

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER."

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

No. 1941] NEW SERIES Vol. XLVI. No. 3. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1929. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	25	DRAMA. By Paul Banks	31
Sir Tudor Walters attacks the building-rings.		<i>The Unknown Warrior.</i> Captain Brassbound's Conversion.	
Lady Waterlow's disclosure about the date of the first issue of the Treasury Notes in 1914.		MUSIC. By Kaikhosru Sorabji	32
CURRENT POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Ben Wilson	28	B.B.C. Chamber Concert. Egon Petri.	
The London School of Economics and the poverty problem.		PROGRESSIVE BIRTH CONTROL. By Phyllis Megroz	33
A SOCIAL CREDIT ENTHUSIAST IN QUEENSLAND. EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS	28	VERSE. By Helene Mullins	34
ABOUT THINGS. By Herbert Rivers	30	REVIEWS	34
THE SCREEN PLAY. By David Ockham	30	<i>Madam Life's Lovers.</i> <i>Woman, a Vindication.</i>	
<i>Three Brothers.</i> <i>The Unholy Night.</i> <i>Greed.</i> <i>Les Deux Timides.</i>		<i>Return of the Brute.</i> <i>Letters of Sir Joshua Reynolds.</i> <i>A Trip to New York.</i>	
		LETTER TO THE EDITOR	35
		From Ernest Hayward.	

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is curious to observe how every leader who sets out to compose disagreements in any field of politics invariably strikes a bellicose attitude, with the invariable result that he is invested with the virtue of courageousness by some section or other of the public, and occasionally by the whole public. The very last thing that the public think of is the nature and whereabouts of the foes against whom these champions assume the posture of attack or resistance. Nor, in these days of eugenics and birth-control, are there any of those Hans-Andersen children left who could infer the absence of clothes from the spectacle of nakedness. Everybody infers an enemy from the sight of a naked sword; and everybody measures the strength of the enemy by the gestures of the swordsman. The outstanding example of this hallucination was to be observed when Mr. Snowden, our modern Ajax, defied the sheet-lightning at the Hague. Even that image under-states the futility of the act. The true picture would be that of Ajax defying the Aurora Borealis.

Other examples are to be met with at every turn. Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Hoover set their faces sternly against the "militarist," an animal of such rarity that it can only be recognised by the abstract word "militarism." The Food Council threatens to put the profiteer to rout, but since nobody knows exactly what a profiteer is, the attack is construed as being against "profiteering"; and then everybody is quite clear about the issue. The leaders of all three political parties shake their fists at "extravagance," in default of finding any particular persons and programmes against which to level a specific charge. When we were young we used sometimes to see pictures showing how, in some parts of the world, travellers would occasionally see their shadows projected in enormous dimensions against the sky. And so it is with these armies of

progress; the enemies they think they see are themselves, and the malevolent gestures that appear to menace them are merely the projection of their own movements. Sir Tudor Walters, M.P., has discovered a public enemy in the "building ring." Rents are too high, he says, because costs are too high, and costs are too high because suppliers of building material, though not grouped in one organisation, "sign a conspiracy clause that no-one will sell at less than so much." (*The Star*, November 14.)

The rings, he proceeds, are at the root of the trouble.

"A 'ring' is an ingenious provision which enables you to rob the public and call it business. Any 'ring' agreement on prices is always disastrous to the consumer or the purchaser, as the case may be."

Very good. But immediately after making this charge Sir Tudor says: "I want to make it plain that I am not making any attack on individuals, either employers or workmen." So members of the building rings need not withdraw their votes from Sir Tudor at the next election. He does not go so far as to suggest that these conspiracy clauses which rob the public come into operation without human contrivance, or that they are signed by the hands of disembodied spirits. No, he allows that real live contractors have planned and carried out the robbery, but—

"they are not guilty of any greater sin than other members of the community. I am attacking an obsolete system that is wrong and must be revised."

Here we are as usual. It is the "system" that is guilty! The people who work it in one trade are guiltless because other people are working it in others. When everybody is guilty everybody is innocent.

Sir Tudor, however, partially forestalls criticism along this line, for he explains that the organisation of the building industries is very defective, and that the methods employed would "mean ruin" to any productive industry that had to "sell its goods in

the open market." Thus it would appear that the high prices fixed and protected by the ring do not reflect wanton profiteering but wasteful expenditure in production. It is not the profits, but the costs, that are the cause of the trouble.

"The building trade wastes its money; it is subdivided to an incredible extent, meaning costly overlapping and a general lack of business supervision."

He instances the price of a three-bedroom non-parlour house now costing £325, saying that he himself was building some for £300, and declaring that they could be built for £260 if the building trade were properly organised. That is to say, the building "wastes" £65 per house in unnecessary expenditure. But when this waste is analysed it is found ultimately to be payments to individuals. Its elimination would therefore involve cutting down the amounts of personal incomes or the number of people earning them. So Sir Tudor's specific for ending the robbery of the public consists simply in shifting the incidence of the robbery. His criticism of the building trade is really that it distributes more personal earnings than it need for a given quantity of output. If it would cut down the rent-money it puts into circulation by, say, £65 it could cut down the cost of a rent-earning asset—to wit, a house—by £65. But how would that reduce the gap between the price of the house and the ability of the tenant to pay the equivalent rent? Again, supposing that there was a general decrease in rents. Whatever the immediate financial benefit to the public amounted to it would be promptly withdrawn from them by an adjustment of the cost-of-living index-figure, with the result that the building industry would have virtually paid a subsidy to every other wage-paying organisation in the country.

While Sir Tudor Walters is grappling with a problem which his own arguments show to consist in the fact that there are more people making a living out of the building industry than it need employ, Mr. Philip Snowden is busily engaged in accentuating the problem. Replying to the left-wing reformers in the Labour Party who have been pressing for a minimum allowance of £1 for an adult single man under the Unemployment Insurance Act, Mr. Snowden justified his refusal to entertain the proposition on the ground that it would encourage slackness to make the dole too attractive. Apparently he considers that there must be a large number of men who, with £1 a week, would not seek to earn any wages. We will not stay to discuss whether he is right; all we shall say is that if there are a large number of such men willing to keep out of the labour market for that paltry sum the State would make a cheap bargain in paying it. Instead of that Mr. Snowden fixes a dole which will drive men to flock into industry irrespective of whether industry can use their services. The logic of his policy is the over-staffing of industry—the exact opposite of Sir Tudor Walters' policy of de-staffing industry.

Measured against the present retail price-level it is a sorry reflection on the financial position of industry if it cannot bid successfully for the labour it wants against the competition of a dole of more than 16s. a week. Express this sum in terms of any articles you like, consider these as energy-products and relate them to the energy-capacity of our industrial equipment, and the burden of the consumption of these things would be barely perceptible even if everybody in the country got the dole whether in work or not. But how different the position looks when one turns from the real to the artificial ratio—from the physical to the financial. The cost of the doles which the left-wingers demanded would have

been £26,000,000 extra; and, as it is, the increase sanctioned by Mr. Snowden will come to £12,000,000; the "fund" is "bankrupt" already; its "borrowing powers" are £40,000,000, and it is already "in debt" to about £38,000,000. Here is a menacing recitation of jargon words; but what, after all, do they mean? What is their equivalent in terms, say, of engineering? People are interested in the making and consuming of things. The "fund" which they want to draw on exists. It is the unused capacity of industry as organised at present, a capacity that is indefinitely expandable. The only "bankruptcy" to which this fund is liable would be its inability to keep the rate of production equal to the rate of consumption. But such "bankruptcy" can be ruled out as pure theory, for there is a limit beyond which consumption cannot proceed, and as a matter of calculable knowledge modern methods of production are within measurable distance of reaching that limit. In these circumstances exhausted "borrowing powers," and "indebtedness," when presented as reasons why we are unable to stir a peg to draw on our reserves of industrial energy when we all want to do so, can only be used to conceal a trick. As arguments they are unintelligible, unless one likes to consider it intelligible for a nation to disbelieve physical evidence of its accumulated real wealth merely because the bankers have no record of its value in their ledgers; or to renounce its right to do what it likes with its own wealth because the bankers will not write the value on pieces of paper.

In August, 1914, the banks themselves were bankrupt. They were under legal obligation to deliver gold to customers on demand, and could not fulfil it. So they re-wrote the law without waiting for Parliament to decide anything, and proceeded to deliver currency-notes instead of gold. They cannot now turn round and plead the immutability of law, much less custom, as the reason for prohibiting or restricting economic reforms which the community desires to have. If financial interests enjoy the privilege of using Cabinet authority like a rubber stamp to authenticate and impose measures of their own making, much more ought other interests, which perform all the work of creating real wealth, to do so. Lady Waterlow, the new Lady Mayoress, contributed an article to the *Sunday Express* of November 10 in which she referred to the printing of the currency notes by her husband's firm:

"I remember that in 1914—incredible as this may seem in 1929—there were no one-pound Treasury notes. My husband's firm was ordered to rush through the first issue of one-pound notes on the Tuesday before war was declared.

"At eleven o'clock at night, I went down to the works to be by my husband's side when the first notes were passed by Government officials. It was a solemn moment, for it presaged war, and changes that would lead we knew not where. My husband told me that the men would have to work night and day for three weeks at full pressure to get this important Government order through. He dreaded it for the men, for he knew the strain it meant."—(Our italics).

The Tuesday before war was declared was a week before. It was not until war had been declared that the Cabinet met to decide what to do about the currency. At least, that is what the public gathered from the Press. From Lady Waterlow's account it seems that Messrs. Waterlow and Sons got the order on the Tuesday, and that on the same evening she was able to see the first notes that came from the machines. We suppose that these notes would not require special machines; but they had to be designed, and plates had to be made; so it would seem that the decision to print them was arrived at at least some days previously to the Tuesday, say about a fortnight before England declared war.

our readers will remember Hesketh Pearson's book, *The Whispering Gallery*, purporting to be the recollections of a high diplomat. One of the most striking chapters was a circumstantial account of a Cabinet meeting at which well-known statesmen were presented as arguing the *pros* and *cons* of paper currency. But the author made the mistake of relating this episode as having taken place after the outbreak of the war. Now an authentic high diplomat presented (in the book) as being on terms of close intimacy with Cabinet Ministers would have known that they would not have wasted time debating something that had been put into operation a fortnight before. So people in the know saw through the hoax at once, and the *Daily Mail's* onslaught on the book followed immediately. It is amusing to recall that the *Daily Mail*, although it spent pages on quoting and discussing more or less remote evidences from the book that the author was not a high diplomat, never so much as alluded to the above evidence, which would have settled the question beyond doubt in the space of a short paragraph. Our only other comment on Lady Waterlow's information is that it is reassuring to know that currency-notes can be printed at the rate of a million a week if we happen to want some more of them in a hurry.

Lady Waterlow goes on to complete her narrative as follows:

"Something seemed to tell me that at a time like this the thing that they would appreciate most and that would give them courage to fulfil the task demanded of them for the country's sake would be a break for a religious service.

"I begged for one half hour to be taken, although every minute, indeed, every second counted, and my husband, believing that I would not urge it were it a mere whim, consented. Between us we arranged for Canon Newbolt of St. Paul's to come down and officiate. I do not remember a sight that ever seemed to me so impressive as that service. My husband believes that it was the one thing that could have induced the men to face cheerfully the terrible three weeks that followed. Shift followed shift endlessly, night and day, and not once did the men complain."—(Our italics).

We are disappointed that she has not included a transcript of Canon Newbolt's address. We should like to have studied it.

Reverting to the question of any new credit policy, we have already suggested that it should not be conditioned by bankers' past procedure, but by reference to its applicability to an approved object. If a whole people desire to put more goods into their markets for the purpose of getting more goods out, and know that they can put them there if they are allowed to have more credit, it requires a very different answer than a mere declaration by the bankers that however much more is put into the market no more can be got out. For this is what is entailed by the "inflation" argument. The statement: "the more money in circulation the less it will buy" (because of the rise in prices) would be understandable enough in a community which was already producing to its utmost capacity and could not increase its capacity. But a community having a reserve power of production together with a reserve power of consumption, and knowing, as it does, that the use of credit has enabled it to produce and consume such goods as it has hitherto actually produced and consumed, needs to be informed of the reason why credit can fulfil their requirements up to that point, and then suddenly falls impotent. It appears inexplicable why the maximum rate of consumption should have to stick at one point regardless of the progress in ability to produce, and irrespective of the community's unanimous desire to consume more. The mystery is all the deeper when one remembers

that, according to authoritative financial theory all the credit spent in production comes into the hands of consumers—which means that the reaping-power of any given quantity of credit is equal to its sowing-power, also that the whole harvest, great or small, can be gathered in and taken home. It is a matter of observation that this does not happen. Lord Melchett's rationalisation principle is based on the observed fact that industry's power of production exceeds the power of the markets to absorb it, and his policy is to scale down production to the rate of consumption. If not scaled down, then when the products appear some of them have to be held off the market, and sometimes even destroyed. Evidently then, granting that the *quantity* of credit coming through industry to the consumer is the same in amount, it is much less in *purchasing-power*. It is as if a £1-note cannot pay the price of £1 which it has created in the process of distribution by industry.

The Social Credit analysis clears up the mystery.

Although all money represented by retail prices can be shown to have passed into the hands of consumers at some time or other, the consumers have always received the money in advance of the harvest for which it was expended. If you consider economic activities as the sowing and reaping of wheat you can demonstrate the consequences as follows. Let ten men borrow £15 of bank-credit to sow a field. They divide this as wages. They get a harvest of fifteen bushels. They pay £15 for it—which means (in this illustration, where they are all proprietors), that they return the loan to the bank, where it is cancelled. They consume ten bushels and put aside the other five as seed-corn for the next harvest. They regard the seed corn as a capital investment, and value it at the price they gave for it, £1 per bushel. Suppose, now, that they repeat the process with another loan. The cost of the next harvest if measured simply by the amount of money they divide up, is £15. But if measured by the modern rule of accountancy which is that all costs relating to a particular article must be added together, the cost of the second harvest is £20. In the latter case they can buy only three-quarters of the harvest. They are obliged to leave the other quarters unbought; in terms of finance they have £5-worth more of corn than "the market can absorb." The reason is plain enough, for the banker has cancelled the £5. Now, considering bankers as they like to be considered, as *minders* of money, it will be agreed that in the above illustration the ten men would be entitled to regard the item of £5 in their first repayment to the banker as a *loan to him* which he was to hold at their disposal until they wanted it. It would differ from the other item of £10, for that sum represented the cost of consumed goods; so it would be in order for the cancellation to take place. This principle of differentiation should apply just the same to modern industry. But it does not. When banks receive repayments of loans they cancel the whole credit ("destroy deposits" as Mr. McKenna puts it) without the slightest regard to whether it, or any part of it, represents goods bought by consumers and taken out of industry, or represents materials (capital plant, etc.) retained by industry to be charged later on as and when used up in making consumable goods. The Snowden Inquiry Committee must be pressed to construe its terms of reference so as to cover the question of the *accounting* of credit both by the banks and by industry. Merely to investigate how to remove checks in the issue of loan-credit itself is of secondary importance. As a matter of fact there are ways of making *any* quantity of credit finance *any* volume of production and consumption provided that its issue and recall by the banks are regulated co-ordinately with the production and consumption of the real things that it represents.

Current Political Economy.

A year or two ago it was announced that the London School of Economics, under the presidency of Sir William Beveridge, projected a survey of the London poor, to replace the work of Mr. Charles Booth. Now, apparently, the project is to mature. Ample funds to make the survey thorough and complete have been provided by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial and the London Parochial Charities Trustees. Poverty is divided into two classes, first, that due to low income, and, second, that due to personal habits. The committee has already begun its labours, and has, by a scientific investigation found that the food necessary to maintain a person for a week must contain 3,300 calories, and that this food can be purchased for seven shillings. Whether the committee tested this as Hahnemann tested his drugs, that is by trying them on himself and his volunteer students, is not stated in my information.

England, everybody but a few Utopian fanatics have agreed for eleven years, is an impoverished country whose duty it is to consume as little as possible. The London School of Economics has provided information which renders a great saving of food at once possible. Let the menu which costs no more than a shilling a day, and from which the necessary protein and nutriment—this standard of food value is obsolete, but we can learn as we try—can be obtained, be embodied in a statute restricting all citizens to the patriots' bill of fare. Let the London School of Economics Committee and its members demonstrate the science of their statistics by accepting them for their country's sake. Let Parliament and the courts, the Civil Service and the Boards of Directors of the banks, prove to the poor by example that the total food bill of the nation need not exceed a shilling per head of the population per day.

When bodies calling themselves scientific, whether belonging to economics or any other science, indulge themselves in investigations such as described they call on science a contempt more appropriate to themselves. Of what use is it to them to know how many families in a certain street are below an arbitrary poverty-line, when they already know not to look for such streets in Mayfair and other places? The purpose given is "to define the minimum standards necessary to live above the poverty-line," as if such a purpose required a single question to be asked by any feminine intellectual busybody in any poor man's house from Bethnal Green to Woolwich. Is the London School of Economics in doubt as to whether poverty exists? Is it in any two minds as to what should be done about poverty? Has it any hesitancy as to whether anything can be done for the poor by surveying them? The answer is not merely negative to all three questions. Nothing done by the surveyors will reduce poverty by the least degree. The result will merely demonstrate that the poor should be content to go on in their misery because, when the statistics are examined in a fair light, not too bright, poverty does not seem quite so severe or widespread in the present as it was in the worst period it is possible to compare it with. The whole enquiry will do nothing but find a number of jobs for middle-class students of economics, who will quickly come to believe that counting the poor of London, and dividing them into grades of very poor, poor, and rather poor, is a worthy job for the higher educated. The object of Charles Booth in

exposing the condition of the London poor was redress. The object of the projected enquiry is to prove that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and that Liberalism need experience no bad conscience about the condition of England.

Division of poverty into classes, one, the poverty caused by personal habits, and the other, the poverty caused by low income is amusing. If the person classified as poor by personal habits were to spend in one week the cost of a single West End dinner with champagne on all his bad habits, from horse-racing to drink, he would have nothing left at all. There is more understanding in the person who cries out against moderation for one class being called excess for another than in all the statistic hunters in the country. Before a man with forty to fifty shillings a week is called "poor from personal habits," the Lord Mayor's banquet should be laid on the 3,300 divided by seven calories at a shilling a day basis. The enquiry itself is useless, senseless, and insulting to the poor as though somebody should say when told that there are poor, where are they? It is a pity that the London Parochial Charities Trustees should have no better knowledge of poverty and no better uses for their funds than to finance an academic inquiry into the geographical distribution of poverty in London. If the London School of Economics could see itself, it would surely cry out, what shall we do to be saved? And the answer would be, instead of going round with a book to discover where poverty is, take it as it is known to be, and cure it. Nobody eager to cure poverty would go into the East End to study the question. Such study is a form of scholastic sadism practised on the most sensitive and least able to bear it.

BEN WILSON.

A Social Credit Enthusiast in Queensland.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

11th June, 1929.—It certainly does need a mind out of the ordinary to grasp all the potentialities of Douglas; and I do pat myself on the back at times, because, although past the prime of life, I was enabled to understand both his economics and all those connotations he does not mention. There's no question of Social Credit being "a living force." I've had proofs lately.

I'm glad H—e [the Editor of *Freedom*—a small Social Credit journal] has written you; a letter from you now and then will encourage him greatly, although of late he's been in the Seventh Heaven at the results of my efforts up here. He has appointed me a sort of Editor-in-Chief, sends me the articles to go over, and says they improve by my editing.

I shall be so interested to hear of S.C. doings in England. That speech of Douglas at the dinner was excellent, and that £5,000,000 item! I've used that with effect.

Yes, I did real good at the Belgrave lecture (in Brisbane); captured the chairman (a doctor) and his wife and some half-a-dozen others, and now let me tell you of my more recent efforts.

You did not know that the outpouring in my letter was a kind of lament of what I had been able to do before Douglas came, and now, an old man, physical powers on the wane, mental powers better than ever, except the brain works slower, how I desired the vigour and vitality I then possessed, but, do you know, your letter somehow put a renewed spirit in me, and I passed it on to H—e, and we both "bucked" up, he in his way and I in mine, with the result that a good portion of Brisbane is talking Douglas, and not a few are studying him, and more are what I call "believers" without understanding.

It was this way (I'll be brief, although it's interesting). A council was formed to consider the cause of Unemployment. The two Archbishops and representatives of all sorts down to the Marxians formed the Council. The Anglican Archbishop preached a sermon on it, and said "Peace and good will was not enough, we must and intend to get to the

roots of the problem. There must be a solution." I determined that the curse of Meroz should not fall on me, so I went "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

I wrote him saying: the problem was solved, who could believe in the permanency of unrighteousness? etc., etc., and desired him to get me a hearing before the Council to diagnose the disease, declare the cause, and prescribe the cure. He wrote encouragingly, and I set to work to compose a "paper." Well, I wrote that "paper" three times before I was satisfied (and writing is a slow process for me now) and then waited a month to hear from His Grace. Neither letter nor a mention of the Council in the papers! Well, "Council or no Council," said I, "I'll preach Douglas now I've got it into shape; they've got to have it somehow, even if I advertise." Instead of which I made a list of nine of the bodies who were members, and went to Brisbane to interview each of them. Among them was the Chamber of Manufacturers, the Trades Hall Council, two Trades Unions, The Workers' Educational Association, The Returned Soldiers' and Sailors' Association.

Well, I got a friend of mine to give me a note of introduction to the Chairman of Manufacturers, got the Secretary real interested—promised me an appointment with the Chairman. The Trades Council would have nothing to do with me, neither would the two Unions. The Secretary of the W.E.A. was opposed at first; after our talk said he'd put it before the Director. "The Militant Minority Movement" (Marxians) would consider it. Archbishop not accessible—wrote him; the reply was the Council had broken up; no chance of agreeing to anything; so the roots were not to be dug for!!!

Well, to cut my story short, I spent two days trying to get one of these bodies to hear me, and it seemed pretty hopeless. Some days after the W.E.A. Secretary wrote me that I could have the Economic Students to talk to. That meant re-writing my paper, it being written for a mixed audience. I went, talked for an hour, and had some of the students questioning me an hour and a half after the class was over!

A few days later the Secretary C. of Manufacturers wrote; yes, they would give me an afternoon. I went, talked for a good hour, told 'em things they had no notion of; the Secretary suggested I should get my paper printed, so that they might study it at leisure, but I soon gathered, chatting afterwards, they were all afraid of the banks. Later I took the Secretary "Veil of Finance" and "Poverty and Plenty," and the Summary and "Freedom," and he's caught; wants to know more; will get the Chairman to read "Veil of Finance." (I'll take him in hand.)

A week or two later (I'd got a friend or two working for me) I heard the "Debating Society" of the W.E.A. were considering the question of inviting me to give them a lecture on the Douglas S.C. Proposals. They had a special whip, and the Marxians were "going to flatten me out." Full house; excellent chairman; quality of audience first rate. I was to have an hour and a quarter. I had re-written the lecture (almost satisfied me); I had three diagrams, Kitson's pyramid, Lever Bros.' diagram, and one of my own showing the conquest of a nation's Credit. I had their attention from the start, and held it to the last word. Then came the questions (But when I sat down I was amazed at the round of applause; I never dreamt I should get that); excellent questions; the Chairman kept 'em to the point. I hit Marx twice, but drew no response. Then followed a half hour's debating. They didn't know where to hit, and there was nothing to reply to. The Chairman, who was a Marxian, said, etc., etc., lauds and praises. I'd taken care this time to have some books; twenty-four "Veils of Finance" and some others, and Summaries, etc. They all sold in a few moments, and I could have sold twice as many; the last two—there were four separate shillings held out for them. Oh! it was good, and they didn't attempt to flatten me out. They didn't know what they were in for. Outside fifty minutes was well spent in further discussion, and so home.

Well, that's not the end. The Tramways Union Secretary subscribed to *Freedom*, and asked me to write for their Union paper. I had three letters expressing, etc., etc., at the success of the lecture, and a few days later an offer of a debate on the subject. Still more, an inquiry; would I read a paper before the Chartered Accountants' Society. Now then, isn't that all good news? I must tell you that all my Douglas books are out on loan—eagerly sought; and the only one on sale in Brisbane—"The Control and Dis. of Production"—was bought at once by the Secretary of the W.E.A. for the library, and was out almost immediately. I must also quote a passage from one of the letters I received.

You were quite successful and satisfactory last night, especially in your replies to questions, where you scored heavily every time. You certainly got and kept the close attention of the audience, and their interest and sympathy, and the quality of the audience was good.

The report I enclose was written by a man who knew nothing at all about the theorem, and in a letter he wrote me he "apologised for making no mention of the lecturer, as he was so full of the subject."

(Two days later.) The reporter has sent me the *Standard*, with a long letter in it from a Marxian. The Lord has delivered him into the hands of the enemy. He's given me a fine opening for some more Douglas, and an excellent opportunity to make his name known. I'm quite satisfied with my reply, and have left a few openings for him to return to the attack. I haven't studied Douglas for ten years for nothing. Like Paul, "I know in whom I have believed."

September 20, 1929. I've now delivered six lectures (handbill of last enclosed), and had a public debate at the B. School of Arts, carried on a long discussion with a Marxian in the *Daily Standard* (Labour) (I enclose the last of it, his letter and my reply. It was a great pity I had not a better opponent), got a letter printed on "Marx and Douglas: A Contrast." I wrote it as an article and, lastly, more articles in "Tramway Journal."

Perhaps the best proof I can offer as to the success of the lectures is: that I've sold some £2 10s. od. worth of pamphlets and summaries. There is no doubt that the audiences were deeply interested, and also that I carried them along with me.

The Chairman of the last lecture remarked that he always understood economics was a dry and uninteresting subject, but I had not only made it interesting, but instructive, and he hoped they should hear me again. At the same meeting I was asked to give another lecture elsewhere!

I've not managed to get an article on the leader page of *the Standard*, but they did print two of my letters there—the one I enclose. So what with lectures and letters and private correspondence and interviews, I feel my efforts will bear fruit and my closing years will not prove barren. By way of a little proof I send you two cuttings from converts(?) of mine, who are certainly trying to do their best; and the resolution at the Conference of the Storemen and Packers' Union is real good.

A Labour paper, *Union Voice*, has a long criticism on Douglas, but oh, such a pitiful thing! The writer knows nothing about it, but shows how it's getting about.

25th. The one from *The Commonwealth* I found among papers and thought it may amuse you. That article was written by an Oxford M.A. and a parson to boot! Lastly, the letter on "Marx and Douglas." I recently read an article in "Purpose" and almost felt I was indebted to the writer for a lot of that letter, i.e., the words; it had a similar ring in it—to some degree. The fact is I started to write that letter, and as I mentioned before, my thought runs slow, and I remembered an article in "Credit Power" on the same lines, and looked it up, and used what I could of it. I trust I used them well. Anyhow, it did good, and I heard it well spoken of, and had some letters about it—approvingly.

As to the "Purpose" article, I was greatly pleased with it, and we shall reprint part, at any rate, in *Freedom*. I liked that phrase—"common value." That was much needed. I am lending it to some of my best pupils(?) up here, and shall send it later to A—e.

I do somehow feel that what you term the "Social Credit State of mind" is something out of the ordinary. It does affect our lives quite beyond our economics, there's no doubt of that in my mind. What I value so much in it is that all-embracing element, "not till the sun excludes you will I exclude you." I love that.

It is really working its way and making itself felt. Inquiries for literature come from quite unexpected quarters, and a Sydney banker actually referred to our propaganda in a speech!

One of my lectures, on the advice of H., is to be read by the Secretary of the Australian Public Servants Association at their annual Conference this month!

That idea of yours of creating a "Douglas Myth" is most attractive, and really now I think of it, that is just what I have been doing in Brisbane the last few months. You see, he was unheard of before: now name and the Social Credit Proposals are widely known and talked of, and yet he seems to them an abstract quantity, a new force of thought.

About Things.

The B.B.C. Epilogue last Sunday consisted, in its first part, in the well-known passage on *Faith*, where Abraham is instanced as having died "not having received the promises." The moral of this and other examples adduced by St. Paul in his discourse is that we should distrust or ignore evidences which tend to weaken our belief in the ultimate fulfilment of our hopes. As usual, the moral can be perverted. It can be construed thus: Obey the laws of finance and you will assuredly enter into the land of promise: refrain from consumption, and you will find prosperity.

The concluding part of the Epilogue was St. Paul's declaration that, "forgetting all those things that are behind" he was "reaching forward," and was pressing towards the mark of the "high calling of God." Again the moral is susceptible of misapplication. Economic history is strewn with falsifications of hopes based on devices for alleviating poverty. These same devices are to-day still held up as the only ones possible, and are recommended as certain to succeed if we will only go on believing in their efficacy. It is obvious that people who are induced to regard it as a duty to renounce their reasoning powers in the realm of economics must necessarily denounce the use of those powers by others as immoral. In a word: to question the judgment of bankers is to blaspheme. It is not quite so bad as that yet, but I remember, about two, or perhaps three, years ago, a speech or article by a prominent banker in which he used the word "seditious" to qualify attempts to question the settled policy of the banks.

HERBERT RIVERS.

The Screen Play.

Three Brothers.

Last week I saw two productions which demonstrated vividly the difference between a good talkie and a good film. The first was "Three Brothers" (Astoria), extremely well acted by Tom, Owen, and Matt Moore, who are also brothers in real life, and admirably directed by William Le Baron. As a talkie, this is very good. It has an interesting human story; deals faithfully both with the life of the people and with the sordid mentality of the bootlegger and the gunman; avoids cabaret scenes (although there is some excellent dancing which is naturally introduced in the course of an evening party); and is especially notable for the dignified reticence of the closing scenes, which are conspicuously devoid of that gummy sentimentality in which Hollywood beats the world. Yet it is a photoplay rather than a film. It seemed to me that it would have created much the same impression if I had listened with my eyes shut or heard it over the wireless, and during much of the presentation conscious I was of the fact that speech seemed to make the picture itself recede into the background. If this is the technique which the talkie is going to develop, and I do not deny that it is an interesting technique, then we shall witness what I have for some time foreseen, namely, an almost complete divorce between the speaking and the silent film. "Three Brothers" may, of course, only represent an experimental phase from which the makers of talkies will eventually emerge, but it is typical of the existing stage of development, and is for that reason of distinct interest to students of the screen.

The Unholy Night.

Somewhat comparable with "Three Brothers" as an example of the new technique is "The Unholy Night" (Empire), save for the reservation that while its theme demands that quickness of action which is the specially suitable medium for a talkie, "Three Brothers" would have made a good silent film.

"The Unholy Night" is uncommonly good entertainment; goes with a swing; is well acted by an almost entirely English cast; and is packed with thrills and excitement which render the average Edgar Wallace novel almost tame by comparison. But its plasticity is not that of the film proper. It is an interesting and well-directed example of a talking film, and regarded *qua* talkie, is as good a thing of the kind as I have yet seen. Also, it is less of a photoplay than most of its type. Furthermore, it is in certain characteristic aspects quite definitely cinematic. But it none the less strays from the film without succeeding in creating a definite new form; it still has the mark of the hybrid.

Greed.

Most films made more than three years ago are only worth reviving, if they are worth reviving at all, either as curiosities, or as demonstrating subsequent advances. "Greed" (Avenue Pavilion) is a brilliant exception. Directed by Erich von Stroheim, who has never done anything better, it was generally released in 1925, and the only respect in which it can be said to date is that the lighting of some of the interior scenes is rather flat. "Greed" is based on Frank Norris's novel "McTeague," and has the rare distinction for a screen adaptation of preserving the atmosphere of the original. I have never seen a better-directed film, and it is to be commended to the notice of all those misguided persons who believe speech to be necessary to a screen play. The rhythm is cumulative, with a gradual intensification of the theme, and in some of the scenes von Stroheim has utilised pictorial counterpoint in masterly fashion. Gibson Rowland, Jean Hersholt, and Zazu Pitts are extremely well cast for the principal parts. If I were Dictator of England, I would make it compulsory for every picture theatre in the Kingdom to show "Greed" for at least seven days during the next twelve months, preferably during the week after the presentation of treacly slush of the "Sonny Boy" order.

Les Deux Timides.

René Clair is perhaps the most versatile of the younger school of French directors, and in "Les Deux Timides" (Avenue Pavilion) he has made that rare thing, a blend of farce and comedy in which the two elements mingle perfectly. This is a very witty and amusing piece, although a trifle repetitive, as is the way with French films, and most effective use is made of composite photography and of flash-backs in a court scene which show an accused wife-beater as viewed through the eyes of counsel for the prosecution and the defence. As the timid barrister, Pierre Batcheff is strikingly in the Chaplin tradition without being in the least imitative, while Maurice de Feraudy, as the other timid soul, gives a perfect character study in the best traditions of the classical French stage. Yvette Andreyor is charmingly competent as the youthful heroine. "Les Deux Timides" is a work of art which lingers on the mental palate, and sends you still laughing out of the theatre.

DAVID OCKHAM.

CURRENT SENSE.

"Were I asked to give advice as to how best to help a husband, at first I suppose I should decline modestly to give advice, and were I pressed (as I am being pressed now) I think I should say, 'Develop the idealistic side of your husband's temperament. Think for him sometimes, but think less of the action that will please him at the moment than of the achievement that he will be proud to look back upon as your joint accomplishment.'"

"I think that the running of a home is only the framework of a wife's duty. It is in helping a man to grasp the spiritual treasures of life beauty for which he gropes, but in the maelstrom of his daily work has not always time to capture, by doing on his behalf the kind, thoughtful, fine things he cannot always do for himself, that a wife proves her true value."—Lady Waterlow in the *Sunday Express*, November 10.

Drama.

The Unknown Warrior: Arts.

Nothing could be more appropriate for "Armistice Night" than a revival of "The Unknown Warrior." Played by a company who probably had few opportunities for rehearsal, it stands the test and remains by far the greatest of the war plays. It is as much a reflection of human consciousness as "Journey's End" and "The Silver Tassie" are reflections of class-consciousness. "Journey's End" is, of course, good work. Nothing less could have had so great a success. But its theme is the pathos of war whereas that of "The Unknown Warrior" is the tragedy. "Journey's End" is almost a war correspondent's reminiscences presented in the form of an illustrated report. In method it is pre-Ibsen, inasmuch as it centres round the social class regarded by the author as cultured and conscious, and brings in the other classes only for comic relief, as the porter was brought in, to Mr. Coleridge's disgust, in Macbeth. In addition, "Journey's End" exemplifies English puritanism and pragmatism: one learns from it, for instance, that war is bad because the stain of it drives a clean, athletic, father of future public-schoolboys to the whisky-bottle, because the young man too fond of women and living on salacious postcards is a neurotic coward, and because boys who had hero-worship for school-captains and international rugger-players are killed. Even so little comment on war, however, comes less from the play than from the imagination of the beholder. All the values of the play are inchoate within the play, which rather revives war emotions than creates afresh art of them. The multitudes who go to see "Journey's End" have the same motives as for joining in community singing: to re-experience the pathos of war without incurring an obligation to think about it. "The Silver Tassie" is a cry from the heart of earth itself for the inclusion of the unconscious masses within the orbit of mankind consciousness. It is a great protest against the criminal and cruel waste of the people by the classes; the dumb people who suffer; who are used in war with less consideration than are the mules, and who have scarcely any more opportunity than the mules of understanding why they are where they are. "The Silver Tassie" gives a sort of God's-eye view of war—the view of an impotent god who mocks all his creatures who claim free-will, while pitying the others. What is of such great inspiration in "The Unknown Warrior," however, is that, while it is an inside, human view of war, it represents also the determination of the victim to hold on to consciousness. It contains no suggestion of the easy way of bearing war by singing of von Kluck and Armentières, or drinking and finding forgetfulness in other ways. The Soldier receives no answer to the questions he asks of the universe; but he remains aware of them. With only the three characters of Father, Fiancée, and Soldier, war is treated seriously. The play reveals the truth about the mental conflicts raised by the war, between fidelity and human nature, between age and youth, between responsibility and the tearing desire to enjoy all that the moment may give, lest it be the last moment. Although "The Unknown Warrior" is French in form, sentiment, and values, it is the one war play which can be called without qualification European; and which fearlessly interprets the conscious mind of Europe in the war, both to non-Europeans and to the future. It is a drama fit to be associated with the idea of the unknown soldier.

Mr. Maurice Evans, who played the soldier, is a young actor whose work I have already praised on several occasions. Whether from lack of rehearsal

or not, he had not yet received the soul of the soldier into his body. His speech was too reminiscent of the English officer for it to convince me that this man, with his house, lands, and culture, was a private by choice; since the affected speech of the English officer, like that of the English ex-public school-boy, is deliberately cultivated as a variety far from the norm of good English to prevent any possibility of mistaken identity. Mr. H. O. Nicholson, in a very fine performance as the Father, came near to winning my sympathy from the soldier. Miss Jessie Tandy as the Fiancée had not a clear idea of the character. In the original production Miss Rosalinde Fuller was accused of over-acting, but I hold to the view I expressed then that Miss Fuller gave a great performance. Miss Tandy's was a pathetic manner of expressing a heroic-tragic character. It was lacking in positiveness, and gave no conviction of a character demanding the truth "though it slay me." "The Unknown Warrior" is a play for the few. May it at least be revived each Armistice Day, and may the same few continue to be present. The audience received the whole play without a hand-clap until the lights went up after the final curtain; the audience, indeed, was appropriate to the play.

Captain Brassbound's Conversion: Everyman.

The one thing that Shaw would like to overcome is time, but time outpaces him. Thirty years ago "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" was the work of a revolutionary with a puritanical passion for smashing romantic idols. Now it is a play with a theme, plot, and dialogue that any of a dozen modern young men might knock off as a pot-boiler. But for the name of Shaw as the title-piece "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" could not be thought either intellectual or advanced. The penalty which the fanatical reformer has paid for his being mistaken for a comedian is that everybody else now plays the same tricks as a parlour- or theatre-game; so that Shaw's earlier serious tracts now read like the "books" of modern light musical comedies.

It is surprising that Shaw has been able to carry off for so long the pose of being anti-romantic, since he is an obvious romantic in spite of himself. However keenly Shaw hates a hero, he dearly loves a heroine. "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" is the feminist equivalent of Mr. Chesterton's romantic "Father Brown"; Lady Cicely, in short, is the counterpart of the dull-wit in the fairy-tales who goes everywhere and succeeds at everything by always chancing to do and say the right thing at the right time. In the school-stories I read in "Pluck" at the age of ten this hero's name was "Specs." Throughout Shaw's life this woman idolatry comes out. But for the inefficiency of their idolatry comes out. But for the inefficiency of their male servants, women, he seems to say, would have set up Utopia long ago. Yet the reason why this worldful of male Peter Pans never grows up is, to judge from Shaw's plays, that the maternal instinct of woman is so overpowering that men are never allowed to grow up.

Shaw is a feminist romantic. His heroines serve as idols for those adolescent feminine feminists who, helped over every stile by some man, claim for themselves afterwards both the cash and the credit. But Lady Cicely, whether Shaw noticed it or not, is twice helped out of a bad corner by the foresight of men; once when Rankin called on the American navy, and again when Brassbound's gun-signal called him back from marriage to smuggling. But Shaw has also had this predilection for Americans all his life, and expresses it again in "Back to Methuselah." He gives the impression that only American men are fit, on efficiency grounds, to associate with English women, and may thus be regarded as having blessed the union of dollar millionaires and English honourables. When he stopped the marriage between Brassbound and Lady Cicely

it must not have occurred to him to marry her to the American captain. It was Lady Cicely, by the way, who experienced the burglary which is staged in "Heartbreak House."

But for the dull patch in the first act where the relationships are brought out on which the plot is based, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" is a bright piece of work, and one can only suppose that it was so poorly supported because the Everyman members want something more highbrow. It is well produced and well acted, with Mr. Malcolm Morley as Captain Brassbound, Harold Scott as Drinkwater, Walter Pearce as Sir Howard, and Miss Shirley Bax as Lady Cicely.

PAUL BANKS.

Music.

B.B.C. Chamber Concert.

At the Grotrian there took place, and was broadcast from it, on the 4th, an interesting concert of modern music. The piano sonata of Hanns Eisler is the usual utterly sterile, arid lucubration that is so extensively and intensively produced in Germany and Austria in these days under the dual influence, one had nearly said *incubus*, of Schönberg and Stravinsky. The lack of coherent and consecutive thought that becomes increasingly evident as the great modern mental weakness becomes *pari passu* increasingly evident in "modern" music as well, naturally enough, since in these days the "mob of gentlemen" who "write with ease" in music are as much a public nuisance as doubtless were their literary counterparts of the Restoration—with this difference, that the latter were almost all amusing while the former are dully dreary.

The Alban Berg Sonata which followed the aforementioned work is in another world altogether. Well knit, reasoned, logical down to its smallest detail, it is strong, lean, sinewy music, but singularly attractive and a remarkable achievement, for with its fifteen years of age it sounded much more vital and alive than the Eisler, which is of these latter years.

The Book of the Hanging Garden—a cycle of fifteen exquisite poems of Stefan Georg, set by Schönberg—were the occasion of a display of prodigious musicianship and interpretative skill by yet another gifted Austrian newcomer, Margot Hinnenburg-Lefebvre, an unthankful task, for the "songs" as a whole are all but a denial, a negation of the human voice, springing from that perverse anti-vocal obsession of the latter-day Schönberg, although the strangely impressive power of many of them is not to be denied. On the whole, the frigid intellectual contortions of the music seem a curious aesthetic reaction to these warmly, richly coloured poems. The elaborate and intricate piano parts were played with obviously great insight and understanding by that ardent and distinguished apostle of Schönberg, Edward Steuermann, who later played the tremendous *Fantasia Contrappuntistica* of Busoni. But the immensity of this marvellous work was a long way beyond him, and it was no more than an exceedingly efficient conscientious performance, though the austere and forbidding magnificence of the music did in no small degree come through the playing.

Egon Petri. Wigmore, November 9.

A recital of modern music, French, Italian, and Russian, by one whom even the more obtuse of the critics have at last discovered is a great master. In the French part of the programme, and a good deal of the Russian part, the stature of the interpreting artist was so immeasurably greater than the music he was playing that the effect on the latter was devastating. In the blaze of light this magnificent

mind and commanding genius turned on Ravel and Debussy all the essential smallness, meanness, and poverty of the music leapt cruelly to the eye which, in the lesser light of any others, would not have been so conspicuous. Up to a point artists of distinction and eminence even can make this music satisfactory in that it will bear a certain amount of greatness—coloured light, let us say. But once let the clear, white light of such playing as this be turned on it and it breaks down—it cannot stand it. We see all its seamy places, its shoddiness of texture, in spite of the magnificent art, infinite fineness, and beauty of nuance, phrasing, and style of the playing. On the whole, Ravel suffered much worse than Debussy. The Sonatine, the Pavane, and Jeux d'eau looked just like imitation diamonds in bright sunlight. It was a devastating revelation. Of the Russians—Medtner, Rachmaninoff, Prokofieff, and Stravinsky—it is amply significant that the first two stood the test very well indeed, though all were marvellously played, especially the abominable unpianistic and hideous *Petruschka* arrangement with which Petri achieved miracles.

Italy was represented by one composer whom for her shameful neglect and ignorance of him she does not deserve—Busoni—in the *Fantasia Contrappuntistica*, which thus one had the unprecedented opportunity of hearing twice in one week. I say hearing twice, but Petri made one realise that, meritorious as was Steuermann's performance, it scarcely skimmed the surface, compared with his own amazing reading of the great work. The highest praise one can imagine is to say that one sets it beside his performance of the "Hammerklavier" Sonata a short while ago. The rather terrifying quality of the work, its monumental grandeur, its severe and ascetic splendour, its eerie magnificence, its utter uniqueness were realised in a performance of such insight, such mastery, such vast power that it seems a human being cannot accomplish more. The tone-colour and variety of nuance ceased any more to belong to the ordinary realms of piano playing—this was of the fourth dimension. More and more the conviction is forced upon me that since the Hammerklavier one piano work has appeared that belongs to the same order of definitely transcendental music, and that it is the *Fantasia Contrappuntistica*, but it is a terrible as well as a mighty work, for, like the Hammerklavier, it will turn and rend any rash weakling who dares to try to invoke it. It is useless to talk of the prodigious variety of style yet unified with such utterly satisfying completeness, of the brain staggering complexity of its unprecedented structure—a choral prelude, a sequence of three fugues, single, double, and triple, in succession, an Intermezzo with three variations, a Cadenza, a fourth and quadruple Fugue, a repetition on an astonishing pedal figure of the Chorale from the choral prelude, and finally a cataclysmic *Stretta*—of the almost unendurable "excitement of the soul," a performance such as this never-to-be-forgotten one of Petri's gave one. But this was no performance—it was a celebration of a great rite, such as Busoni himself would have given—surrounded irresistibly with the peculiar feeling one always had with him of being at no mere music-making, but at the accomplishment of a magnificent and sublime ritual. Homage again and again is all one can offer to the great artist—priest one is tempted to call him—Egon Petri, true and only successor of his immortal master, Busoni, for at this exalted level art is no longer merely art, it is religion, and the artist becomes a high priest—a hierophant. One small wail, however, over the two big cuts, the first from the first fugue and the second from the fourth fugue. Although the latter is authorised by Busoni himself, who, in a note in the large collected edition of his transcriptions, adaptations, and compositions based on Bach works, says that it was his custom to

make it in public performance, this and the first excision contain, to my mind, some marvellous contrapuntal close weaving, the second involving all four subjects of the last fugue that it is a pity to miss. In this latter case, too, the climax of the thematic interweaving arrives, I feel, too abruptly with these two pages cut out.

In the *Daily Telegraph* of November 9 Mr. Robin Legge tells us that "a very welcome correspondent," whose idea, he goes on to say, seems to him a brilliant one, suggests that the funds collected by Mr. Isidore de Lara for his now abandoned opera scheme should, subject to the approval of the subscribers, be handed, not as any rational person would at once think, to the Beecham scheme, the only one with any promise either of fruition or accomplishment, and which is being held up for lack of 15,000 more subscribers at ten shillings a year, be it remembered—but to the Old Vic for its Sadler's Wells branch!!! Amazement struggles with disgust in one at the monumental ineptitude of the suggestion, let alone at a defence and support of it, especially in those of us who are of opinion that the operatic and musical salvation of this land does *not* lie in the Waterlooad, but rather with a musician of genius, of vast knowledge and experience, of immense enterprise, personality, and driving power—in a word, Sir Thomas Beecham. I cannot, for the life of me, see how two, two dozen, or two hundred Old Vics are conceivable as a satisfactory substitute for one first-class operatic organisation on Continental lines, such as that at which Sir Thomas is aiming. There are even heretical ones (I boldly confess myself one) who think like Cherubini, who, when asked what was worse than one flute, replied "Two flutes!" . . .

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

Progressive Birth-Control.

In spite of the horrified outcries of the orthodox and the anti-malthusians, the practice of contraception has now been widely accepted, and there are to-day a great many birth-control centres all over the country. That being the case, it is a curious and significant fact that no reformer has yet had sufficient courage to take the next logical step forward, and to demand the legalisation of so-called "illegal" operations.

Courage would certainly have to be the keynote of any such attempt, for it is enough merely to hint at the sinister word "abortion" for a number of no doubt very virtuous and respectable individuals to hold up their hands in righteous indignation. That the destruction of even a purely-embryonic life is against all natural laws must in fairness be conceded to these personages, but in conceding so much, it must also be remembered that unfortunately we do not live in an imaginary Utopia, but in a world of hard, and often brutal, reality, a world of many ineradicable evils. We have, for instance, been forced to acquiesce in the existence of prostitution, that dark, unstemmed undercurrent of our social system, and in other countries much has been done to mitigate its attendant catastrophes by the institution of "maisons tolérées," and by the registration of all public prostitutes. Prostitution, I repeat, however inadmissible it may be morally, is tacitly acknowledged; it is, then, a somewhat curious anomaly to ignore the fact that abortion, or attempts at abortion, will continue to take place, however illicit such attempts may be, and that possibly-valuable lives are lost in the making of such attempts. The condemnation or the condonement of such acts depends in varying degrees on individual cases, but putting aside the purely-personal reaction to this problem and taking into consideration the fact that it is obviously impossible to eradicate the bringing-about of abortion, surely it is time to prevent the holocaust of two lives for one, and to legalise any operation which will abolish this ugly and unnecessary waste of life.

In some countries, notably, I believe, certain parts of Holland and Denmark, where contraception is very widely practised, these operations being much less frequent, are already legalised, and are successfully performed. There is prevalent amongst most people a peculiar and entirely erroneous belief that these operations are dangerous, and, indeed, prove nearly always fatal, but this is entirely baseless. There is, as a matter of fact, far less risk attending a properly carried out

abortion than there is at a normal childbirth, but in order to prevent such attempts, this incorrect idea has been allowed to circulate. It is chiefly the secrecy that attends these operations that renders them dangerous, as they cannot be performed either in proper surroundings or conditions. In an operating-room, however, on an operating-table, with sterilised instruments and the assistance of a skilled anaesthetist, there is only the minimum danger that attaches to all surgical operations.

Any general practitioner will admit to the truth of the above facts, yet, although we are a supposedly enlightened nation able to take an adult grasp of the facts of life, we prefer to doom hundreds of women to hole-in-the-corner "gynaecologists," to the danger of almost-certain septicemia and death self-inflicted with rusty knitting-needles and crochet-hooks. Thousands of such deaths occur in the course of a year, and it is scarcely possible to justify ourselves by dismissing them with an Old Testament wages-of-sin-is-death attitude. It may be said, as it has already been said about contraception, and about the suggested sterilisation of the unfit, that were such operations to be legalised it would lead to a great deal of abuse. This kind of criticism, however, unfortunately applies to any drastic reform—it can only be urged that the need to protect the living is greater than the need to protect the unborn, and rightly or wrongly, therefore, we must guard against the infinite probabilities of death from furtive abortion in the only possible way.

PHYLIS MEGROZ.

The Snowden Inquiry.

The following letter has been sent by the Social Credit Vigilance Group to prominent newspapers in various parts of the country:—

Sir,—Armistice Day has come and gone, with its tragic memories and its emotional response. May we remind you once more that "goodwill, like patriotism, is not enough." We must see that the economic causes of war are removed if we are really to secure that lasting peace about which we hear so much and which we all so earnestly desire. Peace, Yes, but the ruined agricultural and industrial undertakings which are everywhere apparent contain only the germs of another and more terrible struggle than before.

You published a letter dated October 29, signed by the heads of large business firms, clergy, and private individuals. Since then I am given to understand their views have received substantial support from the public, and, indeed, the letter has obtained such valuable signatures as Lord Meston, Sir Robert Hadfield, the Very Rev. Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Manchester, and others. The personnel of the Snowden Commission is now known to the public, the terms of reference, we are glad to find, are wide enough in their scope to give the public all the knowledge it ought to have concerning a system of Banking Credit and Currency, which controls the destiny of each one of us.

Dr. Walter Leaf stated that the bankers are the arbiters of our destiny. Surely now, if ever, is the moment to insist that the public shall have full knowledge of the method by which this control operates.

Agriculturists and Industrialists are growing increasingly insistent that we should have a system of currency that will distribute the unlimited productivity of to-day.

Your valuable paper would do enormous service to the community if it would open its columns to correspondence on this subject. Unless publicity for the facts is given, and justice in this matter obtained for the whole community, the Snowden Commission may well prove the fatal and final bar to the recovery of a nation struggling against overwhelming odds.

We take the liberty, therefore, of reminding you that in your hands lies a grave responsibility, and an unequalled opportunity of ensuring freedom and prosperity for this country and its Dominions.

(Miss) MARY TALBOT GRACE.

November 13, 1929.

"This raises a big question in foreign trading which everyone appears to evade to-day. Why should we feel aggrieved when Germany offers us cheap food? What underlies the economic paradox that whereas an individual may accept a cheap or a gift article and be enriched thereby, a nation cannot seemingly accept cheap or gift goods without being impoverished in the process?"—*Glasgow Herald*, November 5. Leading article on German grain imports to this country.

Verse.

By Helene Mullins.

WOMAN LEANING OUT OF A WINDOW.

To what purpose does the long day draw to an end,
And on what possible good can the morrow's sun arise?
Above the dead soul flicker the dying eyes;
Whatever poor bit of gold there was to spend
Has long been spent; depression and boredom blend
In a vain effort to make her reflective or wise.
To what purpose does the long day draw to an end,
And on what possible good can the morrow's sun arise?

No longer she prays or attempts to comprehend
Why no thing falls to her hand that she can prize.
Innocent of artifice and bare of disguise,
Life awaits her at every turn like an ill-chosen friend.
To what purpose does the long day draw to an end?

THE UNLOVED COMPANION.

Better the unending silence behind the unopened door,
And the tin cup warily drained and the stale bread eaten
alone,
Than the sound of one's name forever falling like stone
after stone
From a mouth disdained and despised. O better one's
heart to the core
Be ravaged by solitude and left to the lonely death,
Than the flesh of one's body, the sacred ark of one's
mind,
Be touched by the hand of a stranger, however brutally
kind,
Be profaned by the sickening warmth of a passionate
alien breath.

BLIND.

Dark have his eyes ever been to the passion of earth and
the beauty;
Needless to lead him from home, needless to plague him
with tales.
What shall he see of the leaf-buds and what of the flaming
horizon,
He who has been from the first, shrouded in vaporous
veils?

Firm are his feet on the flowers, and rigid his hands in
the brambles,
Guessing not what he has killed, knowing not why he is
pained.
Marked from the day of his birth, and alone in his un-
lighted chambers,
How should he learn of God's world, how should his
knowledge be gained?

Needless to take him to task for the awkward and
blundering gestures,
Neither be wroth at the strength wasted in trivial ways.
Sight was withheld from the child, and the man knowing
not that he lacks it,
Turns from the hand of a friend, smiles at an enemy's
praise.

You who, not knowing his weakness, have entered with
dancing and singing,
Never be wroth if he asks why you have opened his door.
How should he know with what trembling and resolute
hands you have brought him
Something that died at his words, something you'll offer
no more?

"WHERE DOES THE MONEY GO?"

"Mr. Wheatley has given notice to ask the Lord Privy Seal (Mr. J. H. Thomas) in the House next Tuesday if, in view of the fact that an expenditure of £1,000,000 on unemployment relief schemes provides a year's work, directly and indirectly, for only 4,000 persons in the production and preparation of materials, and that an average weekly wage of 48s. to each of these accounts for only about £500,000, he has taken any steps to ascertain what becomes of the other £500,000."—(Parliamentary note in the Press last week.)

Reviews.

Madam Life's Lovers. By Norman Lindsay. (Fanfrolico Press. 15s.)

Mr. Lindsay describes his book as a human narrative embodying the philosophy of the artist in dialogue form. The book is not, I need hardly say, completely successful as a work of art; but it is far more readable than the title would suggest. The human narrative and the didactic dialogue are imperfectly fused, but each in its own way compels attention. The artist's philosophy is a philosophy of love; the innate creative powers can be released by love alone.

VARLING: I can't say why. I know that the subconscious is so adjusted that only a violent impact from without will set it in action. That is the reason why our most sacred obligation to art is to act the fool in life. The more thumps, bumps, and shocks we subject the emotions to, so much more material for art will be thumped, bumped, and shocked out of us.

PETER: A damned cumbersome process.
VARLING: It is. But we have a damned cumbersome mechanism to work with. Of course, it has obviously been designed to make work as difficult as possible. In fact, the whole divine ingenuity of an earth lies in the care with which it has been rendered insufficient to satisfy our conception of what should be. Thereby alone can such a conception be generated; thereby art exists.

Speaking pragmatically this is a good philosophy for the artist to hold, since it enables him to believe that art is the centre of the universe; which belief, irrespective of its absolute truth, will help him to paint better pictures. M. J.

A Trip to New York. By W. J. Turner.

The Ladder. By Vernon Knowles.

Love One Another. By Edgell Rickword.

The Smiling Faces. By Brinsley Macnamara.

Hobohemians. By Philip Owens. Mandrake Booklet series. (Mandrake Press. 3s. 6d. each.)

Many people have taken a trip to New York, and returned, burbling. When they are allowed to print their like or dislike of the American city and its inhabitants, it is stuff which a sub-editor could reduce by two-thirds; for a burbler is always verbose. The virtue of Mr. Turner is that he does not burble. He has a mind, a point of view, and a good pen; understands what he sees, sees more than he reports, and reports concisely. The result is the best "Mandrake" booklet published so far, in my opinion. One of the most interesting points made by Mr. Turner is his suggestion that America has adopted the Oriental harem system; only it is the men who are in the harem, "and no sound civilisation can be built up when one of the two sexes is confined in a harem." With this exception, Mr. Turner is very much in favour of the intelligent American girl who is, he says, most attractively alive, receptive and self-possessed. He is slightly alarmed at the uninhibited drive of America towards conquest. "The tiger does not seek to justify its appetite, until it is its appetite. The Americans do not, or did not until quite recently, seek to justify their lust for material riches and power." And he wonders whether the tiny minority who perceive the limitations of this lust will act at all effectively as a brake. "It is difficult to enlighten a drunken man, and in the modern city the populace seem to have nearly reached the stage of being permanently in dope, and consequently inaccessible to reason or feeling." The other booklets are all fiction. Titles and authors are given above, but I have preferred to discuss the only one which really interested me. J. S.

Woman. A Vindication. By Anthony M. Ludovici. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

This book was first published in 1923, and was, I believe, reviewed in this journal. In 1926, a second impression was required. It is now issued in a second edition, with a new preface, but with the original text unaltered. One is glad to record the evident demand for an intelligent book; the voice of a man can yet be heard amidst the gale of rubbish blowing from the printing presses. In the new preface, the author remarks that since 1926 the feminist position has been extended and consolidated, without having visibly improved the happiness either of women or of the nation. "As a solution of our problems, it would seem that modern feminism must soon be as wholly discredited as was the Woman Movement of ancient Greece, ancient Rome, or seventeenth century France and England." And he is glad to find that his most extreme statements have been confirmed by a writer hitherto hailed by the feminist camp as their very own. Mr. Ludovici quotes from Mr. Robert Briffault's "The Mothers," published in 1927: "Those achievements which constituted what we term civilisation have taken

place in societies organised on patriarchal principles, they are for the most part the work of men." An even more imposing confirmation of Mr. Ludovici's position comes from the Jewish Jehovah, who used the following words when banishing Adam from Eden: "Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy woman, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life." J. S.

Return of the Brute. By Liam O'Flaherty. (Mandrake Press. 5s.)

"This is a man's book for all time," writes Mr. Puff, on the dust cover, "or for as long as men shall die together in comradeship, bravely and blindly." Do the publishers underrate the intelligence of the public, or do these "practitioners in panegyric" really earn their salaries? I wonder. But I will give the publishers a bit of free advice; take off the dust-covers before you send the books for review. The reviewer is a man much like other men, but he at least sees too many of these "puffs direct" to believe a single one. They only infuriate him; and unless he takes it out of the publishers, as I am doing, he will tend to be unfair to the author. "Return of the Brute" is the story of a squad of bombers in No Man's Land, and in particular of the feud between one of the privates and his corporal, which ends in complete surrender to the primitive lust for blood. There seems to be a large public just now for the most brutal kind of war-book; we are far enough away from the war to hear a little truth about it. Mr. O'Flaherty, however, is so anxious to tell the truth that he obscures the wood with trees. His book is too consciously brutal to be true, just as some of the earlier war books were too consciously heroic to be credible. "Return of the Brute" is best described as a competent description of mud and blood. M. J.

Letters of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Collected and Edited by F. W. Hilles. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.)

This collection comprises the unpublished letters of Reynolds, together with those that have only appeared in biographies of his contemporaries. Sir Joshua was not a great letter writer; there is here none of the grace of his "Discourses," nor the self-expression of a Lamb or a Byron. But his letters are still of interest as supplementing and confirming the fine portrait the Boswell has given us by the way. This is a scholarly edition, beautifully produced by the Cambridge University Press. It is a pleasure to see a book, issued at a reasonable price in a non-limited edition, printed and bound with such fine taste and workmanship. M. J.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

ARMISTICE DAY.

Sir,—On November 11th a body of Kinsfolk of the Kibbo Kift marched in their wedge formation down Whitehall and laid a wreath on the base of the Cenotaph. It is a very unusual and beautiful wreath, and across it, inscribed on parchment, are the following words from Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*:—

"So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."
On the other side. . . . May I be forgiven for reading my own message into this inscription? Most people are so busy blowing their own trumpets on this side that perhaps there will be Two Aeons Silence when they pass over to "the other side"?

ERNEST HAYWARD.

Retrospect.

OCTOBER 29, 1925.

Greece attacks Bulgaria.
The *Observer* advocates rapprochement with Russia.
Bow-street proceedings against British Communists.
The hammering of the Franc—finance seeking to impose policy on M. Caillaux.
The "Responsibility of Free Churchmen"—Mr. Lloyd George's views.
Is the engineer the cause of the economic impasse? Mr. Penty replies in *G.K.'s Weekly* to our recent criticism of his affirmation.
II. *The Economic Consequences of the Banking System.*—

OCTOBER 28, 1926.

The *Times* contradicts Dr. Walter Leaf's statement that banks do not create credit.

The Bankers' manifesto against tariffs.

The *Evening Standard* on the Bank of England and Mr. Norman—the Bank a "creation of Parliament"—"a breath can dismiss it"!The *Times* and the Finance Enquiry Petition advertisement.

Report on the Petition Committee's work.

The *Passing Show* on Lady Cynthia Mosley, who "cannot understand the Douglas Scheme."

Factory sanitation—industrial dissatisfaction with new enforcements in the Factory Bill.

The *Imperial Conference and the Bankers' Manifesto.* By C. H. Douglas.

OCTOBER 27, 1927.

Sir Alfred Mond's scheme for employee-shareholding.
Mr. Hartley Withers on the Labour Party's surtax proposal.

Lord Reading and Sir John Simon on the Lords Reform programme.

Mr. J. W. Beaumont Pease on the Socialist proposal to nationalise the banks.

Mr. Wheatley criticises the Labour Party's surtax proposal.

The *United States and the British Empire.*—V. By C. H. Douglas.

OCTOBER 25, 1928.

The Anti-Socialist Union's Notes on Labour and the Banks.

The Midland Bank Review—history of the reparations and debt negotiations between America, the Allies, and Germany.

NOVEMBER 5, 1925.

Post Office profits as a relief of taxation—speeding up output.

The fall of M. Caillaux—Jonah and the financial whale.
Mr. Hoover objects to British-controlled rubber—the law of supply and demand in its incidence on debt settlement—repayment in high-priced goods.

The credit proposals of Mr. Morley, Mr. Thoresby, and Mr. Graham Hardy compared and discussed.

The *Credit Student's Bookshelf.* Review of D. A. Barker's *Cash and Credit.*

NOVEMBER 4, 1926.

The *Observer* on the mining settlement.
Mr. Garvin on Empire production.

The new Belgian currency—the Belgian franc "has been detached" from the French franc—France's isolation.

The Bankers' manifesto meets with a mixed reception. The case for a European tariff against America.

Insurance against decreased purchasing power of a superannuation allowance—a correspondent's enquiry, and the Company's inability to undertake the risk.

Banking propaganda in the schools.
The latest attack on Mussolini and its import.The *Imperial Conference and the Bankers' Manifesto.*—II. By C. H. Douglas.The *Community's Bank Account.* By Arthur Brenton. (Expository. The community is the true lender of credit and has the right to govern the regulation of loan-cancellation. Practical effect of the exercise of this right on the regulation of prices.)

NOVEMBER 3, 1927.

John o' London's *Weekly*—appreciation of Mr. Montague Norman.Punch's Anti-American cartoon
Mr. Walter Stewart, the American adviser to the Bank of England—biographical details.The *Daily Dispatch* makes reference to the Douglas Proposals.Mr. Frank Morris, in the *Spectator*, defines "national credit" as "the taxable capacity of the nation plus national integrity."The *Passing of Anglicanism.* (Editorial article on the declining power of the Church under the present system of concealed financial government.)

NOVEMBER 1, 1928.

The *Morning Post* confuses "The New Age" with "The New Leader."Mr. McKenna's collected addresses published under the title *Post-War Banking Policy.*The *Daily Mail's* appreciation of Mr. McKenna.
Lord Melchett warns America not to "butt in" to European affairs.The *Inescapable Conflict.* By C. H. Douglas.

" THE CONFESSION OF THE KIBBO KIFT "

By JOHN HARGRAVE (Duckworth, 7/6 net)

should be read by all students of Social Credit who wish to understand the outlook and position of a movement which, basing its activities upon the New Economic teaching, has already attracted widespread attention both in this country and abroad.

The Monmark Address of the K.K. is
BM/KIFT, LONDON, W.C.1.

THE
AGE OF PLENTY
AND NEW ECONOMIST REVIEW.

NOVEMBER ISSUE.

Contents:—

MR. SNOWDEN WILL NOT ANSWER—WHY?

ECONOMIC PARTY'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE CHANCELLOR.

INDUSTRIALISTS' DEMAND: LETTER TO THE PRESS.

COMMON OF CREDIT AND THE COMING ECONOMIC RUNNYMEDE.

By JOHN HARGRAVE. "FREE ECONOMY." (Review by C.M.H.)

ECONOMIC PARTY NEWS AND NOTES.

Single copy 2½d. (post free). Annual Subscription 2/6. Reduced rate for quantities. Obtainable direct from the

PUBLISHER, 12, Grantham Street, Coventry.

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.).
The Monetary Catalyst (1d.).
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.

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

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

- ADAMS, W.
Real Wealth and Financial Poverty. 7s. 6d.
- BRENTON, ARTHUR.
Social Credit in Summary. 1d.
The Key to World Politics. 1d.
Through Consumption to Prosperity. 2d.
The Veil of Finance. 6d.
- COLBOURNE, M.
Unemployment or War. 12s. 6d. (Procured from New York to order.)
- DOUGLAS, C. H.
Economic Democracy. 6s.
Credit Power and Democracy. 7s. 6d.
The Control and Distribution of Production. 7s. 6d.
Social Credit. 7s. 6d.
These Present Discontents: The Labour Party and Social Credit. 1s.
The Engineering of Distribution. 6d.
Canada's Bankers and Canada's Credit (Reprint of Major Douglas's Evidence at the Government Enquiry in Ottawa). 2s. 6d.
The World After Washington. 6d.
- DUNN, E. M.
The New Economics. 4d.
Social Credit Chart. 1d.
- H. M. M.
An Outline of Social Credit. 6d.
- HATTERSLEY, C. MARSHALL.
This Age of Plenty. 3s. 6d. and 6s.
Men, Money and Machines. 6d.
- POWELL, A. E.
The Deadlock in Finance. 5s.
- SHORT, N. DUDLEY.
It's Like This. 6d.
- TUKE, J. E.
Outside Eldorado. 3d.

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

- CONNOR SMITH.
Where Does Money Come From? 1s. 6d.
- DARLING, J. F.
Economic Unity of the Empire: Gold and Credit. 1s.
- FOSTER, W. T., and CATCHINGS, W.
Profits. 17s.
- HEWART (LORD).
The New Despotism. 21s.
- HORRABIN, J. F.
The Plebs Atlas. 1s.
An Outline of Economic Geography. 2s. 6d.
- MARTIN, P. W.
The Flaw in the Price System. 4s. 6d.
The Limited Market. 4s. 6d.
- MCKENNA, RT. HON. REGINALD.
Post-War Banking Policy. 7s. 6d.
- SODDY, Professor F., M.A.
Cartesian Economics. 6d.
The Inversion of Science. 6d.

**Instructional Works on Finance and
Economics.**

- BARKER, D. A.
Cash and Credit. 3s.
- COUSENS, HILDERIC (Editor).
Pros and Cons. A Guide to the Controversies of the Day. 3s.
- HILTON, J. P.
Britain's First Municipal Savings Bank. 1s. 6d.

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

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