NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We hope that the rank and file of the miners have all been taking lessons in the higher mathematics, for they will certainly need it to understand the settlement made in their behalf by their leaders last week. Anything to do with Credit, we are told, is much too complicated to be set before the Trade Union leaders, and the rank and file, if heaven spoult and does depend upon it, would find our explanations no more intelligible than cuneiform. Stringingly enough, however, the very people who tell us this have themselves agreed to submit to the unlettered rank and file a series of propositions, to be answered with a Yes or a No, the simple meaning of which would require hours of thought to disentangle from the surrounding verbiage and statistics. It is likewise as full of paradoxes as an article by Mr. Chesterton. The advance of wages is to be "unconditional!" in fulfilment of the men's demands; but it is to be unconditional only for the coming two months. Thereafter the present increase and any future increase is dependent on "output" for a period of three months; and yet, after all, not upon output, but upon wages according to the last September return. Finally, this highly unconditional advance is again conditional on the production by the owners and men jointly of an agreement, between now and next March, on the subject of Wage-rates in general. Should that agreement prove to be impracticable, should "output" decline during the next two months, should the men refuse this week to accept the present settlement, the fat will be in the coals-fire again, and all will be as it was before. We are not alone in being unable to make head or tail of the secret negotiations the Miners' leaders have been carrying on, or of the plain meaning of the settlement. Mr. Frank Hodges, than whose head or tail of the secret negotiations the Miners' leaders have been carrying on, or of the plain meaning of the settlement. Mr. Frank Hodges, than whose
price of Labour at the expense of the consumer? That Labour is in a desperate plight we do not, of course, deny; but the means of escape by way of employing a monopoly to raise prices is no more legitimate in the case of the commodity of Labour than in the case of a monopoly like oil or beedsteads; it is a similar case of hypocrisy against the consumer and equally reprehensible apart altogether from the excuses offered for it. The programme of the Labour Party, likewise, whatever may be the declared intentions of its misguided authors, is fundamentally an attack upon the consumer in the interests of one class only of the creators of credit. And, in the end, its accomplishment would entail "heavy civil war" as certainly as if its authors were Lenin and Trotsky. Not even Mr. Lansbury can persuade himself that objects to which the consuming public is necessarily hostile can be attained by peaceful means; and in proportion as they are pursued by the united stupidity of monopoly to raise prices is no more legitimate in the price of Labour at the expense of the consumer? That interests of one class only of the creators of credit. And, case of the commodity of Labour than in the case of a Trotsky. Not even Mr. Lansbury can persuade himself Government is taking no steps to solve the problem Labour from attempting to solve the economic problem is fundamentally an attack upon the consumer in the end, its accomplishment would entail "heavy civil war" as certainly as if its authors were Lenin and Trotsky. Even Lord Parmoor has given it its approval. * * *

While the Government is taking powers to prevent Labour from attempting to solve the economic problem in its own fashion, it will be observed that the Government is taking no steps to solve the problem itself. That is what engorges the plain citizen past words, for, in effect, the Government procures complete absolution by the simple means of checkmating the designs of Labour without ever pursuing any positive designs of its own. Labour may, at any rate, be said to be doing its best to deal with the problem of unemployment, for instance; though not the responsible authority, Labour is concerned with the problem; but the responsible authority, both in name and in profession, and the only authority competent to deal with the problem, is content to employ men like Dr. Macnamara to evade the issue with his well-trained footman mendacity. Replying to Mr. Thomas on Wednesday, Dr. Macnamara said that "without attempting to prejudice the question as to whether or not the causes of unemployment can be effectively dealt with by legislation, the whole question was engaging the close attention of the Government." These stereotyped evasions are the disgrace of political life, for even without any elaborate analysis they can be felt to be spoken tongue in cheek. What right has the House of Commons to hold a debate on an "already "prejudged" the question whether or not unemployment is a curable social disease? And if the disease is not susceptible to legislation, what right has the Government to impede the adoption of the prescriptions of the Labour or any other industrial party? We do not, of course, believe that unemployment is receiving the close attention of the Government with a view to solving the problem practically, but only strategically, with a view, that is to say, to keeping people like Dr. Macnamara where he is. * * *

Without in the least realising the meaning of the figures, Mr. Geoffrey Drage, as the Chairman of the Denison House Committee, has been publishing statistics designed to show the enormous increase in the cost of Public Assistance. In 1891, the gratuitous allowances from the public purse to various more or less indigent persons amounted to 25 millions; in 1901, to 40 millions; in 1911, to 68 millions; in 1919, to 173 millions; and for the current year, they are calculated to amount to 312 millions or, leaving public education out of account, to 286 millions, distributed among 20 millions of our population of 48 millions. It must be admitted that the figures are appalling. That roughly one out of every two persons in the community is receiving a public dole in one shape or another is a fact to be thought about. But the conclusions to which we arrive, after giving the matter our attention, are, first, that there must be something wrong with an industrial system that cannot directly distribute sufficient purchasing power to enable half the population to live without public assistance, and, second, that if they manage to live, though partly at the public expense, industry does somehow or other support them, if only indirectly. Mr. Geoffrey Drage would have the community, no doubt, cut down its "public assistance," and throw all the necessities like bread and tender mercies of competitive capitalism, where, be it said, they would intensify the problem of unemployment to a degree requiring even the closer attention of the Government. That, however, is not possible. On the contrary, we are quite certain that the figures for 1921 will prove to be an advance upon the figures for 1920, and those for 1922 on those for 1921. If private industry cannot distribute sufficient purchasing power directly— and it is less and less able to do so— purchasing power must be distributed by "public assistance." There is no third practical alternative. * * *

The "Pall Mall Gazette" has drawn attention to a phenomenon that must have struck every housekeeper. The "Daily News" and other journals have repeatedly announced, on the strength of reductions in wholesale prices and increases in supplies, that "prices were on the point of coming down"; and, as repeatedly, their announcements have been falsified by events. The explanation that there is a shortage of foodstuffs is no longer true, if ever it was. As the "Pall Mall Gazette" says, "tea, cocoa, and the commoner sorts of foods are in abundance, but prices are still high." Furthermore, it is not in these things only that there is a "glut"; but of practically every food-item in the ordinary cost of living there is at this moment ample for everybody and a good deal to spare. That their retail price should not fall, says the "Pall Mall Gazette," is "one of the economic puzzles of the day. . . . It can only be that, somehow or other, distribution is at fault. In the meanwhile, there is a chance that we shall presently be starving in the midst of plenty." Quite so; but it is not one of the economic puzzles of to-day; it is an open secret which he who runs for his life may read. Price-fixing and credit-issue are the two ends of our financial system; and both are in private hands. Every issue of credit automatically raises prices, and every sale of goods to the consumer recovers the credit issued by the banks. The whole object of price-fixing, as determined by finance, is to recover from the public all the credit issued, in the form of wages and salaries, for the minimum amount of goods. When, therefore, the "Pall Mall Gazette" tells us that the fleets of the herring fishery, now at its height, are being held up to should be destroyed rather than consumed. It sounds paradoxical, and it is irrational, but it is nevertheless true, that our financial system absolutely requires that many goods should be destroyed rather than consumed. * * *

Lord Robert Cecil has slipped into the common error of assuming that the only two essential parties to Production are the producers, Capital and Labour; and that with their co-partnership the chief economic problem would be settled. There is a third party, however, equally necessary to Production; and it is the Consumer, for not only is the Consumer the social raison d'être of the Producer, but without him Production ceases altogether. If a mere working alliance between Capital and Labour were not necessary to ease our case, nothing would be easier to bring about. Both being interested solely and only in production, there would be nothing to hinder them, ex hypothesi, from uniting to produce a worldful of com-
modities. Alas, however, for Lord Robert Cecil’s co-partnership theory, the goods produced must be sold, and the costs recovered from the Consumer; with the consequence that, co-partnership or no co-partnership, the amount of production of consumable commodities is strictly limited by the amount of purchasing-power in the possession of the potential consumers. Factories are not run as horses are exercised, for the good of their health. They are run to recover from the consuming public the costs plus profit involved in their running; and since these costs plus profits are recoverable only from the Consumer, the Consumer is it who really makes the wheels of Production go round. Over and above Capital and Labour, therefore, the Consumer must be instrumented if the wheel of Production is to be turned. It is no use instrumenting only Capital and Labour with Credit to enable them to produce; the Consumer equally must be instrumented with Credit in order to take off their production. Otherwise the case will be as now, that with all our instruments of Production in relatively good order, they cannot be set to work because Demand is lacking. We must issue Credit in the two forms of purchasing power and spending power to the Producers and the Consumer simultaneously.

At Spa last April other things, it seems, were discussed besides the Versailles Treaty and the rights of small nations; among them being the question of Oil. The conversations have now resulted in an “Oil Entente” between French and British capitalists, the former represented by Sir Basil Zaharoff, a Greek naturalised in France and resident in England, and the latter by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, in which the British Government holds a controlling number of shares. The arrangement, we gather, is that France is to have 25 per cent. of the Mesopotamian output of oil, while the rest is to be disposed of at the discretion of the British Government. High policy, of course, is involved in all this; and the “Times” gave a hint of its “exodus” from Mizraim or Egypt; in other words, to raise their normal centre of consciousness from the animal to the human level—by crossing the “Red Sea” and eventually the river “Jordan.” Psychologically they were to emerge from what psycho-analysts call the collective unconscious into individual consciousness; and, doctrinally, they were to form a bridge, under theegis of Jehovah, between the East and West, between the Universal Impersonal Godhead of Brahma and the Individual Personal Godhead of Him whom they called the Messiah. That was, we believe, the task imposed upon the Jews, the mission they chose or were chosen to fulfill; and the splendid utterances of the Hebrew psalmists and prophets, even more eloquently than the proud characteristics of the race to-day, are a witness to the enthusiastic idealism with which the Jews took up and began their divine mission. What is more, they made a complete success of it! Their tragedy, and the world’s tragedy, is that they failed to realise it.

It frequently occurs that a man sets himself some great ideal and, in the process of attaining it, forgets its original lineaments, so that when it is accomplished before his eyes he rejects it. Thus it was with the Jews. By the most stupendous effort of the human spirit, an effort which enabled the Jews as long as they remain a race upon earth, “Israel” accomplished the Promethean miracle of “creating” an Individual and Personal deity, flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone; Jehovah, the intermediary between the Past and the Future, the bridge between Brahma and the Individual Personal Godhead made Flesh. That was, we believe, the task cast upon them. By the most stupendous effort of the human spirit, an effort which enabled the Jews as long as they remain a race upon earth, “Israel” accomplished the Promethean miracle of “creating” an Individual and Personal deity, flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone; Jehovah, the intermediary between the Past and the Future, the bridge between Brahma and the Individual Personal Godhead made Flesh. That was, we believe, the task cast upon them.
Man, and the race that had performed the prodigy was the Chosen Race. We are not in the least concerned that modern criticism, equally with the Jews who were contemporary with the manifestation of God in Christ, professes complete scepticism in regard to Christ's "miraculous" character. Science is not at the end of its discoveries and surprises; and, per chance, in the course of further researches into the material basis of the human germ-plasm, the material basis of the psychic life of Mankind, Science may find reason for believing that 'miraculous' transformations have more than once taken place. The "fact" of the Christ-consciousness and its historic emergence at a particular point in 'evolution' is undeniable; and since all the reasonable evidence indicates Jesus as the first to attain it, we can attribute to the Jewish people, who gave birth to Him, the honour of the greatest event in history as well as in science. Nor is that honour any the less for the fact that when He appeared among them, they failed to recognise Him.

We wish to be fair to the Jews. The "punishment" imposed upon them has been great enough to restrain our stone. The circumstances of their case have only been sympathetically imagined to provoke the thought that there, but for the grace of Christ, goes any nation to whom such a mission was given and such a fulfilment vouchsafed. The Pharaoh is an eternal phenomenon. The very conditions of their "mission" were in some respects the occasion of their fall. They were under Jehovah, a tribal god or group-soul that required of them the utmost circumspection as regards their collective conduct, their morality, their religion, and even to the details of their food and dress. They were a people pregnant of the Messiah, and their "jealous" over-soul prescribed segregation of the strictest kind from the unclean races and peoples around them. Endogamy was as inevitable under the circumstances as any other necessary means to the great end set before them. The race was "chosen" and marriage outside the race was treachery to the Most High. It was no less imperative, as a condition of the fulfilment of the mission, that the tribal god, Jehovah, should assume all the powers and prerogatives of the Supreme Being. Though, as we can see plainly enough to-day, Jehovah was no god at all, but only a fictitious transitional "phantasm," unconsciously designed to form a bridge between Brahma and Christ, his reality was a necessary assumption for the vast mass of the people; and it is not surprising that when they beheld him, not a substitute God, but the one and only Eternal. Were not his "laws" binding? Was not his "wrath" fierce? Had he not all power? These conditions, made unconsciously imperative by the very character of the national mission, became facts of dogma, unconditional truths; and from the people making use of the Jehovistic concept the Jews in the mass degenerated into a people worshiping and obeying a phantasm of their own creation. When, therefore, in the fulness of time, the miracle of their own Promethean achievement appeared before them in the person of Jesus the Christ, it is not greatly to be wondered at that they utterly failed to recognise Him. For He was not only the antithesis of Jehovah, but He even refused to declare Himself a Jew. All His claims and doctrines were, indeed, in the sharpest contradiction with the claims and doctrines implicit in the Jewish sense of the One God. In the fulness of time, the tabus of holiness and unholiness, the distinctions between the clean and the unclean; in short, everything which the Jews had hitherto been taught to regard as religion. The Jews themselves were no longer anything in particular; they were only one of the races of Man; and their mission in future was to deny all that they had ever affirmed.

The effort of giving birth to Christ was too much for them. Like Moses, they died in god-birth. If nothing can subtract from their honour or beauty, the first people to become White, the first-born of Man—at least it can be said that their honour ceased with that accomplishment. Nothing that the Jews have ever done, since giving birth to the Messiah, has brought the least credit to them as a race. Nothing, again, but another supreme effort—this time of racial self-effacement—will ever bring them honour again. To resume the tragic story, when they beheld their miraculous work and found Him the contrary of all the means they had employed to fulfill their mission, they rejected Him. "Not this man, but Barabbas! Crucify Him, crucify Him!" The deed was done, and the earth was rent. The most glorious event of all time had been succeeded by the most shameful. In a single day from the racial creator of the God-Man the Jews fell to be His racial murderer; from Jesus to Judas.

It is difficult to trace the subsequent racial history of the Jews, physiologically, psychologically and doctrinally. Moreover, the task has been rendered much more difficult by the confusing chronology of the Biblical records. Without questioning the appearance of Christ somewhere about the beginning of our present epoch, we are not satisfied that the real story did not begin much earlier. There appears to be no doubt, for instance, that the Chosen People did not long remain as strictly endogamous as Jehovah would have had them; or, perhaps, their sublimation into a completely White people was arrested by their approaching fall. At all events, it is commonly assumed to-day that long before the accepted Christian era there took place in the Jewish race. Anybody with perception can discover the evidences of it to-day. Psychologically, again, we believe it is a fact that the higher consciousness (let us say, the Christ-consciousness or sense of divine Manhood, or human God-head) is very rare among the Jews. They have effectually crucified it in themselves, and in its appointed seat, Golgotha or the skull. Roughly speaking, the centre of consciousness of the majority of the Jews is round about the solar plexus, if not, indeed, even lower. Again, the Jews remain a tribe, a tribe of Jehovah; they are no more a race in the Aryan sense than are the gipsies. Finally, they are therists, strictly confined to the Oneness of God at the sacrifice of the infinite diversity of His Trinity. The general consequence of their failure to rise to the height of their accomplishment has been, in short, to fall to the level from which they once gloriously lifted themselves. Mistaking the means for the end, and clinging to the means even when the end has been accomplished, their fate is to be an encumbrance upon the earth, they and all that is theirs. The world has no direct use for the Jews, though, as we shall see in a subsequent article, the indirect use the world has made of them and can make of them is considerable. The world's conception of Jewishness is grotesquely out of date, and seems only to accentuate the superiority of every other race, whether it be world-unconscious like the Black race or the Yellow race, or world-conscious like the White race. In this respect the Jew falls between two stools, despised by the Black and Yellow for not being White, and by the White for being neither Black, White nor Yellow. Jehovah, too, is an outworn god, and Judaism what Heine called it, a calamity rather than a religion. A religion that does not wish to make converts is plainly not a religion at all; and no religious sect is, this reason, condemned as the Jewish cult, a cult emptied of its original and living content; a husk of dead formulae.

M. M. COSMOI.
Our Generation.

Mr. Lloyd George’s recent speech in justification of “reprisals” in Ireland was appropriately interlarded with passages in Welsh. The Welsh genius is, I believe, considerably older than that of the Northern European; and by that degree more regressed; and it is probable that the interlarded passages represented a similar regression in the speaker’s mind, since there is no doubt whatever that the speech as a whole was an apologia for law-breaking by the very people whose business it is to make and carry out law. The Prime Minister of England related an incident that had occurred in Ireland. Five policemen had been shot by civilians “with soft-nosed explosive bullets.” In two minutes their comrades had come up and found them not only dead, but “mutilated.” “They found the men who were undoubtedly the assassins and they shot them. That is called ‘reprisals’—that is called murder.” Without pausing to consider what the evidence “undoubtedly” was, it can be affirmed that Mr. Lloyd George’s defence of Jedburgh justice is unique in the annals of legislation. In private individuals, or in areas where “the law does not run,” conduct of the kind condoned by Mr. Lloyd George amid the cheers of his Welsh audience would be merely shocking. On the degraded screen, with its morality derived from half-caste Americans, it would be regarded as perfectly proper. A Welsh audience would be merely shocking. On the contrary, it is a figure set upon a Welsh hill; a more discussed man, impressed; but, in view of the Versailles Treaty, we must admit to being staggered. We have “won the war”; and the Oxford Professors, with Dr. Bridges at their head (and we shall read his poetry with reverence in future if with no more delight), have acknowledged their sin and made repentance, they may be said to be now in a state of virtue. And we truly believe that their Letter is the finest Act that has issued from Oxford these many years.

The mlecchas of the “Times” have seized the occasion to renew their faith in the worst of all possible worlds. By an extraordinary perversion of the European doctrine, they accept the plea of the saving grace of repentance, but demand that the Germans shall practise it first. In a matter of high ethics the “Times” proposes to insist on the ceremony of enemies. “Justice demands,” it says, “that there shall be no pardon . . . . until the offenders publicly profess guilt.” We need not strain the quality of mercy in reply to this babu-reasoning. By their noble confession of “animosities that . . . . may have passed between us,” the Oxford Professors have, in fact, professed their guilt, and in their appeal to their German confrères have asked for pardon. What is, then, wrong with them, according to the “Times”? Only, we gather, that they and not the Germans have done it first; and again, no doubt, that the greater guilt of the German Professors demanded the precedence of the German confession. In mere arithmetic it may be so; in the pettifoggings of the “Times” editorial writers, precedence is nine points of the law of God as well as of man. But nothing, in our judgment, gives greater proof of the lesser guilt of the Oxford Professors than precisely their willingness to waive the question of degree and to be first in repentance as they were the last in guilt. Such an act as theirs is the first shot fired in the spiritual conquest of Germany. We are inexpressibly honoured in and by it. It heralds the victory of peace.

We know the skill of the “Times” in “philosophical propaganda,” in making white black, White values Black values; and doubtless this has been at work in the suppression till last week of the fact, everywhere known save in our Press, that the “repentance” of the German Professors actually preceded, in point of time, the Oxford Letter of Reconciliation. Of the 93 German professors who signed the notorious manifesto of October, 1914, “under the impulse of loyal patriotism,” 18 are dead and beyond the power of the “Times” to debar from the mercy-seat, 17 made no reply to the invitation of their present opinion, 42, a majority of those left alive, confessed that they had been “mistaken or deceived,” while only 16 retained their original opinion. The “Times” is “not much impressed”; but, in view of the Versailles Treaty, we must admit to being staggered. We have “won the war”; and confession of guilt is mitigated by the consciousness of victory.

The Letter of Reconciliation from a considerable number of Oxford Professors addressed to their German confrères can, be certain every one set against the backwoods’ utterance of the English Prime Minister. It proves that not all, even of Oxford Professors, have bowed the knee to Baal or been infected with the eternal Hymn of Hate. The reference to the “animosities that under the impulse of loyal patriotism may have passed between us” is particularly welcome, since it demonstrates the still living character of that greatest of all spiritual powers, the power of self-regeneration. It is an apparent paradox that sin is a higher grade of consciousness than innocence; but it is only because sin is the condition of repentance, and repentance is the condition of virtue. Since these Oxford Professors, with Dr. Bridges at their head (and we shall read his poetry with reverence in future if with no more delight), have acknowledged their sin and made repentance, they may be said to be now in a state of virtue. And we truly believe that their Letter is the finest Act that has issued from Oxford these many years.

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FILIOQUE.
The Failure of the Talents.

In April there appeared in Milan, under the editorship of Mario Dessy, a new monthly journal entitled "Poesia." Its object, as outlined in the first issue, was ambitious; it was to become the organ of "all the new currents in the poetry of the world." At the same time, the journal was to be independent; it was to be neither passeist nor futurist. Four numbers have now appeared; but thus far only the Latin poets of the world, with three Englishmen, have made use of the new organ—whether through the fault of the journal or of the policy, one cannot say. Russia, Germany, Scandinavia and America have not contributed a line. Italy and France, on the other hand, have contributed between them nine-tenths of "Poesia." The proportion is dangerously false, for the implication that the non-Latin nations are outside the world will, in the recol, put the Latins themselves outside it. The omission must be remedied by the editor, if he is not to be guilty of a sin against culture and against the Latins.

"Poesia" has another fault, which it will be more difficult to remedy for it is a defect of its qualities. The virtue of a world-organ should be completeness. It should not merely embrace the geographical world, it should embrace at the same time a complete world of human expression. By this I do not mean that "Poesia" should attempt to synthesise all the manifestations of life in the world, economic, political, aesthetic and religious—though that is needed—but that it should attempt to bring law into one of these orders. Instead of the poetry of the world, "Poesia" should have made its province the aesthetic manifestations of the world. For even if these could not be synthesised they could at any rate be gathered together, and it would be possible at last to judge them. We should know eventually what the currents are: as it is we cannot see them in their completeness. For there are no currents in poetry; there are only currents in the trinity of thought, literature and art. And ultimately to seize on only currents in the mind of mankind. To add the quality of completeness to his enterprise Signor Dessy will have to substitute for poetry all art, and to supplement it with philosophy and psychology. An "organ" of the poetry of the world can be nothing more than an anthology of the poetry of the world. It is born to be dilettantism, however sincerely it may take itself.

"Poesia," then, is merely interesting; it is not significant. It will strengthen the attitude of mind which is the curse of this age: the readiness to be diverted by one notion after another, to cock up the ears of the mind whenever an idea passes the window, but never to go out. The evil of mere interest, which is almost all that literature can arouse at the present day, is that it squanders intellectual energy for nothing. It affects us, but nothing is effected. "Poesia" will not advance the poetry of the world; it will only make another diversion of it.

Yet the new journal is not entirely useless. It tells us something about the present state of literature in Italy and in France, by putting Italy and France side by side. The best intellect in Italy, it seems, is being poured into Futuristic moulds, while in France it is still being poured into traditional ones. Italy is concerned primarily with theories of art, and France, as it has always been, with the conservation of taste. Among the Italian writers who appear in "Poesia" only D'Annunzio is not either Futurist or semi-Futurist, while among the French the proportion is almost the reverse. To throw into relief this difference is a service. It is not what we shun of art, and France, as it has, but it is something.

The most acute Italian Futurist theorist about art—far more acute than Marinetti, whose originality is simply the good-conscience of his naivety—is Emilio Settimelli. In his "Valutazione del poema umano" referred to by Mario Dessy, he expounds a "theory of measurement." Criticism, he says, is not mere opinion. A true judgment should be independent of the state of mind of the critic, of his surroundings, his health, his temperament. So far good; that is what we all want criticism to be. But Settimelli goes further: "Criticism should be a measurement, mechanical, scientific, mathematical, geometrical, of a work of art." It is easy to see where this will lead. The critic must become "a machine, impartial, insensible, objective," for valuing works of art. And works of art are to be judged solely by "the amount of cerebral energy" expressed in them. This is the "mechanical" heresy, which is not to demand impartiality from the critic in the use of his faculties, but to attain it through the resignation of them. Settimelli does not ask from the critic exact justice, but exact mechanical adjustment. This demand is lower than it should be, and it is impossible precisely because it is lower than it should be. For justice is, with difficulty, attainable by men; but mechanism is not. And, at any rate, to measure energy is not characteristically a human activity: we become men when we transform energy: we become critics when we assess the value of a particular transformation. For that task of valuation a standard exists, although it has not yet been "discovered." It is at present not a conscious but an unconscious standard.

Settimelli's "measurement" is not merely objective: it is inhuman.

Present-day Italian poetry is less interesting than present-day Italian poetic theory. The quality of the verses libre of Paolo Buzzi, Bruno Corra and Ada Negri is no better than that of our own. Marinetti is the most thorough, the most anarchistic, of them all. He is the advertising agent of the Muses; he writes in posters; he has even succeeded in reproducing the old accent and obtaining the old effect. It is much: it is almost half the cultural battle; for when a creative writer does once more use the traditional language of poetry he will be understood: the common culture, in which the writer and the reader meet will be there. To maintain a habitat of sincerity, thoughtfulness and severity over hundreds of years: that has been the French achievement, a witness to great constancy, discipline and sacrifice. And their tradition, which arose out of their strength, has now become, in this age of lowered vitality, a source of strength to them. The French are at present stronger than the Italians because they possess as a standard a high tradition, which will not permit them to sink into barbarism; whereas the Italian standards, at least those of the younger writers, are already barbarous, as ours are becoming. One thing is clear—that our age is not an age for attempting new forms in art: that is the prerogative of the great productive eras. We are not great enough to attempt it: our tradition is at present the greatest thing we have.

The saddest reflection on the failure of "Poesia" is that it has not failed through lack of talent. For if its appearance proves one thing it is that the Europe does not lack talents, but merely a spirit equal to its talents. There are so many gifts and nothing to quicken them!

W. J. A.
Readers and Writers.

It is a good plan, when one has finished reading a book, to sit down and ask oneself not only: "What do I think of this book?" but "What shall I always think of it?" The courts of appeal and judgment in the mind are many, and they range from courts of first instance, where a rough and ready sort of opinion is given, to the final court, where final judgments are dispensed; in other words, those judgments which are the individual's very own and which he cannot change without changing himself. For minor literary offences, petty larcenies and the like, the court of first instance is sufficiently just. To trouble the higher court to deliver considered judgment to the mass of published literature would be to be guilty of vexatious and frivolous litigation. It is almost a matter of indifference what one thinks about, let us say, the novels of Mr. W. J. Locke or Miss Marie Corelli—and the list might be extended indefinitely to cover much more respectable authors—au fond judgment about such writers is much the same thing as judgment at a glance; nothing valuable is lost by it. On the other hand, there are books and writers who demand to be brought before the highest court of one's consciousness (and for whom a judgment that is sound, from the bottom of one's soul, is an obligation of every kind of honour. The effort required to bring them there is, I know, considerable; and even greater is the mental effort required to pass a final judgment that will last the whole of one's life on them. Nevertheless, they deserve it; and if we ourselves have it in us, they provoke it. The mind cannot rest until it has done them justice.

This reflection is occasioned by the reading of M. Denis Saurat's essay (in English) on "Blake and Milton" (Bordeaux University Press). As my readers know, M. Saurat is a Doctor of Letters at Bordeaux University and a thinker as well as a student of considerable magnitude. The series of remarkable dialogues, just concluded in The New Age, reveal him as a young master of dialectics and, incidentally, as exceedingly proficient in the English language, for the dialogues were written as they appeared in these pages. I shall have something to say upon them later. As well as the present essay on "Blake and Milton," M. Saurat has also published in French the most monumental mental studies that have appeared anywhere outside of this country. It was recently highly praised in the "Times" Literary Supplement, where, however, next week it may quite possibly be equally condemned; and concerning this volume also my colleague, Mr. Edward Monk, who reviewed it here some months ago, has left me a little to say in the future. To conclude this note on M. Saurat I may add that we are likely to see his work in The New Age again. He has a "Principia Metaphysica" ready to publish—of a much less alarming character than the title; a poem in the Miltonic dramatic form of "Samson Agonistes"—of which only fragments can be here published; and, lastly, for the present, a Commentary on the "Principia" just mentioned. As one of the coming men in France, M. Saurat is of particular interest to those who look for a European Renaissance. The critics are happy if the flight of M. Saurat is as significant as I read it. And now to his "Blake and Milton."

Both Blake and Milton, it will be agreed, are writers who demand, deserve and provoke the final judgment to which I have referred. It will also be agreed, no doubt, that a collective final judgment has not yet been passed upon them. We know, for instance, where we stand in relation to Chaucer and Shakespeare, Malory and Dickens. Let the English people and language last as long as they may, these writers will always be fixed stars of a fixed magnitude. With both Milton and Blake, however, as writers, as poets, the case is different; we have not yet collectively got our true bearings about them; their fixity and magnitude are still open to argument; and I have heard myself the most extreme and plausible pleadings on both sides of their demand for justice, quite as often, moreover, in the case of Milton as in the more outstandingly difficult case of Blake. Individually it is very likely that quite a number of people have arrived at final judgment about them; in other words, have completely satisfied themselves that they have got Blake and Milton right. Furthermore, it is highly probable that some of these people are correct in their judgment, and that time will confirm it in the form of the collective opinion now settled only as regards the few, Shakespeare and the rest. Until, however, collective opinion has set its seal on the individual judgment, only the individual can be sure of it. His work, in fact, is not finished until he has persuaded everybody.

But it is not at any time that a correct judgment, and particularly a correct collective judgment, is possible. Shakespeare had nearly a century to wait before the English people realised his true value. Blake, as we know, was ignored in his own day and has only recently been brought up before the higher courts. Milton sold his "Paradise Lost" for a few pounds, and for years was measured by that sum in the general opinion. Both Milton and Blake, in fact, were long and are still under discussion, pending final judgment. It follows, if we have the sort of mind that loves to sit in judgment, that anything new that can be said of either is of interest; and of the greatest if it should appear to open a new plane of thought from which to consider them. Is M. Saurat a special pleader of that kind? Does he throw a new light on Blake or Milton? Has he brought us nearer a correct collective judgment of their value as heroes of culture? These are the kind of questions that must be asked, and they are likewise the questions I am sure that M. Saurat would welcome. He has aimed at treating Blake and Milton au fond, and challenges criticism upon the same level.

It is impossible not to be impressed by the comparison M. Saurat institutes and carries out between Blake and Milton. It is so striking that I wonder it has not been made before. Blake's indebtedness to Milton has, of course, always been obvious. Blake even took pains to make it so. Early shall I always think it so. But in the case of Milton it was less commonly suspected that he was the elder brother of Blake and had equally "cosmic" conceptions in his mind. M. Saurat has discovered a posthumous work of Milton, not included in the usual edition of his works, and certainly unknown to Blake, which nevertheless anticipates a good many of Blake's peculiar doctrines. Could Blake and Milton have been of the same school, though one was a Puritan and the other a Swedenborgian? What ever the answer, the established fact is that in background Blake and Milton were much alike, and, moreover, that this was not derived wholly by Blake from Milton, but was common to and must have preceded them both. . . . Here I see I must conclude for the present.

R. H. C.
The Next War.
By Sanders Glenesk.

In the dark forecourts which guard the entrance to the Elysian Fields, the Eumenides watch the spinning of the Ropes of Fate, whose threads are spun by the Fates. The glittering strands of human Will, Desire, and Action ever cross and intertwine, sucking all around them the paths by which they disappear through the walls of Time into the spaces of the Future.

As the rosy dawn of the day breaks, the walls recede. Some peoples choose this rope, some that, but ever the ropes intertwine, the choice grows simpler and the path clearer.

Now there are but three. One leads back into disintegration and chaos, a second, curving upwards as though to the towers of a Bridge, is lost in the golden mists of a morning sunlight, the third leads downwards to the Pit.

From the lips of the dread Sisters, as with the hiss of many snakes, is heard the one word—"Choose!"—Thy telephone caresses her scorpions.

* * *

The air raids on London and the East Coast towns, together with the fairly general recognition of the effect of German air power, the Allies, and the extension of their radius of action, have forced the non-technical and non-military individual to realise that the solution of the problems connected with practical aeronautics places him in a very different relation to Foreign Policy to that in which he stood formerly.

During the South African War, for instance, outside the comparatively circumscribed circle of those with near relations at the front, the civilian elements in England, and even in South Africa, regarded the conflict in the same light as they now regard a prize-fight—thrilling, excellent for money making, and well roped off from the spectators.

Aeronautics has changed all that; an aeroplane flying 10,000 ft. up at 100 miles per hour over a hostile country, dodging bursts of shell from "Archie" down below, is not in a position to discriminate nicely between peaceful traders and combatant troops, even if it were not highly probable, as it is, that the best results are obtained by bombing the peaceful trader, otherwise full of enthusiasm for glorified war. Probably everyone recognises that the next war will be primarily an aerial war;

But it is not so clearly recognised that the feature in the situation which is of primary importance from a military point of view is the overwhelming leverage given by aeronautics to the initiative—to hitting first, hitting hard and keeping on hitting.

Imagine the situation which would have been produced in August, 1914, if Germany had been in indisputable possession of preponderating aerial power, as she most unquestionably possessed preponderating military power; and, instead of waiting for us to declare war on her, had bombed every railway junction, gassed the Thames Valley, broken down the Forth Bridge, and set fire to Portsmouth Dockyard.

There is nothing fanciful about such a suggestion; it is highly probable that had Germany not been so carried away by the momentum of her General Staff plans (the orthodox Staff officer of any country could not imagine any method of achieving an object which did not involve moving large masses of men), she would have employed what aerial force she had with such effect as to cripple both the French and British mobilisations.

Now this tremendous enhancement of the advantage due to initiative is, of course, purely due to non-speed of aircraft; but it is also due, and to a far greater extent, to its mobility in three dimensions. The point hardly requires labouring. Place a bull in a paddock surrounded by a ten-foot brick wall and his capacity to inflict damage outside the paddock is less than that of the wasp which flies over it. Although this fairly elementary proposition was grasped before the late war, it was only in the closing stages that speed of climb, mobility in a vertical direction, became probably the determining factor in aerial tactics—to get above your enemy at all costs, the primary aim of the organisation which begins with the designer in his drawing office and ends with the pilot pouring tracer bullets into a helpless and out-maneuvered adversary, or the bomber devastating the town whose fighting aircraft have been unable to climb to the attack quickly enough to be effective.

If the average intelligence were asked what it is that causes an aeroplane to rise in the air, he would probably answer, "Oh, its air screw pulls it forward and the air gets under its wings, and drives it up into the air like a kite." But the answer would be wrong, or at any rate misleading; for, curiously enough, the aeroplane (which is the technical term for the lifting surfaces of aircraft) derives most of its "lift" from the fact that its section is such that, when driven through the air, a more or less complete vacuum forms on its upper surface, and the plane, with its attached structure, is sucked up into the air. Since this effect depends on the direction of the stream of air flowing over the leading edge of the aeroplane, it is clearly evident that if this edge can be extended the lift of the aeroplane will be increased.

An interesting demonstration of this was given by Mr. Handley Page at Crickeley-on-the-21st inst., when a D.H.9 aeroplane, driven by a Siddeley "Puma" 240-h.p. engine, was shown equipped with special duplicating leading edges, formed by very short duralumin planes, supported by outriggers ahead and in line with the main planes. A simple, cheap and easily produced device; but it was stated that the "lift" of the machine was increased by nearly 55 per cent., and that further division of the main planes into narrow overlapping planes similarly separated, would result in a total "lift," for the same wing-area, of nearly four times that obtained with the old form of plane. A very considerable and fundamental advance in third-dimensional mobility.

Now let us turn to listen to General Brancorner—and who should know better than he?

"It is for Government now to lay down certain conditions in the design of commercial aircraft in return for a subsidy which will render them easily convertible to the requirements of war. Again, Government can demand certain qualifications in bomb-dropping and navigation from mercantile aircraft crews which would render them immediately useful for the long-range offensive on declaration of war,—again, for a subsidy. British home country, from reasons of exceptional rail and telegraph development, and particularly bad climatic conditions, offers no future to unsubsidised aerial transport."—("Evening Standard," October 25, 1920).

Si vis bellum, para bellum.

* * *

The Air Post of Banks, Ltd., is prepared to quote favourable rates for transport of fast freight and passengers between London and the Continent. The New Age does not accept advertisements, but frequently gives them away.

* * *

The "Amstea" (American Steel Actiengesellschaft, Berlin) explains that, while it is true that it has recently obtained large orders for steel plates in competition with British firms, it is not true that it is constituted for the purpose of excluding them from participation in the reconstruction of Europe. On the contrary, British firms are coming to it for supplies. It denies connection with the Krupp and Thyssen groups.

The British Empire Steel Corporation, a trust of the leading British Steel makers, has acquired control of
the vast coal and iron deposits at Sydney, N.S., of the Dominion Steel Co. of Canada, which are situated not far from the United States border. The B.E.S.C. has given various interviews to the Press and is giving every assurance to the British Public that it has no doubt whatever of its ability to combat successfully the combination of American and European financial interests which it finds arrayed against it.

The last of the North-East Coast steel works has now closed down and the whole of the steel workers, about 180,000 in number, are unemployed.* * *

Five hundred new American motor cars are lying at Bombay awaiting removal. The tendency of British motor cars, already much more costly, is to rise in price, while that of American cars is to fall. Owing to this mobility in three dimensions, the importation of British motor cars into India has ceased entirely.

**Drama,**

By John Francis Hope.

That it is impossible to treat the legend of the Wandering Jew dramatically (except, perhaps, at the beginning, which would bring Christ on the stage) is obvious. History is a process; not a structure, and not a legendary wanderers, like Ulysses, the Flying Dutchman, the Wandering Jew, are capable, at best, of epical treatment. Othello himself never dramatised the story of his wanderings, but at Desdemona’s request he did “all his pilgrimage dilate, whereof by parcel she had something heard, but not intentionally.” A wanderer passes through; he may, like Browning’s Pippa, resolve other people’s problems, but he is not compelled to resolve his own. Stephniak noted that “the curse of utter sterility in the domain of politics” that afflicted the popular Russian mind was “perhaps the result of the facility offered to interior emigration, which was the easy and common wind-up to all our civil discontents, while in other countries people, volens nolens, had to stay and fight out their grievances, finding by means of fracition come mutual compromise.” The very conception, the very function of a wanderer is simply to go on, drawing perhaps a thread through the maze of history, but by no means fitting into its structure. Drama demands crisis; it reads history, as Kean interpreted Shakespeare, by flashes of lightning; and the epic of the world does not take shape, does not even become, until the moment when its conception is expressed in the very fundament of the idea. It is “eternal process moving on” that seems to scare Mr. Temp: Thurston, as it also scared Wagner; and in his play at the New Theatre he seems to say: “The Wandering Jew must be stopped.” As in some Continental forms of the legend, it is not the fact of his wandering, but his eternity of wandering (the “everlasting Jew,” he is called), that is emphasised, Mr. Temple Thurston, it might be thought, had set himself an impossible task.

Nietzsche declared that Wagner set the fashion of seeking salvation. “Who was it but Wagner taught us that . . . even the Wandering Jew will be saved, will become settled, if he marries (the case in “The Flying Dutchman”)?” Nietzsche asks in a fine scorn. Mr. Temple Thurston certainly improves on this; women cannot hold his Wandering Jew, nor he them. His first lover in the play dies when Christ curses him, his second repels him when she learns whom he is, his third forsakes him for Holy Mother Church—each of them prefers Christs to him, and it is only when he emulates Christ and redeems a harlot that a woman (so far as the play shows) bothers about him. But even here woman is the unwitting cause of his redemption; her incredulous revelation of his conversation puts the finishing touch to the Inquisition’s case against him and gives him the opportunity of making an auto-da-fé.

By this time he is sufficiently redeemed to taste of death, and in a final tableau we see him “purged as by fire” and acceptable to Christ at last. The Wandering Jew is settled at last—in Heaven.

But, as Nietzsche pertinently asked: “What becomes of the Wandering Jew, adored and settled down by a woman? He simply ceases to be the eternal wanderer, he marries, and is of no more interest to us.” Mutatis mutandis, Mr. Temple Thurston has made the same error; he has not interpolated or dramatised the legend of the Wandering Jew, he has destroyed it. The Wandering Jew expired somewhere in Spain in the Middle Ages; perhaps; but “the everlasting Jew” goes dolefully on. Eugene Súé discovered him in France in the middle of the nineteenth century, failing, if I remember rightly, the machinations of the Jesuits. Mr. Thurston’s Jew is always beaten by the Catholic Church—a sad declension. Besides, Mr. Thurston has not even fulfilled the terms of the curse as he gives them: “I will not wait for thee; thou shalt wait for me until I come again.” We look about and, varying George the Third’s exclamation in Byron’s “Vision of Judgment,” say:

What, what!

Christ come again! No more—no more of that!

I confess that this mania for salvation (certainly as applied to the Jew) seems to have crystallised into a crude bias towards utility as that exhibited by the girl who found a dead cat in a dustbin and protested that “some one had thrown away a perfectly good cat.” Applied to this legend, the theory of salvation impugns the judgment of Christ while seeming to express His teaching. He told us that there was an unpardonable sin, and a Christ may well be supposed to have cursed only what was unpardonable or unprofitable, as in the case of the barren fig-tree. “Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?” asked Job. The attempt to save what Christ condemned certainly seems to indicate such a presumption that we are more tender-hearted than Christ, and cannot bear to think that Mathias the Jew should be under the same dome as “the disciple whom Jesus loved.” The Gospel tells us that, in this case, the resurrected Christ retorted on Peter: “If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?” A fortiori, the question may be pressed upon Mr. Temple Thurston; he cannot bind or loose what has not been bound or loosed in Heaven; the evangelical scheme of salvation does not apply to him, and, if a man like Mr. Temple Thurston is trying to convert the Devil next!

It won’t do! Our Wandering Jew must wander; “Go on, go on,” eternal Humanity says to the eternal wanderer—and although we do not now use the legend to maintain the Catholic practice of anti-Semitism, and therefore do not load the Jew with responsibility for the various plagues that afflict humanity, he must at least maintain the sentimental tradition of world-weariness as expressed in Schubert’s “Wanderer.” He is a genius type, not a normal; he is in the world, but not of the world; we must have him, not saved, nor salvationable, but doomed to remind us that a finite act may have infinite consequences in one direction. Certainly we shall not renounce him for any mission-hall preaching expressed in a series of disconnected scenes, none of which is intrinsically of dramatic interest.

There are, so far as I can remember, no actors who can play religious drama with conviction. I watched Mr. Matheson Lang andlonged for Wilson Barrett. Mr. Lang’s personality is very limited in expression; it is not merely a question of range of voice, but of timbre. Like Miss Lilian McCarthy, who plays one scene with him in an obvious and paltry imitation of the third act of “Romance,” his voice is full of dead tones that can only simulate, but not express, emotion; and he has a trick of spreading his hands, and making swimming movements with his arms as he strides, that becomes
distressing to watch in play after play. If some of the scenery and properties (in Phase bosom and marked waist, and incidentally reveals that am tired of that close-fitting gown that reveals his manly "Madame Sand." His Jew, in this play, who turns to have come From his production of "Othello," so did But most of all, it is his failure to express emotion That there was no dripping-pan beneath the sacrifice. He is all gallery-play, and provincial gallery-play at that. He seems to act sincerely; but in the physical state, the epileptic fits in "Othello." His appeal is to the cruder passions of the mob, and the final tableau of the burning at the stake is a good example of it. Such an obvious sensational appeal to physical horror makes me re-act in self-defence with cynicism—and I noticed that there was no dripping-pan beneath the sacrifice. Mr. Thurston's bias towards utility was not strong enough to save him from wasting a Jew's body.

The other actors, the only one worth speaking of is Mr. Hector Abbas, who played Liszt so cleverly in "Madame Sand." His Jew, in this play, who turns traitor to a fellow-Jew (and repents immediately) was played with a real sense of character which was refreshing. That he under-played the emotion of repentance, I attribute to the producer; the whole tone of the production confirms this scamping of emotional values—and I know that Mr. Abbas can do better than he did. It is not a question of raving; Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore does too much of that without once striking the authentic note. It is the sudden crumpling-up of the whole man, the certainty that power has gone out of him with his treachery, that Mr. Abbas should express—and would, if he were allowed to do so, I am sure.

Views and Reviews.

PSYCHIC RESEARCH—III.

I have already argued that psychic research must take all human nature for its province, if its researches are to be of any value; it must include the question of the origin as well as the destiny of the individual (perhaps also of the race, and of the very solar system), and in addition to providing a definition of the "soul," provide also a demonstration of the validity of its definition. It must, like psychology proper, "investigate what teratical, morbid, or simply rare, cases can teach us concerning the formation and disorganisation of personality?" for, as Dr. Boris Sidis says: "We cannot possibly have any notion of the process unless we disturb it artificially, or unless we try to study cases in which we can find the process in different stages or degrees of perturbation... The abnormal in scientific research precedes the [investigation or discovery] of the normal." In its investigation of the origin of the individual, it will have to dive into biology, on the one hand, and soar into astrology, I believe, on the other hand; and it is of astrology that I intend to write in this article.

In 1879 and 1880 the "University Magazine" published a discussion on Traducianism and Metempsychosis; its only claim to remembrance is that it elicited from Dr. Richard Garnett (writing under the name of A. G. Trent) an essay entitled: "The Soul and the Stars." I wish that I could reprint the whole of the essay, for it contains a mass of material not otherwise accessible, so far as I know; but for the courtesy of a friend, I should never have seen it. Dr. Garnett summarises the previous discussion in these words: "To the argument of the former [disputant], that the spirit has no connection with the world into which it is born, and has been generated by the same physical act (Traducianism), the latter opposes the theory of Reincarnation or Metempsychosis, according to which each human body is tenanted by a pre-existing soul, which has selected it for its tabernacle, and entered it from without.

The controversy hinges principally on the question, which view is most in harmony with the doctrine of evolution, the phenomena of heredity, and the diversities of individual character. The following observations will be directed to shew, firstly, that the truth in both theories—that, while Traducianism is wholly right, there is a sense in which Reincarnation is not altogether wrong; secondly, that the parties themselves have failed to arrive at this conclusion from overlooking a material circumstance, which solves all the numerous difficulties that, after the fullest admission of the principle of heredity, remain to be urged against Traducianism, and at the same time establishes the perpetual incarnation of spirit, though not of spirits. So far as the discussion has proceeded, it must be pronounced wholly in favour of [Traducianism]. Traducianism is entirely in harmony with one of the most familiar of phenomena, the mental resemblance of children to parents, which it satisfactorily explains, and by which it is supported in its turn. Reincarnation, on the contrary, though plausible so long as no work is required of it, not only fails to explain this phenomena, but is irreconcilable with it. There is absolutely no more reason why a spirit should assume the character of those who have possessed it with a temporary dwelling-place than why a lodger at Brighten should take after his landlord. We must know before all things why a son should be like his father, and can accept no theory as adequate which merely suggests why he should be one spirit or another. Yet Traducianism also has its difficulties. It proclaims the law, but makes no provision for exceptions and anomalies. While Metempsychosis fails to account for the general resemblance of offspring to ancestry, Traducianism offers no adequate explanation of its frequent unlikeliness. It is a vera causa so far as it goes, but requires a supplement; that 'law with which we are not as yet acquainted,' postulated by Dr. Alleyne Nicholson, 'to account for variability.' Until this is ascertained, the law of inheritance is quite as much a problem as a law.'

The whole argument, in that form, is hopelessly out of date; the Mendelian discovery of "unit" characters, confirming as it does the psychological theory of the "soul" as a "whole by coalition," has shown us, at least, where and how variability can occur. The Weissmann theory of the continuity of the germ plasm, which believes in reincarnation are apt to quote, has lost its pristine power by the discovery that the germ plasm is not immune from some racial poisons, and may quite conceivably be subject to many other somatic conditions; and the physiologist like Dr. Haldane scorns the theory as "completely self-contradictory." In its original form the Weissmann theory could not account for variation from the normal stock—and the Mendelian theory, perhaps, would have difficulty in satisfactorily explaining the persistence of a normal type. The Weissmann theory is a theory of persistence, the Mendelian theory is a theory of variation; so that we are really at the same point at which Dr. Garnett intervened, although our statement of the problem would use other terms.

Dr. Garnett argued that "if this problem remains unsolved, the reason is that inquirers have hitherto taken terrestrial facts solely in consideration." If we cannot divorce man from the earth neither can we divorce the earth from the solar system, no more than Weissmann can divorce the germ plasm from the soma. We are such stuff as worlds are made of; as Huxley showed, "a solution of smelling-salts in water, with an infinitesimal proportion of some other saline matters, contains all the elementary bodies which enter into the composition of protoplasm," which is the physical basis of life. It is impossible to explain the simplest phenomena of the earth without looking beyond the earth; as Dr. Garnett said: "Day and night, the seasons, the tides, would be unintelligible were no account taken of her heavenly companions. It
is contrary to all analogy that their influence should stop there; and science, after a long aberration, now betrays a growing tendency to recognise it alike where it was once admitted and where it has hitherto been unsuspected. Frequently a eminent physicist bids us notice that the magnetic storms which silently rage through the earth synchronise with corresponding phenomena in the sun; another shows that the rays through the earth synchronise with corresponding connecting the solar spots with famine and consequently arrive at certain points in the zodiac; while a fourth, connecting the solar spots with famine and consequently forms a series of correlated observations. Astrology accepts this as facts of astronomy, reducing them only to their geocentric equivalents; and there is nothing unreasonable in supposing that, as man is made of elements that are contained not only in the earth but in the other members of the solar system, he will be affected by the same causes that affect the earth. That the effects may not be limited to what are called merely physical effects, but may have a mental counterpart, the records of homeopathic "proving" of drugs will justify; a chemical agent may have not only a chemical reaction, but a marked psychological reaction as well.

Astrology, then, attempts to correlate the positions of the planets with the facts of man's life. Like all empirical, demonstrative sciences, it seeks the abnormal first. When Gall was trying to localise a mental faculty he sought those who had it in excess and those who had it not at all, and compared both sets of skulls or casts. In the same way, Dr. Richard Garnett produced a body of astrological evidence relating to cases of madness, genius, violent death, and so on, to demonstrate that there is a prima facie case for investigation into the theory that the planetary configurations at birth can be effectively correlated with the facts of vital disaster. I shall proceed with the subject in another article. A. E. R.

Review.

Radiant Motherhood. By Marie Stopes, D.Ss., Ph.D.

What Maeterlinck did for the life of the bee, Dr. Marie Stopes is apparently trying to do for the sexual life of the human race—or, rather, the English race. Unfortunately, she lacks Maeterlinck's literary ability; her Quotations from the Song of Solomon. As I showed some months ago, Sir William Beveridge produced evidence of the apparent periodicity of famine, which he correlated with a history of barometrical pressures, without going beyond the barometer to what might be shown as the cause of its fluctuations. These are just a few instances of the demonstrated correlations of terrestrial and cosmical facts; it matters nothing for our immediate purpose whether this correlation proves interaction; all that we need to make out is a prima facie case for investigation is a series of correlated observations. Astrology accepts the facts of astronomy, reducing them only to their geocentric equivalents; and there is nothing unreasonable in supposing that, as man is made of elements that are contained not only in the earth but in the other members of the solar system, he will be affected by the same causes that affect the earth. That the effects may not be limited to what are called merely physical effects, but may have a mental counterpart, the records of homeopathic "proving" of drugs will justify; a chemical agent may have not only a chemical reaction, but a marked psychological reaction as well.

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Review.

Radiant Motherhood. By Marie Stopes, D.Ss., Ph.D.

What Maeterlinck did for the life of the bee, Dr. Marie Stopes is apparently trying to do for the sexual life of the human race—or, rather, the English race. Unfortunately, she lacks Maeterlinck's literary ability; and the marked contrast between her hectically emotional style and the information she conveys shatters the artistic effect, if such an effect were intended. Really all vital activity ought to make us feel lyrical, but Dr. Stopes comes perilously near making us satirical—which is a pity, for the ideal of radiant motherhood is certainly a finer one than that of drudge-tailed motherhood, which seems to be much more common. The difficulty is probably a sexual one; motherhood is primarily a personal experience, and women find supreme difficulty in discussing their personal experiences in the impersonal terms of process. But motherhood is not only a personal experience; like all personal experiences, it is affected and modified at every turn by the environment, and it is at least conceivable that a radical improvement in the environment would make much of Dr. Stopes' teaching unnecessary. Dr. W. A. Brend's statistical study of infantile mortality in his "Health and the State" serves to show that there is not much hope of improving matters except by general measures that will benefit the whole community. The class of woman for whom Dr. Stopes writes is certainly not the working class; but the fact remains that the infantile mortality during the first week of life is practically the same for Hampstead and Shoreditch, and in a number of other places, and the conclusion that prenatal conditions are by no means so important as postnatal conditions seems to be irresistible. Infantile mortality among the Connaught peasantry is one-half that of Kensington and Bayswater—and the fact suggests very strongly that no merely personal treatment of the subject can be effective. But it is pre-eminently the personal aspect that Dr. Stopes emphasises; she seems to be aiming at a sort of religious, or at least ecstatic treatment of motherhood, emphasising and even over-emphasising its dangers (as when she suggests that delivery by Cesarean section "may become a racial necessity"), and in view of Havelock Ellis' "Study of British Genius," putting forward the very dangerous argument that women should aim at giving birth to genius by delaying maternity until perhaps thirty-five to forty. Havelock Ellis showed that the physiological conditions which produce genius also produce idiocy; and without some more precise knowledge of the conditions governing generation and pre-natal development (such as, for example, the astrological theory of the pre-natal epoch and the chart of descent indicates may be obtained), it is certainly dangerous for people to attempt to control cosmic forces by their personal desires, and it is certainly unreasonable in supposing that, as man is made of elements that are contained not only in the earth but in the other members of the solar system, he will be affected by the same causes that affect the earth. That the effects may not be limited to what are called merely physical effects, but may have a mental counterpart, the records of homeopathic "proving" of drugs will justify; a chemical agent may have not only a chemical reaction, but a marked psychological reaction as well.

Astrology, then, attempts to correlate the positions of the planets with the facts of man's life. Like all empirical, demonstrative sciences, it seeks the abnormal first. When Gall was trying to localise a mental faculty he sought those who had it in excess and those who had it not at all, and compared both sets of skulls or casts. In the same way, Dr. Richard Garnett produced a body of astrological evidence relating to cases of madness, genius, violent death, and so on, to demonstrate that there is a prima facie case for investigation into the theory that the planetary configurations at birth can be effectively correlated with the facts of vital disaster. I shall proceed with the subject in another article. A. E. R.
A JOURNEY IN THE HILLS.

I.

At last I am able to leave my work for a few days. Taking the fire-cart to the Hills, the wheels revolve too slowly for my eagerness. Leaving it, I walk up the course of the Muddy River.

The unaccustomed mountain people stop their work to look at me as I pass; they ask me to rest and offer me the fruits which they have been gathering. At evening I reach the village of White Mouth and turn into the inn.

Through the window of my room I see the mountains and the river at their feet. Blowing out the light I watch the moonlight as it descends the mountain sides, and then I doze.

I seem to be surrounded by lions of huge size, manes hanging from their heads and their flanks scarred by scrapes from dragons' claws; scarred until their long ribs show white.

I awake and realise that my lions are the mountains, that their manes are the yellow cliffs which guard their summits, that the scars are white landslides caused by the summer rains. I pull the bedding over me and quickly fall asleep, thanks to my weariness and the monotonous roar of the river.

II.

Before daylight I start for the Whale's Whirlpool. East and south and north and west I follow the windings of the Muddy River, now treading the mud left by its summer flood, now climbing up the hill sides where that is the only way.

I reach a gorge through which the river breaks in swirling rapids. Cliffs a thousand feet high rise straight for my eagerness. Leaving it, I walk up the mountain side. The little trees are all autumn yellow and red; as we force our way through them thorns tear our clothes and the skin of arms and face.

I do not suspect the scars are white landslides caused by the summer rains, yet I feel their force as I walk up the river at their feet. Blowing out the light I doze, thanks to my weariness and the monotonous roar of the river.

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III.

At nightfall I reach the house of an old huntsman whom I have known long. His children crowd around and welcome me, his wife gives me an abundance of the village people who crowd into the inn ask where I have been, and on learning ask why I went. There is nothing to see, they say; only the bare hills and the mountain the sole is torn off my boots, first the one, then the other. I limp back to the old man's house in bare feet.

But now I have one more memory to live upon when evil fortune or old age have so ruled that I cannot travel in the hills.

THE SATten COlKE.

Do thou not off the satten cloak, lady,
Rags there be full many,
Nor the gay green gown
For that some be forlorn.
Nor the satten cloke, sweeting.

To a great wall the King conducted them.

The messengers were carried through the streets
And fastnesses of Sardes, at ease
In the King's splendid litters.
They viewed the buildings, the industry
And all the wonders of civilisation.

"Oh generous King," they cried, enchanted,
"Where is the mechanism which creates all this?"
To a great wall the King conducted them.

"Knock at this wall," he said. They did.
"Now listen." They obeyed. "What do you hear?"
"Deep groans and sighs, as of a myriad voices."
"And do you understand?" "Woe, we do not."

"That is the mechanism," Croesus said.
From Karl Spitteler.

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