NOTICE.

We have no desire to add to the burden on our readers by raising the price of "The New Age." On the other hand, we cannot continue to publish the paper at a loss. We, therefore, propose, without change of price, to reduce the number of pages in each issue from 16 pp. to 12 pp., the reduction in size to take effect next week. Several features must, of course, be sacrificed; but we shall retain the following and publish them as regularly as possible:—Notes of the Week, Views and Reviews, Drama, Readers and Writers (by R. H. C.), Reviews, Pastiche, and, of course, regular treatment of the Scheme to which we attach so much importance. It is also hoped to resume "Foreign Affairs" or, preferably "World Affairs" from a point of view that has not hitherto been made current in practical politics.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Each to his kind, and as a dog looking out on the street notices nothing but dogs, Mr. Churchill appears to be aware only of the military uniform of Russian Bolshevism. It is useless to try to assure him that the uniform is the least menacing aspect of the threatened invasion of Western Europe; and that, in all probability, Lenin has no need of military conquests, since he can obtain his object more easily and certainly by other means—Mr. Churchill, playing the role of Burke, will continue to declare that it is the arms of the "armed doctrine" that make it formidable. On the contrary, in this case it is the arms that will rob the doctrine of Marxism of its revolutionary elements—as Lenin, no doubt, realises—for the association of arms with Communism will infallibly he to establish eventually in Russia two pillars of a thoroughly non-Communist, if not anti-Communist society—a centralised bureaucracy maintained by force. If Mr. Churchill were alive to the realities of the situation and not misled by the misunderstandings of our own "Communists" whose proclamations of Russian "Sovietism" are domestic propaganda simply, he would see that the true line of defence against Bolshevism is not force but ideas, and chiefly, we would say, Communist ideas. For the Russian experiment owes its attraction for our Socialists and others to its use of the historic names of the Communist tradition, the facts of the case being quite otherwise. What we therefore need against Bolshevism is not an anti-Bolshevism based upon the false assumption that Bolshevism is Communism; but an anti-Bolshevism based upon the correct assumption that Bolshevism is bureaucracy. In a word, we need to practise at home what Russian Bolshevism only preaches—economic democracy. Given such a practical movement of reform in Western Europe as we have in mind, Western Europe, we are certain, would be perfectly safe from Bolshevism. On the other hand, it is probable that, in that event, Bolshevism in Russia would quickly come to an end.

* * *

Unfortunately it does not suit the book of the powers behind Mr. Churchill and the Cabinet to attempt to meet disease by health; it is, in fact, by the disease on which Bolshevism thrives that the financial control responsible for high prices thrives also; and, in this sense, as we observed last week, Bolshevism and High Finance are related phenomena. Moreover, there does not appear to be any movement in the direction of reducing prices from which we might deduce a growing realisation of the peril the nation is in; but, on the contrary, everything goes to show that prices are still being deliberately kept up if not actually forced up. Increases of "Ways and Means" advances to the Government last week—in other words, the Government's over drafts at the Bank of England—amounted to 16 million pounds, which, by the fiction of regarding Government debt as a deposit of Cash, entitled the banks to issue
additional credit to several times that amount. And as if this fresh dilution of the currency and consequent diminution of individual purchasing power were not enough, the banks have persisted in their policy of extending credits in certain directions faster than they have been contracting credits in other directions. The recent half of the Big Five (Joint Stock Banks) showed that on an increase of deposits of less than 32 millions, the increased credit or purchasing power issued was over 106 millions; and this after the most drastic "window dressing" on the part of the banks to minimise what had been done. But the conclusion is apparent to the most sceptical of readers that such quantities of newly created spending power cannot be without a considerable effect upon prices. If prices are the ratio of money to goods, such an increase of money as is represented by the admitted increase of banking credits is bound to raise the level of prices; and since it is out of the question to increase the sum of goods at the same rate, the tendency of prices to rise may be said to be established with certainty. But disaster is equal to credit in their own interests. The contention of the Banks, no doubt, is that an issue of credit (i.e., an addition to existing spending power) is allowed to raise the level of prices and reducing the purchasing power of wages and salaries without, in the economic sphere, freezing production by reducing demand, and, in the social sphere, creating what is euphemistically called unrest. In fact, Lenin has a need whatever to come to Warsaw to create a responsive revolutionary sentiment in Western Europe. The policy of high prices, consistently pursued among us, might be the work of his commissars.

The movement towards Economy, meaning thereby only reduced Government expenditure, proceeds upon false assumptions and is likewise suspiciously motivated in other respects. For instance, the appointment of a leading official of the London Joint City and Midland Bank as Treasurer of the "People's Union for Economy" is distinctly anomalous, in view of Mr. Chamberlain's warning that as fast as the Government contracted credit on its own account, the Banks expended credit in their own interests. The contention of the Banks, no doubt, is that a Government issue of credit is dilution pure and simple; it is not against value, present or prospective, but against debt; whereas the issues of Banking credit are against real values, in other words, against goods to be. But the conclusive reply to this defence is that the immediate effect of an issue of credit (i.e., an addition to existing spending power) is to raise the prices of goods already in the market, irrespective of the intentions of the credit-issuers and even of its ultimate results. For though it may be true, according to theory, that an issue of credit against future values differs essentially from an issue of credit against debt, not only are their immediate effects upon prices precisely similar, but the supposed advantage to prices resulting from issues against future goods is entirely cancelled by the issue of fresh credits when those future goods come upon the market. The distinction, in short, is a distinction as regards prices without much difference; prices rise in any event. But the underlying assumption of the movement towards economy is more comprehensively false still; it is, in the words of the "Times," that "it is an elementary and indisputable fact that the nation is far poorer than in 1914." In every sense, save the financial and the superficial, this is a portentous if plausible misstatement. So may it be an "elementary and indisputable fact" that the nation is "far poorer than in 1914," the very contrary is true, namely, that it is an elementary and indisputable fact that the nation is far richer than in 1914. We are not referring, of course, to actual or statistical measures of our actual current production. A nation's real wealth is not measurable by the consumable goods it actually possesses, nor by the amount of such consumable goods actually in course of production; but by its capacity to produce such goods if and when and as demanded. It is easily conceivable, for instance, that during a given year our actual consumable goods should be reduced almost to zero and our actual production of such goods be reduced to the same point, and yet that at the end of the year, in capacity to produce, we should be wealthy. That, in fact, is an exaggerated statement of what has recently occurred; in other words, we have consumed many of our consumable goods before they have been produced. We have consumed in respect, wealthier than in 1914. Whether our increased productive ability will be used is another matter, dependent on the distribution of effective demand. The machinery of production plainly will be set in motion only if the "market" is supplied with spending power to consume the product. Impoverish the consumer by "diluting" his spending power (in other words, heap up prices) and he becomes less and less able to make an "effective demand" upon the producing machine. The latter is thus, for all its power to produce, rendered inactive.

That we are rapidly approaching the time when our productive machinery must slow down and perhaps close down, because effective demand is reaching the vanishing point, is apparent now to everybody, though the reasons are still misunderstood. The "Times" is merely typical of the Press when it reports a "Trade Lull" and indicates the approach of a "slack season" of production with the inevitable accompaniments of unemployment difficulties, fresh wage demands and a recurrent period of industrial crisis generally. Already in several trades, as an ironical comment on the cry for increased production, unemployment is rapidly increasing; and the "pressure of the banks" upon manufacturers who are holding up stocks will shortly precipitate slumps in certain goods with the bankruptcy and ruin of their manufacturers to follow. The simple explanation of the phenomenon is that the consumer has been "bled white." At the price our producers must charge for their goods if they are to recover costs (without mentioning profits), the effective demand in the hands of the general consumer is insufficient to keep them busy and will eventually be insufficient even to keep them working. Something must happen, in fact, if a deadlock is not to be reached, for either production must cease altogether or more spending power must be distributed by (decreased prices or increased wages and salaries) in order to provide the demand that will keep production going. We have made it clear what our solution of the problem is: it is to reduce prices concurrently with the issue of credit; and the machinery for the purpose is ludicrously simple, as we shall prove when we publish our exemplary scheme next week in application to the case of Coal. We would undertake, in short, to solve the problem to universal satisfaction in a single experiment. The solutions, on the other hand, offered by those now in authority are either inadequate or intensifications of the mischief or stark lunacy. It is lunacy, in our opinion, to talk of "revolution" in the absence of any revolutionary idea that will bear a moment's thought; it is "force" with which these people are in love, and neither revolution nor "people's policy." So much for the distortion of the "Times" and the Government to "resist" wage demands while, at the same time, keeping up prices, is little less demented; it cannot possibly solve the problem, but it can and will play into the hands of our miniature Lenins. Finally, it is time to say that the pills for earthquakes offered by the Labour Party on the prescription of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb aggravate the disease by inducing
despair of reason and moderation. If Nationalisation
are and must be unpopular. Without wishing either
is all these people have to offer in a world-agony, the
sooner real events sweep them aside, the more freely
shall we all breathe.

The I.L.P. has received the answers to its question-
naire directed to the Third (or Moscow) International,
and they are wanting nothing in frankness. Indeed, we
cannot sufficiently admire the sincerity and outspoken-
ness of the answers of the Moscow group, who makes
enables even their errors to be clearly seen. The
answers, however, in the present instance are scarcely
such as to commend “Communist” methods to any
party in England of the compromising character of the
I.L.P. The “workers” are told not to prepare or to
expect “an easy Parliamentary victory”—the kind of
victory on which, it is notorious, the I.L.P. has kept its
eyes glued—but “for victory by a heavy civil war.”
There is no wonder that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has
hastened to disclaim any intention of affiliating the
I.L.P. with the Moscow group. And there are few people in the world who

certain that even if a “heavy civil war” were practicable

The “Communists,” on the other hand, has been imme-
diate and uncompromising. A “Communist” party
has been formed. Our old friend, the “Call,” has been
re-christened the “Communist;” the Industrial Editor of the
“Daily Herald,” together with Mr. Malone, M.P.,
has joined the new Executive, and everything is in
train, so far as Tooley Street can make it, to bring about in
this country a repetition in miniature of the Bolshevist
Revolution. It would be easy enough to exaggerate
the importance of this consolidation to the so-called
Left; and we have no doubt that Mr. Churchill and his
panic-stricken friends will do their best to advertise the
movement thoroughly. It suits their policy by making
them appear indispensable to social order and, in addi-
tion, side-tracks any attempt to deal with their own
financial power directly. On the other hand, it is useless
to disguise from ourselves the real meaning of the move-
ment, which is that the parliamentary method and the
“constitutional” Trade Union method are alike, in the
opinion of earnest “Socialist” reformers, played out. It
is perfectly true that, in theory, the breakdown of the older
methods ought not, in itself, to entail the adoption of
the method of a “heavy civil war.” Moreover, it is
certain that even if a “heavy civil war” were practicable in
this country, the issue would not be Communism, but
anarchy resolved by a new Capitalist dictatorship (ma-
querading possibly as Communism). It is also true that
we have now without any question a revolutionary idea,
in the form of Credit and Price control, which could
bring about all the avowed objects of revolution by
peaceful, rapid and constitutional means. But such is
fascism on one side and anarchism on the other, that, in
all probability the “quick” method of force will prove
more seductive than commonsense, and we shall enter a
period of “crisis” from which only more crises will
emerge.

Mr. Smillie at Geneva has shown himself once more
to have all the good intentions of the humanitarian
with no comprehension of the importance or effort
It is far easier to get men to agree about ends than
means; and there are few people in the world who
would not agree with Mr. Smillie that war is an evil
that should be abolished. When, however, he talks of
engineering a general strike as a means to prevent
War, it is obvious to the rest of the world that he is
proceeding on the imaginary hypotheses that wars are
made by Governments and not by policy and that they

In spite of all, however, we remain incorrigible
optimists. Humanity is not insane; there is plenty of
character and good sense in the race; and the impend-
ing trials will surely provoke their manifestation. The
amount of “free intelligence” in operation is, it is
true, very small; people are “too busy” to think in
long advance of the event; but that it exists and in the
most unlikely places, the action of the Bowhill branch
of Fife miners is a small but gratifying example. The
Bowhill miners, we are told, have adopted a unique
scheme for tiding over periods of strike and unemploy-
ment. “They have issued £1,500 worth of promissory
notes value 10s., 5s. and 1s., and shopkeepers have
agreed to accept them in payment for any kind of
goods.” The scheme, of course, is not quite unique,
since its model is in reality our whole financial system,
whose “tokens of credit” are effective merely because
shopkeepers and others accept them as such. But the
application by Labour of finance to practical affairs is
unique enough to call for attention and imitation. What
the Bowhill branch of the Miners Federation has had
the intelligence to do on such a scale, the Miners Fede-
ration as a whole could do on a national scale. There
would then be no need to talk of revolution; the
thing would be effected. We have to note that in other
directions the idea of the social control of credit is
likewise growing. The “Clerk,” the organ of the
National Union of Clerks, recently affirmed that the
banks are the real rulers of the country, and invited
attention to this effect. The Washington journal,
“Labor,” described the recent Montreal Convention
that proposed to establish Labour banks as promul-
gating “a new Declaration of Independence.” A new
weekly review, “The Freeman,” published by Huebsch
in New York, maintains for our whole continent its
avowed object is the control of credit in the interests
of the consumer. These are the seeds, wind-sown, of
the new age, and they are our answer to Moscow,
Private and Confidential.

The following outline record of what has been done privately to obtain consideration for the Scheme so often mentioned in these pages is for our readers whom we have apparently kept in the dark so long. Our reason for postponing publication while all the while continuing openly to discuss the principles of the Scheme itself was simple; it was to ensure that before the Scheme should be discussed by the so-called "leaders of thought" in politics and economics, and the word passed round that there was "nothing in it," at least, should be fully informed of the principles and ideas underlying it. To this end we took the utmost pains to secure privacy for the Scheme, every copy of which has been numbered and delivered under written pledge of secrecy. At the same time, as our readers well know, we have devoted all our powers to preparing the ground for the understanding of the Scheme when it should at last he publicly to obtain consideration for the Scheme numbered and delivered under written pledge of secrecy.

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We shall publish the Scheme in our next issue.

... ... ...

Saw Mr. Smillie who transferred us to Mr. Frank Hodges who gave us an interview of considerable length, during which he outlined the Scheme and the ideas underly-
dering it. Mr. Hodges expressed himself as very much interested and promised to examine the Scheme—a copy of which we left with him—at his leisure. Hearing nothing from him for a few weeks we wrote to Mr. Hodges, who then rang him up on the telephone to be told that he was still considering the Scheme. Weeks again passed, after which we again wrote to Mr. Hodges, who suggested that we should publish the Scheme and try to get public support for it. We replied that if he was not sufficiently interested to understand it, it was not the business of him; further, that we were willing, at his convenience, to explain any difficulties in the Scheme to him in personal conversation; finally, we suggested that his Executive should be given an opportunity of examining it. A long delay followed. Finally, we requested the return of the copy of the Scheme. Mr. Hodges reported that he was sorry he had mislaid it. Finis.

Made an appointment with Mr. Earnest Bevin on the strength of an intelligent speech by him at the Bristol Rotary Club. Found him deeply interested in Finance and convinced that the key to the situation lay in it. Briefly outlined the Scheme to him and left a copy for his consideration. No reply for some weeks. Wrote asking what his judgment of the Scheme had been. No reply from Mr. Bevin, but a friendly letter from Mr. Tillett suggesting a meeting. No appointment made and no meeting. Called on Mr. Bevin, and found him too busy to think about the Scheme. Finis.

Heard from a reader that Mr. Straker of the Miners Federation had been told about the Scheme and would like to hear more of it. When coming to London and would make an appointment for an interview. Came to us from Mr. Straker suggesting a time and place. No reply.

Wrote to Lord Robert Cecil, after a speech on the League of Nations, enclosing a marked copy of The New Age, containing the outline of the Scheme, and asking whether he would agree to lay the Scheme before him for his consideration. No acknowledgment.

At the request of a reader, we addressed a select dinner-party of people, including Mr. Massingham, the Editor of the "Nation," on the subject of the Scheme, and invited discussion. Great interest expressed, further consideration promised. The rest is silence.

At a series of meetings with the Builders' Committee—Employers and Opera-
tives. Laid the Scheme before them and answered all questions and difficulties to an expressed complete satisfaction. Distributed copies of the Scheme among them, and undertook to reply to any further points of interrogation. A few were received and answered. Thereafter, nothing; no further sign of interest of any kind.

Received via The New Age and the "Nation" in response to special offers a few score of applications for details of the Scheme. Replied in some cases by sending a copy of the Scheme, in others by a summary with an implied invitation to further remarks. In one or two cases acknowledgment was made; from the rest, no reply.

Addressed the Executive of the National Guilds League and gave a complete expose of the Scheme. No further notice was taken of it, but at the subsequent Annual Conference of the League a resolution was passed, at the instance of one of the Executive, designed to prevent the adoption of the Scheme by the League as a whole. The ordinary members were not informed of the intention of the resolution, the proceedings of the Executive having been "confidential." Saw by appointment Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mr. Bertrand Russell and others. Endeavoured to lay the Scheme before them and offered unlimited assistance in elucidating points of difficulty. A little interest; and then—silence.

Saw Mr. Massingham again, when a series of articles was arranged for the "Daily Herald." Mr. Massingham expressed interest and promised to consult Mr. J. A. Hobson; since when we have heard no more.

At his own invitation we met Commander Kenworthy and explained as much as we could of the Scheme to him. Carried on a desultory correspondence, mostly of an irrelevant character, which finally dropped entirely. At his own invitation, we saw Colonel Malone, who likewise expressed interest. Nothing from Mr. Malone.

Wrote to a well-known Jewish financier, in consequence of an article by him showing signs of understanding, and obtained an interview. Laid the ideas of the Scheme before him and invited his criticism. After full considera-
tion he pronounced the Scheme perfectly sound, where-
upon we invited his public support. No reply.

Saw members of the "Daily Herald" staff and ex-
ounded the Scheme. Nothing doing; but subsequently we heard that Mr. Tawney had pronounced us to be "cur-
cency crooks" and that Mr. Frank Hodges had assured the "Daily Herald" that the Scheme "posed an eco-
nomic fallacy." Mr. Bevin, likewise, to the same echo had confided that the Scheme merely proposed a system of government subsidy!

Innumerable callers had brief interviews from which, in special cases, they were allowed to take away a copy of the Scheme, marked "Private and Confidential" and under verbal or written promise to regard it as such. In a few cases it afterwards came to our ears that the Scheme was shown in hostile quarters. The absence of any reply is, perhaps, evidence that none is possible from those quarters.

At repeated solicitation from various people all over the country, all expressing approval of the general ideas, all promising help on the receipt of a copy of the Scheme, copies of the Scheme have been sent out under the usual pledge. Let us here say that in some golden instances, the promise has been kept. We are under the deepest debt of gratitude to quite a number of our own readers in particular. The majority of our correspondents, however, have relapsed into the silence from which their curiosity alone compelled them to emerge.

At the request of a well-known weekly journal, we gave a "special interview" for publication on the leading features of the Scheme. The interviewer was intelligent and expressed himself delighted with his "copy." After many months, the interview has not been published, and no explanation for or apology has ever been received.

The "News Stakesman" has never published a review of Major Douglas's "Economic Democracy," though, in addition to the book, a copy of the Scheme was privately sent to the Editor.

Interviews were sought with the Co-operative Wholesale Society. After negotiations with pleasant officials, we were told to make a special request, stating our intention, for an interview with the Financial Committee. Applied and got no reply.
Attended a meeting of the Sociological Society and took part in a debate on "Social Credit." Discussed the Scheme with several notable authorities present—Professor Soddy among them—and left copies of the Scheme. Nothing more. 

Saw several Government officials at their request to lay the Scheme before them. Did so and found in every case "considerable interest." Left under promise to hear more about it; and have heard nothing. Various readers have kindly marked issues of The New Age (three months, six months, a year) and given them to various Labour and other Members of Parliament. No acknowledgment.

Copies of "Economic Democracy" have been presented (by readers) to various persons in the political and economic world; with little or no visible result.

Finally, we can assure our readers that no hint of criticism has been allowed to escape attention if it could be brought to light. We have had innumerable conversations and interviews with experts of all descriptions, bankers, economists, big business men, currency reformers, journalists, representatives of reform societies, foreign investigators (Government and private), and authors. They may not always have agreed with us; in some instances, they have approved our apathy; in other instances, they have disapproved of its object. but we believe that few, if any, of them will venture to say in private or public that there is "nothing in it."

We Nietzscheans.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

"For nought so vile that on the Earth does live
But to the Earth some special good does give."

WHERE then were those friends of Europe during the war? What had become of all the international combinations, of the red (Socialist), of the black (Catholic), of the golden (Financial) Internationalists, who, before the war, used to pride themselves on standing above a narrow national particularism? One of my friends, who used to say, 'Our country!' and, whenever they did not do that, they had sunk even below their country and indulged in a sort of sentimental Christiano-pacifica wail à la Roman Rolland over the discord and the wickedness of this world, Cardinal Mercereau, the Belgian, and Cardinal Hartmann, the German, those high dignitaries of the Catholic (that is to say, all-embracing) Church, abused each other during the war like two low washwomen. Philosophers like Bergson and Eucken, who before the war wrote of a persecuted people, persecuted and cut each other down as incurable romanticists, as supermen without the passports. "Europe, Europe—you still speak of disaster to Europe and the world at large."

I am, however, still of opinion that the only thing that will save Europe is the battle of ideas. No doubt, I saw in that moment, as though lit up by a flash, the Fate of Europe clearly before my eyes. A Fate—an iron Fate. A Fate unavoidable for a continent that has no more guides, no more great men. A Fate unavoidable for a people that has let its religion die and be replaced by every religion into anarchy and disobedience. And I thought of my own race, which has seen so many fates, so many ages, so many empires decline—and there was I, the Eternal Jew, witnessing another catastrophe. And I shuddered, and when my hostess entered I had not yet recovered my breath."

"...the mighty sword in the beginning and the mighty pen at the end of the last century were alike impotent against—Fate. No doubt, I saw in that moment, as though lit up by a flash, the Fate of Europe clearly before my eyes. A Fate—an iron Fate. A Fate unavoidable for a continent that has no more guides, no more great men. A Fate unavoidable for a people that has let its religion die and be replaced by every religion into anarchy and disobedience. And I thought of my own race, which has seen so many fates, so many ages, so many empires decline—and there was I, the Eternal Jew, witnessing another catastrophe. And I shuddered, and when my hostess entered I had not yet recovered my breath."

Now, you cannot accuse a man who in shuddering and agony foretells you a catastrophe of being the author of that same catastrophe, of that very catastrophe. And I know that there were many who were the only heretic who doubted the orthodox faith of the Fatherland, he, who in icy isolation stood against its hot-headed priests and fanatics—and who, failing to convince them, coolly foretold them the downfall of Germany. Surely it was not his fault that he was not listened to in Germany, nay, not even in England, and that though his book was originally published in the language of this island. But then, how could he, and why should he, be listened to by Englishmen—by the same men who had just hailed H. S. Chamberlain's gospel of the superiority of the German race?..."

The New Age, 1920
was a sort of European success, but European philo-

sophic thought having its root in Germany, it was in

this home of contemporary ideas that the work was

honoured as one of the great performances of the age.

I myself can hardly express the awed and joyous sense

which I have witnessed the triumph of these national

and racial fairy tales. I know, and have always known,

that we live in a romantic and credulous age, and that

fairy tales, however ridiculously related and however

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is unknown, but must eternally remain so—is one which sometimes rises in the mind with a strange feeling of fullness and dignity; creates momentous, momentary silence in the streaming corridors of thought; wakens the mood appropriate to worship. Or the same mood may be awakened by a subter wrench: when we are staggered by the thought of what we carry with us everywhere, that into which all things thrust themselves—that limpid vacuum of mind in which the universe is taking place. We move and it moves with us: all things enter and leave it as we go. When the world’s hard realities no longer insist within it; when the task of life is done, then the treasures of memory radiate into it, blot out its facts with realities more rarified and mobile. A summer-holiday landscape may thus shine into the space now filled with the undesired greyness of actual winter, making it fade into the blank of inattention, till our experience consists in brushing leafage, dazzling roadways, bees humming under honey-dripping lime-trees. Or a man thinks he must rearrange his garden to hold another plot of flowers. Immediately he begins to take material from memory and to build it as he wills, into this same mental neutroin, the very spring through which all experiences whatever, real, imagined or remembered, change and alternate by necessity or will. What is the nature of this nothing that holds all things together? We call it Consciousness. It is an infinite abyss of mystery more fundamental and immediate than anything that lives or moves within it. When wonder, travelling past the world of things, becomes arrested suddenly by this immovable basis of their motion, the feeling of that wonder is changed. This is the shock and stillness of a fall into the abyss of reference.

And yet these are not the grand perplexity: there is another more immediate and still more easily overlooked and baffling. We do know, partly, this physical cosmos, whose one grand fact of matter, in a trillion metamorphoses, projects itself upon the film of consciousness from one side, as it were. But what is this which fills it from the other? What is the source of all these dreams of ours? When the gates of the sense are closed to entertain imagination, what orders the sights and sounds of it? Who is the image-maker; who calls the tunes? Not the memory; that is the stuff of which it makes them. Nor (to dismiss a greater fancy) are these things caused by sights and sounds of the outer cosmos reflecting and re-echoing themselves through the endless crystal catacombs of mind. That would be a mere confusion, like the passage into sleep, or out of it.

This is a power, not a lapse of powers; it is a unity of forces, combining any rags of memory into the symbolism of dreams by night and by day directing intellect itself to imagine, to attain or to forget a world more like to its desires. It dominates our lives by its secret hold upon the springs of thought, driving us or out of it.

The essence of Freud's credit, so much as due to the fact that he would not know its name. We name them the Unconscious. Doubtless it is the same unknown which man once worshipped, as Isis, whose veil no man has lifted; Jehovah, whose face none look upon and live. Whoever, in some instant of self-transcendence, perceives a name, radiated from its depths into the whole of consciousness, must know regenerating ecstasy, and the mood of inspiration.

P. A. MAIRET.

More Freud.

There is a book just published by Miss Barbara Low,* professing to give the prototype outline and substance of psycho-analysis. What it actually does is to give a very good account of the Freudian theory. The reason for the above two remarks is that Miss Low has struck a note of pugnacity in her introduction by proclaiming that as Freud invented the term psycho-analysis, therefore that term must be applied to the Freudian work alone; and all other inquirers into the psychology of the unconscious must keep off the grass and take to themselves other appellations, until, I suppose, the psycho-analysts become divided into as many sects as the gnostics of old. "The conception of a Freudian theory or technique," she says, "is this: and these alone, constitute Psycho-Analysis." This is all very well, but, after all, every examination of the background psyche constitutes a psycho-analysis; and M. B. Oxon's articles on dreams that appeared in The New Age in the autumn of 1914 are just as much psycho-analysis as are Freud's writings.

We have been trying to find the valuable points in Freud's theory, and one of them is certainly the invention of this term, which is good, useful, and comprehensive for working purposes, and does not deserve the sepulchre that the Freudian theory itself will ultimately receive. In fact, psycho-analysis is valuable at present as a name, does not deserve to be affixed to any one particular theory, and is preferable to such circumlocutions as Jung's substitution of analytical psychology. Therefore we should not allow Miss Low to appropriate it to Freud.

Having negotiated this snag, let us examine the book itself. As Dr. Jones is a condensation of Freud, so is Miss Low a condensation of Dr. Jones. What can be written of the one can be written of the other. We may note, however, that the farther Freud's theory goes from its source the more it crystallizes and narrows into dogma. Where Freud himself showed at least an inclination to be open, there his followers have set up their thorniest hedges of restriction. I do not think this is to Freud's credit, so much as due to the fact that he was probably groping where his disciples, from his standpoint, saw more clearly. The essence of Freud's theory is that it is based on the assumption of the truth and universal applicability of the Darwinian theory; and the two, it seems to me, will have to stand or fall together. In the second volume of The Secret Doctrine, Madame Blavatsky picks more than one hole in Freud's credit, so much as due to the fact that he was probably groping where his disciples, from his standpoint, saw more clearly. The essence of Freud's theory is that it is based on the assumption of the truth and universal applicability of the Darwinian theory; and the two, it seems to me, will have to stand or fall together. In the second volume of The Secret Doctrine, Madame Blavatsky picks more than one hole in Darwinism, and, as I do not presume to rival her, I can only refer readers to that book. It is a book that has been distressingly neglected by the very people, the scientists, who should have paid it the most attention. And the result is that our awareness of many essential matters has been long delayed, is, indeed, very much overdue. For instance, a youth with what is, I can only refer readers to that book. It is a book that has been distressingly neglected by the very people, the scientists, who should have paid it the most attention. And the result is that our awareness of many essential matters has been long delayed, is, indeed, very much overdue. For instance, a youth with what we might call an extroverted sense of touch was taken to a hypnotist—a hypnotist—for diagnosis! This youth, when blind-folded, would feel round any object presented to him with his hands some three inches away from it, then picture it in his mind's eye, then name it. He was not given a surgical instrument on the ground that he would not know its name. It was not necessary for him to have his hands close to the object, as

* "Psycho-Analysis." By Barbara Low. (Allen and Unwin. 5s.)
he pricked himself on the point of a pair of scissors when quite ten feet away from them. The fact that it was thought he would not know the name of the surgical instrument removed any vague guess about thought-transference. The hypnotist to whom he was sent is Dr. Wilson, of Manchester.

However, let us return to Freud. The real value in his theory is his direction of attention to the rôle played in neurosis by sexuality, which is indisputably considerable. But after this he runs off the rails, and his conception that dream, myths, wit, artistic activity, are wish-fulfilments is not demonstrated even by some of the examples he himself brings as proofs. The unconscious is somewhat larger than the sub-conscious, and the part never yet equalised the whole. And even setting this aside, the wish-fulfillments to be sought for the sub-conscious mechanisms he has so carefully elaborated. When studying him, one is reminded of the gibe about the philosopher who, when asked to write about a camel, proceeded to do so out of his inner consciousness. In other words these mechanisms have no relation to reality, not even to scientific reality. However, they are not actually so harmful as is his conception of wish-fulfilments. This is not in the least comparable to Mr. Holt's theory of the Freudian Wish, which is exceedingly lucid and bears little resemblance to Freudianism. It is a generalisation made from insufficient data and the cause may perhaps lie in the fact that his researches into the sexual anomalies to be found among many neurotics may have brought Freud to hastily conclusions. But it is to be remembered that even among neurotics his theory covers a strictly limited field. As Jung has already remarked, it is to be used as a therapeutic measure where circumstances justify it, not indiscriminately. And it is not to be used as a method of dream-interpretation, but to be applied where dream-analysis indicates trouble with sexuality. In fact, the value of Freud is that he has drawn attention to sexual instinct, and it was perhaps necessary that he should over-emphasise his findings in order to hold attention. For the deeps of sex certainly need attention in this age. At the same time Freudianism as a universality is a little comparable to measles, a thing to go through or, if possible, to abort with prophylactics.

To return to the particular book we are considering, Miss Low has, as I said, given a compact and lucid account of the Freudian theory, and no quarrel can be made against that. I have, on previous occasions, urged the argument that young authors particularly should not despise study the popular drama; but in this case, Barrie is writing to a formula, not from an inspiration. I have often spoken of the radical insincerity of the play; judge of it by the essential fact. Mary Rose has heard the call of "The Island That Likes To Be Visited," and judging by everything that happens in the second act, the theme is one of place-magic and communion with Nature-spirits. She tells the rowan that she is married, and complains that the rowan is jealous; she tells the tree-stump not only that she is married, but that she has a baby—and apparently the tree-stump disapproves. But in the last act, her slipping away into the realm of the elements is identified with entry into the world of the dead. It is true that Barrie tries to save himself by pretending that she is lonely among the dead, that she wants to get back to the Island and play—it is true that he represents her as being earth-bounded by her baby—but the theory of Nature-spirits does not permit this identification. Elements and the dead are of two different orders, as Barrie well knows—and this appeal to the belief in Spiritualism is fundamentally insincere. It enables him to write a ghost-scene for his last act, in which the son, Harry, like Hamlet, says: "Alas! poor ghost!" and frees her from the obsession that binds her to the house. It is not a very convincing ghost-scene; H. B. Irving would have been appalled at the flood of light thrown on the ghost, making Miss Fay Compton's solidarity plainly visible. But apart from this, the scene itself, with its suggestion of murderous intent by the ghost, and the crude philosophising of the son, conveys nothing to us of beauty either in thought or speech. Like Hamlet, he did not "set his life at a pin's fee", the life he had lived in Australia and at the front had certainly case-hardened him, and Mr. Robert Loraine plays such a part to perfection. All that he has to manifest in this scene is the crude kindliness that sometimes accompanies brutality—but we got more out of Hamlet.

Something of the failure to produce either the magical or the ghostly effect must be attributed to Miss Fay Compton. She is rapidly improving as an actress, in spite of a distressing resemblance to Miss Marie Löhrl in style; but she is not "fey," lacks the fantastic naturalness of Miss Hilda Trevelyan, for instance. But the main trouble is with Barrie's introduction of this magical theme because he had led people to expect it, not because it was necessary, or would do
anything. In "Dear Brutus," the enchanted wood gave people another chance, permitted them to correct their mistakes in life; The Island That Likes To Be Visited does nothing but break the continuity of a play that has no need of it. The real interest of the play is not in the ghost of his mother, but in the domestic life of her father and mother and their friend. Barrie has no genius for love, or for mysticism; his genius is for friendship, and he presents once again his life-long friends, both of them collectors of prints. scoring off one another, bickering and making up at the suggestion of a delightful wife, played as only Miss Mary Jerrold can play her. At intervals of 25 years, we see these two boys (for Mrs. Morland truly says of them that they have never grown out of their first childhood) crowing over one another's "Gainsboroughs" and "Dazes," pluming themselves with a quite boyish conceit on their "fair," or their eyesight, or hearing, or some such moribund faculty, and generally presenting in Barrie's inimitable egg-shell china style a study of human frailties. It is delightfully done; and, Arthur Whitty, Mr. Norman Forbes have got it to the last quivering diminuendo of understanding. They are very near that point where speech becomes silence, and silence, union; they have to talk to maintain their identity by establishing their differences, but they are as nearly one man as two people ought to be. Barrie's real magic is expressed in his humanity, which is always informed with an almost eerie understanding and an elish delight in differences that do not fundamentally divide. His constantly successful appeal is to the understanding, to what we commonly call the spirit; he has no power to play upon the emotions, he is, I believe scared to death by what dramatists usually handle with such confidence. His real fairies are mothers and fathers, his real fairyland is Home as the exile dreams of; domesticity, for him, has the "pathos of distance," he is peculiarly the spectator, the rather wistful spectator, of domestic life. In this mood, he is sincere, he is an artist; his characters live with a life of their own, and the light that never was on land or sea shines on Barrie's domestic interiors.

But when so certain, so perfect, an genius appeals to popular prepossessions, writes revue for Gaby Deslys, or drags in phenomenal magic and ghosts in defiance of the Horatian rule of good taste: "Neither should a god intervene, unless a knot befalls worthy of his interference, to follow him."

Is alike false to Nature and false to Art to represent the so-called supernatural as a mere irruption into human life, instead of an extension of it. It is Life that is eternal, not any condition or state of it; we may subdivide it, if we like, into pre-human, human, and post-human, but the pre-human contains the possibility of and impulse towards the human and post-human, the post-human will at least have the organic memory of the human and pre-human, the human itself will always be in touch with both extremes, and the point at which both become conscious and active. That it is necessary that we should recover the spirit of play, if life is to have its full expression, no one denies; but that the spirit of play consists in talking to tree-stumps, and looking for things that are no longer there, no one who thinks for a moment will believe. Barrie is continually playing with the idea that the world of spirit is a place of arrested development, that spiritual states are those that do not rise into consciousness, and therefore leave no more trace in the memory than did the circumstances attending the sleep of Rip Van Winkle. Mary Rose, after all, they are sleep, they are dreams, and Barrie does not attempt to make anything of it. Barrie has no genius for love, or for mysticism; his genius is for friendship, and he presents once again his life-long friends, both of them collectors of prints. scoring off one another, bickering and making up at the suggestion of a delightful wife, played as only Miss Mary Jerrold can play her. At intervals of 25 years, we see these two boys (for Mrs. Morland truly says of them that they have never grown out of their first childhood) crowing over one another's "Gainsboroughs" and "Dazes," pluming themselves with a quite boyish conceit on their "fair," or their eyesight, or hearing, or some such moribund faculty, and generally presenting in Barrie's inimitable egg-shell china style a study of human frailties. It is delightfully done; and, Arthur Whitty, Mr. Norman Forbes have got it to the last quivering diminuendo of understanding. They are very near that point where speech becomes silence, and silence, union; they have to talk to maintain their identity by establishing their differences, but they are as nearly one man as two people ought to be. Barrie's real magic is expressed in his humanity, which is always informed with an almost eerie understanding and an elish delight in differences that do not fundamentally divide. His constantly successful appeal is to the understanding, to what we commonly call the spirit; he has no power to play upon the emotions, he is, I believe scared to death by what dramatists usually handle with such confidence. His real fairies are mothers and fathers, his real fairyland is Home as the exile dreams of; domesticity, for him, has the "pathos of distance," he is peculiarly the spectator, the rather wistful spectator, of domestic life. In this mood, he is sincere, he is an artist; his characters live with a life of their own, and the light that never was on land or sea shines on Barrie's domestic interiors.

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Mary Rose just comes back, is bewildered to discover that everybody is 25 years older, asks for her baby, and that is all. The play has gone on without her; the son has grown up and run away—and when he returns to the empty house that she is supposed to haunt, apparently he dreams the whole thing in ten minutes. The manner in which this anticlimax is conducted is so very strongly that Barrie is saying good-bye to Peter-pantheism; the son tells the ghost of the mother that she is looking not for what is but for what was—in substance, she tells him that her refusal to grow up has fitted her only for residence in The Island That Likes To Be Visited. He banishes her from human habitations, into which she would never have intruded if Barrie had not dragged her uselessly, and the pretended pathos of the scene is mawkish sentimentality.

Among the Dervishes.

By Janko Lavrin.

From Tirana to Elbassan is scarcely a day's ride across the Albanian mountains, but it would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than these two towns. Tirana, with its white houses, blossoming orchards and painted, cozy mosques, is like an idyllic, semi-oriental city of gardens. Elbassan, on the other hand, is purely romantic—romantic almost in the sense in which we apply the word to rough pre-historic tribes and places.

As you descend from the steep pass, Krabba, into the valley, the stern and unavailing mountain scenery makes a fascinating discord when it blends with the warm luxuriance of vegetation, which you encounter in the lower part of your way. Glades of olive trees, scattered carpets of flowers, entire woods of cypress, bushes of crimson pomegranates, dismal slopes and fantastic curves of the rugged mountains surrounding the valley—all these are mingled in a symphony of colours, glimmering in the rays of the southern mid-day sun. Suddenly, amidst this unexpected splendour, there emerges Elbassan, at the foot of the mountain range, a motley and gloomy chaos of walls, towers, roofs, trees and minarets.

One approaches and enters the town almost with a feeling of dread. And, indeed, not without reason. For on the outskirts you hardly notice any houses; you seem to walk between endless walls on both sides of the street, marveling at the number of mysterious and carefully bolted gateways, which suggest prisons, harems, dens of robbery—anything. These walls conceal, and at the same time protect the houses, of which one sees only the low roofs, surging now and then from behind them. Thus every house is practically a fortress in miniature—a state which is far from being superfluous in a town where robbery, tribal feuds, and particularly vendettas, until very recently were every day occurrences.

There is little or no traffic in these dusty, monotonous streets. They are eternally silent, but over their silence there seems to hover a curious, indefinable suspense which makes even the echo of your steps appear frightened. And, above all, they are sleepy; any house you pass seems to walk between endless walls on both sides of the street, marveling at the number of mysterious and carefully bolted gateways, which suggest prisons, harems, dens of robbery—anything. These walls conceal, and at the same time protect the houses, of which one sees only the low roofs, surging now and then from behind them. Thus every house is practically a fortress in miniature—a state which is far from being superfluous in a town where robbery, tribal feuds, and particularly vendettas, until very recently were every day occurrences.

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will die out of boredom," remarks my Elbassan friend
and host, who has come to meet me on the high road.

"Well, boredom and vulgarity are the price we pay
for civilisation. What is to be done?"

We pass through the gate of a grim old tower, and
by a miracle, as it were, we suddenly find ourselves
among a huge Albanian crowd, humming and loitering
there in the bazaar. The entire centre of the town
seems to be nothing but an improvised Oriental bazaar
of the most primitive type. Row after row of evil-smelling
wooden stalls and shops make us lose our direction,
but we hardly regret it, in spite of all the noise and
bustle of the crowd. Slowly walking from one row to
another, I look with surprise at the calm shopkeepers,
squatting upon their benches amid the heaped and scattered
wares at which they are still working: boot-makers
go on sewing their opanki, embroiderers are busy with
their yeleks, silversmiths patiently pore over their ex-
quise cigarette-holders, tobacco-boxes and other equally elaborate trifles. All professions, all the skill,
as well as the result of this skill, are here exposed to
the immediate criticism of the onlookers, who press
around, gazing and pushing, shouting and bargaining,
each mahal more picturesque than the last.

Soon we approach a shabby karavanserai. A fear-
ful, almost suffocating odour comes out of it. Through
the window I catch a glimpse of the inmates. It is
a noon, but they are still sleeping, crowded together on
the large benches, on a few dilapidated coolots, even
on the bare floor, ignoring with heroic stoicism the
heat which always abounds in Albanian inns. But while wondering at these unspoilt Spartans,
I am suddenly struck by a strange tall figure, dressed
not in the Albanian, but rather in the Anatolian man-
er. His face, especially his nose and beard, betrays
either a Persian or a Tartar origin. Taller than any-
body in the crowd, he walks with a perfect unconcern
among the people, and in his movements one can trace
the unconscious dignity and flowing rhythm that are
still to be found perhaps only in those rare parts of the
Orient which have been fortunate enough to escape the
condescending attention of Europe and Europeans.

"Who is that?" I ask my companion. "An Alba-
nian?"

"No. A Turk from Brussa. And a real dervish into
the bargain. The sheik (chief) of a most curious sect."

"What sect?"

"They call themselves Ruffai. There are, on the
whole, three religious sects among our Mohammed-
ans, but Ruffai beats them all. Beyond comparison.
By the way, you might perhaps care to
see their ceremonies? I can arrange it. They take place on Fridays,
at three o'clock, and to-day is Friday. What a chance
for you!"

I consent with pleasure, and two hours later we are
knocking at a gate in one of the lonely streets in the
suburb. A young dervish opens the door. Bowing
silently, he leads us into a courtyard full of flowers.
On the verandah of a one-storeyed building we notice
a group of dervishes, who do not pay the slightest
attention to our arrival. Some of the faces strike me
by their feverish pallor, which suggests an indulgence in
narcotics rather than in asceticism. While I try to de-
cipher their expressions the young dervish listens to
my host's explanations, slips into a doorway and in a
moment returns with the remark:

"The sheik asks you both to come into his room.
Will you follow me, please?"

We enter a white square room. There is almost no
furniture in it, only coloured cushions are stashed on
the floor around the walls. In a corner, beneath a shelf of books, we see the sheik, seated in a striped
robe and a chalma, his legs crossed under him. Before
him lies a huge old volume with well-thumbed pages
and bound in parchment. As we enter he raises his head,
aimlessly motions to us to sit down on the cushions, and
goes on reading:

Surprised at such a reception, I look at his haggard
face, framed by a thin and curly beard. In the sub-
dued light of the room it seems almost refined
but for its too sharp lines, slightly tinged with tem-
pered cruelty and lurking half-conscious fierceness
which give it, now and then, a rather sadistic expres-
sion. All its features are drawn, nervous, and yet con-
centrated and full of a strange, disquieting calm.
There is a marked fatigue in the eyes, which are too
tangluid and often vaguely fixed in the void, as though
seeing something else than what they are looking at—
the eyes of a man who probably suffers from hallucina-
tions and epilepsy.

The dervish who has received us at the gate comes
again into the room; this time with three cups of
Turkish coffee on a glittering brass tray. Bending his
knee, he offers the perfumed Mocca first to the sheik,
then to us. The sheik takes his cup with a slow absent-
minded gesture, sips it, then suddenly closes the book
and turns to us with a most friendly expression upon his
face. He addresses us in Turkish, and at each sen-
tence a benevolent, although not quite convincing,
smile lights up his forehead. At the same time, one sees
at once that with him talking is a sort of artistic
picture, full of simplicity, style and melody. We speak
on all possible subjects, and, in the manner of Oriental
sages, the sheik renders his thoughts in improvised
images or parables rather than in dry logical formu-
lation, accompanying each one with a gesture so
more expressive than his flowing words. So our most
ordinary topics of conversation gradually acquire
an unexpected charm and interest, imparted to them
more by the enigmatic personal flavour than by the
ideas of the talker.

As we are thus speaking, or rather listening to our
fluent host, the young dervish reappears, reporting with
his soft voice that everything is ready for prayer. We
thank the sheik, and, following the dervish, we go
through a passage into a small mosque. The exterior,
at least, resembles a mosque, but the interior reminds
us much more of an arsenal; for parts of the walls are
covered with swords, rapiers, knives and, beside that,
with a number of miniature drums and solemnly shining
brass cymbals.

Many dervishes, perhaps thirty or forty, are already
there. And what an interesting collection! I see
among them a mad-looking old man, quite eighty years
of age, with rough grey hair and wildly dishevelled
beard—an image of King Lear raving in the rain and
storm. Next to him, a young dervish, like a statue, a very
tall youth with a mouth which is at one and the same
minute gesture, sips it, then suddenly closes the book
and turns to us with a most friendly expression upon his
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lation, accompanying each one with a gesture so
muttering turns to the usual Mohammedan falsetto chant. The dervishes, holding one another’s hands, begin to bow in rhythm with this chant, which now grows louder and more insidious. Little by little it turns, as it were, to wild, threatening shrieks, and suddenly it stops with a hissing note, resolute and abrupt, like the angry swish of a sword. It must have been an anathema, a curse, for the dervishes howl back in chorus but one prolonged vowel, “oo—oo—oo,” with such menacing modulations that a chill goes through all my bones.

One of the dervishes slips out and presently returns with a narghile-bottle, containing in all probability some narcotic. The sheik takes the bottle, smells it, and his nostrils slightly quiver. He then moves along the half-circle of dervishes, giving each of them the bottle to smell. The narcotic must be fairly strong, for its effect is visible at once: the veins seem to swell on their forehead, tiny drops of sweat run down their faces; they begin to bow with an increasing frenzy, and each bend they accompany with a horrible guttural shout, not unlike the hoarse yelping of an excited dog.

The sheik himself is no longer recognisable. The formerly quiet sage is turning before my eyes to a lunatic, to a maddened fanatic. All the muscles of his sharp face are twitching; sweat is pouring down his hollow cheeks and temples; his eyes are burning and piercing like the eyes of a snake watching its prey.

“Allah! III—Al-lah! III—Al-lah-a-ah!” he screams in a shrill and threatening voice, his eyes sweeping the half-circle of dervishes. Feeling his magnetic gaze on them, they bow lower and lower, gasping, panting, and all the time rhythmically emitting with a despairing zeal their guttural yelps: “Ooeh-ooeh-ooeh-ooeh...”

“Allah-a-ah! III—Al-lah-a-ah-a-ah!”

The sheik’s falsetto trembles with excitement, with fury, with a slavish readiness to curse, to exterminate all that does not bow down before the will of Allah and his Prophet. And while the dervishes are desperately tossing and bowing and howling, he suddenly takes all the drums and cymbals from the wall, distributes them and stands again in the centre of the mosque, crying with a frantic imperat: “Allah! III—Al-lah-a-ah!”

Together with the incredible guttural howl, a warlike noise of drums and brass answers him now. And the noise is growing and growing until it resembles the ecstatic clatter of a battle against the infidels. “The noise is growing and growing until it resembles the subsiding squeaks of a young pig under the butcher’s knife.”

After a minute or so the sheik steps off the sword. His face is perspiring, his glance tired, almost extinct; his moist lips are convulsively pressed together. The dervish with the sword in his throat lies as one dead. The sheik bends to him and draws out the sword. He murmurs again some incantation, his eye touches the wound and the eyelids of the prostrated dervish. There follows a moment of feverish suspense and tension: what if the miracle will not succeed? But the dervish slowly opens his eyes; for a while he looks round with the perplexed air of a man who has just wakened in completely unfamiliar surroundings. All at once an idea seems to strike him and to illuminate his face: he crawls to the sheik, piously kisses his feet, and then, transfigured, as it were, he re-enters the group. In two or three minutes no trace of his wound remains.

In the midst of the hubbub the sheik ponders a moment and takes down a rapier. Beckoning the young boy in the striped tunic, he plunges its rusty blade into his cheeks. With the weapon through his face and his arms outstretched, the boy dances in the middle of the mosque, and his girlish eyes are shining in a genuine, profound ecstasy. And now, after a slight ebb, the infernal pandemonium increases again in a new wave. Everybody revolves like a raving madman, his eyes half-closed, and with foam on his lips. The howling is hoarser and hoarser, the gestures more convulsive, the faces wilder and wilder. It is an orgy of madness, a whirling can-cun of the possessed. Some of the dervishes suddenly tear swords and knives from the walls and, brandishing them in the air, begin to strike themselves, uttering at each stroke a snarling, hysterical yelp.

Here my European nerves could bear it no longer. Half-mad myself, I ran out of the building.

“Well, it was rather hot there, eh?” says my host with an ironical twitch in his eyes, while I am standing in the dusty street, as yet unable to recover my senses.

“Do you suppose I have wires instead of nerves?”

“Oh, never mind! In case you decide to stay here longer, you may have some more surprises of that sort,” he consoles me, and adds in a matter-of-fact tone: “I think it is about time to have a solid meal. Let us go home.”

We silently march along the shabby streets. In my ears still rings the howling of the dervishes; their mad-dening dance still whirls before my eyes. And it seems to me that it was there, in that strange mosque, that I had a real glimpse into some irrational, dark depths of the desert-born Islamic. And I begin to understand a little the frenzied fanaticism of those Mohammedans which once, in the Middle Ages, carried the law of the Prophet with fire and sword across the unbelieving world.
Indiscrétions; or, Une Revue de Deux Mondes.

By Ezra Pound.

I have perhaps exalted too dark a national bearing in the foregoing antithesis, which may have been but that of two individual personalities. Of the "old" Philadelphia Mint I remember the "Greek temple" façade, not " in " at any rate indebted to the taste that built Monticello; the taste of the only American President who ever wanted a gardener who could play the French horn and take his place in a quattuor of an evening; one of perhaps half-a-dozen Presidents with whom one would have cared to hold a second or third conversation.

It is contendable that the national taste in Presidents has declined, keeping pace with progress, as exemplified (in parenthesis) by the Bohuns. Old man Bohun was not only a gentleman but the fine old type. And his son is a stockbroker, roaring himself hoarse every day in the Wahoo Pl. (in the old days) and using the word gentlemen (which his father did seldom or never) very freely in the necessary committee work at the golf club; and his son will look like a Jew, and his grandson, old Bohun's great-grandson, will talk Yiddish.

And this dissolution is taking place in hundreds of American families who have not thought of it as a decadence and may, reasonably, be mirrored in the national modus and institutions.

So that if the old Mint didn't exactly show the results of Jefferson's inquiries for the exact proportions of La Maison Carrée of Nismes, it at any rate had a moderate number of sensible columns, and a reposeful chunky appearance, befitting the deity of coinage rather than the harpies of fluctuation.

In the rotunda one found various derelicts of the G.A.R., sitting in wooden arm-chairs, with some obsolete weapons in the vicinity. These poor old bulwarks of the Union were, I believe, generally shaken (in parenthesis) by the Bohuns. Old man Bohun was not only a gentleman but the fine old type. And his son is a stockbroker, roaring himself hoarse every day in the Wahoo Pl. (in the old days) and using the word gentlemen (which his father did seldom or never) very freely in the necessary committee work at the golf club; and his son will look like a Jew, and his grandson, old Bohun's great-grandson, will talk Yiddish.

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Evil.

By Denis Saurat.

THE METAPHYSICIAN: Pleasure and pain spring from all acts of creation, for an act of creation is a manifestation of the actual, which gives joy, and a rejection of the Potential, which causes suffering. In the Potential, whose essence is the need to express all it contains, subsists, becoming more exasperated at each creation, that desire which no being will express: the desire to express suffering. That is the principle of Evil. The collective efforts of beings, who refuse to express pain and mutually help one another in their expressions, keep the Evil One at bay. But any being who breaks the Convention is no longer helped by his brothers, but is left to his own devices; and the Evil One pounces upon him and makes him his channel of expression. Thus any violation of the laws of the Convention brings about suffering—moral evil: the expression of pain by those who have not created it.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST: An accident happens when, a rule of the Convention having been broken by us, others refuse to take our expression into account. We are then alone and unprotected: hence suffering, ever lying in wait in the Potential, comes upon us: hence at times it is impossible for us to express ourselves at all: death. Hence, in the stricken one, the feeling that he has been betrayed, left by his brothers in a trap. Hence his resentment against all, and specially against those related to him, who ought, as he cannot help feeling, to have stood by him.

THE METAPHYSICIAN: An accident happens when a rule of the Convention having been broken by us, others refuse to take our expression into account. We are then alone and unprotected; hence suffering, ever lying in wait in the Potential, comes upon us: hence at times it is impossible for us to express ourselves at all: death. Hence, in the stricken one, the feeling that he has been betrayed, left by his brothers in a trap. Hence his resentment against all, and specially against those related to him, who ought, as he cannot help feeling, to have stood by him.

THE POET: There is a fascination in the evils: they give us joys that others cannot give. Often, too, their victims love them. Evil ones attach themselves especially to men of genius. They often begin by helping them, and the man of genius is often the first to offend. It is, indeed, a temptation for all who come near a genius to betray him, for all are weak in comparison with him. He causes them to suffer; he asks their help when their desires are exhausted. So all are tempted to leave him and to be avenged upon him. Often heroism is the sense of the ridiculous.

THE METAPHYSICIAN: Morality is essentially asceticism, the acceptance of suffering, wilful self-limitation, calm in the sacrifice of inferior desires. Asceticism gives patience and strength, enables us to resist the evil One. That makes us invulnerable to the world, for all that the world can do is to deliver us to the Evil One. It enables us also to help others who suffer; to take upon ourselves their struggle against the Evil One; or to aid them in work which is outside the Convention.

THE POET: On laughter directed against one who breaks the rules: The sense of the ridiculous is essentially the sense that the Convention is broken, and that someone is going to suffer. It is as if we felt that there is a certain quantity of suffering to be dealt out, and that any which is distributed to others is spared us.

This old barbarous laughter is the joy in the suffering of those who break the rules: a form of the joy in suffering.

Civilised laughter will be used as a warning to the men who leave the Convention to make them aware of their blunder in time, that so they may avoid the suffering.
and if we can determine the qualities of the Pisccean and Aquarian ages, we shall soon be able to see whether these psychic phenomena are in the line of development or are retrogressions.

In this connection, we may turn to the work of Alan Leo, who is the man above all others who applied Theosophical ideas to astrology and interpreted them in terms of human nature. He tells us that Pisces is above all a psychical sign, that "there are more 'mediums' born in this sign than in all the others put together"—a fact that can easily be verified by the examination of birth data. We may accept mediumship as a quality more closely related to Pisces than to any other sign—but as the equinoxes are precessing into Aquarius, it is obvious that we must expect not an increase but a decrease of mediumship as the influence of the coming age becomes more marked. For Aquarius is not what is called a "psychic" sign, it is above all a mental sign; Aquarians, says Alan Leo, "are exceedingly fond of music, art, and literature, but seem to lack the mental ability for scientific studies"; Swedenborg, Dickens, Ruskin, George Peabody, Edison, Darwin, are examples of men born with the Sun in Aquarius, and when the equinoxes begin to fall in that sign it is assumed that theirs will be the prevailing type of mind. Instead of the negative, impressionable, mediumistic type—one that is most positive, patient, inquiring, scientific type of mind; instead of the phenomena of the unconscious which we now call "psychic" shall we have the phenomena of the conscious that people with a love of fine words call " occult." Instead of illusion, clairvoyance; instead of faith, gnosticism; instead of religion, the term is now understood, science.

The fact that cannot be gainsaid is that the equinoxes process, they do not progress, through the signs; the Pisccean age is passing, and the qualities attributed to Pisces may be expected to disappear or to diminish in importance and frequency of appearance. There will not be in this Great Year another world-religion of the Fisher of Men type; and all that we have to ask ourselves concerning psychic phenomena is their possible use to us. Are they of any more value in psychology than are, say, folk-songs in music; do they not, indeed, represent a similar stage of evolution, in which it is a common emotion that finds expression and not an individual or personal inspiration?

Evolution proceeds from the simple to the complex; folk-art implies that the community is the individual, psychic phenomena, too, oblige the suppression for a time of the singularities of the individuals. But Aquarius is the sign of The Man, not of the crowd; and the ideal of democracy, never yet realized, is that of men living in community not by the suppression of their individualities, but by the reasonable adaptation and expression of them. Democracy is a prophecy of the Aquarian age, of community based not upon custom and common emotion, but on intelligent association of individuals in full possession of their senses in a reasonable attempt to provide for their common necessities—but this suggestion would carry me too far if I attempted to develop it.

We may, therefore, conclude that the development of what are called psychical faculties is a retrogression and not an advance in evolution. "Men descend to meet," said Emerson; and the Catholics apparently believe that there is nothing but Hell below the sanctuary. Be that as it may, the fact remains that, as Mr. Allen Upward says in his contribution to this Symposium, "genius is the only medium through which Heaven has yet made any spiritual revelation to mankind"; and the peculiarity of genius is not its communal but its individual nature. At best, we only get psychological puzzles from the sanctuary, never their solutions; the facts of cross-correspondence, the mediumistic knowledge of facts "entirely unknown to the sitters" relied on by Mr. J. D. Beresford, these are not revelations but
Review.

Ethnography and Condition of South Africa before A.D. 1505. By George McCall Theal, F.Litt.D., L.L.D. (Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

One of the difficulties experienced by those interested in the native peoples of South Africa has been the absence of a definite point from which a study of their history might be begun: inquiries would show that the starting point usually taken has been one or other of the big Kafir wars of last century, and this was very unsatisfactory; it left too much unanswered; one felt "in the air" to begin with.

The publication, in 1910, of Dr. Theal's "The Yellow and Dark Skinned People of Africa South of the Zambesi" supplied, as well as it was possible to do so, the starting point and background necessary to this study. It was clearly the outcome of a great amount of labour and research, and one felt grateful to the author. The volume now issued (second edition) takes the place of that earlier work, and while it brings few new facts of earlier work, and while it brings few new facts of

...
THE NEW AGE

He says our Moll must go back to her husband,
As if anyone could blame her for leaving Bill;
Why don't he talk to the right parties?
The last straw was when he wanted to stop us ringing for the Club-Feast last Thursday,
Same as we've done from time immemorial;
We locked ourselves in and let him rave in the Churchyard;
But he soon got tired of that!
(My old woman could beat him easy.)
What's wrong with Club Feasts?
Parson's rich and has all the outings he wants,
Why does he grudge us our only holiday?
Marching round the village in smashes and white gloves
With a Band and Banner to have a good dinner at the Golden Cross.
In the old days they used to have a holiday every Sunday,
With dog and cat and cock-fighting, and bowls, and lots of games on the Green;
But the Earl took the Common and the Parson took the Holiday!
Joe Barks says he'll have me turned out;
But I'm duly appointed according to the custom of the Parish,
And the Earl himself couldn't do it;
Not as he'd try:
He's a gentleman and knows what's what!

JIMMY DODDS.

Aunt Stower's given me a pair of boots to start in,
And I get two new suits a year,
And Mam will let me have sixpence a week;
Mrs. Nat what's staying at the Vicarage (but is no relation to Grandad) has given me half-a-crown!
If I'd begun sooner I'd have had a lot saved up for the Feast.
Since Dad hurt his leg he ain't earned much regular money;
But now I've left school we shall be all right.
I'm to groom the pony and tend the Vicarage garden,
And on Sundays go once to Church and once to Chapel, turn about—
By special agreement with the Vicar:
Because Mam's afraid of Grandad, what's wrong on his head.
He built our Chapel years and years ago,
And never misses if the rheumatiz lets him;
Mam says I mustn't listen to his talk;
As if I should!
He scares you the way he grabs your arm and stares at you,
And his eyes are like red-hot nails!
At Church there's the beautifullest window of different colours,
And the organ!!!
Miss Wilders says if I blow for her nicely, she'll learn me the notes!
So I shall be able, mebbe, to play like her one day.
We sing better at Chapel of course—
You can hear my alto above everybody—
And Mister Winterbourne gives me peppermints;
But there's nothing like an organ!
I'm very lucky to get a job in such a wonderful house,
They put the rummest clothes on at night,
I don't mean nightshirts but suits to have their supper in,
And there's the bedroom with nothing but a bath in it
And hot water always ready!
It's better than having to work for that horrible Mr. Challands;
And I'm scared of Miss Challands,
Who will kiss me on my mouth when I take the washing back!
(To be continued.)

All communications relative to The New Age should be addressed to The New Age, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4.