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. It is strange to hear that I, or any other Englishmen and Americans, is dependent upon his big bagmen calling Germany to commercial conquests and international trade is already sick and shaky because of the Ku Klux Klan's seeming 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!

Yet the fact is there—it is here—like a hill, a sea, a volcanic eruption. Germany, after her brief 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 unleashed unconquered 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 "R. H. C.," the cost of Entente 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, sol- dierly 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 teach us that the enemy is present, but its best form of 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. What he really hates is 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 is 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 the time spent on it. 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 stupen- dous. 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 heat and tentacles of the gigantic snake that en- wraps her, starved and bleeding from wounds that will not heal. Her cities, factories, and railways are para- lysed for lack of coal. The cost of living goes higher day by day. Stung by the adder of particularism, German militarism seeking an outlet in a fresh direction. The 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 militarism seeking an outlet in a fresh direction. The phrase is Nietzsche’s undoubtedly, but whether it is overestimated in the extreme. 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 remorse- lessly into the melting-pot—much good perishes with it. Yet it is Nietzsche’s undoubtedly, but whether he would approve its application to Germany’s condition as described by her apostle is not so certain. It sounds to me rather more like delirium than living dangerously. Maniacs possess vast deal of good sense; so, no doubt, would men in the last stages of despair; but "living" implies not a mere spurt of unregulated energy, but a tendenzen of the "as it were." 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 staging of "Sturm" by Keyserling’s "Foundation for Free Philosophy"—such creative and dynamic thought—are evidence of improved culture in Germany. Besides, it is nothing new in Germany; it is only more like old Germany than ever before.

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 medie- val. To mention by name the countless new move- ments, centres and associations for the intellectual or- ganisation of the world, for popular education accord- ing to new needs and principles, for the cultivation of creative and dynamic thought—such as Count Hermann Keyserling’s "Philosophy of the 'As it were.'" It would weary like the reading of a page of a city direc- tory. Let us consider for the benefit of "R. H. C. and others the signification of point of culture of the success of that staggering and sinister masterpiece, "Der Untergang des Abendlandes," by Oswald Spengler—whence Mr. Scheffauer professes to be (and, may I add, as a signifi- cant 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 before.

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 sharpening and corroding with new ideas, ideals, tendenzen and Utopias, come swooping upon the public like swarms of cranes—and gnats.

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And amidst the authors of these "new magazines," no one is more esteemed than in enemy lands themselves. The price of paper and printing has reached ruinous heights. Yet so in- tense is the thirst for books that more are being pub-

lished than in war-time or in peace-time, when Ger- many’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.

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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 his advantage. 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 Aeschylius 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—delineate 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. A month or two ago all Germany did honour to old Hans Thoma, 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 uninjectious frankness—but also new museums, literary Archiven and the like. Since the revolution two new universities have been called into being—Hamburg and Koln, 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 are building up 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 "pecavi!"—German science, in the person of Alfred Einstein, defies Newton from his high thron, 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," whilst德尔菲斯 French scientists are building up 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 "pecavi!"—German science, in the person of Alfred Einstein, defies Newton from his high thron, 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," whilst

The House of Commons.

By Hilaire Belloc.

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. Wherein 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 (whether according to local 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—through incomparably less power 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 interwined 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
Debates are moulded by the recesses of the Courts.

homogeneity and quiet continuance of their country,
separation in the various powers of sovereignty; but
the very hours and arrangements of the Commons
dignity of living in the individual rightly demand a
history to confirm. Men eager for freedom and
especially its action abroad, men concerned with the
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 unfit for 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 find that the organ itself must 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?

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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 sort 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 story 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 Pénélon 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. Medieval 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 1 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 favors assassination as a political weapon, as the right of tyrannicide was taught by John Bishop of Salisbury in the twelfth century, was affirmed by Priar 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 Sarasin, not to mention earlier men—Lactantius, St. Hilary of Poitiers, Marshallus of Padua, Erasmus, and many others.

Those who hold that Catholicism involves persecution will find it easy to understand the Spanish envoy who wrote (inaeptly) 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 innovation 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 education 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 Mohammedians.

G. Eugene Farnacht.
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 through not having dispassionately analysed his experience, but he has no right to say that any other knowledge is impossible.

Lord Monkswell has evidently procured a knout'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) undispicable 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 had and things will consequently be cheap. This brings prosperity to the country.

Next, his lordship, not content with modernity, has an archaeological flyear, 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 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 intellectual death of many a ghost, and I guess why he went about "killing" ghosts. Of course, he believed in seances. 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.
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 from 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 Feda, 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 Caesar" 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 Caesar'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 Caesar" 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 Caesar 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 sublety, 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 cedding 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 griefing soliloquy, will ring through our ears, and 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 collection; these are not subjective failures, although there are varying degrees of merit. It is true that Shakespeare treated Julius Caesar鳃鳃；it is also true that Mr. Clifton Boyne ought to keep Caesar's bust in his bedroom, and meditate long
on that superb head. After all, Cassius says that Caesar was "like a Colossus," and Mr. Boyne may well assume more imperial bearing than he! 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 Caesar" in this play. Brutus ushers in his virtual triumph; 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 entranceespecially in the "street-scene"--it seemed that his very presence prepares the Capitol from butting into production. Knowing the limitations of the stage minutes for such a scene as Brutus' Orchard. The stone-wall trembled like a jelly. But heavy as some particularly, is perfectly acted), and remains "the effect, and acting of supreme power, and in some way and that by contending passions. There was not 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 Caesar" in this play. Brutus ushers in his virtual triumph; 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 entranceespecially in the "street-scene"--it seemed that his very presence prepares the Capitol from butting into production. Knowing the limitations of the stage minutes for such a scene as Brutus' Orchard. The stone-wall trembled like a jelly. But heavy as some particularly, is perfectly acted), and remains "the effect, and acting of supreme power, and in some way and that by contending passions. There was not

**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 complaint of Ireland against England is less based on that superb head. After all, Cassius says that Caesar was "like a Colossus;" and Mr. Boyne may well assume more imperial bearing than he! 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 Caesar" in this play. Brutus ushers in his virtual triumph; 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 entranceespecially in the "street-scene"--it seemed that his very presence prepares the Capitol from butting into production. Knowing the limitations of the stage minutes for such a scene as Brutus' Orchard. The stone-wall trembled like a jelly. But heavy as some particularly, is perfectly acted), and remains "the effect, and acting of supreme power, and in some way and that by contending passions. There was not
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 they are the cause, but 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 places 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 picturesque 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, strictly speaking, 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, are these repressions mainly due? Set 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. Ireland, 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-inflicted injury is due to a neurotic impulse, which has 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. Gleeck 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 obscurity of the subject-matter; and, indeed, is a not imconsiderable 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." 1

The will to life is best exemplified by a quotation from the Bhagavad-Gita: 2 "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 an army; 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 psychologial 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.

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1 Adler, "The Neurotic Constitution." (Regan, Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., Ltd. 17a. ed.)
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 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 "hystéria," 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. Sensitive 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 minds," 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 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 herbalistic and pseudo-pathetic effusions with which we meet in the Wagnerian (amongst others in Victor Hugo). On the other hand, a strong artistic instinct without an equivalent creative emotion makes art often vulgare, 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 of the 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 tries to apply to clever art—ever 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 theorize 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 snark, 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 estranging his own. In our splendid struggle for the so-called "survival of the fittest" swank, being themselves incapable of any profounder willy-nilly, complies with the worthy public's taste and—buyers.

For it is noise that nowadays draws listeners and—buyers; for noise is exactly what the public demands. No one wants an indifferent noise, for instance. One wants noise with a point to it. And here is the point—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 who 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—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.

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 aesthetic Chinese wall between the boring life and the bored æsthetic. The passionate Art was transferred from the dirty street to exotic harems, provided with all possible narcotics and jealously guarded by lusty eunuchs. This narrow Æsteticism opposed art to life, and therefore it is quite natural that life itself took revenge on it—by "spewing it out." This method of life was the battle of the 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 was the one great necessity -- the radical spiritual reconstruction of humanity? Not the bankruptcy of art; nowadays the inverted process would be 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. Instead of trying to make our shining 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.

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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, but the appearance as if it were real 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, Actaea rac., Antimony, Apis, Arsenicum, Bap-
tisia, Belladona, Bryonia, Calcarea carb., Chamomilla, China, Ferrum, Gelsemium, Ignatia, Ipecacuanha, Kali carb., Lachesis, Lycopodium, Manganum, Mercury, Natrum mur., Nux vom., Phosphorus, Platinum, Puls-
tilla, Rhus, Sepia, Silica, Staphisagria, Thuja, Verat-
rum alb.; and it is stated that "there is enough ma-
terial in this present book to enable clinical tests to be
made in sufficient number and variety to form a rea-
able basis for an opinion as to the truth or otherwise of
the claims of homeopathy." A second volume is pro-
jected, 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
ehomeopathically, 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
certified 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 Hipp-
crates—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 enorm-
ously 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 Ger-
man, 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. Homeopathy, if it may be, is
not a heresy based on demonstrable facts, confirmed by
independent research and by general medical practice.

Homeopathy is primarily the prescription as a remedy

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

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, caustic for nephritis, opium for constipation, emetine for dysentery (the later Dr. Dyce Brown collected from general medical practice some seventy examples of such homeopathing), 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. It gives its knowledge where 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 with 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 homeopath; 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 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 disease to express, and the climate 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, "of 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 justifiable. The value and need of surgery, the refinement of diagnosis, the study of pathology, the application of diet and exercise 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 homeopath 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, an application of surgery, 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.

TRIPLETY.
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 valuable collection of documents illustrating 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 irredeemable 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 determining 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 spoilers of the liberties of Englishmen. It would be more correct to describe the history of this period as the history of slave-raisers at home and wars for freedom abroad. The liberty, prosperity, and happiness of the working classes declined together. Felkin declared of the Frame-work 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 vicars were confronted with 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, the fabricating of garrisons 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 irremediable memories." After 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 "Jacobinsm," 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. Evelyn 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 illuminates 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 grain of revolutionary spirit has been carefully expurgated and expunged. In this he will have the great majority of English playgoers, and therefore the majority of English theatrical workers, 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 for a second Ibsen or another Shaw arises to express, through the medium of the theatre, the revolution which the truth has brought to 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 of exploiting my own play is the reverse of the truth. My Theatre Society was founded by me for the purpose of the medium of the drama, the revolutionary thought of his time, he also must necessarily incur the full force of Mr. Hope's displeasure.

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 de-festist views contained in it.

The diary is brutally straightforward. From step to step, minutely analyzing, 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 revolution 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 realization 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 unite, there will come the day of the great solution. . . ." This appears to be Andreeff'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.

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, his angel of light, is not his comfort. 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 drown part-songs, has killed the kindly strings, and, worst of all, has elaborated a system of manual dexterity which 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 S. SCULiffe.

THE FLAGELLANTS.

Sir,—Mr. Childre is in error when he states that I have published a translation of Propertius. His belief in whipping four-foot boys is on a par with his belief in the Catholic Church constitution. It was just a profitable thing to get things into men's heads by shaking 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 zeal.

EDRA 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 as seriously as we should a statement that Mr. C. had returned his actual latchkey to his mother.
Prosperity, abstain from action base, 
Maliciousness, the Vedas ever learn, 
Who answer not ill words, who injure not 
Restrict their actions and control desires,
Examples for all creatures' copying,
Their scriptural duties for each mode of life,
That keep their own dominion safe and sound,
Perform the Agni-hotra strictly right,
Beginning of the universe, and end,
Narayana, the Lord of every thing,
The rightful duties, sleep not in the day,
Whose wealth is ever spent with equity,
Who treat the parents rightly, knowing all
Those Brahmanas that live as celibate,
Those Brahmanas that at wrong hours work not,
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, that do not prate, 
Who bow to all to whom their bows are due,
Who eat for sustenance, and women seek
For off-spring only, speak to the truth,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who bow devoutly 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.
Our brother, our well-wisher, kinsman, friend.
Narayana, who is called Hari too,
Reciting them, and speak them to the wise,
Who carry burdens, and walk in the path of justice,
That haven of delight eternally!
That foremost irresistible is he,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who occupy himself to please and grace
Jishnu, and thee as well, O king, this one
The mighty-armed, this Krishna who is here,
Our brother, our well-wisher, kinsman, friend,
Narayana is he, of glory vast.
Our brother, our well-wisher, kinsman, friend.
Narayana, who is called Hari too,
Reciting them, and speak them to the wise,
Who carry burdens, and walk in the path of justice,
That haven of delight eternally!
That foremost irresistible is he,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who with devotion seek for sanctuary
Narayana, who is called Hari too,
Reciting them, and speak them to the wise,
Who carry burdens, and walk in the path of justice,
That haven of delight eternally!
That foremost irresistible is he,
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, that do not prate, 
Who bow to all to whom their bows are due,
Who eat for sustenance, and women seek
For off-spring only, speak to the truth,
All difficulties conquer with success.
Who bow devoutly 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,
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.

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
Let 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 tremour 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.

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,
And scents it with all sweets the heavens know
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.

The blue mist in the valley rises slow:
Rises till she attain the topmost tree
Of all that be
Upon the slopes
Of all that be
Upon the slopes of mead and stubble-field;
And when the sun has wheeled
His sound, 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.

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