

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

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### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Chilean Government has given a contract for six heavy destroyers to Messrs. J. I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., of Woolston, near Southampton. The value of the contract is about £2,000,000, and will afford employment for 2,000 men for two years. According to the *Daily News's* Naval Correspondent, the Chilean Government is expected to be in the market shortly for cruisers of the 10,000-ton class, costing £2,000,000 each, as well as for submarines. The Press generally speaks of this contract as a tribute to the high reputation of British naval architects and constructors, and argues hopefully for the future of British naval shipbuilding. That may be so; but the emphasis is all wrong. The value of the contract lies in the fact that until these warships are finished and handed over to Chile they will be in the custody of the British Government. If war breaks out in the meantime, the Government will be able to take possession of them. All naval construction proceeding in this country at any time represents actual additions to British naval strength, and only contingent additions to that of the Governments who happen to have placed orders for it. So no Government will place such orders in a country with which it might shortly be in conflict. These contracts are therefore *prima facie* evidence of diplomatic understandings. The suggestion of the present episode is that Latin America is entrusting to Britain the preparation of her means of self-defence against American imperialism. Thornycrofts' estimate did not get the order—it only fixed the price. The order was booked in the Prince of Wales's dance programme when he toured the South American Continent.

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The Committee of the Central Board of the United Farmers of Alberta on Banking and Credit recently issued a Report in which it recommended to the Annual Convention the policy of calling for a Central Government Bank with the sole right of note issue.

The main reasons for this are in the following passages in the Report:—

" . . . our currency and credit system should not be controlled by private interests, who use it for the purpose of *making profits*." . . . " We would appeal to all officers of our organisations . . . to make a very close study of the effect of the *burden of interests* on all phases of production." (Our italics.)

There is always this fatality about appeals to the public on the subject of banking reform, that chief emphasis is placed on the least injurious factors of the existing credit system. The abolition of bank interest, i.e., the bank's source of profit, would leave the major defect of the existing money-economy practically untouched. It would only deprive bank shareholders of money which they are collecting from other members of the community; whereas the real problem to be solved is the lack of money possessed by the community as a whole, measured against the total volume of production-costs.

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The U.F.A. Committee's recommendations are no more than a duplicate of the Willson Scheme now being canvassed in South Africa. Producer loan-credit, even without interest, and in unlimited quantities, is no substitute for gratuitous consumer-credit. It would create a new difficulty for every one that it solved. By all means let us have public control of credit; but before time and effort are spent on securing it, let us make sure what policy is going to be followed by the new controllers. So long as the policy is essentially wrong it is bad tactics to relieve private interests of the responsibility of making it work satisfactorily. So much is this so that it is quite conceivable that the professional financiers' reply to the credit reformers may yet be to give them what they ask for and wait for them to get into a mess. It is just when the bankers appear to be giving way that their assailants will need to have their best wits about them. The strategy of the bankers is to retire from a position that does not matter, in the hope of encouraging the attackers to thin

their lines opposite more vital places in order to consolidate a worthless victory at that spot. In our opinion the present concentration of popular attention on the analysis of credit to the exclusion of the equally vital analysis of industrial costing is a preparation for defeat. The heart of the problem does not lie in credit, but, as Major Douglas asserted in *Economic Democracy*, in factory cost.

In these circumstances it is necessary to discriminate clearly in appraising the value of Mr. McKenna's public attitude on the credit question. Insofar as the authority of his name can now be associated with many of our criticisms of the banks' loan policy he serves as a labour-saving device to be exploited in our general educational propaganda. We can begin our tale where he leaves his off. But when it comes to making Mr. McKenna's half-told truth the foundation for a comprehensive national policy, it is more a hindrance than a help. It is analogous to telling school children that when they have gone through the infants' class they will be ready to go out and earn their living. The nation will not recover its prosperity until it (or its leaders on its behalf) has learned a great deal more than Mr. McKenna has let out.

Mr. de Valera's party organisation, Fianna Fail, has expanded and transformed its typewritten *Bulletin* into an eight-page printed weekly journal, the first issue of which appears under date, March 26. It is called *The Nation*. It is published at the Fodhla Printing Works, Rutland Place, Cavendish Row, Dublin, and costs twopence. (Annual subscription 13s., or \$4 in America.) The present issue synchronises with Mr. de Valera's visit to the United States in connection with the litigation about the Republican Loan funds, and reproduces extracts from American newspaper accounts of his reception there. One of these, from the *New York Times*, says:—

"About 2,000 sympathisers carrying Irish and American flags awaited Mr. de Valera at the Battery. As the tug from which he landed drew near the Battery, nearby vessels blew their whistles. As he stepped from the tug the crowd surged closer and cheered him tumultuously. . . . As the procession started for the City Hall, the crowd got out of control and broke through the police line of patrolmen, mounted men, and motor-cyclists. They rushed to the side of the car in which Mr. de Valera rode. Men as well as women kissed the cheeks and shook the hand of the Irish Leader."

At the civic reception in the City Hall by Mayor Walker, the same journal quotes the Mayor as saying:—

"The whole world esteems men who have ideals, and who are loyal and everlastingly true to them. Anything I can do to make your visit pleasant in New York will be gladly done. Just let me know what you want done, and you will find me at your service."

An account in the *New York American*, says:—

"Women vied with one another to kiss their idol. Before the automobile procession of more than 200 cars could get away from the Battery, the startled, but smiling de Valera was half-smothered with embraces. . . . When de Valera emerged from the City Hall the crowd had been augmented by thousands more. Cheers deadened the traffic noises and the playing of a band. Before he got away the Sinn Fein anthem and other Irish airs were sung by the multitude."

The *Brooklyn Eagle* in an account of a column and a half on its front page says:—

"Even the Irish 'cops' could not prevent his wild followers from climbing on the running board of de Valera's car to fondle, shake, and kiss the man who is the greatest thorn in the side of Great Britain."

In quoting these and other extracts the *Nation* invites its readers to contrast them with the misleading news published in the Irish and English daily

Press, which has given the impression that de Valera's arrival in the States passed practically unnoticed.

The same journal refers to the question of the Irish army. On February 8, Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Irish Free State, made a speech in the Dail, in the course of which he stated that in the case of an attack from without—

"It is perfectly obvious that our army must co-operate with the British Army," and that "it is practically inconceivable that our army would be opposed to the British Army."

Commenting on this the *Nation* quotes the *New York Times* as saying: "This may pass in Dublin, but will it in New York?" The *New York Times* does not pronounce any definite views, but gives publicity to those of the *Gaelic American*, which declares that Mr. Fitzgerald's utterance "unfits him for his office, or any office, under the Free State," and that if it represents the opinion of the rest of the Cabinet they all ought to be driven from office.

All this is part of the general tendency in America to indict British imperialism, a tendency of which one more manifestation is displayed in the *American News* of March 5. This journal, which we have recently described as circulating in Central Europe, publishes a long article by Governor Dr. Heinrich Schnee, under the title of "Amery's African Colonial Plans." The article is an attack on Great Britain's alleged intention to regard the captured German colonies as virtually her own property, and is a plea for their restoration (at least in part) to Germany. Describing the manner in which Britain has in the past achieved sovereignty over little States under the guise of guaranteeing their integrity, he says:—

"Let us hope that Great Britain will refrain from adopting such methods in regard to the German Colonies under British Mandate rule. As in the case of China she has become aware that such methods do not always bring about the satisfactory results hoped for, and it is to be expected that the circle of European nations would approve even less of such proceedings."

It would be easy to fill pages with exposures of the inconsistencies of such diplomatic propaganda as this. But it would be purposeless. Behind them all is an anarchical economic system whose defects compel its upholders to codify and justify political lawlessness. Naturally every diplomatist must endeavour to pretend that the direction in which God is Devising is pushing him in the direction in which he is calling him. To come to the present episode; a military clash between Britain and America being now clearly within the orbit of *real-politik*, the situation of Ireland corresponds in prospect to that of Belgium in 1914. Mr. de Valera, in protesting against Ireland's being committed to enforced participation in the adventures of British imperialism, must be supposed (and probably has declared himself) to be standing for Ireland's neutrality in the event of another war. This attitude, considered in vacuo, is morally unassailable. But it happens to favour America's strategy at the expense of Great Britain's. That is why Mr. de Valera gets a good Press in New York and a bad one in London and its suburb, Dublin. We hope he will be realist enough to recognise that until the principles of the Great Powers' money-economy are radically altered Ireland has no more chance of self-determination than Nicaragua.

The so-called Fall of Shanghai is a diplomatic jest. Imagine Americans in occupation of the Thames mouth, the Port of London, the banks, the insurance societies, and so on. Then imagine a series of battles between War-Lord Churchill commanding the army of Middlesex and War-Lloyd George the army of Surrey. Suppose one of them

to win (it does not matter which) and to capture Poplar and occupy the headquarters of the Board of Guardians. (The fall of London?!)

In answer to enquiries from readers we have ascertained that the Scottish affiliations of the Midland Bank comprise the Clydesdale Bank and the North of Scotland Bank.

## Coal, Conscience, and Credit.

"Two . . . fundamental conceptions were due to Newton himself. . . . The other is the universal validity of the law of action and reaction, with, in particular, the deduction that the total momentum of a system is unaffected by internal forces." (Professor Horace Lamb, F.R.S., in address at Grantham on March 19 in commemoration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of Sir Isaac Newton.)

"Newton said he should give up thinking about the moon, for it made his head ache." (Sir Frank Dyson, K.B.E., F.R.S., on the same date and occasion.)

" . . . the outstanding qualities of Newton's intellect . . . We must surely add, in extreme measure, the much rarer capacity for not taking pains, or wasting time, over lines of thought that lead nowhere. In this quality . . . 'sagacity' . . . he was supreme." (J. H. Jeans, Sec. R.S., on the same date and occasion.) [Italics ours throughout.]

Social Credit is a technique, not a policy. Its author first announced it to the technicians of the existing economic system, not to the public. Subsequently a number of private individuals, having more or less mastered the technique, voluntarily entered into co-operation to induce these responsible technical experts to adopt it, or, at least to advance sound technical reasons for not doing so. They called themselves the Social Credit Movement. Up to the present time they have failed to elicit an opinion, much less an act from these authorities, whose tactics are apparently to say nothing. So much for the technical aspect of the situation.

But while Social Credit is not a policy, its advocacy involves a social principle. Naturally no-one will advocate a technique without approving its object. If it be argued that such approval constitutes a policy, let the case be granted. But in that event the policy is not peculiar to the Social Credit Movement; it is the policy of the mass of individuals in this country. Social credit is the means of doing in the most efficient way what every member of the community wants done. It is a mechanism for increasing his economic wealth. It follows that the advocate of Social Credit is one who approves of the principle of giving individuals such wealth, and trusts them to use it "properly." In fact, a little reflection will show that the whole attitude of the Social Credit Movement is summed up in the word *Trust*—trust in the judgment and taste of the individual in an era of expanding affluence.

These truths lend themselves to illustration in the following form:—

A country suffers from drought. An engineer surveys the land and claims to have located a spot where unlimited supplies of water are available. He publishes a map and specifies what sort of well shall be sunk. He submits the documents to the geological and engineering elders of the people. In the meantime certain of his friends form a Syndicate and prepare a sort of prospectus, hoping thereby to interest as many people as they can in the project, so that these may, so far as they have influence in high quarters, get him a hearing. Then the Syndicate's troubles begin. They have taken it as axiomatic that everybody in the country wants more water. But they find that most of the people who are curious about the scheme are not in the least interested in his plan for getting water, but are tremendously concerned about what people might do with the water.

Soon the Syndicate's registered offices are invaded by a crowd of enthusiastic idealists, each of whom wants to get his programme embodied in the Prospectus. "The people ought to drink more water," say the Prohibitionists. "With something in it," respond the brewers. "They ought to have more baths," urge the soapmakers. "Swimming baths," add the athletes. "No, let's breed

fish," interrupt the anglers. Then come along industrial expansionists, saying, "Hold hard; how about supplies for boilers and hydraulic machinery—?" while here and there a still person with crossed hands murmurs a plea for a little water for baptising the people. But the trouble has yet to develop. The heavy-weight watchdogs roll up, asking the multitude if they've forgotten that there is such a thing as getting drowned: and on their heels follow the moralists presenting a long thesis on the six hundred and sixty-six sins manifested in drought-psychology, all of which they are sure will persist in a flood. "Don't you know that water is turning people into thieves and murderers?—Can't you also see them gulping it down nigh to choking themselves when they get it?" Here they are pulled up by a gentleman who insists that water, being composed of two atoms of Hydrogen and one of Oxygen, contains atoms to the total number of Three—the mystic number of perfection. "Water is good: The people must have it" is his judgment. The subsequent proceedings resolve themselves into a din of "Yes but's"—"No's"—"But let me assure you's"—"I think's"—"You'll never get me to assent's," and so forth.

At last someone proposes that the Syndicate and the crowd retire to a hall somewhere to thrash it all out.

It is not difficult to prophesy that this heterogeneous committee will sit interminably, and that its additions to the clauses of the Prospectus will fatten it to the dimensions of Marx's *Kapital*.

In time of drought the urgent problem is to get water. Not until the water is actually available is there any use at all in discussing the past behaviour of dry people or guessing the future behaviour of wet people. Those who are concerned about these things have the right to discuss them with each other, but insofar as they try to insinuate them into the Prospectus of the Social Credit Syndicate they are a hindrance and not a help to its objective. There is no Christian, aesthet, moralist, ethical, mystic, or social method of locating water and sinking a well. All this special knowledge has nothing to do with the questions: "Where is the water?" and "Can we reach it?"

The bearing of this illustration is to be realised by reference to a passage in a new book entitled "Coal—a Challenge to the National Conscience."\*

It is as follows (interpolations ours):—

"It is proposed, then, that it should be the conscious aim of our politicians not merely to save civilisation from ruin [i.e., raise water] but first examine this particular civilisation and see whether it is worth saving [i.e., explore all the ramifications of drought-psychology]. It is proposed that the individuals of this country [who do not want to be bothered] should clarify for themselves the idea of what civilisation should be: [which is none of their business nor within their competence] how they wish to live together. It is proposed that all the closed questions of culture, politics, sociology, and economics should be re-opened; [i.e., that fundamental defects and derivative disturbances should be indiscriminately mixed] that they should be considered with scientific impartiality [prejudice should be considered with scientific impartiality] who are neither sumably by the aforesaid 'individuals,' who are neither scientific nor impartial] and that a pledge should explicitly be given [for what it is worth] to put their findings [which would be mutually incompatible] into effect."

All such elaborate activities as these are outside the scope of the Social Credit Movement. We say this because the several contributors to the book in question are all sympathetic to (some of them active members of) the Movement, and for that reason the impression might be given that the above passage (which is not by any means typical of the work as a whole) is a presentation of the Social Credit attitude.

Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman once reminded the revolting Liberal Imperialists that there were only two lobbies in the House; that they must vote either for Liberalism or Conservatism; that they could not inscribe their reservations in the Division List.

\* "Coal. A Challenge to the National Conscience." By V. A. Demant, Philippe Mairet, Albert Newsome, Alan Porter, Maurice B. Reckitt, Egerton Swann, and W. T. Symons. (Hogarth Press. 84 pp. 2s. 6d.)

Similarly the Social Credit Movement is interested in only one short plain issue being put before the public: "Are you in favour of trusting people unconditionally with more purchasing power?" And, as a guide to them how to answer, it brushes aside all complicated excursions into "sociology," "culture," or "civilisation," and simply recommends that each individual ask himself: "Can society trust me, John Smith, with more purchasing power?" When every John Smith has returned the inevitable vociferous "Yes," the Social Credit Movement asks nothing else of him. Its task is then a matter of challenging the authorities either to get a different answer out of him, or else to prove that the Social Credit analysis and technique are unsound or impracticable.

Having made our view clear, let us hasten to point out that *Coal* contains many able and acute criticisms of the handling of the mining situation by the parties concerned. Chapter II., "The Crisis," and Chapter IV., "The Economic Issue"—to select the two chapters which keep closest to industrial affairs—are well done. The latter contains a paragraph stating that the "financial mechanism" by which the "crucial difficulty" can be surmounted "has been discovered," and that it

"consists of a change in the cost-accountancy of industry or service, whereby retail prices will be such that the aggregate of money paid out to those engaged in industry will always be sufficient to purchase the resulting products. . . . We have ourselves no doubt that reform embodying this principle as its technical objective is the essential economic revolution."

Chapter V. is a spirited appeal to the Church, whose attitude during the Strike showed evidences of awakening courage, to claim boldly that "it is She who reveals reality in this matter," and that it is "the world who, in the name of Mammon, insinuates into men's hearts and minds a refuge from it." Chapter III. deals with "The Failure of Will"—individual, constitutional, political, and social. The writer of this section is best in his derisory references to the "Constitution" as a taboo; but is not convincing when he prescribes the "control of industry by the workers" as an objective, without which industry "will pass through a period of complete disorder." The average worker does not want to control industry. He wants good pay; and when he gets it he will turn Conservative like the armament workers in *Major Barbara*. On the whole the writers have successfully surmounted the difficulty of making coherent a symposium of individual views. They point out in their "Conclusion" that they have been "more critical than constructive." They have tried to move conscience in the hope that it will move in the right direction. We share their hope.

PRESS EXTRACTS.

"Dr. Edwin W. Kemmerer, of Princeton, physician for sick currencies, has been called to Ecuador to study the economic conditions of that country, and prescribe a course of treatment."

*Commerce and Finance*, Oct. 20, 1926.

"Europe collectively feels, or is beginning to feel, that American policy is dooming a whole continent, and there are unmistakable signs that a degree of solidarity against the American peril may come even more promptly than Washington imagines."

*Manufacturers' Record*, Baltimore, Dec. 2, 1926.

"Branch banks exist for but one purpose, and that is to suck up the money of the small cities, towns or communities and ship it to the big central bank, where it earns but little, but is used to foster speculation. The manager of the branch bank can only take deposits, but is never authorised to make loans."

"I have studied the branch-banking system in England and France, and to a large degree the backwardness of what they call the provinces is due to the system of branch banking which prevails in both countries." Guy Walker, in the *Manufacturers' Record*, Dec. 2, 1926.

The Melodies of Nietzsche. An Appreciation.

By Samuel F. Darwin Fox.

Around the intellectual relationship of Nietzsche to music, much that is honest and of good report has been written. We all know, for instance, the attitudes successively maintained by the great lyrical philosopher in face of the titanic work of Wagner: enthusiastic admiration at the outset followed by cool detachment and, by reaction, keen sympathy for the more Mediterranean art of Bizet—for that "*Carmen*" whose vital and vivifying sun finally eclipsed, in the Nietzsche firmament, the pale, dead splendours of "*Parsifal*." But what seems less generally known is the definite creative rôle personally assumed by Nietzsche in the domain of music itself.

Herr Andler, in a notable biography of the Hermit of Sils-Maria, meetly throws into relief this neglected aspect of his spiritual activities. Born in 1844 among the mountains and forests of Thuringia, Nietzsche passed his adolescent years in an atmosphere completely saturated with music. His life at Pforta (1856-64), where he made his higher-grade studies, and at Bonn (1864-65), where he attended the lectures of the University, is jewelled over with musical reminiscences. He followed the movement with passionate interest, and if his earliest love was for the great Classics and the first German Romantics—for Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, and Mendelssohn—he was nevertheless not long in transferring his affections to Berlioz and Liszt, whom in the days of his immaturity he had rashly judged to be "Obscure and artificial," while Schumann and his "*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*" were largely responsible for that famous conversion to the "Music of the Future," which eventually landed him as we know in his Wagnerian obsession.

Herr Andler represents the spirit of Nietzsche, during this period of adolescence, as ridden, with an equal intensity, by the rival Muses of melody and of letters. If the latter finally prevailed, the reason may surely be discovered in the following confession by the philosopher-poet—a confession which dates from 1863: "When it is vouchsafed me to meditate awhile, I seek words for a melody which haunts me, and a melody of which I alone re-retain the secret, find no agreement or congruity one with the other, albeit both find their source and origin in the self-same soul. Such is my fate! And Herr Andler, commenting upon this intimate self-revelation, rightly finds therein the secret of the philosopher's ulterior orientation. For a life," he writes, "this musical mystic went in quest of a melody meet to accompany his thought. For a long time, indeed, he believed that Thought itself was derived from Melody. Then, one day, he understood that it was for him to penetrate and permeate with music the very language of Ideas itself: and, as the expression and mouth-piece of his sonorous soul, he created the prose the most impregnated with melody that ever proceeded from a German pen."

But it so happens that this "sonorous soul" did express itself, from its eighteenth to its twenty-first year, in a certain number of musical compositions—principally in an "Oratorio for Christmas," and in settings to poems by such authors as Lenau, Petöfi, and Chamisso. These works were entirely unknown until recently, when the custodians of the NIE TZ-SCHNE-ARCHIV at Weimar authorised Herr Georg

Gohler to edit seven chosen melodies, which should enable us to judge, with fair precision, the musical capacities of the Prophet of the Superman.

If pure criticism were our objective here, it would, of course, be necessary to elicit the extent to which Herr Gohler may have seen fit to "touch up" the melodies as Nietzsche wrote them. "Für den Vortrag eingerichtet" ("Arranged for execution"); this caption, printed on the title page, might appear, to some extent, suspicious. But let us give the "Arranger" the benefit of the doubt, and suppose that he has limited himself to the insertion of movements, *nuances* and expressions which the young musician-poet did not take the trouble to put down.

A form that is free and fearless; an intimate correspondence between the musical expression and the sentiments to be interpreted; an uncommon degree of spontaneity combined with an extreme refinement and an evident mastery of the art of bringing into relief all those *imponderabilia* which make up the very essence of poesy—such are the distinctive characteristics of these *Lieder*. And, indeed, it were no exaggeration to say that they compare very favourably with the finest work of the best Romantic composers.

On the other hand, it is true that they are lacking in those broad synthetic elements which we find in the works of the genuine innovators: Nietzsche's originality consists strictly in his details. The general contexture breaks familiar ground. Nietzsche was profoundly influenced by Schubert and by Schumann. Their modes of expression became as a second nature to him; and it is precisely this perfect degree of assimilation which invests his *Lieder* with an interest that is more than transitory.

Take the earliest in point of time and the first in the collection, "Aus der Jugendzeit" (No. 1), composed in 1862, when Nietzsche was eighteen years of age. Ruckert's verses, so instinct with Romantic nostalgia ("HEIMWEH, SEHNSUCHT"), are rendered in that *idealised-popular* style which Schumann has cultivated to such perfection. A cascade of melody with perfect rhythmic modulations falling ceaselessly from high to low with gentle melancholy evokes the distant recollection of days that are passed for ever. An ineffable mountain-perfume, subtle and all-pervading, is set free by this *cantilena* with its background of Swabian colouring, relieved and diversified by a cunning accompaniment of sound pictures in thirds, all eloquent of melancholy, languor, and a great tenderness. This purely Romantic atmosphere reappears, under various aspects and guises, in all the other melodies in the collection.

Next comes a delicate love-poem by Hoffmann von Fallersleben: "Wie sich Rebenranken schwingen" (No. 2); in this series this song alone manifests a certain optimistic temper. In Nietzsche's interpretation, all is spontaneous, tender, inspired by the dynamic of Youth; all in Schumann's very manner. The voice descends very low and mounts very high, thereby successfully producing some extremely daring contrasts; while the general consistency of the piece is made up of pure warmth and light which a marvellous apparatus of fine modulations causes to corruscate and scintillate continually.

But the most perfect *Lieder* of the collection are those which Nietzsche has composed for the verses of the Hungarian lyrical poet Alexander Petöfi (fl. 1823-49): "Unendlich" (No. 4), "Verwelkt" (No. 5), and "Nachspiel" (No. 6). These are dated 1864-5, and do not appear to have suffered disfigurement by their translation into German. Pessimistic Romanticism is granted a new lease of youth and sincerity—as, indeed, so often happens when a national school of literature, in the vitality, freshness and pride of its inception, hitches its wagon to tendencies

which have already reached the point of exhaustion in those countries where the literary evolution is more advanced.

In "Unendlich" Nietzsche once again betrays the influence of Schubert and of Schumann—to such an extent, indeed, that, reproduced with precision therein, one can readily detect divers well-known idiosyncrasies of those composers. But the general result is none the less complete; in a style more chastened than that of the other melodies; and we should at all events be grateful to the music-maker for not trying to go one better than the poet in his interpretation of a type of Romanticism which borders dangerously on exacerbation.

The *Lied* entitled "Verwelkt" is unquestionably the pearl of the collection. One would imagine that the verse itself, with its wonderful concision equalled only by its sheer emotional power, is of high inspirational order from the musical point of view. Here is a rough and ready indication of the sense in English:—

"Thou wast mine only flower; thou art withered: my life has become a thing of emptiness. Thou wast for me the shining sun: thou hast set: I am hemmed in by the night. Thou wast the pinion of my soul; thou art broken: I can no longer fly. Thou wast the warmth of my blood; thou hast fled: I am dying of cold."

Pondering anew over Nietzsche's setting, I doubt if Schumann himself could ever have surpassed it. This noble little masterpiece is a compendium—nay, a microcosm—of all the sensitive emotions.

One is amazed by the ingenuity and deftness with which Nietzsche has contrived to bring out the contrasts between the different parts of the poem. And how delicate are the light-and-shade effects produced by that periodical but ever-varying repetition of the unique *motif* out of which the melody is made up! What genius and inspiration in the way in which the theme—up to that point Minor—suddenly bursts into the Major at "Du warst die Wärme," ("Thou wast the warmth"), thereby producing the effect of a flash of light almost blinding in its intensity! What hardihood of conception in the *finale*. Where the idea of Death from cold is expressed by a chromatic descent of the voice and a suspensive arresting of the accompaniment! "Venite adoremus": in presence of such glorious work as this no other attitude were possible. . . .

The last melody of the collection, "JUNGE FISCHERIN" (No. 7), is inspired by a poem of Nietzsche's own writing; a strange, wild composite—a neither pure lyric nor ballad, but composite by no means incongruous. This *Lied* may not be the most seductive feature in this little anthology; in virtue of its extreme freedom in composition, and of its anticipations of detail in the manner of Richard Strauss, it is assuredly one of the most audacious.

To sum up. From our rapid survey one clear fact emerges. Nietzsche the Musician cannot be dismissed as a simple *dilettanti* or, alternatively as a subtle "intellectual" with the happy knack of manufacturing music with his brain. He was an authentic Poet of Sound; and his melodies bear abiding witness to a real power of spontaneous creativity and a latent wealth of genuine inspiration.

EPIGRAM.

By D. R. Guttery.

RUMOUR.

Jones, hearing false that I had died  
Told the news gladly far and wide;  
Then, finding 'twas a lie he spread  
He straightway swore and wished me dead.

## A Plea for Publicity in Public Life.

It is amazing how little is known of the public life of public men. Their private lives are known to everyone in intimate detail. Their daily habits, peculiarities of dress, the food they eat, the wine they drink, the cigars they smoke, the women they love, and the women they marry, are as familiar as the private lives of one's nearest relatives. If the Prime Minister makes a public speech, and confesses to the brand of safety razor he favours, the news is syndicated over the world. If he enlightens his audience to what he thinks will be the future of the British Empire, next morning, in an obscure corner of a popular newspaper, is a paragraph which reads like this: "Concluding his remarks, the Prime Minister expressed an earnest hope that the ideals which have hitherto inspired our colonial policy may long continue to burn with an undimmed radiance." Apparently, it never occurs to the man who reads the newspaper to ask what it means. If his paper attempted to enshroud the motive which induced Mr. Jones, of Clapham, to murder Mr. Robinson, of Tooting, in the same impenetrable nebulosity, the editor would be made aware of disapproval by a sudden reduced circulation. But it can safely ignore the motives which induced England to declare war on Germany in 1914, and the mine-owners and miners to declare war upon each other in May, 1926. He is never told what it is that a public man represents in his public capacity, and so finds himself in the embarrassing position, while knowing whether his elected representatives are faithful to their wives, of not knowing whether they are faithful to their principles.

It is natural that occasionally he should doubt whether they are aware themselves of what principles they stand for. In irresponsible moments I sometimes wonder whether the Minister of Agriculture really cultivates a smallholding, and whether the Home Secretary is seriously interested in family life and the domestic arts. Then I remember that the rumour crediting the War Office with knowing very little about modern trench and artillery warfare has long since been officially exploded. Besides, these remarks are not intended to provoke the Government by suggesting it does not know what principles it stands for. The disenchantment with democracy and Parliamentary Government has gone much deeper than that, and embraces all parties. But this tendency—to doubt whether principles are any longer of any importance in political life—may be illustrated by the controversies which are making the Opposition look like the dubious lesser light in a dishonourable coalition.

Mr. Snowden's quarrel with the Communists for their attempts to undermine the morale of honest Trade Unionists; Mr. Thomas's more personal quarrel with Mr. Cook; and the Liberal leaders' disapproval of Mr. Lloyd George for his opinions on the English countryside and Chinese nationalism, are now fairly familiar. That is, one is aware they are quarrelling, while not knowing what exactly they are quarrelling about. Mr. Snowden has ascended the tribune to denounce the Communist Party for its subversive activities within the Trade Unions. It would be logical to ask him whether he expects a Communist Party to be loyal and constitutional; and whether he would denounce the S.P.C.K. if it distributed a few pamphlets and paid someone to make a speech. It is necessary to point out that what Mr. Snowden describes as a gross interference with British liberty is the approved method of conducting British propaganda. An Englishman does not murder those who disagree with him; he enlists the Press and Parliament and the weight of respectable public

opinion to convince them that they are wrong. If he is not rich enough to have these forces on his side, he convinces by his eloquence and strength of conviction, seizing every opportunity that presents itself. When the Fabian Society, at the time Mr. Snowden was commencing his career as a Socialist, discovered the Liberal Party, and infused its insubstantial radicalism with the idea (so new in those days) of collective control, it was practising in the Liberal ranks what the Communists are now practising in the Trade Unions. There is, frankly, no criticising the Communists on these grounds. They are practising the art of propaganda in a way which is perfectly legitimate and most respectably British. When (if ever) they manufacture dynamite to blow up Buckingham Palace, Mr. Snowden—especially if at Court—will have cause for complaint.

Mr. Snowden typifies the problem presented at the beginning of this article. Everyone knows what Mr. Cook stands for; even the humorous exaggerations of his opponents, that he proposes to solve the coal-mining problem by bringing the guillotine to Hyde Park and beheading the mineowners, gives a rough idea of his position. Everyone knows what Mr. Lloyd George stands for, at least as regards China and agriculture; although it may legitimately be doubted how long he will stand for them. The absurd thing about Mr. Snowden is that he does not confess to standing for anything but a constituency. It may be that in refraining from matching his principles against Mr. Cook's he is like a very large knight in armour running away from a very small child with a bow and arrow. It may be that they are too well-known to need repeating, and too well-protected to fear attack. But this is not the usual attitude of a man whose conviction is like a castle, founded upon a rock and secure against assault.

This can be said, with equal appropriateness, of almost every politician whose opinions are of public importance. Not that the fault is theirs entirely. To an intelligent person, the difficulty is to find a resemblance between the caricature of a politician in the newspapers and what commonsense suggests to be the truth about him. The caricature may depict him as a Bolshevik ogre bringing a spiked club to the wearied nations, or as an Angel bearing an olive branch; there is no difference to the serious student of politics, who finds it impossible to detect any reality in this sea of shams. Usually, the caricature is more carefully drawn, like a portrait by an eccentric artist, who sketches a face from nose to chin, leaving the eyes and forehead to the imagination. The result is that no one can tell, from the reports in the Press, whether the man has any significance whatever. The politician's career becomes submerged in his private life.

In journalism, this is known as "the human touch," which is all very well in its way. After reading Shakespeare, it is irritating to pick up the works of the psycho-analysts who prove beyond doubt that Romeo is the symbol of an obscure, repressed sexual impulse. One may admit the importance of the human element in love and literature, and yet consider it necessary to draw the line somewhere. To apply the human touch to politics means that something like this is printed in a newspaper: "The Foreign Secretary, in declaring war against the King of Asia Minor, and anxiously inquired after the health of her eldest child, who is believed to be seriously indisposed with the Spanish influenza. The Foreign Secretary has proved himself, on repeated occasions, worthy of his reputation as the most courteous of European diplomats." A normally sane man, reading of war, would require to know why it was being waged. But these things they are never told.

W. H. MCKENNA.

## Views and Reviews.

### SOCIOLOGY AND CONTRACEPTION.—IV.

Anyone who has leisure may walk in Hyde Park alongside where the ladies and gentlemen of quality take the air and do what they do in place of work; and he will notice that the handsomest women ride the finest horses. Neither the women nor the horses are ideal for breeding. They are not the women and are not the beasts that preserve the species. They are a sort of art-gallery, a display of what the British people has achieved with its economic supremacy of the world. For the creation of this pageant of show women, sitting on their show horses, there have been used up the pool of racial bloods, and the labour and sacrifice of English folk, from the Anglo-Saxon conquest of England to the British conquest of South Africa.

This pageant presents the finished man, woman, horse, and art, with which our civilisation justifies itself or fails. The women are as much *objets d'art* as the horses, or as the statuary which furnishes the background of their stage. Where they ride is not a road; its milieu is not a forest or a meadow. The whole affair is pure picture, illustrating the final usefulness of art or any achievement. Wisdom would no more expect to breed the race of useful women or worker horses from these living decorative figures than from the marble statuary. Both represent racial vitality exploited, like the seedless raisin, for civilisation's sake alone.

Between the nature of man and woman biologists and sociologists—Lester Ward and others—have made a true distinction, although the truth that the race is gynocentric does not imply gynocracy, as some of them have been understood to say. It is not the will of Nature that a particular race should survive. When men cease to believe in their worth, in the universal importance of their civilisation and culture, they cease to survive, like one who retires from business and perishes, or like the Red Indians and Tasmanians. The biological distinction that the male is katagenetic, and the female anagenetic is a learned way of saying that, while woman maintains the race, man must make it worth while by creating civilisation. Art and culture, like plumage and song among birds, are male. The female force, as André Gide phrased it, is centripetal, the male centrifugal. It is significant that a threat to civilisation, either by war or famine, appears to increase the relative male birth-rate. Where a civilisation has reached recurrence, as in the bee-hive, the number of males produced is relatively few. Procreation is specialised, and society carried on by the asexual.

It is to the female that the offspring of the hybrid returns if breeding be successfully effected. The race is of woman, which is what Meredith must have meant when he said that woman would be the last thing to be civilised by man. Woman is the racial stream with its defined course, the custodian of potential civilisation, who prevents man from sacrificing the race for the maximum of civilisation in any one generation. To become civilised woman must cease to be woman. Becoming asexual, simply because her vitality is occupied outside herself, she becomes as nearly man as for her is possible. As surely as woman dedicates herself to civilisation she must withdraw energy from her procreative organs and functions.

Vitality cannot be used in all directions at once. Man may be a scholar, a scientist, or a poet, only by utilising, under the influence of spiritual aims and discipline, the contents of his seminal vesicles.

However much an artist or poet may pursue women in his reactions, while at work he flees from them. "Distrust the artist," Nietzsche said, "who is not chaste while creating." Equally the middle classes cannot serve both the race and civilisation. All those physiological or anatomical abnormalities which, according to eugenists and other advocates of contraception, excuse a woman from child-bearing on grounds of danger to life of mother or child, are more prevalent in the middle- and upper-classes than in the lower.

If the race could be sufficiently renewed by a limited number of selected child-bearers, clearly something else would have to be found for the surplus women. In human society, however, the function of bearing and rearing a child from conception to manhood is a longer and more complex task than in any other species. We cannot pretend that it is perfectly done yet. Feminism expresses the abandonment of the race for the sake of civilisation. The career-woman, the politician-woman, the university-woman, have chosen to live asexuals. It is unnecessary to give statistics of the infertility of the civilised woman, since the fact is not in question. From Dean Inge, Dr. Marie Stopes, and the Eugenists, to the writers of this work,\* the fact is deplored. The remedy, however, is not to beg the abandonment of contraception among civilised women while imposing it on the poor; it is to ensure that the most vital babies possible are born to the poor. Every generation has to be civilised anew from the beginning. As potential civilised individuals, middle-class children are in no way superior to working-class children. The working-class birth-rate can be reduced, if necessary, by more education and responsibility; in other words, by directing the flow of vitality from race to civilisation. But Eugenists in far too many instances are not seeking true *sociological* knowledge; the strength of animal breeding into which cerebral development enters only to a very limited degree they want a short cut to the specialised breeding of human beings; and absolutely assume in contradiction to evidence and experience that fertility is evenly distributed throughout society and among individuals, and that they can breed where they choose.

From a study of the lives of the middle-class, it is obvious that both men and women are becoming katagenetic. If Nature is at work here she is trying to say that civilisation is so much in need of saving that the centrifugal force of men needs to be strengthened by rendering the accompanying women centrifugal. The working-classes, however, not yet called upon as a whole for high nervous or cerebral tension, are still mainly centripetal—or anagenetic; and it is they who must ensure race preservation. From the peasantry—the race; from the educated—function. From the lower-classes—racial continuity; from the other classes—individuality. I know no eugenist advocate of contraception for the lower-classes who has shown signs of perceiving this aspect. The middle-class intention not to renew themselves, and the upper-class inability to do so go together. The latter are not the stewards of our race, but the élite of our civilisation, while the middle-class is entirely oriented in the same direction. Only the race is eternal. Human society in the West corresponds to a plant in this respect; that in every generation, as in the plant the stem is brought from the seed, the foliage from the stem, flower from foliage, and fruit from the flower, so the middle-class is drawn from the lower, and the upper from the middle. In the Western world boys and girls are dedicated to civilisation

\*Medical Views on Birth-Control. (Hopkinson. 6s.)

or the race at puberty, there to serve all their lives unless they succeed in climbing from one to the other. Caste cannot be hereditary in the West willy-nilly Dean Inge and the Eugenists because the upper and middle-classes have no period of racial service in their lives prior to their being given to civilisation. We have a breeding caste, an organising or professional caste, and a leisured caste. None of the classes or castes above the undifferentiated racial is fulfilling its duties. The upper-class fears revolution because it is neglecting its cultural duties; the middle-class fears revolution because it is individualist, and has no conception of its link with the race. The lower-classes threaten revolution because the pageant of civilisation and culture which alone could justify their suffering and sacrifice in bearing on the race is not provided by the other classes. Preaching or enforcing contraception among the poor is endeavouring to murder the race rather than find and apply conscious valuation and duty to civilisation and culture.

## The Will-to-Power Psychology.

By Dr. James Carruthers Young.

### IV.

An idea, in briefest outline, may be given of the causes which contributed to the Adlerian "style of life" indicated by the dream. The most striking feature in the patient's history is the dissension between his parents. As a child, he had to try to adapt to the demands, exacting in their respective ways, of the father on the one hand and the mother on the other, who lived in a state which, in more humble circles, would be called a "cat and dog" life. Add to this a certain insistence on outward decorum and punctilio, which would only tend to deepen the child's sense of bewilderment, and it is no wonder that the child's feelings became utterly confused and daunted by the circumstances of his upbringing. The impossibility of *adapting* in any real sense such conflicting influences in the family environment for a child, are obvious. The child, however, did not look at it thus. He interpreted his lack of satisfaction in his attempt as failure on his part. Thus originated a sense of inferiority which coloured the whole of his school and university days.

This is a fairly typical example of how a "style of life" originates and culminates in such a dramatised inferiority drama. To appreciate the "style of life" involves the recognition of multitudinous factors and not of one factor alone. If one concentrated on the sexual theme in this case, one would be liable to miss seeing the "style of life" as a whole. It may be said that the "style of life" in the Adlerian sense moulded the sexuality, and not that the sexuality moulded the "style of life." In other words, abnormalities of sexuality are ancillary to and implicit in the "style of life" of this man. His "style of life" is directed by a thwarted and therefore hesitating "Will to Power," in Adlerian terms, and by an unfulfilled need for "self-expression" in terms of Jung.

The dream of another obsessionist supports Adler's insistence on the "power" motive, and at the same time establishes a link between this "power" motive of Adler and Jung's concept of introversion. The patient was a married, childless woman, who, to "escape," as Adler would have it, the multifarious demands and duties of life, including the sexual, had concentrated on the duties of a house-wife to a pathological degree. She had what may be called a "house-wife neurosis." When she saw a spot on the wall where, in her opinion, it should not have been, she ended by making a hole

in the wall-paper with scissors. The power dream was as follows:—

"I had been talking to my friend Lily. I said I must go home. We found that it was snowing. I had no hat or coat. She said I must borrow hers. I said that I did not want them as I should not be long in getting home. I rushed downstairs and into the street before she could get them. On the street I met a woman with an umbrella up, and thought to myself: 'Fancy having it up for a little snow like that!'"

Here we have the power motive *in excelsis*, and the ground of this motive is identical with what in Jungian terms is called introversion. The introverted person, when it rains, tends, by reason of his subjective promptings towards a "power" goal, to ignore the objective fact of the rain. This may have a compulsive compensation which drives him into the rigid observance of the average or so-called normal attitude towards the climatic fact of the rain. The extraverted person, on the other hand, who is more oriented by external circumstances, puts on his coat or puts up his umbrella at once when it rains—a direct, appropriate and unequivocal reaction—a direct, appropriate and unequivocal reaction to the climatic fact. But this extraverted attitude if too pronounced may be compensated by a false introverted reaction, which will again be compulsive. So the "power" motive of Adler, when pushed to a pathological or neurotic degree, results in the ignoring of, and so neurotically escaping from, ample of interrelation, the introverted attitude of Jung, when pushed to a pathological degree, results in blindness vis-a-vis objective facts, and so to "inadequate" reaction in the psychiatric sense.

A high tribute must be paid to Adler for the attention he has called to the part played by organic inferiority in the origin of neurotic systems, not to mention the primary part played by acquired inferiority due to such simple causes as being the youngest child, or a single boy amongst a crowd of sisters or *vice versa*. He has called attention to these factors in original and convincing fashion, and I am given to understand that the results obtained in the numerous clinics established in Vienna are most gratifying, especially, as might be expected, in the case of children. *Individual adaptation to society is the key-note, or "categorical imperative" of the Adlerian system.* The value of this system in dealing with problems of conduct, for all educators, can hardly be over-estimated. I think that it has equally great importance for psycho-pathologists.

(From a lecture delivered at the Tavistock Clinic for Functional Nervous Diseases.)

### SHADOW.

Mark, man, how black upon the walls  
Monstrous, inane, my shadow falls!

Shall I think maliciously  
This glowing light so slanders me?

That hideously it can distort  
Me into monster for its sport?

So it would change heaven's purest child  
Into something strange and wild.

Are you, old friend, like this white light  
But the dead creature of some might

That drives you to blind malice when  
You slander me to fellow men?

Fain would I think it: only so  
Free of vile treason could you go.  
D. R. GUTTERY.

## Drama.

Professor Tim: Vaudeville.

During the preparations for the auction of Hugh O'Cahan's home and land, his faithful servant Moll Flanagan, putting up curtains to preserve her final housemaid respectability, nearly tumbles off the steps. "God knows, I'd make a fool of myself to make you laugh," she says to him, and thus expresses the lesson which the Irish Players have learned, and which the dignified English seem unable or unwilling to learn. "Professor Tim" is a test-piece. I shudder at what most English companies would have made of it. Most of the characters are familiar, and much of the dialogue unpolished domesticity. Yet the persons were given distinction, and the lines spoken with such sincerity that for nearly three acts the play was alive and interesting. I believe these Irish folk could make conversation live.

A few common-places—the first of the poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon, spoken by Fred O'Donovan as O'Cahan for example—could be spared with gain. The climax of the play is so naive, so at variance with all experience outside the crudest day-dream, that not even the Irish players could make it presentable. Although the final scene gave the world Arthur Sinclair on the stage in a frock coat and silk hat, looking as comic as ever, it must weigh on the author's conscience, and Mr. George Shiels should re-write it. For several reasons, however, especially cogent to lovers of the Irish Players, "Professor Tim" is well worth seeing.

Mrs. Scally is a further proof of the versatility and magnificent stage sincerity of Sara Allgood. This Mrs. Scally, who ruled the roost at home, and was socially ambitious abroad, welcomed the news of her long lost brother's return home because his professorship would impress the neighbours. He was a professor, be it explained for the enlightenment of the disgustingly curious, of water-divining. Professor Tim on arrival, turned out a penniless, worn-out, home-sick, seaman, smelling strongly of everything unpleasant except garlic—of tobacco, whisky, and fish. For all her power of domination, Mrs. Scally was beaten by the problem of what to do with the drunken sailor. Shifting a brother is lion-tamer's work by contrast with keeping a husband out of his place, and Arthur Sinclair as Tim, rolled and sat and slept everywhere most inconvenient, threatening to knife anyone who tried to remove him. He kept Mrs. Scally gloriously at bay, taking insults from most people, and a florin or a kindly word where he could get it.

At last, having found out what each heart was made of, he threw off his sailor disguise, and came in looking like the president of a bucket-shop board in meeting, to share his wealth as virtue deserved. He redeemed the squire's land, and made a wedding present of it for the squire and Peggy, while giving the scheming Kilroy and his son the hoot. Sydney Morgan's James Kilroy, calculating to avoid bankruptcy by marrying his son to Peggy Scally and her family's security, was of the same superfiness as his George in the "Whiteheaded Boy," and his Joxer in "Juno." Nothing about him was familiar but the voice and the red waistcoat.

It was especially welcome to see both J. A. O'Rourke and Harry Hutchinson with places in the sun, where both shone, the former as Mrs. Scally's hen-pecked—or macaw-pecked—worm of a husband that turned at last, the latter as O'Cahan's groom. The sight of O'Rourke before the betrothal negotiations having his collar put on by his daughter at the command of his wife prior to going to wash his face at the pump, threatens a catastrophe to the midriff. O'Rourke was at times so comic that his colleagues on the stage laughed at him. One name in the cast,

Tony Quinn, was new to me. He somewhat overdid the booby son of James Kilroy. I realise he had to be the unmanly contrast of O'Cahan, but without more guts and gumption than he showed he could not have got as near to marrying Kathleen O'Regan's beautiful and natural Peggy Scally as he did.

### A Hen upon a Steeple: Globe.

The women created by male dramatists have been more noted for beauty than for brains. The men conceived by women dramatists will be noted for *folie de doute*. Lord Chislehurst was a man with a past when he married, and contrary to his vows he determined to have a future. While his servant packed his trunk for his elopement with Mrs. Dufayne, divorcée, prior to his own divorce and remarriage, his wife called to congratulate him on the second anniversary of their wedding day. Getting him to a family party, ostensibly to screen the fact of their separation, she drugged and kidnapped the pair of romance-seekers, and took them aboard her yacht. Having told the crew that he had been ordered a work cure by his doctor, she gave him clearly to understand that he must swab the decks or starve, and the captain and steward conspired with her. The rule of woman seems worse than Bolshevism.

When night came Lady Chislehurst retired to the bedroom on the left, while Mrs. Dufayne was shown to the one on the right. As these were the only bedrooms available, Lord Chislehurst sat in the inter-rooms state-room and oscillated. Finally, instead of visiting both—and both doors were swung invitingly open for him—as he would have done in the good old days, he went to the bridge to receive an all-night sermon on the way to Hell, from the Presbyterian captain. Whether by the loveliness of his wife—and Margaret Bannerman is lovely as well as beautifully dressed—or by something in him certainly not himself, that strove for righteousness, Lord Chislehurst was won back at the eleventh hour, after putting off at Dinan, with his prospective.

The author, Miss Joan Temple, has not sufficiently filled her play. It is padded out with intervals of silent business that make its appearance film-like without excitement, and the opening is so slow that the audience becomes impatient within five minutes. Except for Norman McKinnel's outstanding performance as the captain of the yacht, the interpretations are too flippant. No man could play Lord Chislehurst; and if women will invent such parts they should get into men's clothes—thus reversing the Elizabethan way of rendering lovely woman—and do the creatures themselves. All allowances made, however, George Tully played Lord Chislehurst too much in the manner of Seymour Hicks in French farce, a manner destined to fail because Chislehurst was not a fool but only a puppet. Beautiful as Margaret Bannerman was, if Chislehurst had been worth having for anything but his name, he wouldn't have knuckled under to her method of fighting for him. Margaret Bannerman neither expressed nor was given much scope to express the touch of pathos indispensable to the play's success. She crowded all the time, and did not permit the audience, except for the brief instant after her husband's apparent departure from the yacht, to see any anguish or any desire for the man. But Irene Browne's awakening, as Mrs. Dufayne, from her stupor on the yacht was a sample of the acting that the public—if I am typical, and the audience's delight suggests I am—is pining for. Her bedraggled appearance and bemused speech, the way she trailed the blanket and dragged it over her head while standing, as though in bed, her face, all of her, was an episode to carry home with joy.

PAUL BANKS.

## Modern Poetry.

By Hugh M'Diarmid.

### DOUGHTY AND THE SITWELLS.

I believe that Sir George Sitwell shot a spirit at the headquarters of the London Spiritualists in 1880. What a blessing it wasn't himself! His three children continue to figure with admirable regularity in their publishers' new announcements. Edith's "Rustic Elegies" have just appeared; Sacheverell's "The Cyder Feast and Other Poems" is forthcoming; Osbert's next book cannot be long delayed—and now R. L. Megroz has studied "The Three Sitwells" (Richards Press, 8s. 6d.). It is a description rather than an analysis. It may widen their public, but it fails to "place" their book. In my opinion, where that is not (as much of it is) mere entertainment depending on a transiency of taste and destined ere long to become the dearest of mutton, it will keep for its three authors a place in British literary history not dissimilar in size, and, to some extent, in kind, to that occupied, in respect of an earlier period, by— not Donne—but Thomas Stanley, or, perhaps (in respect of Sacheverell), Thomas Carew. All three are Marinists. This question of the need of Marinism or Gongorism cuts deep, and is related to nearly all of the most significant phenomena of contemporary European letters—the developments of "ornamentalism" (as in James Joyce and Remizov), *Zaumny* (trans-sense), and *skaz* (differentiation of vocal intonations); these phenomena have a long and fertile history; the active employers of them, however coterie-noted they may be for a while, generally prove in retrospect to be very minor people, yet essential precursors of major emergencies; and there was never a time in literary history perhaps when the whole history of this recurrent experimentalism ought more to be closely considered in relation to its contemporary manifestations. Apart from Joyce, these have been far less marked in English (outwith America) than in any other European language. This conservatism of English is apparently steadily hardening into a species of arterio-sclerosis of its usage at home. Basil de Selincourt probably had this in view when in his "Pomona, or the Future of English," he foresaw little further scope for poetry in King's English, and expressed the opinion that the literary future probably lies with the development of distinctively American usages of English. I am inclined to think it may be shared by re-developments in Anglo-Saxon (like Doughty's) or in Scots, or, to a smaller extent, in dialect developments. The central English tradition has always been peculiarly antipathetic to such developments; witness the treatment of Barnes, of Doughty, and (despite lip-service) of Burns. One of Burns' first reviewers regretted that he preferred to write in Scots; I believe J. C. Squire has similarly expressed himself—linguistic prejudice and short-sightedness can scarcely be better exemplified. Both are exceedingly widespread and apparently insuperable in England, and, to a lesser extent, in Scotland. This has, on the one hand, cut off the general public from much of the best of English literature to a greater extent than the public is cut off (from "highbrowism") in any other great literary country; and, on the other hand, it has prevented English literature from developing equivalents to many of the most profitable "lines" in other European literatures.

By far the best essay on the Sitwells (and the only one that is really a "study") is Edwin Muir's essay on Edith in "Transition" (Hogarth Press). It, together with its companion essays on Robert Graves (whose ever-increasing tale of books recently included one on "The English Ballad" the best of the contents of which are all *Scottish*), T. S.

Eliot, and Contemporary Poetry, cannot be disregarded by any student of the present position of English poetry. He points out that there is an "order of poetry—Blake and Rimbaud have adorned it—whose function is to show us the world" as if it were suddenly fixed, a monstrous illusion, without that feeling of solidarity with it which distinguishes humanistic poetry; and "it is to this order that Miss Sitwell's poetry essentially belongs." That is true. It is also true that Miss Sitwell is a very small figure in comparison either with Blake or Rimbaud. The Sitwells rely upon Marinism and *Zaumny*; Doughty, reactionary but, alas, not also revolutionary, unfortunately relied wholly upon a kind of *skaz*—but Doughty, of whom a first full-dress account, by Barker Fairley, is announced through Messrs. Cape, was nevertheless a greater poet than all the Sitwells put together. Even so, he failed, as most Gongorists fail; but most Gongorists succeed, not in themselves, but in influencing others, and Doughty may yet succeed in this way to an unimaginable degree; if not, de Selincourt's dismal prophecy of the supersession of English for higher imaginative purposes will come true. Doughty and the Sitwells and a few others have in this way or that striven against the fate they foresaw overtaking it; but it is a task for a giant, and none of them have been nearly comprehensive enough. They have attempted to do with a variety of talents what English remains conspicuously disabled by what Herbert Read calls "a lack of intelligence at certain crises in the history of poetry since Baudelaire." But, to go further, and say with Mr. Muir, that "the resolution of the modern world into poetry might, one feels, have been achieved by Nietzsche had his fanaticism and his ambition been less—the time was ripe, if he had been," is another matter to which I propose to recur shortly in a series of articles on "Nietzsche and the Revival of the European Spirit," in these columns.

## Pastiche.

By Lionel Grant.

### RED HEADED ANNA.

Anna was a brown, broad-shouldered girl who frequented the night club. She had the lithe strength of a pantheress, and a face that at once attracted and puzzled—a face that possessed a strange comeliness when viewed at half-profile, brows perpetually knitted Medusa-wise, as though by everlasting pain, and a head of red hair with great waving curls, gave her a passionate, sensitive appearance.

Moreover, Anna's odd deportment and attire were fancifully suggestive of wanton Egyptian women portrayed on the mighty palace walls in old Egypt. Her favourite dress was a white robe, with a zig-zag border of purple running around the bottom, which clung to her figure from shoulder to knee, showing the full outline of her body.

Of course, Anna had "her man"—a rather good-looking ship's mate, known in the club as Alec Mackenzie. When ever his ship put into dock in the East End, he found no way to the drink and dancing of the club. It was always famine with him when he came. But when he had no money it did not worry Anna; she was always glad to have him back, and would supply drink-money that was made in the peculiar way by which women of her class get their livelihood. Once Alec came back with thirty odd pounds in his pocket, and a silver crucifix with an ivory Christ, that he had picked up in some foreign port, as a present for Anna.

"Why, it's just the loveliest thing I've ever seen," she cried, "and though I'm not religious, I'll wear it on a chain round my neck under my dress."

Then, one time when Alec was back he got viciously drunk at the club, and thrashed a man for saying things about Anna until he was unconscious. Alec was charged with being drunk and disorderly, and fined two pounds for thirty days. He had no money to pay the fine, so Anna paid it. She knew that his boat was due to sail that night, and if he was landed in jail he would lose his job.

He was grateful enough to Anna, and promised her presents and good times when he should be back in port.

The months went past and there was no sign of his return, and the other women of the club began to laugh at Anna for a simpleton in thinking he would come back to her. It was an odd fact that she had no confidants, and never talked about herself to the other girls. Her reticence, comparative sobriety, and immunity from arrest, together with the fact that she always had money to pay for her room and food, occasioned a peculiar, unpleasant feeling towards her among the other girls, which found vent in the saying that Anna was "a little fool, and putting on airs." Once she was actually known to have refused the offer of a rich young Peer to set her up in a flat, which made the other girls all the more furious with her.

Then one hot summer night, Buck Wilkinson came into the club; he was an A.B. on the same ship that Alec was on. He had drunk a great many whiskies before he turned to Anna and gave her the news. Alec had gone back to Glasgow and married a minister's daughter. He had sent a message to Anna by Buck, and poor Buck moved his feet about uneasily as he watched Anna's face while he gave the message.

"Tell her not to worry, and forget that she ever knew me. This marriage had to be; it was arranged since we were children by the old folks."

Buck coughed as he saw the face beside him turn white. But he had given Alec's message, and there was no more to be done.

There was a saying amongst the girls of the club, "That they never died until the will was gone."

Some of the girls missed her for three nights, and then went to her room where they found her dying of the poison she had taken. "Lift me up!" she gasped, as they crowded round her. "I'm going away to join Alec; he's my man, you know—yes, my man!"

Then she sank back suddenly, and lay very still—in the stillness of the sleep of death.

And when they went to lay her out, they found the little silver crucifix clutched tightly in the fingers of the right hand.

## THE PRISONERS OF LIBERTY.

### A FANTASY.

I looked round the room. Everything seemed to be in order. Round the large table facing me were placed ten chairs, grouped in pairs, a little apart from one another. Upon the table lay a heap of volumes. Blotting pads—paper—ink, were opposite each place.

The clock struck ten. "I signed to my attendants. 'Have the goodness,' I said, 'to ask the prisoners if they will honour me by assembling here.'"

A few moments passed, and there began to enter, in couples, ten bewildered and often indignant persons. There was soon an excited hubbub—explanations were demanded, there was even the suggestion of threats. I raised my hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, "please seat yourselves. Ten minutes' silence is all I ask of you, after which the more you all talk the better I shall be pleased. In the meantime I shall be happy to offer the explanation for which you ask, and which is your due."

They took their seats, the Big Five, and their attendant satellites. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who seemed more than the rest to appreciate the piquancy of the situation, sat down opposite me, Mr. W. R. Titterton at his side, and immediately began to draw upon his blotting pad. Major Douglas, who also seemed to take matters pretty philosophically, sat upon his right, Mr. Brenton being with him. Mr. H. N. Brailsford was not so calm, but he took his seat at length. Mr. Clifford Allen, pale and indignant, following suit. Mr. R. H. Tawney and Mr. G. D. H. Cole, who were accompanied by their wives, took the remaining chairs; Mr. Cole Tawney, with a look of puzzled amusement, Mr. Cole whispering to his wife, "Well, at least this ought to give us an idea for our next detective story."

"Ladies and Gentlemen," I began, "if I may poach on Mr. Chesterton's preserve of paradox, I greet you as prisoners in the cause of freedom. That I have felt it necessary to exercise every ingenuity to kidnap you and place you under restraint is due to the special honour and admiration I feel for you. Your enforced surrender of liberty had become, in the view of myself and some of my friends, an indispensable step to the promotion of the liberty of your fellow-citizens. When you have performed that which, I am persuaded, you alone can perform, my compulsory hospitality will end, and you will resume a freedom

which you will have richly earned. Till then you will, however unwillingly, remain my guests.

"You will naturally demand an explanation of this strange series of occurrences. First, why you were kidnapped with such effective suddenness; why you, whom I will venture to address for the sake of convenience as the 'Big Five' (here Mr. Chesterton glanced, I thought, with a certain happy superiority at the less massive figures of his fellow prisoners)—'big,' that is, in your social significance at this crisis of our country's fortunes, were incarcerated with only the company of your coadjutors for a full week in a room containing nothing to occupy your attention but a volume from the pen of each of the other four, in addition to one from your own; and what further trial I now demand that you undergo; on what terms your liberty may be regained.

"First, as to your present situation. This building is one of the lesser medieval castles, recently restored. It stands in the remotest part of a particularly deserted district on the Welsh border. Around its ample grounds run a high wall and a deep moat, on the further side of which a series of highly charged electric wires has been constructed. You are free to wander as you will in the gardens and woods within this enclosure, but be assured that escape is impossible. An aeroplane may suggest itself to some of you, but the ground is broken without any opportunity for landing. No one, I am well assured, knows of your whereabouts, and there is no telephone.

"I have felt it necessary to make all this clear; but, indeed, I have every hope that you will come to regard your stay here as in no way an enforced restraint, but rather as a notable opportunity. You are, indeed, assembled here in a great enterprise, as I see it—by your collaboration to give new hope, new power, and opportunity to British democracy, which is in peril of perishing. You may not as yet be convinced, already of one mind in regard to two matters: One, that our country stands in the gravest peril of decay, dissolution, and despair. Progress, as one of you has acutely observed, is advancing in all directions, but it is, I believe, common ground with you all that every one of those directions is a wrong one. Two, that such leadership as this country is receiving, in politics, in economics, in financial policy, in industrial organisation, from those who are in positions of power and responsibility, can do nothing to save her, and, indeed, is making matters ever more perilously worse.

"On so much, I take it, you are agreed. Now let me place before you a further consideration, upon which I cannot expect your agreement in advance, but which I ask you most earnestly to ponder. There is no lack of opposition to the fatal tendencies of the age, still less to the leadership of those who are now in control, either as initiators or figure-heads. But matched with the demands of the situation, that opposition is halting, academic, unco-ordinated, and ineffective to an absurd degree. There is no end to its ideas, but there is no beginning of any synthesis of them. The closer you get to the actual 'movements' of organised agitation, the further, speaking generally, and get from realities in the matter of social criticism and creative effort. Leaving the movement, with its sentimentalities and partisan utilities, its out of date economics, and its perennial pre-occupation with political playthings, and turning to what is called the 'men of ideas,' either publicists and the sociologists, what do we find? That these persons are formulating, in solemn phrases and with the consoling incantations of interminable statistics, the same circle of outworn and irrelevant ideas as those who occupy the more 'low-browed' devotees of the movement which has been deserted, or that they have hold of a real truth upon which they are sedulously addressing a microscopic audience of their own, (which has ears for nothing else. Will you forgive me if I say that you who are gathered here are the best representatives of this latter small and honourable, but in some respects unsatisfactory class: unsatisfactory because this reiteration of truths, however valuable and essential, this concentration upon a certain section of the field which the army of democracy must win, the neglect of the rest, is not what will rouse and recruit that army, not what will suffice to win that battle. You have all your faithful followers, but their defiant gestures in separate corners of the field, while they may delight in their commander, will leave the cause not only unwon, but still not even clearly recognised or understood. It is time to sound the trumpet for a great council of war, and every faithful captain must ride in with his troop.

And it is for that reason that you are here. No less drastic method seemed in the least likely to be effective in bringing you together and pinning you to your task.

First it is necessary that you should each clearly grasp the essence of that which is most characteristic in the thought of the rest. Distributism, Social Credit, Socialism, the Functional Society, the Guild Idea—all these phrases are familiar to the point of boredom, but they are only phrases, and many of us take little enough trouble to get to the bottom of what their sponsors really mean by them. For that reason I am hopeful that your week's incarceration with nothing to divert you but these five volumes, *The Outline of Sanity*, *Social Credit*, *Socialism for To-Day*, *The Acquisitive Society*, and *Social Theory*, will have proved really salutary. You have been under observation during this time, and it has been noticed that each one of the Big Five, after first very naturally re-reading his own work, turned with some (though of course a lesser) degree of interest and even approval to the consumption of the rest. Mr. Chesterton was observed to exhibit a certain perplexity in grappling with Part II. of *Social Credit*; Major Douglas manifested a little impatience with some of what he found in *The Acquisitive Society*. Others of you faltered in your appreciation of each other's work from time to time. But I am persuaded that curiosity impelled you to read the books, and that candour would compel you to admit that they impressed you more than you had thought at all probable. You know something of each other's minds, each of the Big Five has at hand a collaborator with whom he is accustomed to work. It is time for the work of construction, of synthesis, of the reopening of every vital issue with unprejudiced minds, of the pooling of the great resources of brain and heart which are represented in this room to begin.

The position, then, is this. You are here to draft the programme of the New Economic opposition, a policy and a strategy that faces all the facts and points the way forward to twentieth-century democracy, now dazzled, bewildered, and dismayed. Alone each one of you, with all your great powers, is insufficient for the task, but if you cannot do it together then it can never be done. It will be time enough later to call in the help of others, industrial psychologists, men of industrial experience as directors, technicians, chemists, accountants, and artisans. But the initiative lies with you, and I am determined that you shall furnish it. Until you can lay before me the agreed fruit of your labours you will remain captives. Your liberty cannot be granted until that of our people has been envisaged and prepared. There is yet time to make our century the most glorious instead of the most terrible in history. I leave you to your labours."

With a farewell bow, which was the signal for the outbreak of an excited tumult of conversation, I left the room and closed the door.

NUM.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

### "AN ANALYSIS OF PRICE."

Sir,—It would be interesting to have the views of other experts as to the soundness of including certain factors in the denominator of the price-factor while omitting corresponding factors from the numerator, as H. M. M. appears to suggest.

As always in New Economic considerations, the important factor is time.

My statement, in the original article, that "the true financial cost of all production equals the nominal financial cost of total consumption," for instance, is only necessarily true over a very considerable period.

Consequently, in a first assessment of the price-factor, the costs of the items for both numerator and denominator should be those for long periods of time. To be quite accurate, we should have to go back for centuries. Practically, we must be content with the maximum number of years for which the necessary relevant data are available.

The fraction so obtained will admittedly be a proper fraction. If, from this point onward, more accurate records be kept, and—as suggested previously—the original fraction merely revised quarterly by adding the total figures for the last quarter to the accumulated totals of long past years, then a more and more accurate fraction is obtained; but it seems to me that total figures should be used for the numerator just as for the denominator.

Under these conditions, I agree that, long before a few improper fractions obtained from figures of three-monthly periods could seriously modify the above price-factor, the community in question would have ceased to exist.

A. W. COLEMAN.

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