

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

No. 1881] NEW SERIES Vol. XLIII. No. 22. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1928. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	253	THE SCREEN-PLAY. By David Ockham . . .	260
The British National Population Committee. Mr. Pick on Dead Sea potash and its recovery. The <i>Financial Times</i> on the world's wheat surplus. The first heckler at the Bank of England's half-yearly meeting. The Labour Party's scheme for a Public Corporation to take over the functions of the Bank of England. The Anglo-French naval entente and the <i>Observer</i> —the "English-speaking" fallacy.		<i>The Constant Nymph. Forbidden Paradise. The Prince of Adventurers. The Sea Beast.</i>	
NEW GERMANY. II. AND THE JEWS . . . ? By Leopold Spero . . . . .	257	MUSIC. By Kaikhosru Sorabji . . . . .	260
"LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER." By C. M. Grieve . . . . .	258	Mahler IV. Symphony. B.B.C. Modern Chamber Concerts, No. 1. Queen's Hall Promenades.	
SOCIAL CREDIT IN VACUO. I. By W. T. Symons . . . . .	259	DRAMA. By Paul Banks . . . . .	261
		<i>Such Men Are Dangerous.</i>	
		THE ISLE OF DOGS. By Michael Joyce . . . . .	262
		REVIEWS	263
		<i>The History of Egg Pandervil. Jewish Studies in Memory of Israel Abrahams. The Soviet Union Year Book, 1928. Great English Plays.</i>	
		LETTER TO THE EDITOR . . . . .	263
		From H. E. B. Ludlam.	
		VERSE . . . . .	258
		By A. Newberry Choyce.	

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In August, 1927, a "World Population Conference" was held at Geneva. This gave rise to "The International Union for the Scientific Investigation of Population Problems." In co-ordination with this body there has recently been formed the British National Population Committee. It will examine whether Britain is over-populated, and deal with the inadequacy of the British stock in the Dominions. The main issue of the international inquiry, according to the *Daily News*, concerns the world as a whole, and the probability of an increase in the population "on the scale of the last 100 years," and the "inevitable crisis" that would follow. Three Commissions have been appointed by the "International Union." The first, on "Population and the Food Supply," will have as chairman Professor East (U.S.A.) and Sir Henry Rew as a British member. The second, on "Differential Fertility, Fecundity and Sterility," will have Dr. F. A. E. Crew, of Edinburgh, as chairman. It will consider the "differing fertility of the social classes." The third, under Professor Corrado Gini, of Rome, will consider "The Vital Statistics of Primitive Races," and the "Depopulation of the Pacific Islands," and their "Re-population by immigrant races."

According to Mr. Eldon Moore, the eugenist, who is secretary of one of the international committees, the inquiry will approach these problems with an "open mind"; it will devote itself "entirely to research"; and lastly, its findings, like those of the Royal Society, "will be at the service of science, but will not be made public." (Our italics.) Upon reflection, we are more inclined to believe in the above declaration of an intention to prosecute open-minded research than we should have done had the proceedings been intended to be made public. In the matter of all such inquiries the public has two options—either a public inquiry with narrow terms of reference, or a secret inquiry with wide (or, let us say, less narrow) terms. There is no guarantee, of course, that a secret inquiry will be unrestricted in

the scope of its research, but the chances are that its restrictions will not be so rigid. With secrecy assured, and with a body of sincere investigators, no evidence of scientific relevance to the subject of inquiry can be plausibly excluded on "grounds of public policy," as it might be otherwise. For this and other reasons we may read into the secrecy of the present inquiry a possible assurance of efficiency. We have never been whole-hoggers for what is called "open diplomacy." For instance, referring to what we wrote last week, if the British Government had initiated its oil policy by a Public Inquiry in 1918, it could never have arrived at its present dominating position. So let us assume, against whatever visible evidence there may be, that the present inquiry means business. If not, we shall be no worse off than if we assumed the opposite. We shall have expressed our opinions once more, and not been listened to; but that experience has been our sole diet for five years, and we have not begun to lose weight yet.

So far as Britain and the Empire are concerned, the population problem is analogous to the oil problem. The question: "Have we too many people?" is an inversion of the question: "Have we too little food?" Ten years ago the British Government said to itself: "Have we too little oil?" It decided privately in the affirmative; and went about in gumshoes and got it. Now it is obliged to go about and get the food, for the simple reason that, if it does not, its oil-power will be worthless and the work of the last decade wasted. Moreover, since food-power is even more vital than oil-power as an element in military preparedness, the problem cannot be dallied with. The same urgency which drove the Government to such swift action in controlling oil supplies must necessitate equivalent speed in ensuring food supplies. The question is, therefore, not that of the best theoretical method of feeding the Empire's population, but of the quickest practical method. The time factor dominates the situation that confronts the British National Population Committee.

The task, on the other hand, to which the "International Union" addresses itself, namely, that of investigating how the whole world can feed itself, is entirely different, because the feasibility of its proposals must depend upon the world remaining at peace. A world-scheme of feeding implies world-wide co-operation between nations whose concerted object is to raise food and diffuse it according to the needs of populations without regard to national frontiers. But if even a little war breaks out such co-operation is immediately disturbed; and if a great war, completely destroyed. Therefore, in face of the numerous present evidences that all the Great Powers regard the risk of war as real, it is incredible that any investigators than academicians will waste their time on planning world-schemes. The realists, the investigators who mean practical business, will approach the problem from the national angle with a view to self-preservation. The nearest they will approach to internationalism will be to co-operate with such other nations as intend to form a military alliance with them in case of war. So far as Great Britain is concerned, we may expect to see professors, eugenists, and other doctrinaires appointed to the international commissions, while the serious work will be done by the British National Population Committee. While the first will be discussing theories on a 100-year wavelength, the second will be discussing facts on something nearer the 3-year length. There is bound to be this differentiation of rhythm between the international and national outlooks so long as statesmen persist in neglecting to deal with the fundamental error in credit-accountancy.

There is only one right method of investigating the food problem. It is to consider the potentialities of food-production and distribution quite distinctly from monetary price and cost—to ascertain what could be done *supposing all limitations of a monetary character were removed*. The population problem is fundamentally an engineering problem. It concerns physical energy, and its allocation to various objectives. The question is (a) can the proportions in which productive energy is already allocated be safely altered in favour of food-production, or (b) if not, does there exist an additional quantity of available energy not yet allocated to any purpose? The answer to both questions is in the affirmative, and a great mass of evidence can be brought to prove it. There then arises the question of measuring the quantity of energy that should be directed to food production. The power of a human being to eat food is definitely limited; and though no committee can forecast exactly what quantity the world will eat from year to year it can most certainly estimate for a surplus. Having done this it can ascertain if there is available energy to produce that surplus. The scaremongering about starvation flourishes on its own vagueness. Once let a definite quantity-programme of food-production be formulated and presented to the world's agriculturists, engineers, chemists, and inventors, with the question: "Can you, if allowed a free hand, guarantee such an output by such and such a time?" there will be no question of the answer.

The power to produce in general is indefinitely expansible, and the only differentiating property about food is that longer time is required to organise its production. Even so, our experiences during the late war show that even so little notice as twelve months is sufficient to bring about a perceptible increase in food-production. Another reassuring circumstance is that in addition to the quantity of reserve energy we know is available, recent research into the nature both of energy and energy-products

opens up many new possibilities of quickened expansion in any chosen direction. As a problem in physics the feeding of the world presents no difficulty.

The so-called "pressure of the population on the means of subsistence" is really a pressure of the consuming population on a licence-system under which it is compelled to find subsistence. The limitation does not inhere in the quantity of subsistence but in the *method of obtaining access to it*. It is a money-limitation and nothing else—a pressure of eating-power on purchasing-power. Consider the significance of the following: On September 15 there was a letter in the *Observer* from Mr. H. Pick, Ph.D., in which he refers to the immense quantities of potash available in the waters of the Dead Sea, and states that it can be extracted by an ingenious process invented by two British chemists which would enable the potash to be marketed at one-quarter the existing price. These two chemists responded to an invitation published in 1925 by the Crown Agents of the Colonies to tender for the "recovery of the mineral salts" in that sea. Since then, nothing has been done. Mr. Pick wants to know why there has been this neglect, particularly when, as he reminds the *Observer*, its own agricultural correspondent has been emphasising the need of a more abundant use of this indispensable plant food by British farmers. Let us leave Mr. Pick to puzzle this out while we turn to a leading article in the *Financial Times* of the day previous to the publication of his letter. This journal speaks of a "world wheat surplus" this year—and says that the aggregate quantity available is likely to set up "an absolute record."

"The Canadian prospect is of an unsurpassed crop, beating even that of 1923, and indicating a nine-fold increase this century." The *Financial Times* calculates that for the ensuing year the present harvests will yield a surplus of 44½ million quarters over all requirements, while "reinforcing this stands an estimated carry-over at the end of last July of 38 million quarters. This total accumulation of 82½ million quarters is a surplus very nearly as large as the total expected imports of British, Continental, and non-European importing countries, which are estimated to be at 95 million quarters. The *Financial Times* comments:—

"We are faced, therefore, with a position in which a substantial wheat surplus may exist without a corresponding growth of absorption such as would maintain the present price-level." Probably at no price-level would a surplus like this be absorbed, because it must be remembered that although the poorest sections of populations do not get enough to eat, the margin between their actual and potential rate of eating would not perceptibly increase the world's total consumption. Mr. Bernard Shaw pointed that out many years ago when he advocated making the loaf a free commodity like air.

The writer of the article considers it probable that the price of wheat will fall, in spite of growers' wheat-pools and their policy of "restricted offerings" and of carrying over surpluses from one year to another.

"It is by no means desirable that cut-throat competition to get rid of heavy supplies at low prices one year should be followed by scarcity of offers at rising levels in a following short season."

What is less desirable still is the writer's tacit assumption that such an effect is an economic necessity.

"It is still true that plans under which offerings have been restricted have had the effect of encouraging the extension of acreage, and the problem now is whether

the process has gone too far to permit of the selling price being kept stable at its present range." The "pressure of weight" may prove too great for them [i.e., the wheat-pool organisations] to "withstand," especially when the cost of financing storage is borne in mind.

The facts to which this writer is so obscurely referring are these. You set to work and get an extra crop. Under the operation of the law of supply and demand you would get a price below cost. So you suspend the law by supplying short. You get a remunerative price. Part of this you can use to sow a larger acreage next season. Again supplying short, you get your price and also add to your carry-over. But there comes a point at which the cost of financing the carry-over becomes a problem. At that point you find it advisable to let out a little more wheat for the same money. You lower the price. Thereupon you see that you must decrease your acreage, for you find it more profitable to sow less wheat than to store wheat. You discover that a short harvest is the most efficient wheat-pool. You are, of course, sorry for people who have to go short of bread, but you owe your first duty to yourself; you must make sure that you can get bread. And the most certain way for you to get your share is to produce insufficient to go round!

If true of wheat this is true of production in general. The less that producers make the more their share of what is made. But under the existing system where everybody has to perform an economic service to make a living, everybody is a producer. So the above truth applies to whole communities, and to the world's population in general. They can say, collectively, after the frothblowers' style, that the less they make together the larger will be everybody's average share. This, of course, is in direct conflict with the laws of physics, but what does that matter so long as it harmonises with the laws of finance? It is a metaphysical truth; and, as is well known, the study of physics blinds the higher perceptions. At the same time, there is something reassuring in the fact that the metaphysicians see a danger of starvation, because it is possible for us materialistic people to reflect that as we are going short when there is too much to eat we may get a lot when there is nothing. Why not? With God all things are possible.

We must notice one more passage from the *Financial Times*. Accepting the probability of a reduced price of wheat it says:

"Cheaper wheat would mean a larger purchasing power in the industrially depressed countries. The tendency would be for the reduction of the general cost of living, consequent on the advance in the real value of wages, to quicken the demand for industrial production upon which this country depends for its livelihood."

The writer appears to be unaware that wages and salaries are governed by the price-level. A cheaper loaf would raise the purchasing power of sixpence, but to the extent it did so the number of sixpences would be reduced under the operation of the Cost-of-Living Index figure. It is the precise objective of the Government to peg purchasing power at the 1914 rate. Whatever aggregate discount the Canadian growers presented to Britain would be intercepted by British wages. The relief would be administered by British business concerns and Government Departments. Moreover, since British industry is now being occupied by an army of bank-auditors, it is doubtful whether any of the relief would go even to shareholders. The first claim on the windfall would be that of bankers in respect of outstanding loans and interest, and of debenture-holders who would require the money to be placed to reserve so as to protect their security. To the

mass of the British population the price-movements of commodities are of not the slightest concern except that there might be a few trivial pickings on a falling market in between the periodic rectifications of incomes.

The "pressure of population," in the light of the *Financial Times's* article, is clearly a pressure, not on wheat production, but on wheat offerings. The shortage and the starvation-danger argued from it are therefore not natural but artificial—the artificers being the controllers of the financial system. It is these people who hold the key to the solution of the population problem. In order that an indefinitely expansible power of production shall be actually operative the persons associated in production must be guaranteed rewards commensurate with the quantity of goods they sell, instead of with the quantity of money they collect from consumers. To do this it would be necessary to enable industry to sell the whole of its production at a total price equal to consumers' aggregate personal earnings. By whatever amount the aggregate costs exceeded the selling price new credit should be gratuitously paid to industry—or, alternatively, the amount written off industry's outstanding loans from the banks. The old principle that "the price of an article is all it will fetch" would be scrapped, and a new principle established that the total price for all the consumable production that can be made shall not exceed the aggregate sum of money which consumers can bring to market. All this can be done through the proper dispensing and accountancy of financial credit. Financial credit is not an energy-product. Its creation can, and does, precede the application of energy. Fundamentally it is nothing but a printed permission to command economic service. In the hands of a borrowing producer it enables him to hire a workman's service. Afterwards, in the hands of this workman it enables him to hire his employer's service. When the total production made possible by the permit has been shared by these two and taken home (no matter in what proportions) then the permit can be returned, retired, destroyed, renewed, replaced, or anything else you like. But not before, or else the permit system will have left its work only partly accomplished. The bankers must see the job through. Everything waits for them.

For the first time in its history, so far as our memory goes, the Bank of England had a heckler present at its half-yearly meeting on the 20th inst. The *Evening News* report of the event is as follows:—

"Mr. E. T. Hargreaves, a stockholder, addressing the meeting, drew attention to the great increase in the Bank's reserves, and suggested that it would be an advantage if the Governor would deliver a reasoned statement on this and other matters concerning the Bank's policy in the same manner as the chairmen of the large joint stock banks. Mr. Hargreaves also suggested that the constitution of the board was 'archaic,' and that representatives of the big joint stock banks might with advantage be called in to strengthen the board."

According to other reports, Mr. Hargreaves supported his case by references to the Midland Bank's views expressed in recent monthly Circulars. Mr. Montagu Norman declined to be drawn into a discussion of the criticisms, holding that they could more conveniently be discussed in private. He assured Mr. Hargreaves that such matters were always under consideration by the Directors. As regards the idea of having representatives from the joint-stock banks on the board, he remarked that this was not new, it had come frequently in past years, but he had not yet heard any good reason advanced for including them. We accept the objection. We do not see how the addition of

five gentlemen from these banks can affect the international structure of the Court. If the Big Five Banks, or any one of them, want to nationalise the policy of the Bank of England and detach it from its affiliation to the Federal Reserve system, they each have command of sufficient publicity to lead influential opinion in that direction. At the same time, the mere appearance of Mr. Hargreaves on the scene, demanding anything at all, is a portent. The weight of its significance depends upon who are behind him. However that may be, the episode is one more of the rapidly accumulating evidences of disunion among the high-financial experts.

On September 21 the *Daily Herald* announced "Labour's Challenge to Private Finance." The challenge is contained in the Labour Party's issue of a Report of a Committee that has enquired into Banking and Currency policy. The only useful feature about this Report is that it draws attention to the governmental powers inhering in the Bank of England, and properly argues that its functions should be under democratic control. But democratic control, at any rate in our interpretation of the phrase, is not assured in any degree whatever by the Labour Party's proposal to transfer the Bank to a "Public Corporation" which should include "representatives of the Treasury, the Board of Trade, Industry, Labour, and the Co-operative Movements." In the first place, how would these representatives be nominated, and by whom? Either they will be appointed by the bankers by devious methods which are at their command, in which case the general policy of the new Bank would be that of the old, or else their appointment would be by popular vote exercised directly or indirectly by "Executives" of this and that sort, in which case they would have to call in experts to instruct them as to the feasibility of any policy they might like. But even could it be supposed that the Public Corporation of the Bank of England were able to pursue an independent policy of its own, the question would arise: What policy? From all the indications given in the *Herald's* report, it would be a policy of "fussing about." What is to be thought of a new system of credit-control which is to "mete out" "financial treatment to forms of productive enterprise according as their uses are of social advantage or the reverse"? (Quoted from the Report itself.) A Committee who talk in this fashion must be under the triple illusion that all credit must be loan-credit, that the quantity of it is limited, and that industry has no reserve power of production. The Committee criticise "orthodox economic science" because its outlook is not "qualitative." They say that it indiscriminately regards as wealth such things as bread, clothes, gramophone records, cinema films, and racing tracks. The implication is that industry cannot make a sufficiency of all these things together, or that if it can there is not enough money to finance all the production. Hence the rationing of credit among would-be producers according to their social utility. Other proposals in the Report are that "international action" should be taken to "stabilise prices" (not national action to increase purchasing power) also that municipal and co-operative banking should be extended in order to get the workers to use the cheque system more widely, thereby conserving currency. These proposals need not be discussed at present, as they have to come before the National Conference of the Labour Party for revision in view of their inclusion in Labour's General Election Appeal. Unless they are drastically altered we can see the Liberal and Conservative

Parties lifting them in their entirety. Such sterile stodge is the very stuff for smart spellbinders.

The *Observer* is annoyed about the Anglo-French naval entente. "The facts are out," it triumphantly exclaims in its leading article, and they are out "because public curiosity was intense and was bound to be satisfied." The text of the understanding has not been revealed, but Mr. Hearst, in America, has apparently got hold of a French official commentary on it and has published that. So "the English-speaking world now knows what it has striven to know for seven weeks"—"this fatuous business must stop"—"the forces of good-will, powerful on both sides of the Atlantic, must no longer be kept from contact." The *Observer* concludes by calling upon the Government to get "back to the spirit of 1921." In an article adjoining this, Mr. Philip Kerr discusses "Peace or War in Europe." He reviews European history during the last ten years, enumerates the dangers that have been developing, and draws from them the moral that the doctrine of the "balance of power" must be rejected in favour of something which he describes as "the moral unity of Europe."

Interpreting "balance of power" in its realistic and true sense of preponderance of power, Mr. Kerr's moral applies against the *Observer* itself. Ever since the war it has been insisting on the policy of an Anglo-American world-leadership, so much so that it would appear to own the copyright of the phrase "English-speaking world." But no combination can lead the world in this implied moral sense without the power of leading it in a military sense. English-speaking peoples may possess qualities which entitle them to leadership, but the trouble is to get the rest of the world spontaneously to recognise them. Again, blood may be thicker than water, but that does not help while heads are thicker than both. A common policy is mightier than a common language; and in that truth the *Observer* will find the reason why "the spirit of 1921" is not prevalent in 1928. When it speaks of the Anglo-French entente impairing British relations with the United States, it is confusing cause with effect. This entente is a symptom of relations already impaired. The whole trouble can be much more reasonably ascribed an older entente, namely, that into which Mr. Montagu Norman and Mr. Benjamin Strong entered ten years ago. Those two gentlemen have tried to put over the *Observer's* chosen policy and have not succeeded. It was a fatuous business from the start. It would have required Britain and America to get into the position of persuading or coercing the rest of the world into buying their combined surplus production. That the world would resist, even to the point of war, was a foregone conclusion. So the plan has been scrapped, with the result that the two contracting parties are falling out and preparing to fight a lone hand for whatever export trade happens to be going round. In these circumstances the *Observer's* reliance on the language-bond is moonshine. Is John Bull going to lose vital business any the more peacefully because Cousin Jonathan's successful tender is written out in English? In a cursing-match it is safer that the parties should speak different tongues.

The M.M. Club meets on Wednesday, October 3, from 5 o'clock. Discussion at 6.15.

"Letters to the Editor" should arrive not later than the first post on Saturday morning if intended for publication in the following week's issue.

## New Germany.

By Leopold Spero.

### II. AND THE JEWS . . . ?

The Junkers, never such fools as they looked, knew that this rubber-like people, whom the tyrants of three thousand years had been unable to destroy, would never tamely accept the divine right of established dignities, though their snobs might vie with any. That was why a Jew could not become an officer, or join the Corps Diplomatique, or enter the higher grades of Government service, or even hold the place to which his merits usually entitled him in that most important sphere of government, the professorial world of the German University.

To-day it is all very different. Yes, there are seaside resorts on the North Sea and Baltic coasts where no Jew may sun himself; or if he should intrude *incognito*, will hear a very strange and uncomplimentary anthem sung in his honour. Even in the other bathing places he will often find that curious war of the sand castles in progress, in which the Republican Red-Black-and-Gold flag is identified with Jewry, and is accordingly snatched away in sudden forays by the nearest henchman of the Nationalist Black-White-and-Red. Of late, however, these contests have become far less embittered. Both sides are beginning to regard them as mere fun, and they will probably die out soon from the inanition of sheer good humour. For ever since Papa Hindenburg accepted the mantle of the saddler, Republicanism has been growing respectable in superior circles. No longer can the Hakenkreuzlers rouse any audience to furious applause by denunciations of the "Jew Republic." Republicanism is now far more truly German in its vigorous energy, its commonsense, its adaptability, its distrust of mere politics, than Kaiserism ever was. Hindenburg, immeasurably the most sensitive and far-seeing ruler Germany has known since Frederick the Great, made up his mind very definitely that the Republic was good for Germany before he took on the job of President. Whether he ever had any prejudices of ancestry, birth, upbringing and environment, he shed them forthwith, determined that Germany should get the benefit of all the best that was in her, brain and brawn alike. And the cheapjack Ludendorff, the petty-souled huckster of last week's hooliganisms, chewing his finger-nails in far-off Munich, and muttering threats against non-existent traitors and enemies, cannot understand why no more votes come his way, while the grand old simpleton of the Wilhelmstrasse sits enthroned in universal love and confidence.

At eighty-two, Papa Hindenburg holds the reins of the Reich with the firm and easy fingers of youth. It was early days for him when some inspired genius suggested that it would be wise to save him from the unnecessary fag of social duties. The idea was taken up with German thoroughness, and a charming niece does all Papa's entertaining for him, and keeps fools from wasting his time. That is how he is able to find time for all manner of important trifles, such as the question he considered so carefully not long ago, when a group of representative German Jews invited him to say whether he was anti-Semitic. Ludendorff, faced with the same question, had not even the courage to express his known convictions, which he keeps for better tactical occasions. But Hindenburg went into the matter in all seriousness, examining theories and reasons, and finally stated his conclusion in a sober negative. But he put his form that it made a most valuable *carta Judaica*. He gave an open testimonial and certificate to his petitioners of that quality they prize so dearly, and

whose denial galls them so bitterly. He paid public tribute to the German Jews for their Teutonity.

Nevertheless, there is something to be said for the Gentile who hesitates to accept the Jew on equal terms. He thinks the Jew is keeping something back; so he does the same. Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Pilate all made the same mistake of imagining that the separateness of the Jew had any political significance. The great Sultans of Turkey never did so, and were able to treat their Jews decently in consequence, with much profit to themselves. But when one Jew loudly proclaims himself a Zionist-Nationalist, a mere temporary sojourner in any land but Palestine, and pastes all his co-religionists with the same label, while the next one in the street denies that Judaism has any significance to him but that of religious confession, what is the poor Gentile to think? And when he is introduced to two Jews together, one of whom satisfies all the specifications of the caricaturist, while the other might be his own cousin, what then? Here, for example, flocking into the former Prussian House of Lords, is an assemblage of Jews from all over the world, German, American, British, French, and others met for an international conference on Progressive Judaism. You might take a score of them at random, selecting them with your eyes shut tight, and say, with ethnological justice, that here was a group of Jews typical in face and feature, in nervous physical activity, in voice and mannerism. Yet you would find that many different nationalities (or citizenships, if you will) were represented amongst them. On the other hand, looking down from the gallery, you could pick out any number of typical Germans, Americans, Englishmen and English women, all Jews, but without indication or identification. There you have a preliminary puzzle of a kind that only a very earnest anti-Semite would try to solve. All these Jews have assembled in Berlin to make plans, not for the subjugation of the world, but for the refurbishment of what they regard as an old-fashioned religion. It will, perhaps, take more than an international conference to sponge out the effects of over 2,000 years of accumulated custom, nervous reaction, sub-conscious fears and repressions, and the multiform expressions of a race-proud gregariousness fostered in a thousand stifling synagogues of the Diaspora. Yet it was Germany which cradled the first Reformed Judaism, seeking to throw off, with many other Talmudical shackles, all the petty chains of tradition which served to mark the difference between the German Jew and the German *pur sang*. Here, amongst these lawyers, doctors, engineers, and merchants, are what we should have called "typical Huns" when we used to talk that way, men who wore the field-grey uniform with honour, Germans in patriotism, in outlook, in bearing, clamorous to be so regarded, yet reserving a special pride in the Jewishness which endows them with gifts no nation can afford to reject or despise. And the new Judaism which they seek to create is shaping itself in their minds as a movement full of potential riches for Judaism, for Germany, and for the world at large.

And that is how this polished and elegant young aristocrat from the Foreign Office comes to be reading a formal address of welcome from his Government—couched, however, in no mere formal terms—to a gathering of Jews of all countries, assembled in the sacred debating chamber where, a dozen years ago, the very rumour of a single Jew's presence would have set every *Schnurbart* a-bristle.

#### 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.



Grimm thinks of neurosis as exhibited only in those who succeed in the economic sense, by their neurotic behaviour.

Adlerian psychology, especially if understood in relation to the whole tremendous effort of the last thirty years towards understanding of the human mind, is like a magic torch by which any man may see more clearly the realities of his own conduct and of the institutions of the world, in a direct manner which releases dynamic force. That released force is the essence which operates the substance.

The substance of Social Credit is economic democracy in being—not a theory; and the Essence of Individual Psychology is a way of life—not a theory about life.

(To be continued.)

## The Screen Play.

### "The Constant Nymph."

There are occasions when the critic considers himself justified in using all his superlatives. One came my way last week, when I saw *The Constant Nymph* at the Avenue Pavilion. This is on the whole the nearest approach to what the Americans would call a 100 per cent. film that I have yet seen. Many otherwise admirable kinema plays are marred by such defects as bad casting, a banal story, or an inartistic "happy ending." In the screen version of *The Constant Nymph*, acting, casting, production, photography, and story are alike nearly perfect, and it survives the hardest test that can be imposed on a film or stage version of a novel in that it retains all the atmosphere of the original and does not suffer by comparison. This is not only far and away the best English film I have seen, but one of the half-dozen best of any nationality, and I congratulate Basil Dean and Adrian Brunel, the producer and director, respectively.

As *Tessa*, Mabel Poulton has a rôle that comes to an actor or actress only once in a lifetime. Rôle is really the wrong word; she does not play *Tessa*, she is *Tessa*, the creature of the novelist come to life. In a really civilised community she would never be allowed to appear in any other film play, but be handsomely pensioned off for life. Ivor Novello is also excellent as *Lewis Dodd*. As a rule, I find the mannerisms of *ce cher Ivor* somewhat distressing; it is therefore all the more pleasing to be able to chronicle a performance in which he is not sweetly schoolgirlish. Of the rest of the admirable cast I single out for special mention Tony de Lungo as *Roberto*, and Peter Evan Thomas as *Ike*.

### "Forbidden Paradise."

*The Constant Nymph* has just been generally "released," and at the Avenue Pavilion it was shown only as a "supporting film" to *Forbidden Paradise*. This is one of those screen plays which make the judicious grieve on account of the waste of effort on a triviality. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and with Pola Negri, Adolphe Menjou, and Rod la Rocque in the cast, it tells a banal story. The photography is also bad, due, apparently, to excessively strong lighting. Pola Negri displays real gifts of comedy, and Adolphe Menjou is, as always, a finished and natural artist. But when shall we see this gifted player in a rôle worthy of his talents? Why he is constantly selected for puerile productions is one of the many mysteries of the film industry which I do not pretend to be able to solve.

### "The Prince of Adventurers."

Another general release is *The Prince of Adventurers*, which I saw at the Coronet. This is a Universal Film de France production, which, on the face of it, cost a considerable sum to make, and also represents a waste of artistic effort. Ivan Mosjoukine gives such a wooden performance as to suggest either that he was bored stiff with his part, or had quar-

relled with the director; compared with his playing in *Surrender*, he appeared a Robot. Jenny Jugo, of whom the filmgoer will see more in the immediate future, was delightful. Like most screen plays, *The Prince of Adventurers* is too long, but the photography is excellent—indeed, it almost converted me to the coloured film—and the producer has been remarkably successful in recapturing the atmosphere of a vanished period. The story is both dull and stupid, and in view of the philanderings of the hero I would suggest that a more appropriate title would be "*The Prince of Stallions*."

### "The Sea Beast."

A notable forthcoming revival will be that of *The Sea Beast*, which was trade-shown at the Astoria last Thursday. This is a very free adaptation of *Moby Dick*, and is notable for the extraordinarily fine acting of John Barrymore as *Captain Ahab*, the thrills of its whale hunting, and a marvellously realistic storm at sea. The last was, in fact, the real article, and not stage-managed in a studio. The film is, however, too long, especially in the early part, which was needlessly repetitive. Why producers will not realise that a good screen play running for an hour and a half can be spoilt by insistence on "shooting" from nine to ten thousand feet of celluloid, is another mystery which baffles me, save on the theory that mileage is the test of art. Nevertheless, *The Sea Beast* should not be missed; it shows John Barrymore to have no superior as a film actor. Is it too much to hope that other producers will cast him as he deserves? I agree with his own verdict that this is his best film part to date.

DAVID OCKHAM.

## Music.

### Mahler IV. Symphony (Wireless: August 5).

With extraordinary courage the B.B.C. broadcast this symphony from Birmingham, and have received, I do not doubt, a deluge of abuse for their pains, especially as the work lasted practically an hour. The work has an extraordinary quality of what I can only describe as green freshness, a suave and smooth beauty of contour, a grace and charm of melodic line and a peaceful spirit, which last is an unusual thing in the greater works of Mahler, and even through the wretched orchestral playing and dull conducting, the wonderful appositeness and supremacy of the orchestral craftsmanship was always manifest. The second movement of this symphony has a strong affinity with the third movement of the great second symphony; no one but Mahler could have written them, that particular type of gently flowing semi-quaver movement in three-eight time being especially typical of him. For securing extra brightness and telling power for the solo violin part, which runs through practically the whole of this movement, Mahler takes the unusual course of directing the player to tune his instrument up a whole tone, the part thereof being written as for a transposing instrument a tone above the actual sounding pitch, the rest of the strings being muted. The effect is as wholly successful as it is unprecedented, the solo violin taking on against the muted string background a delicious reed-like quality. The last movement is an old setting, or rather extended treatment of an old Bavarian folk-song telling of the joys of heaven as imagined by a child, describing all the good things to eat made by the angels and "Sanct Martha die Köchin." The solo part sets great interpretation difficulties—great simplicity, naïveté of feeling combined with exquisitely polished singing—that is to say difficulties utterly beyond the fifth-rate ballad singer inflicted on us on the occasion—difficulties to be faced and overcome by an artist of the stature of a Blanche Marchesi—by none less. The work closes in a mood of Elysian peacefulness calling to mind Manet's marvellous "Sérénité" in the Luxembourg

Gallery in Paris. Some of us would now be grateful for a performance of this Symphony, having heard a scratch rehearsal of it. Dare one hope that the B.B.C. will continue to oblige, and with more Mahler?

### B.B.C. Modern Chamber Concerts.

The first of these concerts, broadcast from the Arts Theatre Club, was remarkable pre-eminently for the really beautiful imaginative and accomplished singing of Ninon Vallin of a group of the lesser-known Debussy songs, such as the "Ballade des Femmes de Paris" and the lovely "Promenoir des deux Amants." Here, indeed, is a perfect inter-pretress of Debussy songs, with a real voice and a genuine singing art, full of sensibility and sympathy, something in another world from the loudly advertised and noisily acclaimed Croiza.

### Promenade: September 6.

On the other hand, such Mozart singing as Miss Dorothy Bennett's at the Prom. on the sixth might have been tolerated at a village concert, because one does not go to such places to listen to music! In a programme in a leading London concert hall in an important series of concerts, not to mention the presence in the programme of such an artist as Norman Allin, it is beyond pardon. Mr. Allin sang "Furibondo spirail vento" from "Partenope" of Handel, and sang it magnificently. Such superb *brío*, such fine *fioritura*, such complete mastery of the Handel style, are indeed a joy of joys. It is a strange fact that the men singers in England are so enormously superior and more numerous than the women singers. One knows of two or three women singers at the outside fit to be considered first-class, but there must be nearly a dozen men.

### Promenade: September 13.

A dull programme, dully performed, except for the (as usual) masterly playing of Egon Petri, lamentably wasted on the tiresome and inane "Partita" of Alfredo Casella, which, with its highly nickel-plated bombast is at least thoroughly representative of Musolinian Italy, however little that be (or so one hopes) of the true Italy. A Concerto Grosso of Corelli, clumsily and crudely weighted down by Rupert Erlebach in an entirely inappropriate dishfingering and unnecessary arrangement "for modern requirements" (according to the programme), and coupled with Sir Henry's inability to leave the obvious un-emphasised, made a singularly displeasing combination. The rough, coarse playing completed the final ruin of the work.

The early Schubert Fourth Symphony was a welcome relief after the everlasting C major and the "Unfinished," but hardly much else, as is only to be expected, seeing the age at which he wrote it, his late teens. But that age does not necessarily bring experience, taste, or even discretion; one had but to listen (if one could bring oneself to it) to two excerpts from Mr. Rutland Boughton's "Immortal Hour," written when he was already old enough to be the father of the Schubert of the Fourth Symphony. The one is the rather raw youth of genius, the other a manifestation of the so prevalent and admired infantilism which trades under the name of simplicity.

In an interesting *coup d'oeil* over the history of the Proms. by the admirable Mrs. Newmarch, who is as essential a part of them as Sir Henry Wood himself, she exposes once and for all the malicious slander (started when German-bating was a safe, profitable and popular sport) to the effect that under the Speyer régime British compositions did not get a fair share of places in the programme. Her exposure of this is complete and shattering, and she does not hesitate to admit that under this régime the Proms. "attained their zenith," and in fact leaves us in no doubt that this was the most vital and important period in the history of these concerts.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

## Drama.

### "Such Men Are Dangerous": Duke of York's.

"Such Men Are Dangerous," adapted by Mr. Ashley Dukes from the German of Alfred Neumann, covers the same episodes of Russian history as Merejkovsky's "Paul I.," produced at the Court Theatre nearly a year ago. The methods of the two dramatists, however, are in black-and-white contrast. Merejkovsky's play was an effort to light up history. Without falsely distorting the persons, he tried to interpret the world forces of which the figure-heads of States appear to be no more than the instruments. Merejkovsky's characters belonged to a definite place and time. They were pre-occupied with the ideas of their time. But for the names and the place-names Neumann's characters belong to no particular country or epoch. From his play, for instance, it could be inferred that a conspiracy to depose the Emperor could come to fruition in St. Petersburg in 1801 without anyone in it having heard of the French Revolution. In Merejkovsky's play the ferment of ideas set up by the American Declaration of Independence, with its natural rights of man, and the secular republicanism of France, worked also in the Russian mind, either as ideal or as anathema.

In Merejkovsky's play, also, the Army and the people, as well as the State, were realities. There was a background of a great country and great suffering. Such references as Neumann's play makes to Russia and the future give only an impression of tongue-tiedness. In spite of all the drums beaten off stage, the atmosphere of the stage does not expand beyond it. Merejkovsky exercised the virtues of conscientious craftsmanship on far more characters than has Neumann. The latter does not show the Empress, from whom Merejkovsky drew both drama and pathos. Take, again, the Czarevitch Alexander. Merejkovsky drew him in detail. The audience's sympathy was intelligently enlisted for a boy more at peace reading Rousseau or Voltaire to his wife than dreaming of his future sovereignty; and more impressed by the ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity, than by the divine rights of emperors. Neumann's Czarevitch is nobody at all. His visit to his father without mentioning his knowledge of the conspiracy, and his undertaking to support the plotters when Pahlen gave bond for the Emperor's life, although essential to the scheme of the play, could be cut out of the representation and simply announced without anything being missed. Neumann's Alexander is just a toy soldier in a bright uniform. That he was in travail at being involved in deposing an emperor, who, though his own father, deserved to be deposed, on behalf of himself, who had neither stomach for emptying a throne nor for filling one, was not so much as suggested.

Neumann's play, then, is devoted to three people, Count Pahlen, who rightly dominates the stage, Paul I., and Anna, the Baroness Ostermann. For these three there is plenty to do and to say, and, in Mr. Matheson Lang's production, it is done and said by very fine actors. My whole support goes to those actors who realise that they are giving a show, and I have no sympathy with the convention that they ought to mimic real people. In the acting of these three characters, as in most of the minor characters, so far as their dramatic limitations permit there is life and blood. In a scene in the Baroness's boudoir Pahlen takes advantage of his late mistress's wish to win him back to force her into the plot. Partly to bring affairs to a head, and partly to make her the royal mistress and thus command the emperor "by night as well as day," he forces her to write an anonymous note to the emperor denouncing Pahlen. Matheson Lang and Isobel Elsom made this scene memorable by the power of their acting. It became the outstanding episode of the play.

Yet with Pahlen and the Czar, as with other characters, comparison with Merejkovsky goes against Neumann. In Merejkovsky's play the Czar is a complex character who draws pity, contempt, and curiosity all at the same time. His fluctuation between cruel insanity, as though protesting against his people because he was saddled with their care, and lust for greater power, made a picture that stimulated the understanding. Merejkovsky's Paul was a father who hated his son as a rival but loved him as a son, who was as remorseful a forgiver as he was a mad punisher. Neumann's is a muttering lunatic hunting round for somebody to flog or grovelling in sentimental terror. With so little majesty to compensate his vices he must have been overthrown before he was. Any common assassin would have been a public benefactor and immediately recognised as such. In spite of the whip-like force of Robert Farquharson's speech and movements, and his subtle changes of mood between megalomania and melancholia, it was impossible to believe that Paul was the Emperor of all the Russias. He was any man with *folie de doute*.

The Pahlen of history must have been a remarkable figure. Merejkovsky created him superman, a demon of action whose every thought was focussed on his purpose, about which, in that most literally descriptive of idioms, he had made up his mind. He took a yea, a nay, and a straight, conscienceless line to his goal. Neumann's Pahlen, in the intervals between moving his pieces, sits down to sentimentalise on the harshness of fate in choosing him to injure where he feels more pity than hate. In one scene, Pahlen, Anna, and the Emperor drink together. After accusing Pahlen of conspiracy, the Emperor draws a gun and threatens to shoot him. When he cannot, Anna picks up the gun, but she also cannot shoot. By the end of the scene Pahlen is sitting in the royal chair nursing the babbling baby of an emperor to sleep; and Pahlen weeps. True, there is a vacancy for a human characterisation of Pahlen, since Merejkovsky drew of him only what was significant for his particular play. But this Pahlen is neither Russian nor superman. He is sentimental, romantic, and German. He touches the same spring in our hearts as opens the floodgates of brotherhood when Charlie Chaplin touches it. In the last scene Pahlen forfeits his bond for the Emperor's life, which he cunningly arranged should be taken. With his lieutenant Stepan, he gets drunk on vodka as preparation for suicide at dawn. His dying like a god would have been tragic if he had lived like a god. As it was, it added only a final touch of false romanticism.

In view of the recent production of a more comprehensive play, Mr. Matheson Lang was not well advised to begin his season with this one, in spite of the three fine opening scenes. His own performance is magnificent. His silk-glove strength and commanding persuasiveness would have made the piece if anything could. Comparison of the scenes in the two plays, however, where the conspirators meet before the outbreak should have warned Mr. Lang not to follow Merejkovsky with Neumann. The short second act of the former dramatist's work was one of the most memorable scenes presented to this generation. For Mr. Ashley Dukes's plea that the theatre is a frame within which author, producer, and actors co-operate to give as fine a show as possible there is a great deal to be said, and so long as the theatre is not thereby prevented from being other things as well, there is nothing to be said against it. In this production, however, while all the co-operators but one, including Aubrey Hammond with his designs, furnished contributions far above standard, the author's—the first among equals—was much below standard.

PAUL BANKS.

## The Isle of Dogs.

The Lesser Wanderloo Islands lie between the coast of Queensland and the Great Barrier Reef, and the smallest of them was once known as the Isle of Dogs. The Pilot Book knows nothing of this, but describes them, under their collective name, as uninhabited; and so they are now. But once a man and a woman lived there, on the Isle of Dogs, though none of the rare adventurers that land to explore the island can find the ruins of the wooden shack they lived in.

It was the man who christened the island, a Cockney, a fugitive from the rough justice of the Victoria goldfields. Unlucky himself, he had stolen a nugget from a sleeping pal and fled north to Queensland, arriving at last, after incredible hardships in desert and on mountain top, at a little port north of Brisbane.

He changed his name, disposed of the nugget at a fair price, and looked about for something to occupy his time. In the same circumstances any of his mates would have bought a public-house, or spent their money in a glorious month or two, to come down to cargo lumping on the waterfront. But our little Cockney was a romantic, and his queer, primitive imagination was stirred by the thought of the Great Barrier Reef that stretched its length northwards, somewhere out to sea. He used to sail out with the Japanese fishermen who scoured the Reef in their little ketches for *bêche-de-mere*.

It was on one of these trips that he was carried away by the tail end of a cyclone, which landed him with the Japs one morning to look for water on what he was to call the Isle of Dogs. In the dim dawn the awakened seabirds wheeled above the low cliffs, shrieking their protest; and then the sun rose behind the Reef, touching into life the thick green of the vegetation with its slanting rays, and affording the seafarers light to search the bush.

Half-way up the hill they found a spring, but the little Cockney toiled up to the top and climbed a palm tree to get the better view. This was the island of his dreams; the island he had never hoped to find. As he came down the hill a great white cockatoo flew out suddenly from the tree tops. While the fishermen were filling their water beakers he explored the shore. Here and there rocky crags rose sheer out of the water, but between the cliffs lay little beaches, white with powdered coral, and dark, cool creeks where land crabs and tiny lizards darted about the surface of the mud among the high, twisted roots of the mangrove bushes.

Back a little from the shore he found a plant of honeysuckle which flaunted huge red flowers on the branches of a mango tree, and scented the air with a heavy sweetness that took him back to childhood's holidays on Kentish commons. He went aboard the ketch in a happy ecstasy that lasted all the way back to port.

How he got the best-looking barmaid of the largest public-house to come back and live with him there on the Isle of Dogs is a hard thing to imagine. But somehow he fired her with his queer enthusiasm, and at the time perhaps she even loved him. His friends the fishermen took the pair of them over with a cargo of boards, corrugated iron, tools, guns, ammunition, fishing tackle and provisions, and left them on the shore, promising their Cockney friend to visit him within the next six months.

The first month or so, we may believe, was sufficiently idyllic. The little shack was built, a garden cleared, and young orange trees planted in the rich, virgin soil. The man would go out fishing at daybreak in a collapsible canvas boat and bring back the breakfast for the woman to prepare. And she would cook the damper, digger-fashion, boil the billy for their tea, and mend his clothes when his rougher life had been too much for them. The rest of the time she would spend idling about in the shack or on the white beach where she could pick up bits of shell or coral that hit her woman's fancy, and string them together to adorn her person.

In the evenings they would climb the hill to a clearing he had made and sit there with clasped hands gazing out towards the great Reef that lay beyond their sight.

The little Cockney was happy, for now at last he was living every day his very dreams. And she was happy too, it seemed, in her different way. The coarse grain of her nature was shot with an emotional streak that responded to this romantic honeymoon. And so for the first month or so they were happy there together.

After that, for the Cockney at least, came perplexity, resentment, and pain. His woman was tiring for the bustle of town, the glare of the lights and the customers who passed the time of day as they stood, glass in hand, foot on rail, in the saloon bar where she used to work. And the Cockney, sensing this before she broached the question of

return, became at first quarrelsome and then sullen, so that the months of waiting for the coming of the fishermen passed like a nightmare a lifetime long.

The Japs took the woman back with them, but none of them saw the man. He was sitting up there in his clearing, gazing out towards the Great Barrier Reef. They came again in two or three months, at the instance of the woman, who used to wax sentimental over the eighth glass of bitter and wonder whether she had treated the man a little harshly. But the Japs found an empty shack, the weeds had already overgrown the garden, and a great red honeysuckle flaunted the sweetness of its blossom over the orange trees, now dead from lack of care.

The canvas boat was gone.

Years passed before the feet of strangers crunched the coral beaches of the Isle of Dogs. A party of sailors from a tidebound steamer, all of them half tipsy, came upon the shack. Inside, when they had pushed their way through the thick growth that choked the doorway, they found a table, a chair, a bed and a woman's hat, which fell to pieces as the leader thrust it on his ribald head. In one of the corners lurked an enormous spider. It seemed good fun to them to set light to the place, and in a moment the frail construction, burnt dry as tinder, was flaring up towards the blue sky.

A year would find the ashes covered with vegetation; already the clearing on the hill was sprouting with saplings.

MICHAEL JOYCE.

## Reviews.

**The History of Egg Pandervil.** By Gerald Bullett. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

The device which takes an opening scene and dissects it so closely and historically that it makes a whole novel before you get any farther is one which is not quite original. Did not poor Ward Muir do it in a novel called "Crossing Piccadilly"? However, we have no complaint to make against Mr. Bullett, who is a conscientious artist, lacking somewhat in the flakier cunning of his confectionery, but sincerely bent upon making figures of real life, and extracting human interest from their somewhat commonplace reactions. He has dignity and the instincts of a gentleman, and that is a good deal to be thankful for.

**Jewish Studies in Memory of Israel Abrahams.** Published under the auspices of the Alexander Kohut Memorial Foundation. (Press of the Jewish Institute of Religion, New York.)

It is some little time since this beautiful tribute to "I. A." appeared, but it is not too late to say a word or two about it. Abrahams was for many years Reader in Rabbinics at Cambridge University, and he might quite easily have been a mere pedant. But, in fact, he was a warm, human, scholarly citizen of the world, the finest interpreter of Jewish wisdom to Christian students that modern times have known. Many a Christian preacher, dealing with Jewish thought or Jewish problems from his pulpit to-day, learnt first from Israel Abrahams's vibrant, kindly voice and comradely smile, how to interpret with understanding not only the inspired religious teaching of the Pentateuch and the prophets, but the philosophy of the Talmud and the science of the Mishna. Here we find, in a book beautifully illustrated and printed, with George Alexander Kohut for editor, tributes grave and gay from scholars all the world over, Jewish and Christian, Foakes-Jackson of Jesus as well as Claude Montefiore of venerable scholars like Cecil Roth as well as mature and Stein, and Stephen Wise. Israel Abrahams was a man to whom it never would have occurred to count the greatness of his friends. It was enough that they numbered so many, and came from all ranks of thought, all stations in life. He was a sportsman of the finest type, who could find fun even in the Higher Criticism. What more can one say? Peace be on him.

**The Soviet Union Year Book, 1928.** By A. A. Santalov and Louis Segal. (George Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.)

These six hundred pages of facts about Russia make either a first-class reference book for business men or humanist, or a straight-forward adventure story for the cannot help but be interested in what they are doing with it in Russia. The editors of this book have only one axe to grind, and that is to improve Russia's position at home and in the world. It is a legitimate axe. Their facts are welcome, and, in the various branches we have read, fascinating. Compared with the social experiment of Russia the American experiment is a bit of upstart vulgarity. Socially, all the things that we argue about in Western Europe, of

marriage, divorce, legitimacy, etc.—we refuse to subscribe to the fashionable trick of thinking of Europe without Russia—have been settled in Russia with as great an ease as Alexander's in setting the horse loose. In a generation or two the period in which Western Europe lives will be mediæval by comparison with the modernity of Russia. In the economic sphere, notwithstanding all the foreign capitalistic concessions, the Revolution has resulted in such State control over industry and finance that a new civilisation must ensue. Russia's problem was not our problem. She had a genuine problem of under-productivity. The record of her attack on this problem is one of magnificent effort. Possibly the methods of her State-banking system, which are far ahead of those employed in our own country, were the most appropriate to her situation in the period following the Revolution. From the progress made, the readiness to experiment, and the freedom from superstition shown in Russian State-banking we are inclined to back Russia as the first social credit community. Returning to the reference book, it is a more comprehensive account of Russia, without views, than we expected to see for another ten years. The school or library without it is either unfortunate or past saving.

**Great English Plays.** Edited by H. F. Rubinstein. (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.)

Here is another mammoth anthology where any anthology would have been welcome and a mammoth anthology is a treat. As Mr. Rubinstein writes in his preface, we have reached such a pass in our attitude to the drama that multitudes do not know that anybody except Shakespeare wrote English plays before Shaw, an exception being made in favour of amateur drama societies, who only know Sheridan and have not yet found Shaw. This volume contains twenty-six plays. It does not include any of Shakespeare's work, and it restricts itself to the pre-Shaw period. It reaches, however, from "A Wakefield Nativity" and "Everyman" through Peele, Dekker, and Ben Jonson, to Beaumont and Fletcher, Otway, Congreve, and Farquhar, to Tom Robertson and Henry Arthur Jones; which is a way of introducing the seven-league boots into the preliminary survey of English drama. Twenty-six plays for eight and sixpence is less than fourpence a play. Otherwise we should have complained that the paper is not quite opaque enough and the type not quite big enough. We suggest to Mr. Gollancz for future anthologies sixpence a play and the improvements mentioned. Let him bear in mind the moral of the Bible—a major work of literature depopularised by the cheap-publishing Bible societies who, to get it into one octavo volume, knocked all the joy out of reading it, and left it no further use but to stop bullets.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

**CREDIT REFORM AND THE COMING ELECTION.**  
Sir,—I much appreciate your comments on the proposed General Election campaign. The proposal is open for discussion and for final decision. The methods proposed certainly flavour of political action, but from an advertising point of view the forthcoming General Election gives us an excellent opportunity of making ourselves more widely known, which should be of assistance to the "publicity department" of the New Economist and Social Credit Movement.

This object would not involve the expenditure of a good deal of money nor a tremendous amount of time. The only cost would be the printing of leaflets, and the quantity would be determined by the applications for them. To some it may not be convenient to distribute leaflets, but there is always someone about who will do the distributing, as directed, for a "bob or two." The movement can only do as much as its numerical strength will allow, and I agree that if that strength can be concentrated on two or three selected constituencies a "surprise result" might be the outcome.

Personally, I do not know one candidate who would be likely to answer the whole of the Questionnaire in the affirmative. Only in the event of a candidate answering the six questions in the affirmative should we advise electors to support him. Alternatively, the campaign would resolve itself into one of "Don't vote!"

Of course, our campaign would in no wise be a "noisy" one. We would have our literature (leaflets) and circulate it judiciously; get it into the hands of "likely" people. The existence of THE NEW AGE and the Age of Plenty would be made known. That is one good reason for entering into "political" propaganda—there is advertising value in it.

However, the question is open for discussion. May we have a good and hearty one!

H. E. B. LUDLAM.

**BRITISH SONG WRITERS.**

We are prepared to consider Lyrics, Songs, and Musical Compositions of every description with a view to publication. Send MSS. Dept. 2029, Peter Derek, Ltd., 106, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

**"THE AGE OF PLENTY  
and New Economist Review."**

SEPTEMBER ISSUE.

- "The Economic Consequences of the League of Nations," by C.M.H.  
 "The Coming General Election: A Plan of Campaign for the New Economic and Social Credit Movement."  
 "My Road to the Social Credit Idea," by F. J. Gould.  
 "Menin-gatis," by Rev. Paul Stacy.

Price 2½d. (post free). Annual Subscription, 2s. 6d.  
 Obtainable direct from THE PUBLISHER,  
 12, GRANTHAM ST., COVENTRY.

## THE LATEST PAMPHLET.

**Social Credit in Summary**

4 pp. Price 1d. (Postage ½d.)

A broad survey of the principles and technique of the Social Credit Theorem and Proposals in a series of thirty-nine short paragraphs, numbered and cross-indexed.

Quantity Rates: 25 copies for 1s. 3d., 50 for 2s. 6d., 100 for 4s. 6d., 1000 for 42s. All prices include postage.

**THE CREDIT RESEARCH LIBRARY,**

70, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.  
 Readers in Australasia can get supplies from Mr. C. A. Haythorpe, Elmore, Victoria, Australia.

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.).  
 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.

**CREDIT RESEARCH LIBRARY****Books and Pamphlets on Social Credit.**

- ADAMS, W.  
 Real Wealth and Financial Poverty. 7s. 6d.  
 BRENTON, ARTHUR.  
 Social Credit in Summary. 1d.  
 The Key to World Politics. 1d.  
 Through Consumption to Prosperity. 2d.  
 The Veil of Finance. 6d.  
 DOUGLAS, C. H.  
 Economic Democracy. 6s.  
 Credit Power and Democracy. 7s. 6d.  
 The Control and Distribution of Production. 7s. 6d.  
 Social Credit. 7s. 6d.  
 These Present Discontents: The Labour Party and Social Credit. 1s.  
 The Engineering of Distribution. 6d.  
 Unemployment and Waste. 1d.  
 Canada's Bankers and Canada's Credit (Reprint of Major Douglas's Evidence at the Government Enquiry in Ottawa). 2s. 6d.  
 The World After Washington. 6d.  
 Great Britain's Debt to America: Method for Repayment. (A reprint of Major Douglas's suggestions to the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, in 1922.) ½d.  
 DUNN, Mrs. E. M.  
 The New Economics. 4d.  
 GALLOWAY, C. F. J.  
 Poverty Amidst Plenty. 6d.  
 HATTERSLEY, C. MARSHALL.  
 The Community's Credit. 5s.  
 Men, Money and Machines. 6d.  
 POWELL, A. E.  
 The Deadlock in Finance. 5s.  
 SHORT, N. DUDLEY.  
 It's Like This. 6d.  
 SOCIAL CREDIT MOVEMENT (Symposium by members).  
 Social Credit and Economic Democracy. 6d.  
 TUKE, J. E.  
 Outside Eldorado. 3d.  
 YOUNG, W. ALLEN  
 Dividends for All. 6d.

**Critical and Constructive Works on  
Finance and Economics.**

- CHASTENET, J. L.  
 The Bankers' Republic. 6s. [Translated by C.H. Douglas.]  
 DARLING, J. F.  
 Economic Unity of the Empire: Gold and Credit. 1s.  
 FOSTER, W. T., and CATCHINGS, W.  
 Profits. 17s.  
 Business Without a Buyer. (In preparation.) 10s.  
 HERRABIN, 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.  
 SODDY, Professor F., M.A.  
 Cartesian Economics. 6d.  
 The Inversion of Science. 6d.  
 WAKINSHAW, W. H., and THOMPSON, H. J. D.  
 The Golden Crucifixion of John Bull. 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. 2s. 6d.  
 HILTON, J.P.  
 Britain's First Municipal Savings Bank. 1s. 6d.

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

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