THE
NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1428 New Series Vol. XXVI. No. 12. Thursday, Jan. 22, 1920. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Germany's New "Sturm und Drang." By Herman George Scheffauer (with comments by R. H. C.)	181
The House of Commons—I. By Hilaire Belloc	183
Rome and Persecution. By Eugène Fasnacht	184
The Materialism of "A. E. R." By P. A. Mairet	185
The Revolt of Intelligence—VII. By Ezra Pound	186
Drama: Julius Cæsar. By John Francis Hope	187
Readers and Writers. By R. H. C.	188
Adler. By J. A. M. Alcock	189
Contemporary Fragments—II By Janko Lavrin	190
Views and Reviews. Homœopathy. By A. E. R.	192
Reviews: The Skilled Labourer, 1760-1832. A Personal Record	194
Letters to the Editor from Douglas Goldring, Arundell del Ré, George Pitt-Rivers, Walter W. Sutcliffe, Ezra Pound	194
Pastiche. By J. A. M. A., E. V. Limebeer, Ruth Pitter	196

[*Owing to the illness of the Editor the following article is substituted for the usual "Notes of the Week."*]

Germany's New "Sturm und Drang."

By Herman George Scheffauer.

(*With comments by "R. H. C."*)

In The New Age of December 18, "R. H. C.," commenting upon Nietzsche's mission as a prophet of culture to Germany, asks: "But is there any appeal in culture to a Germany situated as Germany is to-day?"

Mr. Scheffauer must have been looking for a quarrel, since there is nothing in my text of December 18 to warrant his conclusion that I was attacking Germany. I simply asked whether the cry from the muezzin to come to culture would be heard in Germany above the din of the big bagman calling Germany to commercial conquests in Russia. If Nietzsche was not listened to after 1870, I doubted whether he would be listened to any more after 1918. In fact, I am convinced that Nietzsche is nowhere so dead as in Germany to-day.

That conditions in Germany, particularly cultural conditions, should not be clear to "R. H. C." and millions of others, is not surprising. For "R. H. C.," like other Englishmen and Americans, is dependent upon his Press—and such a Press!

It is strange to hear that I, or any New Age writer, am dependent upon the British Press for our surmises concerning the spiritual condition of Germany. I do not say that I do not read the reports of newspaper correspondents, but it is largely between the lines. Moreover, we have other sources of information than the printed Press, as Mr. Scheffauer knows very well. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Mr. Scheffauer, living in Berlin, has been consistently wrong throughout the war—wrong in point of forecast, I mean—while The New Age has been consistently right. History will repeat itself.

Yet the fact is there—it is here—like a hill, a sea, a volcanic eruption. Germany, after her brief awhoring after the abominations of British Imperialism and commercialism (to which, of course, she was fully entitled, as America is entitled to the same harlotry now), is once more becoming "the land of poets and thinkers." No people could demand a grander title —even though not forced, like Germany, to stand naked, wounded and chained before Brute Might armed to the tusks, and incorporated in two insensate old men drunk with primitive rages and boundless power.

A "volcanic eruption" appears to be something different from the still, small voice of Culture. However, let that pass for the moment. The contention, explicit in Mr. Scheffauer's paragraph is that Germany was "entitled" to her fling of "harlotry" in consequence of England's example. The ethic is execrable, but the practical moral is that Germany has no right to complain of the "Brute Might" that defeated her. If it is only right to do anything we *can*, our failure must prove that what we attempted was wrong!

A land so compact of bulk as Germany, so finely and scientifically organised, of such dynamic popular forces and will to work, cannot resign or be deprived of its economic importance and participation without undermining the entire structure of world trade and traffic. International trade is already sick and shaky because the sound and efficient German element has been brutally and blindly driven out of it. But already it is as if the latent creative energies of this land had gone forth to conquer a new empire. Though it can never forgo just claims, it seems content to leave the offal and rubbish of a doomed mechanised and Mammonised epoch to those to whom these things are still Baal.

Ah, now we are getting down to the bones! Creative energies going forth to "conquer a new empire" by means of "scientific organisation," etc., etc. The terminology is not cultural but big bagmen.

The collapse of German militarism, the sudden recoil of the tremendous spring, has unloosed unconjectured forces, precisely as the triumph of Entente militarism, the *ostensible* triumph, has for the time being suppressed them in Entente countries. I have said, purposely, the *collapse* of German militarism. Of a real defeat in the one case, as of a real triumph in the other, there can be no question. The discomfiting consciousness of this fact largely accounts for the rancour and spite with which the "victors" seek to humiliate their fallen foe. I have no love for militarism of any sort in any nation, as my little masque, "The Hollow Head of Mars" (London, 1915) will sufficiently attest. And yet, as I made bold to point out in my controversy with S. Verdad in The New Age some time in 1917, Prussian militarism *qua* militarism had justified itself by the sheer stupendousness of its achievements against over-

whelming odds and the most disadvantageous conditions. After a certain point it could no longer be defeated in a fair trial of strength, nor in a clean, soldierly way. It could only be overwhelmed by mass, that is, by the victory of quantity over quality—as came to pass. The fact that it was necessary artificially to drum up the whole world against Prussian militarism should not only be its best military, but its best moral justification. If the actual values of the war be read aright and honestly, nothing achieved a greater triumph than precisely Prussian militarism.

Mr. Scheffauer, like far too many Germans, obviously only pretends to hate militarism. At heart he is proud of Prussian militarism, and only sorry that his god suffered the ignominy of defeat. Nor was it even a defeat, he thinks. No, it was a "collapse"—in other words, I presume, a voluntary surrender. Yet it was not that either, but the defeat of quality by quantity. In short, it was a moral victory for "precisely Prussian militarism," the thing for which Mr. Scheffauer professes to have "no love." This attitude is repellent in the extreme. Simultaneously with the denunciation of the crime, the criminal asks our admiration for its stupendous dimensions and our pity that so tremendous an attempt to go a-whoring after an abomination failed in its aim. We have heard of offences forgiven because they were such little ones. Mr. Scheffauer pleads justification for Prussian militarism because it was so stupendous. At the same time he represents its defeat as the defeat of quality by quantity!

Vast as was her military achievement, it was almost equalled by Germany's economic achievement under the blockade. To-day Germany is torn from without and from within, racked between Progress and Reaction, tortured, dismembered, disorganised, drained dry by the beak and tentacles of the gigantic squid that enwraps her, starved and bleeding from wounds that will not heal. Her cities, factories, and railways are paralysed for lack of coal. The cost of living goes higher day by day. Stung by the adder of particularism, German combats German, or wallows in orgies of self-denunciation. A hedonism born of despair goes dancing amidst corpses. Germany, in Nietzsche's phrase, has indeed learned to "live dangerously."

The phrase is Nietzsche's undoubtedly, but whether he would approve its application to Germany's condition as described by her apologist is not so certain. It sounds to me rather more like delirium than living dangerously. Maniacs display a good deal of activity; so, no doubt, would men in the last stages of despair; but "living" implies not a mere spurt of unregulated energy, but a sustained and directed manipulation of circumstances. I am naturally not disposed to mock at Germany's plight, or even to endorse the judgment that it serves her right. Furthermore, I am prepared to believe that the "punishments" of God take the benevolent form of enhanced opportunities for improvement. But neither anything I have otherwise discovered, nor anything that Mr. Scheffauer reports, gives me any assurance that Germany has yet found a new way of life.

Yet it is in this Germany that we are confronted by a new Renaissance of Humanity. Culture is no longer a fixed and categorical conception here. It has become something free as the air—it is penetration, saturation. Old concepts, forms and traditions are flung remorselessly into the melting-pot—much good perishes with the bad. Democracy has come with new devices and old diseases. Women have suddenly been given liberties greater than in any other State. The artist demands his share in the affairs of government.

I wonder what Dr. Oscar Levy thinks of all this: culture free as the air, democracy, the licentiousness of women, and the demand of the artist to share in government. They do not appear to me to be heralds of a Nietzschean Renaissance.

To-day more vital poetry is being published and read in Germany than ever before and—this is again characteristically German—probably more "enemy" poetry than in enemy lands themselves. The price of paper and printing has reached ruinous heights. Yet so intense is the thirst for books that more are being published than in war-time or in peace-time, when Germany's production reached (1912) 34,800 volumes, England's 12,100, France's 9,600, or 51, 25, and 24 per head of population respectively.

Quantity again. Always this boasting of numbers and size. But it is perfectly conceivable that as culture improves the number of publications will diminish rather than increase. Indeed, it is certain. Mr. Scheffauer's figures neatly prove it.

Countless new reviews, magazines and newspapers, political, artistic, ethical, sociological, dramatic, etc., all of them sharply individualistic, crying and humming with new ideas, ideals, *tendenzen* and Utopias, come swooping upon the public like swarms of cranes —and gnats.

Really, for the reader of THE NEW AGE which Mr. Scheffauer professes to be (and, may I add, as a significant fact, that he is our only reader in Germany?) this argument is scandalous. I am always deprecating the spawning of new magazines in this country as precisely a symptom of declining culture; yet here is Mr. Scheffauer trying to palm off on me a swarm of new journals as evidence of improved culture in Germany. Besides, it is nothing new in Germany; it is only more like old Germany than ever.

Germany and its Kultur are still undiscovered territory. What attention, for example, has the Anglo-Yanko world paid to the new system of popular education rough-hewn out of granite opposition by Haenisch, the German Minister of Schools—a system which will do much to cast all others into the limbo of the mediæval? To mention by name the countless new movements, centres and associations for the intellectual organisation of the world, for popular education according to new needs and principles, for the cultivation of creative and dynamic thought—such as Count Hermann Keyserling's "Foundation for Free Philosophy"—would weary like the reading of a page of a city directory. Let us consider for the benefit of "R. H. C." and others the significance in point of culture of the success of that staggering and sinister masterpiece, "Der Untergang des Abendlandes," by Oswald Spengler ("The Downfall of the Occident"). Or of the strange, persistent popularity of Dr. Vaihinger's "Die Philosophie des Als Ob," now, I hear, being translated into English by the Rev. W. O. Brigstoke, under some such title as "The Philosophy of the 'As it were.'"

At it again! Intellectual organisation of the world; staggering masterpieces; and so on—the spirit of Prussian militarism seeking an outlet in a fresh direction. The "success" of Spengler's masterpiece, the "popularity" of Vaihinger, are nothing to Culture.

"R. H. C." will surely agree that the theatre supported or tolerated or preferred by a people is one of the surest indices of its culture. Let him take the weekly play-lists of the theatres of London, Paris, and New York, and compare them with those of Berlin alone—though every other German ex-capital will stand the test. Here a superb, full-blooded dramatic life, a true love among all classes for the art of the theatre, and—amidst the inevitable underswirl of *Kitsch*, or trash—an endless, ever-changing pageant of plays, new and old, classic and modern and ultra-modern—from Æschylus to the whole gamut of Strindberg, the crass and melancholy erotics of Wedekind, or the ecstatic expressionism of the "*Sturm*" group. Here the Volksbühne, with its temple of art and 125,000 proletariat members; the new Tribüne, the Kleines Schauspielhaus under Karlheinz Martin, the Kammerspiele, the new proletarian stage at the Philharmonie, the revolutionised Theatre Royal, now the Staats Schauspielhaus under Jessner, the Staats Oper under Dr. Max von Schillings, the composer of "Mona Lisa," the opening of many new Volks-theater in German cities. Then there is Professor Max Reinhardt's modern coliseum, the new Grosses Schauspielhaus, and his brilliant revival of the Ueberbrett'l or super-variety in the Cabaret "Schall und Rauch." Drama, in short, is recognised as an organic function in the life of the new State. What

is there yonder? I read the play-lists of London, Paris and New York, but I shall not stoop to describe the stage-swill and drivel I find there. And yet, notwithstanding all this—"Huns!" "Boches!" "Barbarians!"

The comparison undoubtedly appears favourable to Germany, and Mr. Scheffauer is entitled to make what he can of it. But let him pause before committing his soul to a final judgment. The English theatre may be poor, but, then, nobody in England thinks well of it. "Culture" goes seldom to the theatre in London. On the other hand, all the world, Mr. Scheffauer tells us, goes to the theatre in Germany, and apparently quite indiscriminately to Æschylus or Reinhardt. Culture selects, and when there is nothing worth its while stays at home. Germany swallows everything.

I wonder what deductions "R. H. C." would draw did he possess mental balances sufficiently just—delicate they need not be—to weight the intellectual or literary quality of the average German newspaper article as against the average British? As a sign of what he assumes to be Germany's indifference to culture—at the very moment in which I am writing, there is scarcely a newspaper in Germany which has not an essay or a poem in reverent memory of Theodor Fontane, the epic novelist and ballad-writer on the hundredth anniversary of his birth, as a month or two ago all Germany did honour to old Hans Thomax, the master painter, on the eightieth anniversary of his. The centenary of Walt Whitman's birth brought forth countless feuilletons and several new editions of his works. Reverence for the creators of human culture is surely compatible with love of culture itself? Not only secret political archives are being opened in Germany—in her rage of uninfectious frankness—but also new museums, literary *Archiven* and the like. Since the revolution two new universities have been called into being—Hamburg and Köln, or Cologne, to use the French word which has been foisted upon the English language. And yet few of Germany's 28 or more universities can accommodate the crush of students.

Nietzsche has anticipated all this. There is nothing meritorious *in themselves* in literary celebrations or in museums or in universities. A man is not cultured because he has a large library, or even because he has read all the books in it. And as for universities . . .!

Whilst delirious French scientists and some of their British brethren are howling with schoolboy stupidity and spite that German science is not to be admitted into the presence of divine Entente science, unless every German scientist comes crawling on all fours, crying "peccavi"—German science, in the person of Alfred Einstein, dethrones Newton from his cosmic authority and sets up new laws for the universe. All three Nobel prizes for science in 1919 are won by Germans—Professors Max Planck, Fritz Haber and Johannes Starck. Dr. Walther Nernst is elected a member of neutral academies. To the "common enemy of the human race," belongs not only the glory of having invented the specific for the cure of that human curse—syphilis—but also of having lately perfected an amazingly successful cure for tuberculosis—Dr. Friedmann's famous discovery. As for German humanity, at a moment when Germany feels the shortage and the dearness of food more than ever, she gives a generous portion of her weekly breadration to her starving sister Austria.

"*German* science"! *German* truth! Perhaps if it were presented as science and truth without the label, it would be still better science and truth. I believe that it is a fact that Austria has received more help from England than from Germany. In view of the circumstances, it is no great merit to claim; but Mr. Scheffauer must not be allowed to ignore it.

"R. H. C." may, of course, plead ignorance for his assumptions—he may even plead precedent. For to an Anglo-Saxon mentality or its traditions of utilitarianism, it *must* seem inconceivable that a land so oppressed, dismembered, starved and robbed by its ferocious foes, should be swayed by any other impulse than that of wallowing in the trough of a new commercialism, in envy and emulation of the gigantic hogs that now command it with all feet. That impulse is naturally strong and evident—it is also necessary to a highly industrialised land like Germany. But let "R. H. C." tread carefully amidst the German ruins and puddles, lest he step upon Phœnix nests and precious young shoots.

THE NEW AGE, I repeat, is not read in Germany—more's the pity. I am not, therefore, in danger of treading on any phœnix-nest.

There needs no Nietzsche come from the grave to call the Germans to culture, as THE NEW AGE writer imagines. For culture to the Germans is not as a festival garment to be put on or off, nor as a nice external varnish, but an indispensable part of life itself. Despite fond British belief, and American infection by that belief, it has really nothing to do with spiked helmets and the goose-step, even though these formerly diverted much power from it. So rich is this great field in treasure unexploited by the world at large, that were I able to drum together a corps of artist-translators, I would attempt to interpret it for the abiding benefit of the Anglo-Saxon mind. The failure of the Germans themselves to make it clear and coherent to the world, reveals one of their most devastating incapacities.

So Nietzsche is unnecessary, after all, and may stay dead. Culture is safe without him. All that is necessary is to reveal to the world the rich treasure of culture that exists in Germany—an exhibition the Germans themselves have hitherto in their modesty failed to make. Thus we end as we began: Germany has nothing to learn, but everything to teach. And this is German culture!

The House of Commons.

By Hilaire Belloc.

I

THE House of Commons has been for 250 years really, and theoretically still is, the central institution of the English.

Within it are concentrated and centralised the powers of the State in a fashion unknown to any other Polity.

Whereas in other countries great organisms, of capital value to the life of the community and exercising determined independent functions, co-exist with, modify, check and (if necessary) could replace the existing executive power, *here* all is centralised in one.

From the House of Commons proceed ultimately all orders. Those who are in constitutional theory its servants and responsible to it nominate the recruitment of the second Chamber. They not only decide the general lines of foreign (as of domestic) policy, but have absolute power over its details. New universities are created, existing ones reformed, by the House or under its authority. An established national religion is similarly attached to the Central Executive, and its chief officers are nominated therefrom.

Even the Magistracy, everywhere else as far as possible independent of executive power (through actual constitution, public opinion and custom combined, an independence regarded everywhere in Europe as essential to freedom), is here so closely linked with the one great organ of Government that the few higher Magistrates—the Judges—though possessing a power incomparably greater than any of their foreign colleagues, are in a great part actually drawn from the Membership of the House of Commons, and are always nominated at the discretion of its Ministers; while the whole machinery of the Lawyers and their Personnel, all that the Legal Guild means to this State above every other State, is so closely intertwined with the House of Commons as to be almost indistinguishable from it. Through the House of Commons are attained the great prizes of the legal profession, and

the very hours and arrangements of the Commons Debates are moulded by the Recesses of the Courts.

What a great strength such high centralisation has been to this country it needs no great knowledge of history to confirm. Men eager for freedom and dignity of living in the individual rightly demand a separation in the various Powers of sovereignty; but men considering rather the strength of the State, and especially its action abroad, men concerned with the homogeneity and quiet continuance of their country, coupled with its invincibility against foreign aggression, rejoice to recognise a high and successful centralisation of sovereignty however masked or under whatever name.

Nowhere has that centralisation proceeded to such lengths as it did in the England of the Nineteenth Century (especially just after the middle of that period), and it may be said with justice that the British House of Commons was, in the generation immediately preceding our own, the most absolute and the strongest Prince on earth. That absolute strength was reflected in the peace within, the proud security without, the vast expansion in wealth and dominion, which this country could boast from the close of the Napoleonic Wars to times well within our own memory.

This is the fundamental postulate a man must lay down before proceeding to any examination of our political case to-day. The House of Commons was everything to England, on it all stood—and it worked well.

To-day, as is notorious, its authority is failing, or has failed; and from that failure chiefly proceeds the anxiety of our time.

It is my purpose in this study to examine first why it has failed; next, the disaster being analysed, to seek a remedy. And in this matter of a remedy two questions have to be answered: *First*, whether the organ itself can be healed, i.e., whether the House of Commons can be reformed, or aided in some such fashion as will restore its original position? *Secondly* (if this prove impossible), what other organ can take its place?

The thesis I shall maintain is as follows:—

The House of Commons, though containing a representative element, was and is essentially not a representative Body, but an Oligarchy; that is, a small body of men segregated from the mass of citizens and renewing itself. Since no Oligarchy works (that is, can be morally accepted or exercise authority), unless it be an aristocracy, the House of Commons was vigorous and healthy in its function so long as it was aristocratic. For the definition of "aristocracy" is, not a body recruited by birth or even from wealth, not a caste (though it may be a caste), least of all a plutocracy, but essentially *an Oligarchy subject to a Peculiar Respect from its fellow citizens.* Upon the failure of the aristocratic quality in the House of Commons, upon its appearance as a mere Oligarchy, its moral authority disappeared; and with that moral authority its power of government.

Meanwhile, the functions of this highly centralised form of executive, magistracy, and legislature combined was vastly increased through the sudden development of the modern State. Hence, a double evil and a double peril were present. There was rapid accretion of power in something which as rapidly was growing unfitted to exercise power. In seeking the remedy we shall find that no internal reform, nor any act from within, can restore an organism so far decayed. We shall further find that no subsidiary Body, such as a Trades Council or other Chamber, can take its place. It must be replaced, and can only be replaced, in a great State by that which is the only alternative to Aristocracy in a great State, I mean, a Monarchy.

Such is the argument I set forth to develop.

(To be continued.)

Rome and Persecution.

It would appear from Mr. Upton's letter in The New Age of November 20 that not even in this century can we approach historical problems without feelings of religious bitterness, and probably even to-day there is to be found in the minds of many a tendency which is reminiscent of a certain famous apostle of enlightenment of the eighteenth century who looked forward to the day when the last king should be strangled in the entrails of the last priest. I think it must be some not entirely dissimilar attitude which is responsible for the outcry which is always raised when a cold attempt is made to solve the problem of the relation of Catholicism to persecution. For though Catholicism is usually unfortunate in its apologists, who, I admit, often give just cause for the enmity of their opponents, this fact does not, I think, excuse those opponents when they seek rather to score debating points than to search out the truth.

For the crimes of Rome in the past are notorious, and, though they should not be forgotten, they are hardly in need of emphasis. But when the cause of Papal crimes is imputed to the teachings of Catholicism Luther's mistake is repeated, and we are reminded of the recent ingenious writer who professed himself able to discern the elements of Mr. Bertrand Russell's social philosophy in his metaphysical speculations and works on higher mathematics.

The problem of the attitude of Catholicism to persecution is complex in the extreme, but its solution is abundantly clear. Whether we take Catholic dogma or history the answer is the same, and though the constant shifting of the period for consideration may not clarify the situation, it need not confuse the issue of the inquiry. Taking dogma first, it is easily seen that the Catholic conceptions of individual responsibility for sin and the freedom of the will are simply meaningless divorced from their inevitable corollary the freedom of conscience. Passing to the evidence of history, we find in early times the witness of St. Martin and St. Leo in favour of toleration, not to mention a host of others. If the period taken be the last four hundred years we find the clear testimony of men like Fénelon and Tamburini, and when at last the charge of intolerance has failed when examined in the light of the history of early times, when it has failed when examined in reference to modern history, as a last resort we are asked "but what about the Middle Ages?"

But the charge equally fails in this last case, and could hardly be brought if the Middle Ages were more generally understood, and to hold Catholicism responsible, for example, for the persecution of the Albigenses, is almost like saying the Church of England put conscientious objectors in prison. Mediæval persecution is quite definitely rather political than religious in character, and, on the contrary assumption, it is quite impossible to explain why it was that when the Jews were expelled from England (for which the Papacy had always a special regard), it was not the Church but Edward I who, on his own responsibility, took the decisive steps.

Those who look for clear-cut distinctions in history, and who expect to be able to label men or institutions wholly good or bad, are likely to be often disappointed, and the attempt to find simplicity or artistic unity is in no instance more dangerous than in Church history. The Church which struggled in the early Middle Ages against the Holy Roman Emperors (who were German and often persecuted), became subordinated in the fourteenth century to the French monarchy, and within the Church there was room for a certain diversity of opinion

and teaching. The method which reaches the conclusion that Catholicism is intolerant is capable of achieving other conclusions equally false and more patently absurd. For by this method it would be easy to show that Catholicism favours assassination as a political weapon, as the right of tyrannicide was taught by John Bishop of Salisbury in the twelfth century, was affirmed by Friar Bacon in the thirteenth, and was unshrinkingly advocated by Mariana and Suarez, two great Jesuits of the sixteenth century, and murder for political ends was practised by more Popes than one.

The contention I originally made, that it is absurd to suppose a tolerant Catholic must be either ignorant or dishonest, I should like to reaffirm. And I was thinking, not as Mr. Upton suggests, of myself, but of the late Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, who was not only a tolerant Catholic, but by universal consent, the most learned Englishman of the last century, if not of all time.

The not uncommon inability to understand how an informed Catholic can be tolerant involves an inability to understand almost all that is most important in the history of the last four hundred years, and must make incomprehensible the lives, character and thought of such different men as Richelieu, Mazarin, Fénelon, and Sarasa, not to mention earlier men—Lactantius, St. Hilary of Poitiers, Marsilius of Padua, Erasmus, and many others.

Those who hold that Catholicism involves persecution will find it easy to understand the Spanish envoy who wrote (inaccurately) after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572, "not a child has been spared. Blessed be God," or the action of the Pope, who solemnly celebrated the event at St. Peter's. But they will find it difficult to explain why more than one contemporary says that the massacre was detested by all pious Catholics at the time, or, why at Carcassonne, the former seat of the Inquisition, Catholics sheltered Protestant refugees in their own homes.

There is, lastly, the question of Papal infallibility. Papal infallibility has a restricted potential application, and a still rarer one in practice. Pius VII, who became Pope in 1800, wrote :—

"The nature and constitution of the Catholic Church impose on the Pope, who is the Head of the Church, certain limits which he cannot transgress. . . . The Bishops of Rome have never believed that they could tolerate any alteration in those portions of the discipline which are directly ordained by Jesus Christ or in those which, by their nature, are connected with dogma, or in those which heretics assail in support of their innovations."

How far this view is accepted by the Papacy at the present time, and how much the significance of the doctrine of Papal infallibility depends on interpretation, can only be understood by a very detailed study of the history of the Catholic Church during the last sixty years. In so far as it has any bearing on the problem of persecution the question can be easily settled. It is dangerous to argue from theory to facts, particularly in the matter of religious belief and practice. There is one very simple test of whether Catholicism teaches that persecution is right or not, and that is to ask the nearest Catholic priest.

In conclusion, I should like to draw attention to what is, I believe, the only inaccuracy in my original article, and which has not, I think, been pointed out by Mr. Upton. The religious toleration established in the seventeenth century by the Catholic colonists of Maryland was not complete, as stated. It was wide, extending to all Christian denominations; but, as I understand it, would not have extended, for example, to Mohammedans.

G. EUGENE FASNACHT.

The Materialism of "A.E.R."

IT is a strange escape from the charge of materialism to say that "spirit" and "matter" are words expressing no real distinction, are a mere dichotomy, because all experience consists in impressions or modifications of consciousness. It is not surprising, therefore, that "A. E. R.'s" attempts again and again so to close the discussion have failed to convince anyone.

For it is exactly as though a man should say that there is no difference whatever between chairs and tables : that both are impressions in the same consciousness—nothing but . . . only . . . etc., etc.

A distinction in human thought so universal and recurrent as that between "subjective" and "objective," or "spiritual" and "material," is not likely to be meaningless because an individual critic says so. It is, in fact, an absolutely necessary distinction between kinds of experience.

Probably the most irrefutable statement in all philosophy is this, that all knowledge consists in states of consciousness. But this is before even the beginning of thinking : thinking can only be useful or interesting when it proceeds to analyse or co-ordinate these states of consciousness. And as soon as it does so it is forced to recognise a primordial distinction between two kinds of experience. For instance :—

(1) I may feel a sensation of loneliness : or—

(2) I may see the sun rise.

In either case a fact of Nature is indicated : but

(1) is in myself, and

(2) is outside of myself.

As soon as we think at all we make this distinction between "inner" and "outer." The sun is out there, the feeling is in here. And upon these two kinds of experience are based the two kinds of knowledge, physical and metaphysical, material and spiritual. They deal with the same reality, but are different modes of knowing it : and they will persist side by side as long as we continue to exist, each centred in a separate organism, which is a portion, more or less detached from the totality, of things. Each must know his own portion in a special way, because he is *inside* it.

These two kinds of knowledge are incommensurable one with the other. The experience of a burnt hand in another person is utterly unlike the experience of it in oneself. But each is measurable by other knowledge of its own kind. External experiences are much easier, generally, to correct and systematise, for we can now make scales and measuring instruments. But internal experiences can also be compared with one another, as we prove whenever we recognise the same-smell-as-before-only-stronger.

When, however, we try to express inner experiences in terms of outer ones, we are forced to use the latter simply as analogies and symbols.

That is why works of music or poetry cannot be judged by any external criteria. They are appreciated by a direct intuitional knowledge, which is a thing far better developed in some persons than in others.

And it is also the reason why the deeper truths of religion and philosophy are also expressed in statements and symbols which are not in accord with Nature as known to science. The realities they represent are not physical. The words are a mere indication; the substance is all read between the lines.

Much, said Goethe, is said and written of beautiful things, but when you do experience beauty it comes out of yourself. So does wisdom; especially in its highest forms, in religious perception.

There are three things which can only be judged by those who take the trouble to know them; or who are gifted to do so. These are:—

The works of art.

The systems of logic and mathematics.

The creeds and scriptures of religion.

All of these are quite "unlike Nature," and equally subject to the dislike or contempt of those who do not understand them.

Probably no one is competent to judge in all three of these activities: but where we cannot judge, respect is more dignified than criticism: or, neutrality, at least, is required. This is really the origin of my difference with "A. E. R." He ought to be content to say that he, himself, knows nothing but material impressions (because he apparently holds that mistaken belief, through not having dispassionately analysed his experience), but he has no right to say that any other knowledge is impossible.

The unfortunate truth is that he has a *dislike* of religion, and it warps his judgment. Thus, when he had spent "considerable time" endeavouring to discover the difference between science and religion, he concluded that it was chiefly the difference between dogmatism and open-minded study. Imagine! As though, between Haeckel's "Evolution of Man," for instance, and the Creed of St. Athanasius, there were a pin to choose in the certainty and emphasis with which the facts are stated! Or as if Herbert Spencer or any scientific philosopher were not credulous and assuming, compared with the stark, nihilistic agnosticism of the Buddha.

He must simply dislike religion. For a general essayist and critic to reject so vast a field of human activity is a misfortune to himself. Positively, a man should *not* talk as if religion ought to have been razed out of human history. Not, at least, unless he really knows how else there could have been civilisation, art, architecture, and all those higher values of life which are interwoven with, and dependent upon, it! The fact of religion in humanity and its causal powers—these are things to be understood. It shows a mere want of proportion to go on tilting at Catholicism, Buddhism, or any of the great religious systems, which will be famous and powerful long after our last literary vestiges have vanished from existence. Even Nietzsche could not kill Christianity. And "A. E. R." could not kill even the Plymouth Brotherhood. What is the use of all this anti-religionism? It shows a simply unscientific spirit to complain of such a fact of nature. The business of a writer is to be commentator or interpreter of the truths of human religion, not to make vain efforts to destroy it.

And one thing remains to be said. All materialists are superstitious. It is one indication of the inhuman nature of materialism that if you embrace it as a creed you must carry the amulet, as it were, of one irrational, and generally wrong, belief, to save your soul from an imagined universe constructed of straight girders of logic.

So Lodge spends many years subjecting spooks to rigorous scientific research, in order to convince himself *that they cannot be disproved.* I heard of another and lesser scientist who said he had been "the death of many a ghost," and I guess why he went about "killing" ghosts. Of course, he believed in séances. Similarly, "A. E. R." believes in Raphael's astrology. No hitherto tried hypothesis can even begin to explain how the celestial motions could affect such an event as a railway strike. But "A. E. R." has a crinkle that they do—somehow. It is his amulet, and he may be wise not to part with it, for rationalism is but one limited view of the universe.

PHILIPPE MAIRET.

The Revolt of Intelligence.

By Ezra Pound.

VII.

"La bêtise humaine est la seule chose qui donne une idée de l'infini."

AT no time in its history has THE NEW AGE been so hard up or short handed as to ask me to take charge of its economic discussion; and I have no intention of trespassing on the domain of technical economics in this article. I am searching, as usual, for a quality of intelligence, or, if you like, for a quality of stupidity; I happen to find it in what is alleged to be an article on economics. Lord Monkswell, in the last issue of "The Globe" for 1919, shows himself in almost the same qualitative category as the hysteric female who, "Holding the Bible," etc., in her two hands (evidently not a vest-pocket edition), rejoiced that she believed every word of it "whether she understood it or not."

Lord Monkswell has evidently procured a knut's catechism of economics, or some such similar compilation. THE NEW AGE reader who "missed" (I am afraid several of them do occasionally miss issues of "The Globe") Lord Monkswell's essay, would probably be more diverted by a quotation in toto than by any "garbled excerpts" I can give, but space and, perhaps, copyright, forbid an entire transcription.

Thus:

> The answer is simply that capitalists supply capital, and that capital is as necessary to production as labour. Capital provides workshops and tools to enable workmen to work to the best advantage. A man operating a machine-tool in a warm and dry shed—conditions that involve the use of a large amount of capital—can produce more than a man working in the mud and rain with a hammer and chisel—conditions which involve the use of a very small amount of capital. A man without any tools at all can produce nothing.

All quite charming, and apparently on the undisputable and (in politer circles) undiscussable basis that "Gawd said unto Capital thou shalt have it, and He said unto Labour thou must make it." Corollary, I can write more in a warm room on a typewriter than I could on Charing Cross pavement with a lead pencil, and without a lead pencil, or a lump of coal, or a bit of chalk, I could write nothing unless I found soft and inconstant sea-sand and bits of stick. Loophole being that one can make poems out of mere words, and that many have done so; but lacking speech one can say nothing.

Speech has arisen, we suppose, out of thought, and man (without capital) did begin to make tools, in the dim eras now depicted on the covers of Mr. Wells' popular history.

Result: labour without capital, but with enough directing intelligence to ensure necessary collaboration of adequate number of labourers, could do very well without capital, and, moreover, has done very well without capital in a sufficient number of cases to leave his lordship "rather lonely."

However, we are not saying that directive intelligence is easy to come by or that labour is very busily hunting for it. We are not even trying to repeat Major C. H. Douglas' demonstrations; we are merely looking at our microscopic slide. Next specimen:

> In a country where capital is abundant much more of everything can be produced and things will consequently be cheap. This brings prosperity to the country.

Next, his lordship, not content with modernity, has an archæological flyer, sic:

> Even a savage seldom works without the assistance of some rough implement. In the remote past, when man was little more than a brute, he relied on his hands alone for what rude comfort he had; but soon he too discovered the advantages of capital in the shape of tools, and progress has been marked by the ever-increasing importance

of the factor of production. In modern conditions, labour is, to all intents and purposes, useless without the help of capital to oil the wheels of industry.

The "progress" seems to have been simple. The "rude man" soon discovered the advantages of "capital in the shape of tools." These tools, your lordship, belonged to whom?

Ah, well! Let it pass. The progress seems to have been that rude man, on learning nice manners, handed over his tools to someone or other, now called capitalist, and then proceeded to pay said "someone" at an ever-increasing rate for the privilege of using them.

I suppose the "public," the "working public," accept "The Globe" revelation. I am not a boilermaker myself. I assume that if I had not been able to pay for my typewriter when I bought it, I would have borrowed the price, or bought it for £2 2s. more on the hire purchase system, or have continued to work without it; but in any case I should not have contracted with the Corona Company to pay them a large percentage of my earnings for life. I suppose this is because I have some "directive intelligence." Had the representative of some leading type-writer company "called" and made such a proposition, even had he readily guaranteed me 30s. per week for a certain number of hours (say 48) per week for life, I do not think I should have welcomed him.

Fortunately for "capital," "Labour," with the large letter, does not take kindly to "directive intelligence." Passons! We next come to Lord Monkswell's ideas on normality:

> Normal men and women are so constituted that they will save for their own benefit, or for that of their children, but will not save unless a large part of the wealth created by their thrift is secured to themselves or their children. Depriving them of their savings for the benefit of other people results in their being extremely unlikely to save at all in future. Anything that checks thrift checks production too, and on production the welfare of the country depends.

Quod erat demonstrandum, as it was in the beginning. Under which shell, gentlemen, is the pea? I think we can place at least part of the mechanism of a good deal of "economic" flim-flam. It consists in treating the labour problem as if it had but two elements: capital and labour. The third element, namely, intelligence, is cleverly lumped in with "capital" for the purpose of discussion.

It is often on the side of capital, for various reasons. For one thing, capital can so easily bribe intelligence, and does usually do so whenever it finds convenient, i.e., whenever it finds intelligence inside a business, or at any strategic point. It taps Jones on the shoulder and says: "We are the people with touring-cars; we will, for a series of considerations, let you come and play with us . . . in the future, but not a too distant future." Labour has few bribes to offer; she is reputedly untrustworthy; she does not know how to offer any she might possibly have, with any grace; she suffers, in comparison with capital, from an inability to mobilise quickly.

It is to be doubted if she has ever seriously considered, or even if she be a sufficiently formed and conscious agglomerate seriously to consider, an alliance with directive intelligence. This is by no means the same thing as the "alliance with capital" (as advertised). Nor yet is it an alliance with a doctrinaire but practically ignorant intelligentzia such as has proved disastrous (though, sotto voce, effective) in Russia.

One should very carefully discriminate between directive intelligence in the operation of industry and an inruption into affairs by external ideologues existing as a separate "class."

Capital, in its grosser forms of propaganda, merely attributes to itself all the beneficent functions of all that is not-labour; i.e., of capital and intelligence. The device is exceedingly simple, but like many simple devices and fallacies, it works "quite often enough."

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

LET us now praise great men. Henry Ainley, after years of persistent suppression, of perversion of his powers, of suffering under Granville Barker, of Quinneying and Fishpingling, has at last returned to his first love, and his real duty to the stage. It must be sixteen or seventeen years since he took London by storm as Paolo; and those of us who remember that performance have awaited, with what patience we could muster, the revival of his poetic powers. We have no other actor who so certainly combines beauty, power, and intelligence in one person; and while he was fooling as Malvolio or slumming as Fedya, we were longing to see him fill the gap created by the retirement of Forbes-Robertson. It was at the St. James' Theatre that he played Paolo; it is fitting that he should assure this generation that knows not "Paolo and Francesca" of his powers as an emotional actor at the St. James' Theatre. His production of "Julius Cæsar" is worthy of him—and I know of no higher term of praise than that.

It is not only his obvious beauty of person and voice that allures us, although he has both in superlative degree; it is his genius of expression of character that holds us. As his first appearance, light-stepping in Cæsar's train, blazing so brilliantly that even Brutus looks dingy beside him, we have the gay, laughter-loving Antony perfectly realised. This was the man who loved Cleopatra, who lost the battle of Actium for love—and realised by the mere carriage and walk of the man, for he has only two lines to speak. One could write a whole article merely on his variations of walk, the amazed haste with which he bursts into the Senate, the sagging descent of the steps to the corpse, the stark, stricken immobility of his grief merging into a continued tremor of the leg revealed by the shivering toga. Granville Barker perhaps did him some good by his insistence on detail; but here in "Julius Cæsar" Ainley gives us only essential detail so perfectly rendered as to seem spontaneous, and all well within the bounds of his conception of the character.

Always he is Shakespeare's Antony; obviously he loves plays, as Cæsar said he did, and, in the Forum scene, he lives up to his own descriptions of himself. The temptation to deliver that oration with obvious subtlety, to reveal Antony as a finer orator than Brutus, is well-nigh irresistible; but Ainley not only resists it, he overcomes it. His fighting for a hearing, the interjection of a line in every lull of the tumult, the obvious frankness of the man, the obvious artlessness of his "plain, blunt" speech, all this shows us the real Antony; he does "only speak right on" in a series of apparent impromptus—but with what power, what art, is this plain, blunt man revealed! There is the definite clash of will with the multitude, the clamour overborne by the pealing phrases, the eddying swirl of feeling in the crowd as those who first feel the effect re-act against the running tide of emotion; slowly the tide turns, the clamour subsides into silence, and he descends to the bier: "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." Perfectly conceived, perfectly executed, this Forum scene will be long remembered; but most of all that glorious voice, with all its gradations from the trumpet tone to the grieving sob, will ring in our ears. Ainley brings to such a scene all the truth of realism, all the beauty of poetry, all the power of personality. It is a triumph, and may definitely be called "great." So such things should be.

It is a production unlike any other Shakespearean production in my recollection; there are no abject failures, although there are varying degrees of merit. It is true that Shakespeare treated Julius Cæsar scurvily; it is also true that Mr. Clifton Boyne ought to keep Cæsar's bust in his bedroom, and meditate long

on that superb head. After all, Cassius says that Cæsar was "like a Colossus," and Mr. Boyne may well assume a more Imperial bearing than he does. He gets near to it in the Senate scene, but it should always be apparent. It is difficult, I know, to convey the sense of power without appropriate words, but that is what is demanded of "mighty Cæsar" in this play. Brutus usually sickens us of virtue; but Mr. Basil Gill keeps him finely human (the quarrel scene, particularly, is perfectly acted), and remains "the noblest Roman of them all" without pedantry or didacticism. I confess that the Cassius of Mr. Milton Rosmer surprised me; it is true that sometimes, at his entrances particularly, he converts his verse into prose, but I feel sure that he is catching the contagion of greatness from his companions, and will not scamp his opening deliveries in his haste. He has a perfect grip of the character; he gives us the hot, envious heart of Cassius, his fanatical political passion, to perfection—and that passion will not burn less fiercely in a more measured delivery, particularly of his overtures. There is poetry in Cassius, particularly in the thunder-storm scene; if Mr. Rosmer will let us have the poetic as well as the political value of the man, he will be perfectly in key with the rest of the production. All passions tend to become poetic, and to sing sonorously; and Cassius hath his music too. Among the other conspirators, the Casca of Mr. Claude Rains, and the Decius Brutus of Mr. Ernest Milton, deserve special mention; and the Soothsayer of Mr. Ernest Digges was an impressive dreamer. If Miss Esmé Beringer will remember a little of the manner with which she delivered the verse of Thomas Hardy in "The Dynasts," she will do more justice to her playing of Calpurnia. She must impress Cæsar with a sense of Fate, as well as appeal to his affections; and I know that she can do it. Miss Lillian Braithwaite, as Portia, was, as ever, very beautiful, very appealing, and quite unconvincing. Her cadences have too great an interval; they rise and fall monotonously a fifth, when a third would be ample. That questioning speech, beginning: "I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus," annoys the ear by the switchback of sound which Miss Braithwaite makes of it.

But the overwhelming impression is one of triumphant production. Knowing the limitations of the stage at the St. James', one can only congratulate Mr. Stanley Bell, a producer new to me, for having surmounted them so ably. Most of his scenes are built scenes; and if he will only take care to prevent the scene-shifters preparing the Capitol from butting into the street-scene in the first act, his stone-wall backcloth will be quite convincing. When I saw it, the stone-wall trembled like a jelly. But heavy as some of the sets are, there is very little time wasted in changing; and we can well afford to wait perhaps two minutes for such a scene as Brutus' Orchard. The Forum scene is a triumph, with its balustrade dividing it from the street along which the corpse of Cæsar is carried. That crowd, hissing over the balustrade, was one of the finest pieces of stage-craft I have seen—but the crowd throughout was perfect. Here was a real mob, with a mob-psychology, a "tag-rag people," as Casca called them, who would clap or hiss according as they were pleased or displeased, swayed this way and that by contending passions. There was not much room for movement in the Forum, yet they produced the impression of a volatile people, changeful as the sea. The crowd alone would mark this as a fine production; but to that is added a succession of scenes that satisfy without distracting attention from the business in hand, music that heightens the dramatic effect, and acting of supreme power, and in some cases verse delivery of perfect beauty. We may well mark this production of "Julius Cæsar" as a great one. I expected of Henry Ainley the finest Marc Antony of this generation; he has given it.

Readers and Writers.

As my readers know, I am always trespassing outside my province; and on this occasion I will make no apology for referring to the case of Ireland. Nobody will dispute that the Irish are at the present time the most gifted race on earth. Writing as one human being to other human beings; that is to say, as nearly as possible in the name of the human species—I affirm it as my considered judgment, which, moreover, is supported by considered judgment elsewhere, that the Irish people individually and collectively have the greatest variety and quantity of gifts of the spirit. It is not maintained that the Irish people deserve the gifts with which they have been endowed; it is certainly not my province, even my trespassing province, to determine that question; nor is it maintained that for the purposes of human life upon earth the full cornucopia of Irish gifts is the best conceivable equipment. All that is implied in the proposition is that, natural endowment for natural endowment, the Irish race appears to be the most favoured of the gods. At the same time, however, it is apparent that Ireland, less than any other nation, profits by its own gifts. It declares itself to be an unhappy country, a suffering country; it declares that it is not free, that it cannot escape a yoke that has been placed upon it; and that it cannot enjoy and exercise its gifts because of the weight of a foreign country's oppression. Once out of Ireland, every Irishman feels himself to be relatively freed; at least, it is the case that the Irish gifts are best exercised outside of Ireland. But at home, in Ireland itself, it would seem that these gifts are either despised or, at any rate, fail to find their wings.

* * *

It is naturally anything but my intention to make bad blood between the readers of the two countries. I intend nothing personal in these remarks, but only, as I have said, the observations of one human being to others. My impression, however, of the matter is that the complaint of Ireland against England is less based upon the historic material facts or upon the present material facts than upon a psychological difference, the onus of which rests quite as much upon Ireland as upon England. Let me hasten to say that I do not deny—nobody can—the existence of these material grounds both in the past and in the present. No Englishman's confession is regarded in Ireland as of any worth; and it is not for the purpose of ingratiating these Notes with our Irish readers that I herein make it. It is simply a statement of fact and of judgment that the material grounds of Ireland's wrongs are sufficient to justify all, and more than all, that the Irish have said of England. We cannot, for our own souls' sake, be too explicit on the point. But just as it takes two to make a quarrel, so, I think, does it take two to make an oppression. Certainly, if you please, the chief onus of the oppression lies with the oppressor; but is it not the case that a part, at any rate, of the oppression lies with the oppressed? In our personal experience have we not occasionally found wilful martyrs, people who have gone about, as it were deliberately, to provoke martyrdom, in part, perhaps, to satisfy a masochistic impulse, and, in part, perhaps, to satisfy an instinct of reproach? It is a very delicate ground upon which I am treading, and the keepers may be on me at any moment; but may it not be the case that amidst all their gifts the Irish have two impulses of a more dubious character: pleasure in their own suffering and pleasure in the reproach and derision of the people who inflict it? A recent writer, for instance, referred to the over-sensibility of the late Mrs. Clement Shorter, an exquisite poetess, who sought suffering (even beyond her ability to endure) for the sake of the poetic satisfaction she could wring from it. And the world is a witness of the talent of the Irish for reproach and derision. All over the world the English are known by what the Irish say of them.

Without pleading any extenuating circumstances for the confession just made on behalf of our own country, I would state again my judgment that the Irish are also to blame. Two can be independently wrong and even equally wrong without mutual extenuation; and I repeat that it is no part of my contention that the English are justified because the Irish are not. I am simply trying to point out that independently of England, and even, I would say, if England did not exist, these particular impulses in the Irish nation would militate against their enjoyment and exercise of their proper and enviable gifts. It would seem, indeed, as if when the fairy godmother of Ireland placed in the Irish cradle the gifts referred to, the usual witch of the fairy-tale added to them the impulses of which I have spoken—the impulse to masochism and the impulse to raillery, whose effect was to be to inhibit the full use of the aforesaid gifts or, at least, to mingle them with the gall of suffering and contempt. This, at any rate, appears to me to be a true symbol of the present psychological state of Ireland. And if it be a true symbol, we have to inquire who or what is the evil witch that has done this thing.

* * *

I was remarking to somebody the other day that Ireland is England's "unconscious": in other words, that Ireland represents the "repressions" from England's consciousness. Students of psycho-analysis will realise what I mean. The observation, however, is only picturesquely correct; for we cannot deny to Ireland the qualities of consciousness as well, among which we must include the ability to discharge or "sublimate" the repressions brought about in the unconscious. In the individual and absolute case it is possibly true to say that the "unconscious" cannot cure itself; and it would therefore follow that if Ireland were, strictly speaking, the "unconscious" of England, relief could only come from England. As I have said, however, it is only in a figurative sense that Ireland can be said to be the "unconscious" of England, from which it follows that not England alone but Ireland herself has the power and the duty of "sublimating" her repressed impulses. To what, however, we may now ask, are those repressions due? Setting aside the action of England as being insufficient to explain them fully, I would venture to say that the causes of the effects of those repressions are to be found in deep-seated and remote events over which, at one time, the Irish people had the opportunity of exercising control. Subsequent acts on the part of England have, no doubt, reinforced and exacerbated the original repressions; but the material upon which England worked was already "native" to the Irish mind. England, in the psycho-analytic vocabulary, was and is Ireland's "current conflict," or occasion for the manifestation of an old repression, but the original nucleus and spring of the conflict must be sought elsewhere.

* * *

From an article that appeared recently I copied out the following sentence as suggestive: "The Irish are a highly gifted people caught in the grip of a priestly hierarchy which was able to frustrate every attempt at self-liberation." The parallel cases quoted were those of Egypt and India. As far as we know, Egypt was never "conquered" and held in subjection by a neighbouring Power; nor was India. Both were big enough to take care of themselves against any external and foreign enemy. Nevertheless, both crumbled to pieces from a kind of spiritual weakness, brought about (I feel disposed to agree with the article) by a previous submission to the dominion of a priestly hierarchy. With due submission to any better opinion than I can form at present, I suggest that the "oppression" of Ireland is an intensification of the "repression" of Ireland; and that this self-repression is due to the same cause that led to the decline of Egypt and India: in other words, to voluntary submission to a priestly hierarchy. "M. B. Oxon" has recently been defining for us the meaning and the past use of a Church. He has likewise clearly indicated that the Church that was once a cradle is now a tomb. It is in that tomb, I believe, that the Irish gifts lie buried in Ireland; and the name of the stone is not England but Rome. R. H. C.

Adler.

ON the surface Adler would appear to have produced the most complicated scheme of psychology that ever was. I am referring to the American translation of "The Neurotic Constitution,"* by Drs. Glueck and Lind, on which as a translation I would rather make no other comment than that, in four hundred and forty-five odd pages, there is only one semi-colon, and, in the actual phrasing, the same number of colons. This, and certain peculiarities of American-English, produce a real obscureness of the subject-matter; and, indeed, is a not inconsiderable stumbling-block to such as do not react except to a clear and well-favoured exposition of ideas. If a man intends to translate a technical book aptly, he should first endeavour to acquire, at any rate, a working style in his own language; what Matthew Arnold called a "Journeyman" style, in which the French so excel.

To return to the matter in hand, Adler deals essentially with the instinct for self-preservation, which he places above and below everything, to use his own antitheses. In order to understand what he is driving at, we must note first that he has confused together two things, the will to power with the will to life. The first is the self-preservation instinct taking charge, running neurotic; the will to personality, not, mark you, to individuality.

> "My spectre around me night and day
> Like a wild beast guards my way."

The will to life is best exemplified by a quotation from the Bhagavad-Gita:—"He who acteth, placing all actions in the Eternal, abandoning attachment, is unaffected by sin as a lotus leaf by the waters." And, "The senses move among the objects of the senses." "Thy business is with the action only, never with its fruits." These quotations are not made with the assumption that readers of THE NEW AGE are ignorant of the Bhagavad-Gita; "R. H. C." has mentioned it too often for such to be the case; but simply because they are the most suitable phraseology for the purpose in hand.

And now we can embark upon Adler with the knowledge that our steering-gear is in order. "Inferior organs and neurotic phenomena are symbols of formative forces which strive to realise a self-constructed life plan by means of intense efforts and expedients." This is Adler's own summing-up of his contentions. It means that he postulates some bodily infirmity as the starting-point of any neurosis. This infirmity is over-compensated for by the consequent psychological attitude of the neurotic, who must assert his ego-consciousness at all costs; who constructs for himself a fictitious guiding principle, and clings to it by adopting an attitude of aggression towards his environment, "the masculine protest," virility, or, if this fails, by arguing that "he who fights and runs away, will live to fight another day," and going "sick." We all know the invalid that tyrannises the household; and likewise the vampire. These two attitudes are of opposite polarity, and are expressed by him as the antithesis "above-beneath" and "masculine-feminine"; and this causes him to speak of "psychic hermaphroditism." Sexual problems he regards, not as misdirected sexual impulse, but as symbolic manifestations of this bi-valent attitude.

* Adler, "The Neurotic Constitution." (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., Ltd. 17s. 6d.)

Finally, he describes a whole host of neurotic traits and antitheses, such as asceticism and love, constancy and inconstancy, modesty and exhibitionism, masochism and sadism, and attempts to demonstrate the will to power, the "masculine protest," the enhancement of ego-consciousness underlying such activities.

Well, as regards his point about somatic inferiority, we must remember that, psychologically speaking, our body is as much an external circumstance to us as are our clothes, and consider the effect of a permanent rent in our breeches. We should take to an overcoat, which is Adler's "fictitious guiding principle." We all have a guiding principle in life; but the neurotic's is fictitious, a compensation for an inner feeling of inferiority. All the same, I do not think that this is exactly Adler's own standpoint. He is a confirmed "materialist," and his whole scheme is, when reduced to reality, the natural outcome of the older school of organic neurologists who called neurosis "hysteria," and explained it as an elaborate method of malingering. For although he speaks of the "psyche," what he actually means, I think, is something akin to Freud's pre-conscious. That he has hit on so much that is valuable to psycho-analysis is a happy accident, and due to the fact that none can fish in the pools of the unconscious without making some sort of a catch. The whole subject is a phenomenon of the Zeitgeist. One has only to come into touch with it to move.

To come back, Adler maintains that *all* neurotics have some bodily infirmity. This is not so. Sensitives are no doubt driven into neuroticism by this circumstance when it is present. But, given the sensitive disposition, any circumstance will have the same effect. In fact, any man is perhaps liable to be fractured, should his environment become too difficult. Somatic inferiority is only one among many possibilities of disaster. And it should be remarked here that the neurotic constitution will frequently manufacture this; e.g., hysterical palsy, etc.; as its means to self-assertion. Again, although egocentricity, the urge to ego-consciousness, is perhaps a bigger and more complicated devil than is sexuality, yet it is not for that reason any more a universally valid explanation for life than is the instinct for reproduction. We may note incidentally, in this connection, that the attention paid in psycho-analytic literature to Adler is minute in comparison to that given to Freud. With some of us it actually feeds our ego-consciousness to be told that we are sexual; but when the knowledge comes that we are self-seeking, "that last infirmity of noble mind," that is quite another pair of shoes. But Adler's explanations are not yet the end of all things. Some of the dreams that he quotes as examples from his cases (that on p. 285, for instance), are exceedingly doubtfully interpreted. We must go to a patient's own associations for the exposition of a dream. Even a universal symbol is many-sided, and it is the personal outlook of the dreamer that indicates what value a particular symbol has for him, during analysis. All dreams no more contain the "above-beneath" antithesis than they do sexuality. The overwhelming need to enhance the ego-consciousness is the most pressing problem in many, but not in all, cases, and when found must be tackled. It is again an instinct problem. Adler's service to psycho-analysis is his demonstration of it. But he is no more justified in proposing it as the complete basis of life, than is Freud to be permitted to speak of sex as the root of all things. For instance, when Adler argues that sexual anomalies are symbolisms of the "masculine protest," it is quite permissible to reply that it cannot be maintained that the sexual impulse, the desire for reproduction of the species, is in essence such a "masculine protest," such a will for a feeling of security, above-ness. The two instincts may be interwoven, sometimes entangled. That is all that can be said. Adler makes a great point of the egocentric's fear of the partner in marriage. This may sometimes amount to a fear of the instinct for propagation, and not infrequently is the result of practising coitus interruptus. The self-preservation instinct, again, itself causes a repression of sexuality; and so, in the neurotic, we can see the two instincts spin round and round in a vicious circle. It must be remembered that man is a microcosm, and that it is not quite right to speak of him *yet* as one-idea'd. The libido seeks outlet after outlet before this happens, and is positively Protean.

In spite of all this, though, Adler's book is an extremely valuable one to the psycho-analyst. He throws a deal of illumination on the psychological *attitudes* of neurotics, and, for that matter, of "normal" people as well. We all have our particular outlooks put before us night after night by the unconscious. Our dreams are our most candid and our best friends; and anything that draws our attention in this direction is to be thankfully accepted. Adler has demonstrated the Narcissus gulf into which a man may drop; the urge to self-assertion, the barometric behaviour of the egocentric. For those who would appreciate a really subtle and lucid picture of egocentricity, I can do no better than recommend one of the tales of Henry James, "The Beast in the Jungle." They will find there the drawing in its true proportions.

J. A. M. Alcock.

Contemporary Fragments.

By Janko Lavrin.

II.—THE GALVANISED MUSES.

I.

There are two important elements in the process of artistic creation: the creative impulse and the artistic potency of the creator. The proportion between these two elements determines the quality of a work of art, and only a complete balance between them can give a complete work of art.

A strong creative emotion without an equivalent creative capacity leads to those verbalistic and pseudo-pathetic effusions which we meet in many romanticists (amongst others in Victor Hugo). On the other hand, a strong artistic instinct without an equivalent creative emotion makes art often *voulu*, artificial and "clever."

That is the reason why it is rather dangerous to be more "artistic" than one can bear. Many people are bad artists for the very reason that they are too artistic. They can splendidly appreciate and judge a work of art; they often are most subtle critics, but the more this conscious criticism grows at the expense of their own spontaneity the more artificial and deliberate their artistic works. That is why good critics are so seldom good creators.

A real creative artist has rarely a consciously critical mind, but he has something more—an unconscious critical instinct; and one of the most important problems of artistic education should be how to develop this instinct without making it too self-conscious—i.e., too "intellectual" and clever. The danger of modern criticism lies chiefly in its "cleverness"; for clever criticism usually leads to clever art—even when trying to undermine the latter in the name of a "naïve" and primitive current. So much so that the record of deliberate cleverness we may find just in so-called modern primitivists.

It is in general typical of our epoch that it is the critic who dominates the artist, and not the artist the critic. The artist is thus dependent on his own parasite. Moreover, the less capable we are of creating, the more "cleverly" we talk and theorise about artis-

tic creation. Instead of enjoying works of art we prefer simply to seek their flaws in order to criticise them. Our relation towards art thus becomes more and more external, and so becomes the relation of art to us.

On the other hand, the modern "intellectual" *parvenus*—these typical *nouveaux riches* of culture—demand from art nothing but amusement and sensational swank, being themselves incapable of any profounder attitude. And as the contemporary artist does not live in order to create, but creates in order to "live," he, willy-nilly, complies with the worthy public's taste even at the price of strangling his own. In our splendid struggle for the so-called "survival of the fittest" art is thus bound to lead either to open business in the street or to that egotistic trickery whose chief function is to make noise round the personality of the author. For it is noise that nowadays draws listeners and—buyers.

The result of such an abnormal situation is that the more "artistic" works we produce the more we banish the possibility of real art from life. In other words, art and artist are gradually becoming antitheses. . . . And so, instead of new art, we have but new theories of art. Instead of profound creative impulses, we have but shallow half-baked "intentions" with grand, pretentious gestures; and beauty itself is being replaced either by sugary prettiness or by the noisy and cheap *chic* of a cocotte. Even in those few artists who still try to be serious one usually feels a certain falsity—owing to the fact that in their work they do not express what they are, but what they pretend to be.

It is true one sees occasional attempts to pour new life into art; but most of them give the impression of deliberate experiments to galvanise, cost what it may, the dead Muses. Sometimes there may be apparent success: the galvanised Muse may for a moment "revive," but, sooner or later, she is as lifeless as before the "revival."

And is it not strange that even those who are sincerely craving for a substantial change—even those lay their stress, as a rule, on the merely external side of the matter: on style, on rhythm, on theories of construction, etc., without touching the fundamental reason—i.e., that inner *spiritual* factor on which depend both the creation of art and the creation of life.

II.

We may take it for granted that the creation of art has only one meaning and higher justification: it leads (or it ought to lead) to the creation of life. By deepening and enlarging our æsthetic perception of reality it ought to enlarge and deepen our consciousness and with it our fullness of life. For this latter depends not on the quantity of our external events, but only on the quality of our inner attitude towards reality.

So much so that even an entirely eventless life may be most profound and full, if man's individual attitude towards reality is profound. In the lonely cell of a prison we may live the intense life of the whole of the Cosmos, and in the grandest whirl of life we may remain walking corpses without any inner connection with the rest of the world.

A great creative artist is the man who breaks the limits of the given perception of reality. The flashes of his enlarged individual consciousness bring to him a new insight and that intensity of life which may be welling over the brim of his Ego, seeking for an objectification—i.e., for a dynamic form in which to be symbolised, eternalised.

The origin of a great work of art is thus an overflowing fullness and intensity of life; and its inherent aim—to kindle and create this fullness in everybody and everywhere. Such an art is by its nature a "joyful message"; it may be tragic, but it is never pessimistic—a pessimistic, as well as a "rebellious" art, being the result but of a barren and decaying life.

True artistic creation is neither negation nor rebellious destruction, but a permanent assertion of life. The highest type of a true artist may even attain to that religious *amor fati* which is known only to saints and mystics, and which has nothing in common with the fatalistic resignation of a pessimist. Feeling the profound inner Mystery beyond the external form, he sees in each formal detail a symbol which leads him to the great organic Whole. Moreover, it is just this "symbolic" point that makes his "realism" so different from a merely presentative naturalism *à la* Zola with all its legitimate and illegitimate descendants.

As soon as this attitude has been lost or replaced, Art is doomed to become artificial. Form and "content," which until then were one whole like soul and body, now become split and antagonistic. Form degenerates into formalism, content—into "literature." The artist degrades himself to a conscientious photographer (i.e., a so-called realist who is "true to nature"), or to a more or less able eclectic juggler with all possible æsthetic styles, forms, and theories.

Before it was the Spirit that gave birth to the Form; now it is the dead formula that reigns, barring the way to the Spirit. Instead of a giant, feasting and striving with gods, the artist becomes a clever *homunculus* who toils in the sweat of his face and "intellect" in order to please the dealer, the publisher, and even the critic, who now becomes more and more important and—self-important.

The growing so-called "scientific" attitude to reality has replaced our inner Vision of reality by the petty external investigation. That is why present-day art so rarely goes beyond the collection and interpretation of external facts. Losing sight of its ultimate destiny, it has ceased to be the "real thing" even for the artists themselves. Its function is simply to amuse like a clown and to be—from time to time—"instructive," which is much worse. In either case it condescends, of course, to the "general understanding." Coquetting with the worst tastes and instincts of the herd, it becomes more and more "democratic"—i.e., thoroughly plebeian. According to the spirit of the age the dead Muses reincarnate themselves in music-hall "stars," and Apollo himself is quite content with the *rôle* of a versatile journalist, being much more interested in his public success and cheque-book than in Art.

III.

A reaction against such a vulgarisation of art was the modern orthodox Æstheticism. But its failure was the result of the fact that its reform was a reform from without and not from within—i.e., merely a reform of form. Instead of reconciling living art with living life, it made but an æsthetic Chinese wall between the boring life and the bored æsthete. The prostituted Art was transferred from the dirty street to exotic harems, provided with all possible narcotics and jealously guarded by lusty eunuchs. This narrow Æstheticism opposed art to life, and therefore it is quite natural that life itself took revenge on it—by "spewing it out."

Another interesting attempt was the noisy futurism with its spiritual epileptic fits, its intellectual jazzing, as well as its naïve confusion of the will to create and the power to create. Far from being a spontaneous new outburst of artistic creation, it is but a most deliberate, slavish illustration of a "new" ready-made theory of art.

Feeling their spiritual impotence, the apostles of this theory were quite logical in their attempt to trans-

fer the centre of gravity to the external "mechanical" values, preaching the beauty of smoky factories, machines, and American boots. I remember a futurist meeting at which an enthusiastic adherent of Marinetti was proving for more than eighty minutes that a modern American factory-made boot has more æsthetic value than *Madonna Sixtina* and the whole of Rafael. And when the lecturer finished with an emphatic appeal to destroy all museums with their bourgeois-taste in the name of the new "mechanical" beauty, acclaimed by the futurist gospel, the short-haired, cigarette-smoking ladies were simply in a frenzy of applause.

Poor souls! They did not suspect that in their crusade against "bourgeois-art" they themselves were—together with the whole of futurism—nothing but just the highest pitch of this same bourgeois spirit which for its hopeless impotence suddenly turned in revenge upon itself.

IV.

Even without mentioning other more or less typical attempts to "galvanise" the lifeless Muses, one can easily arrive at the conclusion that we are either in a complete dissolution of art or in a tragic futile groping after new creative values. And, indeed, if art cannot be brought back as one of the chief forces of our inner life, then it must naturally lose its justification and be left behind as something superfluous in the mad and muddy whirl of modern humanity.

Once the religious attitude towards reality led to art; nowadays the inverted process would be necessary—art ought to lead us to a new religious consciousness which would include our scientific knowledge and at the same time deepen and supersede it.

Thus a true artist—apart from being the representative of an advanced consciousness—could become the greatest spiritual hero and pioneer of modern mankind not through being a preacher and moralist, but simply through being a perfect artist. For each genuine and perfect art is *inherently* moral without being moralising; while, on the other hand, a moralising art is always bad, and for this very reason immoral.

Since one talks so much in these days about the economic, social, political, and scores of other reconstructions, why does one so carefully avoid emphasising the one great necessity—the radical spiritual reconstruction of humanity? Not the bankruptcy of European politics only, but the bankruptcy of European culture ought to be taken as a symptom of supreme importance. And instead of tending to make our shallow contemporary culture still more "democratic," it would perhaps be better to make our contemporary democracy more cultured—i.e., more aristocratic and noble. For the only watchword of a true democracy ought to be: "An equal right and possibility for everybody to become—a spiritual aristocrat!"

Towards such an ennobling a regenerated art could help more than any other factor. The nucleus of a new aristocracy of the Spirit could be formed and promoted just by those few artists who are sufficiently serious and profound to make art their inner destiny without paying the slightest attention to fashion, to "critics," or to the low tastes of our civilised intellectual mob. The artist as business-man, the artist as clown, and the artist as posing egotistic sybarite ought to be replaced by the artist as spiritual hero who is strong enough to create and refashion himself before trying to create and refashion art.

In short, not a new ready-made theory of art will create a new Spirit, but a new Spirit must create a new Art. Instead of galvanising the lifeless Muses, we must resurrect them. This will happen only when we realise that there is no real creation of art without creation of life, and no real creation of life without creation of art.

Views and Reviews.

To those who, like myself, have received benefit from homeopathic treatment (although a military doctor told me: "That's no treatment at all. You can say you've had no treatment"), the appearance of this volume is welcome. But it is primarily addressed to medical men, and is intended "to supply some means of understanding the principle underlying homeopathy and also some means of testing its validity by practical experiment." The publication of the book* is "the direct undertaking of the British Homeopathic Association," and it is therefore an authoritative exposition of homeopathic principles and practice. It is divided into two parts; the first dealing with the principles of homeopathy, the second, with the homeopathic materia medica. The drugs dealt with in this volume are Aconite, Actœa rac., Antimony, Apis, Arsenicum, Baptisia, Belladona, Bryonia, Calcarea carb., Chamomilla, China, Ferrum, Gelsemium, Ignatia, Ipecacuanha, Kali carb., Lachesis, Lycopodium, Manganum, Mercury, Natrum mur., Nux vom., Phosphorus, Platinum, Pulsatilla, Rhus. tox., Sepia, Silica, Sulphur, Thuja, Veratrum alb.; and it is stated that "there is enough material in this present book to enable clinical tests to be made in sufficient number and variety to form a reasonable basis for an opinion as to the truth or otherwise of the claims of homeopathy." A second volume is projected, which will include a number of studies of other drugs; and with the two volumes, it will be possible for the physician to deal with nearly all emergencies homeopathically, we are told. It is with the hope that some of the medical men who read THE NEW AGE may be induced to enlarge their possibilities of usefulness to the human race that I bring this book to their notice.

That homeopathy is based on a simple observation of fact that is certainly as old as Hippocrates, and is confirmed by orthodox medical practice to-day, most medical men are, or ought to be, aware. That certain drugs can remove, in the sick, the very symptoms that they can produce in the healthy, was observed by Hippocrates—but he made no practical use of the observation. It was not until the eighteenth century (which produced three men, Hahnemann, Gall, and Mesmer, who enormously increased the sum of man's knowledge of and power over himself) that the observation was enlarged into an experimental procedure, which finally issued in the rule of practice, Similia similibus curantur. When Hahnemann discovered that cinchona bark, the great remedy for ague, produced in his own healthy body the chief symptoms (and some of the lesser ones) of ague, he devoted the rest of his life to direct experiment with drugs, and to research into past records to discover accidental confirmations of the likelihood of cures by "similar" remedies. As, in addition to his native German, he knew English (he was translating Cullen's Materia Medica when he made his famous experiment with cinchona bark), French, Italian, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Arabic, and Spanish, and had been engaged for years in translating medical works, his researches were extensive and successful. But he learned most, of course, from his direct experiments with drugs; and it cannot too often be repeated that homeopathy was based on experiment, was elaborated by experiment, is continued by experiment. "Heresy" it may be, but it is a heresy based on demonstrable facts, confirmed by independent research and by general medical practice.

Homeopathy is primarily the prescription as a remedy

* "An Introduction to the Principles and Practice of Homeopathy." By Charles E. Wheeler, M.D., B.S., B.Sc. (Lond.). (British Homeopathic Association. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Homeopathic Philosophy: Its Importance in the Treatment of Chronic Disease." By John Weir, M.B., Ch.B. (Glas.). (Reprinted from the Homeopathic World," March, 1915.)

of a drug that will produce the same symptoms in the healthy; it matters nothing whether the prescription is given with knowledge, or in ignorance, of its effects on the healthy; wherever a simillimum is prescribed, there homeopathy is practised. The prescription of quinine for ague, mercury for syphilis, cantharides for nephritis, opium for constipation, emetine for dysentery (the late Dr. Dyce Brown collected from general medical practice some seventy examples of such homeopathising), all these are applications of the homeopathic principle. Vaccine-therapy is a most obvious instance of the application of the homeopathic principle; and it is obvious enough that a rule so often confirmed, consciously and unconsciously, has some validity.

The homeopathic materia medica is based, primarily and chiefly, on the deliberate, systematic testing of medicines on the healthy. I think it was Plato who demanded that a doctor should have personal knowledge of every disease; and the homeopathic "provers" of drugs obey not only that but the Christian injunction: "Physician, heal thyself." The symptom-complexes described in the materia medica in this book show that they learn in suffering what they teach in science; there is no "try-it-on-a-dog, sir" cowardice in a homeopathic "prover." But in addition to this source of knowledge is the knowledge derived from poisoning by drugs, accidental and intentional. Here are revealed the gross effect of massive doses, and the morbid tissue anatomy produced by these drugs in these quantities. Drug experiments on animals have a value only as hints of possible action to the homeopathist; although the veterinary practitioner, of course, finds them of special value. But after Mark Twain's experience with the vet. who wanted to convert his complaint into blind staggers before he could do anything for him, few human beings will go to a vet. when they are ill. It is the effect of drugs upon human beings that it is most necessary for the physician to know (Voltaire's gibe about pouring drugs about which you know little into a body of which you know less, still has point), and the homeopath derives his knowledge from both the quick and the dead. It is admitted that this knowledge, although extensive and precise, is not complete; but homeopathy lives by experiment, and not until man becomes fixed and unalterable in constitution and re-action will the necessity of continual experiment be relieved. The clinical experience confirms the provings, when the law of similars is admitted.

Of the infinitesimal dose (which is all that the general public knows of homeopathy), it need only be said that it recommends itself in practice to the physician. Just as, in antiseptic surgery, Lister first applied crude carbolic to the wound, and developed his dressing until, at last, he kept the carbolic as far away from the exposed surfaces as he could, so, in the hands of the homeopath in certain cases, physic seems to become physics and finally metaphysics. When Dr. Wheeler talks casually about the 60th or the 200th potency (the mathematics of such dosage staggers), he is definitely talking magic; which must not be confused with sorcery for "magic is wisdom," said Paracelsus, "and there is no wisdom in sorcery." The fact that his magic is scientific does not alter its magical character; Arndt's law, which may be simply stated as Dr. Wheeler puts it, that small stimuli encourage life activity, medium to strong stimuli tend to impede it, very strong stimuli destroy it, confirms what the homeopaths since Hahnemann have practised. But homeopathy is not limited to the infinitesimal dose; homeopaths even prescribe massive doses in some cases, and their posology ranges from the massive to the infinitesimal, from the tincture to the potency—and the less you have of a drug, the less you want of it, and the longer it lasts you. Just as radio-activity will persist indefinitely wherever an emanation of a radio-active substance has been, so it seems that something that was once acquainted with a distant relative of a drug continues to tell the organism how to behave itself. "Each material thing has its celestial side," said Emerson; and when Dr. Wheeler talks about potencies and their effects, I hear the voice of an organic conscience reviving constitutional memories of the golden age of vital processes. The "infinitesimal" seems to be a key to the Infinite, and I recommend it to the notice of philosophers as well as of medical practitioners.

But it is in prescription that homeopathy becomes an art. Dr. Wheeler admits that the discovery of the simillimum is sometimes difficult (which might be expected from the fact that no two human beings are exactly alike), and it is not made less difficult by the fact that homeopaths do not treat diseases but patients. It is not merely that the homeopath prescribes the simillimum to the symptom-complex presented, and varies the prescription as the symptom-complex varies; the homeopath individualises, prescribes for idiosyncrasy, as Dr. Weir puts it. "All that medicine can do curatively is to stimulate the patient's curative re-action," he says; "it is the ego behind the drug-disease picture that has to be reckoned with." And when the choice of a drug may be determined by the difference between two, or more, kinds of anger, for example, in the patient, diagnosis must at least be carefully made. The very exactness of knowledge of the effect of drugs possessed by the homeopaths (and the "provings" given in this volume are bewildering in the complexity and range of their re-actions) compels them to be very patient and painstaking in their diagnosis; there is no "universal specific," no "sovereign remedy," although, of course, there are enough general resemblances among cases to allow of a general classification, and to indicate a class of remedies. The physician who simply prescribed baptisia for influenza, for example, would certainly be prescribing homeopathically, but not necessarily living up to the best traditions of homeopathic practice. A routine remedy, even if based on the homeopathic principle, is something that once was homeopathy; it may apply to a disease, but not necessarily to that particular human being.

Finally, it may be said that homeopathy asks the physician to discard nothing except what is proved to be useless, or misleading. "It is a branch of therapeutics," says Dr. Wheeler, "a specialism, if the name be preferred; and the study of it is an addition to the resources of the physician, not an impediment to the use of any other treatment justifiably prized. The value and need of surgery, the refinement of diagnosis, the study of pathology, the application of diet and exercises and physical stimuli, all that the years have given of worth, are as much the prized possession of the believer in homeopathy as of his unbelieving colleague. Even with regard to other uses of drugs than their homeopathic application, the homeopathist is free to employ any that he requires." But it offers a rule of prescription that seems to be valid wherever it is tested, a materia medica that has the authority of direct experiment on human beings, and a technique that, however strange it may seem ("the single drug, the single dose, the initial aggravation, non-interference with re-action, potentisation"), justifies itself apparently in proportion to the physician's adherence to it.

A. E. R.

TRIPLICITY.

When he fashioned her the Father
Bade Hermione declare,
"Tell me, daughter, shall I rather
Make you wise, or rich, or fair?"

Hermione ne'er doubted which,
But took the triple prize;
For in her beauty she is rich,
And choosing so is wise.

H. CALDWELL COOK.

Reviews.

The Skilled Labourer, 1760-1832. By J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

The publication of this volume completes a most interesting and considerable study of the social and economic history of England during the long-drawn agony of the final dissolution of the feudal system. It reads, as the authors declare in their introduction, like a history of civil war; "it was not a quarrel over religion, nor a quarrel over rival claims of Parliament and Crown." Although it involved what Emerson called "a yeoman's right to his dinner" (which is probably the most important of all rights), it included a political question of magnitude: "whether the mass of the English people were to lose the last vestige of initiative and choice in their daily lives." The question was answered in the affirmative by the ruling classes; the authors' study of the Home Office Records shows that there was during this period what Thorold Rogers alleged of the period 1563-1824, "a conspiracy, concocted by the law and carried out by parties interested in its success, to cheat the English workman of his wages, to tie him to the soil, to deprive him of hope, and to degrade him into irremediable poverty." The history of this period reveals a deliberate denial of common law rights to labouring Englishmen, the careful invention of crimes and the expert manufacture of criminals, and, by the use of spies, the provocation of discontent into rebellion. In Thorold Rogers' phrase: "The whole force of law was for nearly two centuries directed towards the solution of this problem: How much oppression can the English people endure, how much privation, misery, starvation, without absolutely destroying the labour on which growing rents depended?" During the period reviewed by the Hammonds, and in the towns, it was "growing profits" that was the summum malum; and the Reform Bill of 1832 really only compromised the dispute between the two sets of spoliators of the liberties of Englishmen. It would be more correct to describe the history of this period as the history of slave-raids at home and wars for freedom abroad. The liberty, prosperity, and happiness of the working classes declined together. Felkin declared of the Framework Knitters of Leicester, at the beginning of this period: "Each had a garden, a barrel of home-brewed ale, a week-day suit of clothes and one and plenty of leisure." In 1833, a Leicester witness before the Factories Inquiry Commission declared: "We have no factory bell: it is our only blessing." The very "towns were built for a race that was allowed no leisure . . . In some parts of Lancashire, it was the custom to forbid music in the public-houses, and parsons and magistrates were found who thought that the worker would be demoralised by hearing an oratorio in a church on a Sunday"—as, indeed, he might be, for even oratorios sometimes express the idea of revolt against slavery. "And so we see on one side," say the authors, "strikes, outbursts of violence, agitations, now for a minimum wage, now for the right to combine, attempts, sometimes ambitious and far-sighted, to co-operate for mutual aid and mutual education, the pursuit from time to time of projects for the reform of Parliament: on the other, Ministers and magistrates replying with the unhesitating and unscrupulous use of every weapon they can find: spies, agents provocateurs, military occupation, courts of justice used deliberately for the purposes of a class war, all the features of armed government where a garrison is holding its own in the midst of a hostile people. It is not surprising that a civil war in which such issues were disputed and such methods were employed was fierce and bitter at the time, or that it left behind it implacable memories." Worst of all, it left behind it a population bereft of responsibility for the conditions of its own existence, enfeebled in body and degraded in mind, with a tradition of ignorance born of the lifelong denial of educational facilities, a tradition that, we think, still constitutes a most formidable obstacle to the resumption by Labour of its proper place in the process of civilisation. We are still suffering as a race from what was inflicted then, and the analogy between the period following the Napoleonic wars and now is so exact as to be alarming. "Bolshevism" is only the modern term of abuse for what was then called "Jacobinism," and is always a simple demand by the working classes for responsible independence. This volume gives the history of the Miners of the Tyne: the Cotton Workers: the Woollen and Worsted Workers: the Spitalfields Silk Weavers: the Frame-work Knitters: the Nottingham, Lancashire, and Yorkshire Luddites: and, most important of all, a history of Oliver the Spy. It is a most valuable study.

A Personal Record. By Joseph Conrad. (Dent. 6s. net.)

This volume was first published in 1912, by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, under the title of "Some Reminiscences." It will be read with pleasure by all lovers of Mr. Conrad; in spite of his hope that it will reveal "a coherent, justifiable personality both in its origin and in its action." For revelation of himself is not Mr. Conrad's gift; even in his stories he seems unable to project his characters directly, and has to expound them through an onlooker. And although this book deals with remembered events of his life (as, indeed, do the novels), he remains to us a fugitive impression of a personality, a quality of expression rather than a man. He is an expert in style, and his "conversational tone," his informality, never surprises him into that direct relation with his reader that establishes confidence. His very modesty seems mysterious; the glamour of art illumines his every experience of life. The painter who always sees landscapes never really expresses the country; and Mr. Conrad's life is a romance of reality, but not a revelation of it. In everything that he writes, we are confronted with a gift of expression, but not with a person expressed. That is his fascination.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

Sir,—It is delightful to see your exhilarating critic, Mr. John Francis Hope, raising, in the columns of THE NEW AGE, the moth-bitten banner of "Art for Art's Sake," and taking his stand with those dramatic critics of the 'nineties who did their feeble best to prevent the play of ideas from getting a footing in England.

"Mr. Goldring," observes your critic, "truly says that revolutionary thought in the plays that are produced is the very last thing which is either desired or welcomed; but the fact is not derogatory to the theatre. . . . The proper place in the theatre for revolutionary thought is 'off'; we want drama on the stage."

The names of two playwrights who come under Mr. Hope's ban at once occur to the mind—those of Ibsen and of Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw has never written a play in his life which was not packed full of "revolutionary thought," which was not "propaganda of revolutionary ideas." And it was precisely the disturbing and revolutionary ideas with which the plays of Ibsen are filled which roused the fury of Mr. Hope's distinguished predecessor, Clement Scott. I can easily believe that Mr. Hope only wants to see drama on the English stage from which every trace of an idea has been carefully expurgated and expunged. In this he will have the great majority of English playgoers, and therefore the majority of English theatrical managers, with him. I can only suggest that those who do not share his complacency with the existing condition of the English stage had better hasten and become members of the "People's Theatre Society."

The fact that "The Fight for Freedom" is doubtless quite as bad a play as Mr. Hope makes out has obviously nothing to do with the argument. For if ever a second Ibsen or another Shaw arises to express, through the medium of the drama, the revolutionary thought of his time, he also must necessarily incur the full force of Mr. Hope's displeasure.

I should like to add, in reply to Mr. Hope's engaging personalities, that his suggestion that the People's Theatre Society was founded by me for the purpose of exploiting my own play is the reverse of the truth. My play has never even been offered to the Society, and another organisation has had an option on it for months past.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

* * *

RUSSIA.

Sir,—Since so much is being talked about Russia and Bolshevism, it may be of interest to refer to an interesting volume by Leonidas Andreieff, recently translated into Italian from the Russian MS., called "Under the Yoke of War," and which, as far as I am aware, has never been translated into English.

The book is in the form of a diary covering the period from August, 1914, to October 13, 1915, and was refused publication by the Censor on account of the alleged defeatist views contained in it.

The diary is brutally straightforward. From step to step, minutely analysing, the writer traces the psychological effect of the war upon his personality, from the first feeling of complaisant aloofness at not being touched by the war to the feeling of revulsion and disgust at his selfish attitude which leads him to the point of committing suicide in order to wipe out his shameful treachery.

In the last entries the diary records the new light which suddenly bursts in upon him after his nervous breakdown, and the realisation of the idea of country and its fusion with that of the world where thousands of hands are stretched out yearningly. "When Mother Earth and her Son will unite, then will come the day of the great solution. . . ." This appears to be Andreieff's philosophy of the war. Hatred is useless; nothing remains but a great pity for all the sorrow, and a great patience and love, for that alone will triumph.

ARUNDELL DEL RÉ.

* * *

THE NIETZSCHE CONTROVERSY AND THE INFAMOUS "AND."

Sir,—Whoever makes it his business to imply the contrary proves by his diatribes against Nietzsche that the latter prophet, perhaps alone of all prophets, is *not* a back number. Dr. Oscar Levy's letter (in THE NEW AGE, January 8) is most opportune. Nietzsche lives more now than at any time previously just because there are so many people who are feverishly anxious to proclaim his spiritual death.

It is notoriously hard to find a clear-cut issue in the world of thought and endeavour: there are so many people interested in confusing the issue. But stated in the simplest terms the antitheses are undeniable; Nietzsche, aristocracy, life, versus egalitarianism, herd-values, disintegration and death. Bolshevism is the most practical and logical realisation of the latter—a practical solution willed by that "fatal people," the Jews (who alone survive the deluge!).

There is only one point in the controversy I should like to refer to. It was suggested to me by "R. H. C.'s" causerie (THE NEW AGE, December 18) to which Dr. Levy refers. "R, H. C." remarks with truth that "the English mind is easily 'put off' a subject," and has, moreover, eagerly seized upon the "plausible excuse for being 'off' the 'uncongenial' Nietzsche which the war provided." The case could not have been better stated. Egalitarian propagandists found it the easiest thing in the world to obscure the issue, and gullible Englishmen still believe that the wicked Nietzsche was responsible for the war. They are also innocent enough to believe that Bolshevism is the special invention of the German General Staff.

By the use of that innocent-looking little word "and," Bolshevism is connected with Prussianism, and each, and both together, with Nietzsche. Then, of course, everything that is unpopular is relegated to the same category as a matter of course.

For instance, following the lead of that incorrigible egalitarian, Benjamin Kidd, it is now fashionable to talk glibly about "Nietzsche *and* Treitschke who provided the creed which the political and military leaders of Germany applied." Within the last month this formula occurs, to my knowledge, almost word for word the same, in three different leading journals. Is it perversity, or do these writers not know that there was no more persistent and biting critic of German policy as expounded by Treitschke than Nietzsche? Was it as an elaborate joke or as egalitarian propaganda that a Piccadilly bookseller, relying upon the notorious ignorance of Englishmen about all things philosophical and literary, hoisted above his shop-window a blatant placard bearing the legend, "The Euro-Nietzschean War"?

Without even consulting the works of either Nietzsche or Treitschke, these zealots might have learned from so thorough and irreproachable an Englishman as the late Professor Cramb the fact that "Treitschke was bitterly and irreconcilably prejudiced against the creator of Zarathustra from the very beginning of the former's career. . . . He even quarrelled with Overbeck because of the latter's sympathy with his young colleague at Basle. His roughness to Nietzsche in 1872 is not worse than Stein's roughness to Goethe, and arose from similar causes" (viz., because the author of "Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen" was regarded as a bad Prussian and a bad German. "Germany and England," p. 75).

There are, it seems, many Englishmen who might well profit by the following caution, gleaned from the writings of Nietzsche: "Another thing I hate to hear is a certain infamous 'and'; the Germans say 'Goethe *and* Schiller. . . .' Has nobody found out Schiller yet? But there are other 'ands' which are even more egregious. . . ." Nietzsche *and* Treitschke, for instance!

GEORGE PITT-RIVERS.

* * *

MUSIC.

Sir,—I feel I know your policy and methods sufficiently well to know that Mrs. Rose G. Morley's letter in last week's issue will not deter Mr. Atheling from writing what he considers right, nor you from publishing it. To me the letter is a typical outburst of a typical pianistic mind. And it reminds me of the old German witticism: "Is he musical?" "Oh, no! He plays the piano." The domination of the piano is one of the curses of music in modern civilisation, and the ever present piano has ruined the taste for good music in the home. It has killed part-song, has killed the kindly strings, and, worst of all, has elaborated a system of manual dexterity which is often the very opposite of true music. Mrs. Morley says she has compared notes with several of your readers, and they agree with her. I am sorry for her and her musical friends, and hope she may by chance or search find a musical friend who will be able and willing to show her how much beauty and joy she is missing. The piano has its place (and a very big place) in music, but it is only a place. I also do not know Mr. Atheling, nor anything about him, but my opinion is that he has done invaluable work in musical criticism and work that only an independent mind could do—independent economically,, socially, and musically. Mr. Ernest Newman, I suppose, is a musical critic with the greatest reputation, and justifiably so, but even he, one feels, has occasionally, to bow to the powers that be, and one is conscious of, if not of the pedantic restraint, at least the journalistic restraint.

WALTER L. SUTCLIFFE.

* * *

THE FLAGELLANTS.

Sir,—Mr. Childe is in error when he states that I have published a *translation* of Propertius. His belief in whipping fourth-form boys is on a par with his belief in the Catholic Church. It was ever an institution for getting things into men's heads by spanking them. Mr. Childe shares both of these errors with a number of persons less intelligent than himself; but in the names of Omar and Epicurus we forgive him his curious zeals.

EZRA POUND.

P.S.—As for "Mr. C. returning the keys" of his faith (?) or any other grown man compos mentis doing so in the twentieth century, we can take it about as seriously as we should a statement that Mr. C. had returned his actual latchkey to his mother.

Pastiche.

FROM THE MAHABHARATA.

CANTI PARVA—PT. I, SECT. CX.

Regenerate ones that practise with restraint
Their scriptural duties for each mode of life,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who practise no deceit, who with restraint
Restrict their actions and control desires,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who answer not ill words, who injure not
Though injured, give yet not receive,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who shelter guests with bounty, harbour not
Maliciousness, the Vedas ever learn,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who treat the parents rightly, knowing all
The rightful duties, sleep not in the day,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who do no sin in thought, or word or deed,
Who do no harm to anything create,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Those kings that tax not with oppressive greed,
That keep their own dominion safe and sound,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who seek their wives in season and none else,
Perform the Agni-hotra strictly right,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who put away their fear courageously,
And fight for victory with method fair,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who speak the truth in life with life at stake,
Examples for all creatures' copying,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who act without deceit, whose speech is fair,
Whose wealth is ever spent with equity,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Those Brahmanas that at wrong hours work not,
Who practise with devotion penances,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Those Brahmanas that live as celibate,
With knowledge cleansed, and Vedic lore, and vows,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who check both passion and inactive gloom,
Of lofty souls, whose action is the good,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who are not feared and fear not, but who look
Upon all creatures as upon themselves,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Bulls among men, the good, that envy not
Prosperity, abstain from action base,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who know all gods, who listen to all creeds,
Who hold to faith with tranquilness of soul,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who seek not honours, but bestow instead,
Who bow to all to whom their bows are due,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Performing Craddhas on the rightful days
For off-spring, who perform these with pure minds,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who check their wrath, and pacify all wrath,
Who have no wrath at anything soe'er,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who touch not honey and abstain from meat,
Who shun intoxication from their birth,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who eat for sustenance, and women seek
For off-spring only, speak to speak the truth,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who how devotedly to that supreme
Narayana, the Lord of every thing,
Beginning of the universe, and end,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Krishna, of brilliant gaze, and golden robes,
The mighty-armed, this Krishna who is here,
Our brother, our well-wisher, kinsman, friend,
Narayana is he, of glory vast.
Encasing all the words at will, is he
The puissant Lord, of soul not to be grasped!
Govinda, foremost of all beings, he!
Who occupies himself to please and grace
Jishnu, and thee as well, O king, this one
That foremost irresistible is he,
That haven of delight eternally!
Who with devotion seek for sanctuary
Narayana, who is called Hari too,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who read these verses on o'ercoming ills,
Reciting them, and speak them to the wise,
All difficulties conquer with success.
O sinless one, all acts I've told thee now,
Here and hereafter using which, may men
All difficulties conquer with success.

J. A. M. A.

DREAM.

Until she sleeps
Soundlessly the jasmine-flower
Its vigil keeps.
The tender moon
Into the twilight creeps
To shine upon a brown bird's wing
Lest he should sing, should sing!

She sleeps.
I fold her till her breast
Breathes with mine own, in rest.

Into the jasmine-flower
A frail wind creeps;
And still she sleeps; she sleeps.
The pale moon, fluttering,
Shakes in her primrose ring:
Soft! Soft! A brown bird carolling.

O fall of flower spray, O song
Of brown bird through the dark night long,
O tremor of the stars and moon,
I wake. . . . So soon, so soon!
And all among the paths of Sleep, again
I call Dream back. In vain. In vain.
Till, musingly, the drooping moon
Shadows the path-prints of Dream's silver shoon.

E. V. LIMEBEER.

ANDANTE.

Now doth the heaviness of summer bloom
Die on the air, and from the neighbour wood
The brown earth good
Breathes sweeter incense, born of many leaves;
And many an insect grieves
At coming frost, chill in the holly's gloom,
Flutters in paler light, then wraps her round
In her torn summer's robe, and dies forlorn
Upon the dew-sprent ground.

The blue mist in the valley rises slow:
Rises till she attain the topmost tree
Of all that be
Upon the slopes of mead and stubble-field;
And when the sun has wheeled
His round, now short and drooping very low,
Lies still and fills the vale from side to side,
And scents it with all sweets the heavens know
In any countryside.

RUTH PITTER.

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are at the following rates:—

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
One Year	**28s. 0d.** ...	**30s. 0d.**
Six Months.....	**14s. 0d.** ...	**15s. 0d.**
Three Months.....	**7s. 0d.** ...	**7s. 6d.**

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE *should be addressed to* THE NEW AGE, 38, *Cursitor Street, E.C.*4.

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE (A. R. ORAGE), 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4, and printed for them by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C.4.