become undoubtedly technically very accomplished and brilliant, Mr. Curzon, instead of widening and deepening artistically and mentally, seems to have done the reverse. He has been badly smitten with that dreadful modern mania of expression-mongering, the complete inability to refrain from drawing attention to the obvious through a megaphone—the exaggeration, the forced portentous straining after hidden meanings tucked away in conjunctions and prepositions, of which Herr Artur Schnabel is the hideous and crowning exemplar—the apparent terror of playing a single steady level stretch of music with uniform speed, colour, dynamics for more than two and a half seconds' duration. The wider relation of phrase to phrase, section to section is entirely lost sight of in this insane niggling after ultra-microscopic points, as the shape of a man is invisible to the multifaceted eye of a fly. I must confess that I fail to see the reason for applying the fly's-eye point of view to matters of art, which is not a high-power magnifying microscope. The irritating thing about Mr. Curzon's playing is that actually the fly's-eye view is not spiritually inherent in him at all, for he has potentially and naturally both the breadth and power for the sweep of big phrases. The result in a Mozart Sonata was most unpleasant. Imposing the current and entirely stupid notion of this composer as being afflicted with adult infantilism on his own naturally virile and forceful temperament, Mr. Curzon gave us a truly revolting picture of an excessively precocious and violently obnoxious child, that had it been intended parodistically would have been very clever and amusing, but as there was no doubt as to the seriousness of the pianist's intentions, one like the Levite one would fain have passed by on the other side . . . remarking as one went that one had no idea till now that Mozart was quite such a poisonous little beast! . . . .

Point-hunting and commentator-mania ruined the Schubert Moments Musicaux and a good deal of the Beethoven "Adieux" Sonata, that tiresome and boring piece of programme music, such a feeble trite and second-hand effort after the lovely and delicious Cappriccio of Bach inspired by a similar idea, so full of wit and humour, and that urbane, suave brilliance, grandeur, and greatness that went out of music when the last of the great contrapuntists died and Mozart and Beethoven came into it.

The Liszt B Minor Sonata was Mr. Curzon's best effort by far. Here the sweep of the music is essentially so big and wide that niggling gets hardly a chance, and it must be confessed that Mr. Curzon bestrode the work valiantly and well. In fact, I think a rigid course of Bach and Liszt—in the good Busoni tradition—would do Mr. Curzon all the good in the world. He is potentially such a fine player, but as yet so inhibited by extraneous and foreign influences that have to be shed before he can begin to mature in his own artistic personality, that one is almost angered by the discrepancy between it and actual performance and what one feels it might easily be.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

The Films.

The Censorship Again.

The principal employment of the British Film Censorship would appear to be the prohibition of Russian films for no other reason than that they are Russian. The latest manifestation of these Ogpu methods is the confirmation by the President, Mr. Shortt, K.C., of the ban placed by his underlings on "The Ghost That Never Returns," a film which has already been shown privately at the Scala without, so far as I can judge, bringing the prospects of a revolution appreciably nearer. What exception can be taken by any sane person to this film is beyond me. It contains some prison scenes, but the Censorship constantly allows our susceptibilities to be harried by American pictures that depict prison life in a sufficiently realistic fashion. Giving Hollywood a latitude which is denied to Moscow goes beyond the functions of the Film Censorship, whose task is to protect public morality, in the orthodox sense of the term, and not to defend the existing social and economic system from any reflection on it that may be implied in a film.

Saint Joan—The Maid: Regal.

One has some difficulty in criticising this French production, since it has been heavily cut to shorten it for English presentation, and the process of excision may account for a certain jerkiness. On the other hand, cutting is not responsible for the lack of atmosphere; Marco de Gastyne's direction is patently sincere, but his reconstruction of history is too obvious, and the picture is in general valuable rather for educational purposes than as a work of art. The direction is, indeed, uninspired, and although the battle scenes are robustious enough, they lack reality, and rather reminded me of the Aldershot Tattoo—magnificent, but not war. A Joan of Arc film should either, as a spectacular production, be made by a Griffith or a de Mille, or by a director of subtlety and insight who concentrated on the dignity, the pathos, and the romance of the Maid of Orleans. Mr. de Gasteyne seems to have alternated between the two angles, but it is unfair to judge his capacity without seeing the picture in its entirety.

The Maid is played by Simone Genevois, a young girl who is still, I believe, under twenty. I could not imagine a better choice. Hers is as exquisitely natural a performance as I have seen either on the stage or the screen; very wisely, she, or her director, emphasises the Saint's girlishness rather than her mysticism, and the result is a being of flesh and blood, and not a character out of a history book. Jean Debucourt is admirable as the Dauphin, and Philippe Heriat makes a good, if a trifle stilted, Gilles de Rais. Incidentally, if I were to select a film for use as anti-clerical propaganda, I should choose this picture.

Min and Bill: Empire.

In a brief notice last week I described this film as Hogarthian. It has the warmth of that master, who depicted sordidness often enough, but whose characters, from dissipated aristocrats to drunken drabs, were always human. Humanity is the characteristic of this study of a woman's love for her adopted child, who is brought up on the Californian water front, sent to school to escape contamination by her real mother, and finally marries after the mother has been shot as a last desperate resource to prevent her entrance into the life of the girl who believes her to be dead.

"Min and Bill" is one of those films that temporarily make me retract most of the rude things I have ever said about Hollywood. An intensive study of American screen plays, combined with such knowledge of American life, literature, manners, ideals and politics as a foreigner can derive through native fiction and journalism, has not left me with an excessive regard for the culture of the United States, an opinion in which I seem to be at one with the country's most noted authors. Certainly, the American film in the mass does not indicate a very high cultural standard. Despite its technical efficiency it is largely as untrue to life as a penny novelette; it specialises in the most hackneyed and wooden themes; and is never so unsophisticated as when it tries to be sophisticated. And then we get an "Anna Christie," a "Last Command," a "Richest Man in the World," a "Min and Bill," that rings true.

Some films achieve success by direction and some through acting. In "Min and Bill" we have both. Marie Dressler is superb as the keeper of a seaman's boarding house, and the choice of Wallace Beery to play "opposite" her was a triumph of casting. The fight between the two, in which Miss Dressler jams Mr. Beery behind a bed, smashes furniture and windows, assaults him with every missile on which she can lay hands, and is finally reconciled after the only breakable article that has escaped destruction is a chamber-pot which the exhausted couple clasp to their bosoms, is the very stuff of life. This scene could so easily become knockabout farce, which would have been amusing enough, but it is raised to the plane of the highest comedy. And, I repeat, it is essentially Hogarthian.

An admirable impersonation of the mother is given by Marjorie Rambeau, who is, I believe, new to the screen, but is well-known on the New York theatre. There is some beautiful photography in this film, which has been retained at the Empire for another week. I recommend you to see it.

DAVID OCKHAM.

The Hon. Sir Charles A. Parsons.

By James Golder.

I.—THE MAN.

At the Naval Review, held at Spithead in 1897 to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, a dramatic event happened which was not on the official programme. Some distance from the fleet, where the line of picket boats were keeping the sight-seeing vessels out of the prohibited waters, a strange little craft suddenly emerged into them. The pickets took no immediate action, supposing this a momentary error of some amateur navigator, but no: instead of that the little vessel maintained her direction, and gathering speed, made straight for the Grand Fleet. The pickets hooted and chased in vain, for the stranger became lost in smoke as she shot right into the prohibited area between the line of battleships at the then unprecedented speed of over forty knots.

Sirens screamed, signals were hoisted, megaphones yelled, but the only answer from the intruder was "catch me if you can." Right up to the flagship she came, in appearance nothing but a huge foam crested bow wave, accompanied by a belch of flame and smoke with a turbulent creamy wake. When one of the fastest torpedo-boat destroyers came out to order her off the course, she ran away, turned back upon her pursuer, and, turning again shot right ahead of her. This manoeuvre she repeated more than once before she left the Grand Fleet after giving this ocular demonstration of record speed.

The name of the vessel was T.S. "Turbinia," and the man at the wheel was the Hon. (now the late Sir) Charles Algernon Parsons, fourth son of the Irish Earl of Rosse.

I was associated with Sir Charles over ten of probably the most difficult and dangerous years of a career checked by almost every variety of obstruction.

The incident just described was the method he adopted of convincing the British Admiralty that he had something to offer which it would be better for them not to ignore. It was the climax of debates behind the scenes. It put an end to all the "yes-buts" which he had faced for over thirteen years. It saved turbines from becoming politics, a fate which only a few years before nearly befel water-tube boilers.

The escapade was almost instantly successful.

An order was given to convert two torpedo-boat destroyers then building from reciprocating engines into Parsons's

steam turbines, and in less than ten years after the Spithead incident, all the new construction of the British Navy had this form of propelling machinery

Most readers will remember the Fisher regime and the laying down of H.M.S. " Dreadnought " in 1906. That was the first battleship fitted with Parsons's turbines. From that date, the reciprocating steam engine, with over one hundred years' start, was driven from the Navies of the world in vessels of the highest class.

The triumph of " Turbinia " at Spithead led to orders for passenger vessels such as those plying for pleasure on the Clyde and for cross-channel work. From these attention was directed to Atlantic liners, where Briatin and Germany were competing with the reciprocating engine, stressed to its maximum capacity and efficiency. The Parsons's turbine replaced the reciprocator, and at the same time increased the factors of safety, as well as making very much larger vessels possible.

An episode connected with the Cunard Commission appointed to deal with turbines on transatlantic service will illustrate another phase of the character of Sir Charles. One day, when he was in demand for urgent matters of business importance in Newcastle, the management of both his Newcastle and Wallsend factories were unable to find him. Information from his home was to the effect that he had left about the usual time. Eventually I happened to run across him in Jarrow-on-Tyne. He was on foot, and just about to enter one of the rather dull-looking streets of that town. When accosted he was entirely oblivious of everything else except that the old family nurse was lying very ill, and that he wanted to make sure that she had all the help and comfort she required. Whether he turned up at the works later on I have not heard unto this day, but I never forgot the incident, and the complete indifference with which he heard how anxiously he was being sought after by the Cunard Commissioners.

Sir Charles was not really the inventor of the steam turbine, for he himself would tell you that a man named Hero of Alexandria had made turbines and used them for temple purposes 150 B.C. His claim to fame will lie rather in the fact that he created the new intellectual profession of power engineering in which all the arts and crafts combine to make one perfect whole. He reconciled theory and practice; faith with works.

His rival, the mechanism of Lavery, Newcomen, Watt and Stephenson, had established certain measurement standards of performance to which the turbine could not conform. Undaunted, he referred the results of the turbine performance to the ideal mathematical cycles of a previous century. He re-discovered and applied in practice the formulae of such physical philosophers as Robert Boyle, Clausius, Rankine and Carnot, and forced the whole argument on to the highest plant of efficiency. This was an entirely new direction of thought and effort to which his rivals were now obliged to conform if they were to possess survival value.

Sir Charles was not only a born aristocrat, he was also a great genius. He graduated at Cambridge and left his college as a senior wrangler in mathematics. Though somewhat autocratic, and not a little capricious at times, he succeeded in communicating his enthusiasm to those around him.

He was not only the employer, he was the master of his men. He inspired loyalty of a high order, and to work with him was a liberal education. In bodily presence he looked the genial and kindly gentleman that he was. Fresh coloured and ruddy in complexion he looked more like a gentleman farmer than an engineer. He was a poor speaker, but was never in doubt as to what he wanted and knew how to get it. His sketches, often of the thumbnail kind, spoke for him on many a vital point.

He walked slowly with rather a shuffling gait. Although a high speed merchant he never seemed to be in a hurry.

The total impression he made was that of a leisurely man who dwelt in his mind. His dreamy blue eyes and cheery smile were pleasant to behold.

Punch had occasion more than once to allude to the Parsons' turbine. Unlike its rival, the older type of engine, it was irreversible. Sir Charles got over this by concealing in the main exhaust outlet of the go-ahead turbines a specially designed turbine for going astern. When the ship was going ahead these astern turbines were thus revolving idly in a vacuum, a fact which reduced their frictional resistance to a minimum. When Mr. Punch read this description he informed the world that this astern turbine intrigued him very much. It was just an ideal sort of existence. He longed to be " a little Tommy Turbine revolving idly in a vacuum."

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

Scrutinies. Vol. II. By Various Writers. (Wishart. 7s. 6d.)

Books about books are generally unsatisfactory, and this volume forms no exception to the rule. It contains some haphazard reflections upon the works of such people as T. S. Elliot, Aldous Huxley, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, the Sitwells, Lytton Strachey, and Virginia Woolf, who have made their names as writers, by a number of other people who have yet to make their names as literary critics. In addition, the volume contains three mediocre essays on contemporary fiction, painting, and music.

E. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CHURCH AND FINANCE.

Sir,—No doubt your readers will have seen that the Archbishop of the Anglican Church in Australia has spoken strongly on behalf of the orthodox financiers, referring to the proposed attack upon the monopoly of the banks as " a danger threatening moral and religious life." Between periods of recuperation upon Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's yacht, the Archbishop of Canterbury has been exhorting us to still further sacrifices, having evidently had the advantage of an early talk with Mr. Snowden on that gentleman's estimation of the probable future. Similarly, the Archbishop of York, in the only non-official utterance of his which I have seen reported recently, has urged the virtue of monetary saving in terms which I feel sure will obtain the unstinted approbation of Mr. Montagu Norman.

It is quite obvious that some things never change, and one of them is that the ejection of money changers from the temple will never have the approbation of the high priests. I think this is a matter which ought to receive attention from the great body of ordinary men and women whose eyes are still turned somewhat wistfully to the Churches for guidance in the critical times through which we are passing, and the still more critical times to come. Institutions are not necessarily bad because they have a bad head, but they are bad if they do not repudiate the public pronouncements of that head when such pronouncements do not represent the opinion of the body concerned.

C. H. DOUGLAS.

THE CHURCH AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

Sir,—The resolution of the Erdington clergymen, a copy of which was published in your issue of December 25, 1930, and January 15, 1931, was sent to the *Birkenhead News* with a covering letter and published in their issue of January 30, a copy of which is enclosed. It may hearten the framers of the resolution to know that it has awakened a response and has given an opening for correspondence from those who are exercising their minds about existing conditions.

J. L. MCCALLUM.

COOKING HISTORY.

Sir,—What Mr. MacGregor's letter has to do with mine I cannot imagine. A more irrelevant critic I have rarely read.

The one relevant point (quite a minor one for this purpose) about Italy and Russia he provisionally agrees with. Otherwise he complains about certain books and the Press. Needless to say I have never been such a fool as to imagine either that anything like all books or all newspapers either know the truth or want to tell the truth, if they know it, about any matter of importance past or present. What I want is evidence that the British Governments or the Historical Adviser try to prevent writers in this country writing what they like about historical or even political questions (I do not forget the law of libel, which is not a Government matter, and anyhow, unlike the old Austrian Empire, we cannot libel the dead). Does he think the Historical Adviser makes suggestions to publishers as to what their clients shall be persuaded to leave out? Does he think the Historical MSS. Commission jails dangerous documents?

I have, however, remembered one sphere of selective exclusion. It is not thought a proper proceeding to introduce secondary school pupils to such works as Lea's " History of the Inquisition " or his " History of Sacerdotal Celibacy " or Murray's " Witch-cult in Western Europe," or to enlarge on the history of syphilis in Europe. But outside Roman Catholic institutions I doubt whether university students dealing with the appropriate periods are restrained from consulting them.

HILDERIC COUSENS.

THE PRESS BOYCOTT.

Sir,—After the naiveté of Mr. Hilderic Cousens we have the naiveté of Lord Tavistock in his letter about the " refusal of publication " by a certain daily journal. Few, if any, newspapers will publish criticism of an official policy or of an editorial outlook beyond a certain point, and, of course, the editor has always the privilege and the power of the last word. Most of this seems to be news to Lord Tavistock, whilst he also appears to be under the impression that the suppression or curtailment of vital information applies only to Social Credit proposals; this is far from being the case. An experienced professional journalist told me a year or two ago that there are certainly two subjects about which, in this post-war decade, the Press will not admit discussion: they are (1) the manner in which South Tirol, peopled by Austrians, was promised to Italy as a bribe to the latter country to enter the war on our side. This was promised by the Treaty of London of April, 1915—a treaty, be it remembered, arranged quite secretly *entirely* and *solely* by our Liberal Party; and (2) the prewar policy of Viscount Grey (the Sir Edward Grey) leading up to the Great War, although some of the more sinister aspects of this policy were openly criticised by the *Daily News* in 1912.

I can give a comparatively recent example. A Socialist friend of mine—who in the past has written a good deal for the Labour and other Press—some weeks ago sent up to a Labour journal which has always published his stuff a letter that was definitely refused. This letter, a copy of which I have seen, contrasted Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's treatment and imprisonment of Indian nationalists in India with Mr. MacDonald's impassioned words about Georgia and Ireland and the way these two countries were being treated (in 1920) by dominant nationalities. The speech in full can be found on page 122 of the Report of the Independent Labour Party Conference of Easter, 1921. Mr. MacDonald's speech was on the proposal to affiliate to the Third International. I can only quote one or two of Mr. MacDonald's final sentences:—

" The first man the Bolsheviks took out and shot (at Tiflis) *on account of his opinions* was the President of the Georgian Social-Democratic Party, one of the most delightful fellows with a fine mind and heart as Socialists ought to have. And we are told forsooth that we must condone this sort of thing. I *do not condone* these things when done by the British Government in Ireland. I *will not condone* them in Russia."

It will be observed by those of your readers who have followed events in India, that Mr. MacDonald does " condone this sort of thing " when done in the " brightest jewel of the British Crown."

May I say that THE NEW AGE, under the editorship of Mr. Orage, did publish matter that was decidedly against the editorial outlook—his journal provided an oasis in a desert.

Will you please try to explain the complete volte-face from Labour at the recent by-election in New South Wales, seemingly on the finance question.

" KEN."

THIRD PARTY INSURANCE.

Sir,—In reply to the letter from C. E. H. I have no sentiment whatsoever in this matter. Freedom and Justice are not matters of sentiment, but of fact.

It appears to mē that this latest attack upon individual freedom is of a new kind, and so subtle as to be almost unnoticed.

C. E. H. wants more freedom abridged. He will get it. If driving tests are imposed there will follow cycling tests and walking tests; even breathing tests and tooth-brushing tests are not impossible, and all to be done under a system of compulsory insurance!

ARTHUR WELFORD.

LEISURE WITHOUT FEARS.

Sir,—Is it indeed a fact that there are persons so barren of interests that they dread the age of leisure as much as Miss Culpin indicates?

I have addressed many audiences, mainly working class, on Social Credit and its implications, and I find invariably that the dread is not of leisure for the questioner (who states that he will " always be pottering around doing something "), but for the other fellows who cannot presumably be trusted to employ their time so profitably.

Personally, I do not anticipate the age of leisure for a few decades yet. With the first coming of S.C. it is more than probable that many women will find their limbs and muscles quite sufficiently exercised by forms of housework that they now relegate to a charwoman. Also there are, and will be, such arrears of constructive work to be made up, commercial, social, and educational—not to speak of the sympathetic care of those unfashionable persons, the aged, the sick, and little children—that one wonders who the people may be who are reduced to turning round and round in order to escape boredom.

" Educate for *future* leisure " may well be a slogan of Social Credit-ers. Let us hope, however, that when the happy day arrives we may have released such a flow of healthy energy, expressing itself in creative art, in craftsmanship, in science, in the joys of exploration and all that makes for a full life that our descendants may not be reduced to self-conscious posturings in an endeavour to " imitate the nonchalance of the duck."

L. C. SMITH.

PAN.

Sir,—Whenever in later life I have come across the words " Pan German," " Pan Islam," and so on, my essentially light mind always has fled back through the long years to a municipal election in my native Midland town. Controversy raged around what I suppose must have then been some great fundamental principle of sanitation, and the walls were placarded with:—

" Plump for Podgers and the Pan System."

And here again I have to admit that there is no direct connection between that matter and the sylvan god with whom I now have to do.

Sir, I am no poet—not " so as you'd know it on me " anyway. But I cannot stand by and see even a poet maltreated. And when your good critic, Mr. Bonella (February 5, 1931), holds up with finger and thumb those excellent lines of Albert Hounam's beginning

" When died Pan, the shepherd gay,
Lost were mirth and pleasure,"

when he holds these up and remarks somewhat sniffingly, very pretty, but they should read " Pan died," why then I said to myself, but of course in more refined language, " The blankety blighter! Where's me 'arf-brick? " But, after all, the critic's error, both in the matter of euphony and of very essential emphasis, must be so obvious to your readers that I'll let the brick lie.

PHILIP T. KENWAY.

POINTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

Melbourne, September 12, 1930.—I appreciate, as will the others concerned, your encouraging remarks anent the work we are doing out here. But in saying this I feel I must acknowledge the debt we owe to you for the splendid help we derive weekly from your " Notes " in THE NEW AGE. You can hardly realise how much the coming of your paper means to us in Australia. I feel sometimes that it is the only link which binds us to civilisation, or, shall I say, keeps us sane? . . I send you a few cuttings reporting the recent Labour Conferences. From these you will get an idea of the temper of the rank and file. Unfortunately, its leaders do not understand finance to show them the way. On the other hand, there are several influential men in the movement who are definitely in sympathy with Social Credit ideas, and who are, I believe, coming more and more to see it as the solution. Events are moving so rapidly that one cannot say what turn they may take. Another thing of note is the growing resentment against Sir Otto Niemeyer. . . Without doubt everywhere, finance and banking is to the fore, and I should not be surprised if in the near future the issue does reach a climax. One stumbling-block is the weak Labour Government in the Federal Parliament. Scullin is a dying man, and Fenton, now acting Prime Minister, is another Snowden with less brains. And of all the others there is hardly one with any capabilities or character. And, of course, on finance mere infants. Always the bankers in attendance in an " advisory capacity." Still, as I suggested before, the Australians are hardly the fellows to put up with it ever, and there are some great shocks in store for some people in the future without a doubt. . . Somehow I think you had better open up a " book " about this race to Social Credit, and book me up for a fiver on Australia at the best price offering!

C. H. H.

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