THE

NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1471] New Series Vol. XXVIII. No. 3 Thursday, Nov. 18, 1920. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Lloyd George is usually most wrong when he is most optimistic; and since he was most optimistic in his speech at the Guildhall last week, we may conclude that on this occasion also he will prove to be most wrong. "The lava is cooling. . . . The industrial unrest is quietening. . . . Things are coming right." It would be premature, in any event, to affirm, on this side of the winter of these discontents, that "things are coming right." Even the general impression is quite otherwise, to say nothing of the opinion formed by those more or less qualified to judge. It is the common assumption that the winter is going to be a bad one; and as for business-men and manufacturers, on the very day of Mr. Lloyd George's whistling he received the resolution of the National Union of Manufacturers complaining that the country was plunging deeper and deeper into the wood. Mr. Lloyd George was notoriously wrong when he announced on the conclusion of the armistice that the cost of living was about to fall. It has done nothing but rise ever since. And his blunder on the present occasion will prove to be another error of intuition—for, of course, Mr. Lloyd George never thinks in the ordinary sense of the word—for which, once more, the masses will have to pay in the neglect of any attempt to deal with the situation as if it were as grave as it is. How can things be coming right when nothing right has been done by them? We cannot even muddle through without an idea of direction and method approximately correct in principle. And as certain as it is that neither Mr. Lloyd George nor his advisers have the key to the present position, so certain is it that things, instead of coming right, will go from bad to worse.

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There need be no further fear of organised Bolshevism in this country, however. Communism by way of a heavy civil war and the dictatorship of Mr. Robert Williams is no longer attractive as a theory: and in practice it is further away than ever from adoption. One by one the various Labour and Socialist groups which have been toying with the idea are now passing resolutions against Moscow; and none of them is more fiercely anti-Bolshevist than the feeblest of them—namely, the I.L.P. At the recent Geneva International, presided over by that revolutionary ruffian, Mr. Arthur Henderson, and attended by those well-known brigands, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Sidney Webb, a resolution was adopted condemning in the strongest possible terms the "treachery" of the Russian Communists. They had "demoralised the workers," "insulted 27 million trade unionists by calling them blacklegs," and, above all, they had substituted for "wage-slavery" a system of "State-slavery and misery." It is very reprehensible, of course, all this damage done to the beautiful sentiments of the Second International. It was thoughtless of Lenin to put his British colleagues in the predicament of choosing between Communism as hitherto understood and simple Bourgeoiserie. For the truth now seems to be out that, even in the opinion of its leading advocates, "State-slavery" or, in bourgeois terms, the nationalisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange, spells "misery." The I.L.P. owes Lenin a debt that can never be repaid. Like the irrational natural force he is, he has taken the Marxian Communists at their silly word, shown them its outcome in practice, and proved to them by deeds as we never could have done by arguments that Marxian Socialism means "State-slavery and misery." Honour demands that the I.L.P. and the Fabian Society should at once shut up shop.

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Any lingering hope that the Labour movement might accomplish the Fabian programme by political means, and chiefly by the eventual formation of a Labour Government, must surely have been dispersed by the recent Borough Elections, when the party "ran a large number of candidates of whom only a small percentage was returned." We are familiar, of course, with the contention that local and national elections often go, like dreams, by contraries; and that the question of Rates is usually decisive in local affairs. But it will not do to draw consolation from this on the present occasion, since, in the first place, Labour's unpopularity at the borough polls is largely a reflex of Labour's unpopularity in national affairs, and, in the second place, the question of Rates is only a local paraphrase of the national problem of the High Cost of Living. In other words, all and more than all of the obstacles to success which Labour has discovered in the borough elections will be encountered in the General Election whenever it comes. It is a pity that nobody can hold up a mirror to the Labour directorate and induce its leaders to look at themselves as they really appear to the public eye. They go on from day to day imagining that things are coming right, slowly, it is true, and with occasional set-backs, but nevertheless surely. This year, next year or sometime, the public will make

a turn, and all will be well; Mr. Arthur Henderson will be Prime Minister and God will be in Heaven. But nothing in truth can really be less unlike this dream than the facts that are visible to everybody outside the possessed circle. Political Labour has declined in prestige by leaps and bounds within the last two years in particular, during which the Cost of Living has been the paramount issue for nine out of ten of the population. Has political Labour had anything to say on the subject that offers even a hope of amelioration? Industrial Labour, we know, has been engaged in doing little more than attempting to force up the rise in prices by combining to raise the cost of production. For this we do not blame the rank and file, but only the leaders. The legislative staff of Labour, however, the famous political wing, directed by the "brains" of the movement, has not only offered the rank and file no better instruction; but to the present moment has discovered no remedy either for high prices or unemployment which would not demonstrably intensify the disease. It says something for the self-restraint of Mr. Lloyd George that he does not seize the borough elections as an excuse for a General Election. But perhaps he is waiting for a still more favourable opportunity of calling Mr. Henderson's bluff.

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The new Insurance Act which, like the first, the Trade Unions first wouldn't and afterwards would support, is cunningly devised to persuade hungry dogs to feed contentedly on their own tails. Under the earlier Act, only four million workers were insured against unemployment; but under the present Act, the whole coffle is roped in; no fewer than twelve million men and women, boys and girls, fall under the dispensation of the Labour Exchanges, Friendly Societies and Trade Unions. Contributions varying from 4d. to 1½d. per week insure the worker for fifteen weeks' unemployment per annum in amounts varying from 15s. to 6s.; and these princely sums can be supplemented by additional weekly contributions, through Trade Unions or Friendly Societies, bringing them up to 35s. and 20s. weekly. The fear of unemployment, we are told, will be considerably reduced by the operation of the present Act; and it is possible that, in consequence, the prevalent objection to increased production will tend to disappear. What fear can be left in unemployment when three months of it in every year are provided for? And how foolish under the circumstances will be the restriction of output as a means of preserving work! Our impartiality compels us to felicitate the authors of the new Act on their low-bred cunning; and the more so from our speculation that in its immediate object the policy will prove to be successful. Already Trade Union Executives, scenting a new means of controlling their men, are tumbling over each other to be first in with a supplementary scheme of contributory benefits. The Friendly Societies likewise are in keen competition for the privilege of administering the charity. And altogether the immediate prospects for the new Act are as good as for its victims they are bad.

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Deflation or the contraction of Credit is proceeding according to plan in America, with the necessary result that "manufacturers are going into bankruptcy in shoals." The phenomenon has not passed without observation and even thought; and the "New Republic" has now come out into the open with a demand for "a fundamental reform of money" such as would eliminate these crazy price-fluctuations. "When money falls in value [in consequence of inflation] commodities rise in price; and the world is sickened by the profiteer. When money rises in value [in consequence of deflation] commodities fall in price; and there is a train of ruin and political evils." To any proposal, however, to make money subservient to the exchange of goods, instead of its lord and master, "the banker is stone-deaf." "I have never known a banker who would consider such a proposition seriously." We have, though. A number of bankers in this country, and probably in America also, are perfectly well aware of what they are doing and of the control of society which the control of credit gives them. But precisely because Credit-control is supreme control, not one banker of our acquaintance is disposed to countenance, still less to initiate, a fundamental reform that would rob his oligarchy of its present dictatorship of society. Moreover it is with the slowest and most painful steps that even enlightened reformers are brought to face the issue of Money, as the profoundest root of our social misfortunes. There is a divinity doth hedge a banker that appears to make question of his social service rank blasphemy. Nothing is more obvious in the world than the power exercised by private Finance to control Prices. As the Washington "Labour" has remarked: "The Banks can boom any line of industry they like by making money easy in it, and strangle any industry by making money tight in it." Every industry is at their mercy, and all industry in general; with the final result that the whole economic machinery by which society lives can be played upon by private Finance to produce the tune most profitable to the banks.

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Everybody knows that business is largely run on credits; and that credits are issued, for a consideration, by banks. What is not known is the amount of credit the various banks issue or the rates at which it is lent. Our own banks publish balance-sheets only after the most elaborate window-dressing; and nowhere in this or any other country is it possible to discover the total amount of "money" manufactured and sent to market during any given period. It is no joke, however, to be left in the dark concerning a matter so vital to our existence. If it is the fact (as it is) that the purchasing power of money depends upon the amount of money in circulation; and, furthermore, that the banks, by expanding or contracting their loans, can determine how much money shall be in circulation —it is clear that the purchasing power of the money in our pockets varies with every such action of the banks. Like an ocean-pool it feels the effect of the tides; and when the tide of expansion is on, our money buys less; and when the tide is ebbing, it begins to buy more. The Controller of the Currency in America, however, has thrown a little light on the quantitative tides in the American money market; and it is not surprising that his resignation has been promptly demanded by Wall Street. On "sworn" returns from the New York banks, accessible to the State department, the Controller calculates that during the period October, 1919, to August, 1920, Wall Street loaned no less than 5,400 million dollars, at rates varying from 8 to 30 per cent. We need say nothing of the "discrimination" involved in a preferential credit-tariff ranging from 8 to 30 per cent. The more general conclusion to be drawn is the effect on Prices of the issue of 5,400 million dollars of purchasing power. If that sum consisted of forged notes, the immediate effect of this inflation of the currency would be much the same as that of the present issue; and, on the whole, the after consequences would not be very much worse. We invite our banks to publish their own figures and tariffs.

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We have always been aware that the first to consider the Scheme put forward in these pages would be the financial oligarchy; and it was for that reason that we withheld detailed publication until our readers were in a position to defend themselves, if they chose, against the inevitable attack. The financial defences, we may say, are rapidly being put in order; and after a few more months of discreet silence, open propaganda of the philosophic description may be expected to begin. In the meanwhile we would draw attention to a remarkably subtle move in the defence which has as its object, we suspect, the establishment of a "legal" ob-

stacle to the creation of Labour banks based upon Real Credit (as distinct from, but really underlying, Financial Credit). In his address to the Institute of Bankers last week Mr. Walter Leaf announced that the Government were drafting a Bill in which, for the first time in English legislation, the nature of a bank was to be defined. And the Government had had, Mr. Leaf suggested, some considerable trouble in finding a formula which should be both inclusive and exclusive. A tentative definition described a bank as an institution whose main business is to "receive public moneys on current account repayable on demand by cheque." But this definition, Mr. Leaf pointed out, not only begged the question of "main business," but ignored another extremely important function of banks, namely, "the re-lending of the money" received from the public. It is a pretty question with which in its present aspect we are not much concerned. It is a matter of little importance whether banks as at present recognised have as their "main business" the receiving or the lending of *money*. What, however, we are concerned to avoid is a "legal definition" of a bank that would *exclude* from recognition a bank trading on the real credit of its members; in other words, on their ability to produce goods, instead of on an ability to produce money. It is possible that the attempt to define a bank will be dropped when it appears that a hornets' nest is concealed in it. The announcement, naturally confided first to a banker, is, however, significant of the preparations in train.

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The election of the Republican Mr. Harding as President of the United States augurs no good to the peace of the world. It is true, of course, that neither Mr. Harding nor the vast majority of American citizens desires war now or ever; and the same can be said, of course, of other nations. But in announcing himself as content to be the figure-head of his party, Mr. Harding virtually admits that he is the rubber-stamp of American Big Business, to whom war is an instrument of policy like any other. The "goods" of the Republican programme are well known and they can certainly be said to be anything but pacific : a high tariff to protect America from "pauper Europe"; State "preoccupation" with business; the reopening of the Panama and Merchant Shipping questions; and a "square deal" for American oil interests in Europe. Any one of these questions, it is obvious, contains the potentiality of serious controversy; and at least one of them is marked in plain figures as a casus belli. Moreover, from an economic point of view, it is difficult to see what other course America can pursue, given the economic ideas prevalent both in America and the rest of the world. International competition is still the order of the day as it was before the Great War; and the same attempts of industrially expanding nations to occupy economically contracting markets may be expected to result in scuffles in the bottle-neck. Until the means of consumption are distributed pari passu with the increase in Production the present state of things, with war as an occasional necessity, will continue.

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In " Foreign Affairs " Mr. Morel and his group of sentimental Liberals keep up their attempt to moralise an issue that is mainly economic. "The naked truth," according to Mr. Morel, is not the common-sense and obvious principle we have just stated, that two expanding exports cannot continue to occupy the same contracting market; but it is that "political insanity and human wickedness, in deadly combination, and to a degree never yet attained, are presently installed, incarnate, in power in London and in Paris; and that in the grip of their fell madness whole populations writhe and wither. . . . ." We do not, of course, deny the consequences; but the causes appear to us to be drawn from fiction rather than fact. Men are no more politically insane or wicked to-day than they ever were. In fact, we should say that, on the whole, they have much improved. It is their intelligence that remains defective; and in this respect we cannot but think that Mr. Morel and his group are as backward as any. If the Governments of Paris and London, in their insanity and wickedness, refuse to listen to the rhetoric of Mr. Morel, Mr. Morel himself refuses to listen to the reason of THE NEW AGE.

World Affairs.

To the Jews with their peculiar history hyper-sensitiveness to criticism is perfectly natural. Like a ticket-of-leave man trying to live down his past, the Jews are on the watch for the slightest sign of suspicion; and even their best friends are not exempt from the charge of anti-Semitism. However, we ask them to believe that we do not belong to the anti-Semitic school that has, as its chief characteristics, either a national chauvinism as "tribal" as that of the Jews themselves, or a cult, nominally catholic, that is Judaic in spirit. What appearance of anti-Semitism is manifested in these notes is the accidental consequence of pro-Aryanism; we are, that is to say, anti-Semitic only in so far as the Jews are anti-Aryan. Nor are we pro-Aryan on tribal or even racial grounds. Show us any other race than the Aryan that can conceivably bring about the functional organisation of the world, and let it be Black or Red or Yellow, we would willingly accept its leadership and invite the Aryan race to subordinate itself in the greater interests of world-psychology. But if there is no such race, if the highest minds of all the other races, including the Jews themselves, agree that the great world-mission belongs to the Aryan race and must be performed by the Aryan race or none, the practical conclusion is obvious : in so far as any other race impedes the fulfilment of that object, it is not only anti-Aryan, but anti- its own highest interests. Moreover, it is clearly not the case that we have invented a hypothetical history of the Jews or an arbitrary classification of the embryology of the human race in order to depreciate the rest of the races to the glory of the Aryan people. About the Aryan race we shall have something critical to say in due course; we trust that our Aryan readers are not purring with too complete a sense of complacency, since they will certainly be disturbed in it if they do us the justice of reading these notes to the bitter end. On the other hand, the Jewish history, as revealed in Jewish mythology, is too clear to be mistaken. As the Babu signed himself "failed B.A.," the Jewish people are entitled to sign themselves "failed Aryan." Everything in their history and in their present circumstances bears witness to the correctness of this description. Their mission to become the first Aryan race, the first-born of mankind, has eternally ennobled them; their failure has eternally disgraced them. And all that they now are can be traced to one or other of these two great spiritual facts of their indubitable history.

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Before considering the world-political problem of the Jews practically, it may be as well to re-define the Aryan ideal, the ideal to which the Jewish race was once divinely dedicated. In terms of the Trinity, it can be defined as the bringing to consciousness in the human mind of the Son-aspect of Godhead. Asia as the Father-aspect, and Africa as the Mother-aspect of consciousness, may be said to have willed the birth of the Son, who should be, of his own nature, as divine as themselves, but self-conscious in addition. As they in general were to continue to function as the universal unconsciousness of Man, the Son was to become, by his own Promethean act, the individual consciousness of God. The first-born's divinity was to lie in the fact that he had created himself. Though "chosen" and "desired," he was nevertheless to be born of his own effort; and from being the obedient servant and slave

of the divine unconscious, the new race of the Son was to be the equal of its parents and even, in respect of self-consciousness, their superior. No doubt to the Jews and to people whose mentality is still inveterately orientated towards the all-powerful Impersonal Unconscious, the necessary assertion of his divinity by the self-created Son is a stumbling-block, a rock of offence. That Man, in the person or power of the Son, should declare himself to be divinely omnipotent with the Father; that he should announce himself as the "saviour of God," God's consciousness, and as indispensable to the Father as the Father is to the Son—all this quite naturally sounded like blasphemy in the ears of the Chosen People, though, in truth, as Jesus said, it was nevertheless their real mission. For the Aryan ideal, in its highest formulation, consists precisely in this: that it is Man's assumption of what had before been only God's responsibility. All that had heretofore worked by instinct in the dark of the world's unconsciousness was henceforth in the new race to be guided by intelligence and self-consciousness. Man was to declare himself the equal Son of God, and to enter upon the responsibilities as well as the privileges of one of the Persons of the Trinity.

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If this is, as it is, the Aryan ideal, it will be seen, not only where the Jews as the first-chosen to reveal it failed, but where, within limits, the Aryan race of Europe has succeeded; for nothing is more certain than that the Son-aspect of divinity, self-consciousness including the power of self-direction, is characteristic of European mentality, even to the degree of considerable over-emphasis. As in the myth of the Prodigal Son, not only has Europe taken the portion of the Trinity that fell unto it, but, as we shall see when we consider the relation of Aryan America to Aryan Europe, a whole Aryan sub-race has gone into a far country, remotest from the unconscious, and, utterly forgetful of the Father and Mother, is engaged in feeding swine. Responsibility for world-organisation has only, in fact, been too lightly assumed by the Aryan race. It seems that the Aryan race has accepted the rest of the world not merely as a trust, but as an inheritance. Responsibility exercised as to its privileges only has resulted in wars of conquest, wars of extermination, wars of slavery, always accompanied, as was only to be anticipated, by civil wars among the conquerors, of which the recent European War is the latest and greatest example. On the lowest plane of all, therefore, it cannot be denied that the Aryan race has entered into its duties as the Son-aspect of Humanity; and upon every other plane the evidence, if less obvious, is equally striking and unmistakable. World-synthesis, we may say, has been the idée fixe of European mentality since ever it became articulate. From the birth of Christ and Christ-consciousness (in however infant a form) onwards, all the best European minds have always had a world-dream as their deepest motive and object. Europe has "given" itself to the world in every possible sense; evil and good alike, in thought, word and deed. The typical European "craze," in short, is to order the world in Europe's image.

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The significance of the fact we have just observed is far greater than has yet appeared. Let us, therefore, state it in the clearest possible terms. It is that the Aryan people is now the "Chosen Race," in precisely the same sense that the Jews were once the Chosen People. Verily the Kingdom has been taken from the race that proved unworthy of it, and has been given to another. Henceforward, as St. Paul said, "we will turn unto the Gentiles." While not denying; indeed, while asserting—that the present "Chosen" Aryan race may, after all, fail as the Jews failed before them, it would be easy to fall into the sin of despair in view of the present condition of Aryandom and to exaggerate the late catastrophe. We have seen that this is the tendency of the coloured races who, prematurely as we believe, reckon Europe as finished: it is, to a lesser extent, a Jewish tendency likewise, and is illustrated in the return of the Jews to Zion; again, it is a marked tendency in the minds of those who, for good or bad reasons, wish Europe ill or challenge the Son's right to order the world; finally, it is a common tendency in those idealistic European minds which have given way to cosmopolitanism or to despair or to sentimentality—the Liberal mind par excellence. Apart, however, from the reasonable certainty that if the Aryan race should fail in its mission of organising the world functionally, no other race can possibly succeed, the diagnosis that represents Europe as already failed is far from being correct. European morale has undoubtedly been broken by the late Civil War; and extraordinary spiritual exertions on the part of every conscious European will be needed to restore it. But, by the Father's mercy, the "wrath of God" has not yet utterly descended upon Europe. Europe, though broken in morale, still survives with otherwise unabated powers and potencies. The voice of reason can still be heard, even in the ravings of the most demented of the European Press. Europe retains her physical, her economic and her scientific achievements. Furthermore, she has still the inestimable blessing of hope. With power, reason and hope still in her possession, Europe cannot be said yet to be beyond her own self-redemption. Truly enough, no other race can lift Europe from her present moral depression. Either she must do it for herself, or it will be left undone. But the Aryan spirit is not dead; and, in the name of humanity, we would warn the other races and the enemies of Aryandom to beware of indulging that hope or that fear. The Choice still lies with the Chosen.

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It is clear, however, that there cannot be two Chosen people existing in the world at the same time. One of them must be under a misapprehension. From all that we have read in the mythological history of the Jews, it is no less clear that the misapprehension lies to-day in the Jewish mind; it is, in short, the Chosen character of the Jews that is now, and must more and more in the future, be called in question. That the Jews were once "Chosen" we have not only not denied, but we have given them the fullest credit for it. What is now affirmed, and what the Jews must be persuaded to believe, is that their chosen mission has been accomplished, that the final choice has been made, and that the lot has fallen upon the second-born, of the seed of the spiritual David—the present Aryan race. Whether or not the Jewish people can be "converted" to this point of view is the problem of problems contained in the Jewish complex; but that the "conversion" is necessary, in the interests of the world, and demanded in the interests of truth, cannot, we believe, be denied. To put it briefly, what is needed is the self-suppression of the Jewish race as a race. They have and are, in and by themselves, nothing essential to the welfare of the world, or, we may add, to their own welfare either. Without intending the least offence, we may say that the Jewish race to-day is an empty husk from which the Aryan kernel has long ago fallen into the more fruitful soil of the present Aryan race. By a perverted spiritual alchemy, due to the tremendous fact that they were once the Chosen People, the Jews can, it is true, impede the fulfilment of their own failed mission in their Aryan successors; they can continue in the rôle of the eternal Philistine eternally rejecting the claims of Christ-consciousness; but this will be only to add to their original crime and punishment. The choice is once more before them of fulfilling their destiny; but it is to-day a second choice. They cannot now become the first Aryans, but it is still within their power to become Aryans. In the concluding article of this series we shall discuss the means.

M. M. COSMOI.

Our Generation.

A REPLY to the Oxford Manifesto has now been received from Germany. It is signed by ten University professors, "who are members of the Reichstag," and who "believe that they are speaking in the name of German science." "We are ready," they say, "by common labour to relegate to oblivion everything offensive, spoken or written, in both camps. Our hopes are set on the future. . . . May scientific work contribute to the promotion of the spirit of justice and conciliation in a mutual national respect, without which the reconstruction of the shattered world is impossible." There are circumstances in which commonplaces take on the aspect of deeds, and when their significance is measurable by the efforts which we recognise must have been required to utter them. For Germans—or even for a few Germans—to resolve in their agony, which is not tempered by the pity of any nation in the world, that they will set themselves to work whose object it is to benefit not themselves merely but the world, is not, in their present condition, a commonplace of human action but one of those strokes of higher nature which in a work of imagination would fill us with delighted astonishment. The Press, which is without imagination or even human feeling, will, no doubt, point out triumphantly that while over fifty professors signed the Oxford Manifesto only ten have replied to it. But how much more effort it must take in a disgraced nation to be magnanimous than in a victorious one! Human nature is so constituted that the greater offence a man commits, and the more need, therefore, there is for repentance, the more difficult it is to repent. This we should recognise before we say that the response to the Oxford Manifesto is disappointing. Admit that it is—thus far; there is little doubt that it will be added to; and there is no doubt at all that the Oxford Manifesto will have its effect in Germany. It will have its effect although the entire Northcliffe Press move the "public" of the entire world to prevent it.

The coincidence of the immediate sale of the first edition of Mrs. Asquith's "Memoirs" with the almost universal indignation against them, seems to show that the public enjoys its indignation. If that be true, it is the only reason that exists—outside a score of literary ones—why the "Memoirs" should be condemned by those who do not feel indignant. For the spectacle of the conjunction of public curiosity which cannot restrain itself with public indignation which cannot disguise itself is ignoble. Looking at the whole matter without prejudice, one can only conclude that to the public the "Memoirs" are "forbidden fruit"; that the public like forbidden fruit; but that they are indignant that anyone should offer it to them. A convention so rotten as this is not worth supporting, simply because those who observe it do not want it to be supported, and do not observe it themselves to the extent of refraining from temptation. The quarrel is common and immemorial; and it is not on a high level. It is between Mrs. Asquith, an honest gossip, and her critics, disingenuous listeners to gossip. The counterparts of both are to be found in any village. And, after all, what is the convention of propriety nowadays? No one can say since the newspapers a decade ago began to canvass the private lives of the well-known. The Press certainly has a count against Mrs. Asquith; she has audaciously beaten it at its own game.

A characteristic reply—characteristic, that is, of the English subconscious attitude to thought—was given by the Home Secretary the other day to a question about the revolutionary speeches which are made weekly at Hyde Park. "Many speeches are reported by the police," he said, "and provided that no breach of the peace is caused and the speeches do not advocate direct violence, there is no need to deal with them. The practice is to regard Hyde Park to some extent as a safety valve." After reading the last sentence one begins to wonder whether there is much credit in having free speech, if speech is in England as impotent as this. Why should we pride ourselves on our freedom of thought if we have gained it not, as it appears, because we are a people desiring freedom, but because thought is to us a matter of no importance? In any other country it would have occurred to a Cabinet Minister that revolutionary speeches delivered year in, year out, would have some effect upon the opinions and, eventually, upon the actions of men. But to Mr. Shortt it did not occur at all—simply because as a nation we normally make no connection between ideas and the chain of action which should follow from them. We practice with the utmost ease the converse of the morality laid down in the "Bhagavad Gita": we take heed for the fruits of action, it is true, but we take none whatever for the fruits of thought. All that a revolutionary does in this country, even in the opinion of the ruling class, is to let off steam; it is recognised as good for him while doing no harm to the populace, who are proof against words. The reply of Mr. Shortt is one of those chance utterances which reveal to a people its distinctive nature. We are *not* affected by ideas, and actually prefer compromise to them, even when they are practical. Here, however, we suffer from the defects of our successful faults. Compromise—the consistent refusal to be deluded by theories—has served us well, but its effect has been to give us a general and unwise disdain for theories. Thus our freedom of speech is nullified at the outset by our character as a people. For it is not very dangerous, nor useful at all, to say all things in a country where everyone is intellectually deaf.

An incident which occurred the other Sunday in Brighton Parish Church will, no doubt, be generally forgotten by this time. There were some unemployed men attending the service, and a sensation was created when one of them arose and asked the congregation to pray for those out of work "as they did for men on active service during the war." The clergyman, in replying, asked the unemployed men to meet him in the parish room after the service; but when he met them there he could only suggest that they should bring pressure on the Government to provide work. What more, indeed, could he do? The unemployed have less than nothing to palliate their state: they are a grief to themselves, and by turns a nuisance and a danger to those who are employed. If there is any psychological miracle wrought by prayer, then no class of people is more in need of prayer than they. Ashamed of their failure to obtain work, and resentful of those who do not understand them and think they are merely lazy, they become in the end blindly rebellious or, worse still dumbly subdued. Surely nowhere in the world is failure more cruelly punished than in this country. The censure is all the more unrelenting because it is dictated by our essential qualities. With us, it is a point of honour, given the conditions, to be successful in "playing the game." For one of us to fail is in some way to disgrace the others. This is blindly felt. But it should not be felt by the unemployed. For in order to "play the game" in industry to-day more than the traditional qualities are required; the player must know how the rules were framed and why. That must become in future part of the game. Unfortunately, however, it involves the acceptance of "ideas."

EDWARD MOORE.

Readers and Writers.

MR. GOSSE on Carlyle would always leave a good deal to the imagination; but Mr. Gosse attempting to belittle Carlyle is a figure that only Carlyle's humour could portray. Yet in the "Sunday Times," that last retreat of the passés, the shelter of their second journalism, Mr. Gosse does not fear to run the risk. Carlyle, he says, is "abundantly neglected to-day . . . he has lost his potency and his magic. A large portion of his writing has ceased to be interesting; his pages create fatigue and impatience in youthful readers. . . . Incessant yelping is one of the most wearisome things in the the world. . . . (Carlyle has become) . . . . an insupportable bore." So it has come to this, has it, with Mr. Gosse—that his reaction to his father is visited on his father's greatest contemporaries; and that none of his father's age is safe from his resentment? For of course it is not true that Carlyle is to-day "abundantly neglected" or has ceased to be interesting or is regarded, outside of Mr. Gosse's complex, as an insupportable bore. By a coincidence I was told within three days before reading Mr. Gosse's article by no fewer than three people, all still youthful, that they had recently been re-reading Carlyle with great delight; and it was the more strange because I myself had been going over again Carlyle's "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays," in a state of anything but boredom. I should judge by this that hundreds of readers are similarly disposed to return to Carlyle; for we move rather like sheep at pasture in these matters. Mr. Gosse, in other words, is a lost sheep bleating that the flock should gather round himself.

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Apart from Mr. Gosse's personal antipathy to Carlyle—for reasons made abundantly clear in Mr. Gosse's apocalyptic "Father and Son"—there are two characteristics of Carlyle which neither Mr. Gosse nor any of his particular school will ever understand. The first is his titanic humour—good humour I mean to say; and the second is the fact that he wrote with the whole man, and not simply with his bump of letters. You would never call Carlyle a man of letters; on the other hand, Mr. Gosse will never be called anything else; and the distinction is so radical that Mr. Gosse's failure to appreciate Carlyle, except on their one common ground of writing, was inevitable. "Intellect," Carlyle says in his essay on Mirabeau, "comes from the whole man . . . it is not of the speculative head only . . . and its great end is that it makes one *see* something . . . for which latter, again, the whole man must co-operate." This insistance upon the wholeness necessary to complete intellection is not a mere counsel for others in Carlyle; he acted it. It is clear that when he wrote, every organ and limb of his body was drawn in to co-operate, his belly (as he himself would say) being by no means the least active of the partners. If the brain is, as commonly believed to-day, the synthesis of the whole body, the proportional representative of all the body's parts and organs, then Carlyle may certainly have been said to write with and from "the whole man." And that is his greatest merit and virtue. It is true, I will allow, that Carlyle's intellectual synthesis was not perfectly proportionate to the relative values of the component parts. To put it very crudely, there was too much solar plexus in his brain, for one thing; furthermore, he was of the "bilious" nature, that is to say, the part of his brain which coincided with his stomach and intestines was out of harmony with the rest. But allowing for all this, the fact remains that Carlyle did write with the whole of the man he was, and thus arrived at a more complete expression of himself than is possible to men of letters who write with only a single organ. Is it not evident in the identity of Carlyle with his work? To read Carlyle is to meet Carlyle. Nobody who met him after reading him was surprised or disappointed; they found what his work had led them to expect. With mere men of letters the case is very different. In them the style is not the whole man but only a selection of the whole man; usually a very carefully expurgated edition; with the result that when their readers meet them in the flesh they are always surprised and generally disappointed. No such window-dressing was to be discovered in Carlyle. All that he was he wrote. And though, as I have said, the display was not altogether pleasing, the wholeness and unity were virtues that place him several worlds above the specialised intellectual man of letters.

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Carlyle's humour is on the colossal scale; and it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Gosse fails even to perceive or mention it. It was not wit in the ordinary sense, or "humour" in the sense given the word by men of letters. It was a chip of the block of the humour of Creation, and of the same spirit of mirth as that in which it is said God created the world with seven laughs. In a recent series Mr. Huntly Carter presented us with some studies in what he called the "Grotesque," and he may have surprised a good many of his readers by including among the Masters of the Grotesque writers and artists like Michael Angelo and Ruskin. Yet he was absolutely right; and I should have added Carlyle to his list; for the "humour" of Carlyle is nothing less than such a "grotesque" vision of life as inspired Angelo and Ruskin and, in fact, *all* the great whole writers and artists that have ever lived. Following Henry James (who was anything but whole!) who said that "Carlyle was the most disagreeable in character of men of genius of equal magnificence," Mr. Gosse complains that Carlyle's voice was "uniformly hush," that he was "incessantly yelping." I have allowed for the exaggeration in Carlyle, the fact that he got his synthesis out of drawing; but to dismiss his titanic humour as "yelping" or even his character as being "disagreeable" is to fail utterly to appreciate the scale of his intellectual architecture. The nursery-maids who recently described the Pyramid as a big cone were not more inept than the critics who remark that Carlyle was "disagreeable" or an incessant yelper. It is equivalent to saying that the French Revolution was not "nice" or that Job was a "grumbler." In short, it is to measure the cosmic in the scales of the drawing-room. Read by the whole man, these idiosyncracies of Carlyle and the rest take the subordinate place of the grotesques on the Cathedral of Chartres. The whole structure is anything but "disagreeable" or trivial. On the contrary, it is one of the greatest works of the human mind.

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If "W.S." will allow me the expression: the proof of the pudding is in the eating. I have frequently advised my readers to test literary values for themselves by the simple expedient of examining their own reactions. Literature has come that we might have life and have it more abundantly; and the test of literature is whether it gives and intensifies life or takes away or diminishes life. Let a reader take down a volume of Carlyle's essays, let us say, and read in it for half an hour. I venture to say that whatever may be his mere *opinion* of Carlyle's work, the total effect on him will be that of a stimulus. Even Mr. Gosse was not left indifferent; he was "moved" to write an article of abuse and to purge himself of a mass of suppressed resentment. No matter the nature of the reaction, the quantity was there; and Mr. Gosse was distinctly stimulated by contact with Carlyle's dynamic. So it will be with other readers, though let us hope their reactions may be finer. So is it always the case with writers who are also men. You may hate or love them, be moved to abuse or praise; nay, you may even forget

that you have just read them. But careful self-examination will always reveal that one's life has been intensified by them. This is a secret of the workshop: scores of men of action to-day (and I include synthetic writers, of course) read a little of Carlyle before undertaking an important task to put themselves, as they say, "into a proper mood." Carlyle would turn in his grave with pleasure to hear that tribute.

R. H. C.

The Popularisation of Science.

THE complaint that during the recent meeting of the British Association at Cardiff, the majority of the local inhabitants were apathetic, suggests an inquiry into the methods employed by those whose avowed object is the popularisation of science. It is significent that this discontent is echoed by a Harmsworth publication. To this complaint, if we may pile Pelion upon Ossa, must be added another to which the gentlemen of science have given frequent utterance in recent times.

They complain that Science, in the person of the scientist, is disregarded: that the great works, the important discoveries on which they are engaged, are not fittingly recognised. Few honours come their way, and what they do receive are merely the crumbs from the politicians' tables. They are treated as people who have been labelled, and if they try to show their peculiar gifts in other spheres of usefulness, the layman becomes irritated and talks about cobblers and lasts. After such treatment, it is only human—and scientists are occasionally human—to assume that such behaviour towards the Hierarchy is really an insult to the Holy of Holies itself. Hinc illae lacrimae, and the wail about the apathy of the educated classes whatever they may be.

Yet, if the scientists would only adopt that attitude of Olympian detachment with which they are popularly credited, they would perhaps perceive that the fault lies not with their goddess, but with themselves. They are unfortunately emulating the creature whom they most despise—the politician—and they have as much chance of succeeding in their imitation as Achilles has of catching the tortoise in Zeno's famous paradox. They object to Latin, but there is a tag which they may remember about gifts and Greeks. When a Harmsworth paper, renowned for its facetious inaccuracy, joins them in wishing for the booming of science, it is time to recall the lines of Macaulay about the earnest youths who set out to put up a hare and found quite another type of animal.

For the politician's function in the world is to provide the entertaining spectacle of a person running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. If he receives the plaudits of the mob, he has also to put up with the contempt of the superior person. His métier is essentially spectacular: mention in the Press is the breath of his nostrils: indifference is his coup de grâce.

Now, for some reason or other, the scientific gentlemen—we use this term loosely and in the way of courtesy—are trying to achieve popularity. "At pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicere hic est." Persius is quite right: it is laudable and gratifying to have the poor man in the street pointing his finger and saying, regardless of grammar, "That's him." So the scientist produces popular articles in which everything is as easy as falling off a log. Being, however, of a confiding and guileless disposition, he allows the Press to butcher him for a Carmelite holiday. This particular order cares nothing for science, of which it is entirely ignorant, but it does know how to get copy unscrupulously, which is its raison d'etre. The simple biologist is photographed: he writes a modest little article about his work. carefully omitting any mention of others who several years before have worked on very similar lines. The result of all this is quite the reverse of what was expected. An erroneous notion is engendered in the mind of the layman that he himself knows all about it, and that science requires but little intelligence, and that anyone who is sufficiently simple or unpleasant can become a scientist.

Moreover, authoritative statements by scientists on subjects totally outside their province are deleterious to the cause of science. The pseudo-scientific cult of mysticism and spiritualism is no less disgraceful than the weak-knee'd effusions of Anglican divines. Let a man study by all means; let him think deep thoughts; let him excogitate profound theories; but let him keep his mouth shut and his pen in his pocket.

The cause of science will not be advanced one iota by this kind of popularisation: education is the only legitimate means. The chief factor in education is the teacher: and it is the dearth of teachers which bars the progress of science. Scientists, as they themselves admit when criticising the text-books of their more obscure colleagues, are singularly bad teachers, particularly those unfortunate pedagogues who have studied science and nothing else. They are also no better than their brothers of the pen in the matter of backscratching and kowtowing to authority. No longer do they seek for truth: their eyes are veiled by a hazy yearning after notoriety. The obscure man they will attack and rend, the notorious will find them adept in the art of boot-licking. The ancient shibboleths are worshipped until the Great Man speaks. Then comes the chorus of jackals, who devour the body of the slain. The sturdy insight of a Huxley is replaced by the pompous suburbanism of Professor X: the sweet reasonableness of a Darwin vanishes before the blatant cocksureness of Professor Z. Scribendi sacra fames; unconscious of the journalists' traps they rush into print; as soon as they have served their turn, they are relegated to the limbo of disappearing artistes and performing fleas. Scientists are emulating what is called in transatlantic language, "the get-rich-quick" stunt.

Now Science is a stern Goddess, and not to be worshipped in this superficial fashion. If a man should give every hour of his life in silence to her service, it would not suffice. Science, which is ultimately the pursuit of truth, requires self-sacrifice, hard and persistent work and never flagging enthusiasm. There is no royal road to science except along the path of hard work. Nor can this attempted quackery be of any assistance. Scientists are becoming no better than the ever increasing "ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ," whose advertisements nauseate us in the daily Press. It is by education alone that science will make conquests. The long training, the true devotion to knowledge are the first requisites. Let the scientists discover in their ranks teachers of genius, for it is and always will be the personality that counts in teaching. Let them cease to study the warts of their opponents while their own humps are still ludicrously conspicuous. Let the scientists, furthermore in their moments of relaxation, turn their energies to the study of history. They may then, perhaps, wonder if a nation's form of education is not very often influenced by the position of its neighbours. Spartan education and the English Public School are the necessary accompaniments of Imperialism. The more there are who are brought up in the school of science, the less need there will be for stunt-advertisement. But if the people do not want to learn science, do not wish to submit to the rigour of its stern discipline, then superficial quackery and a smattering of the great problems of science will never be an adequate substitute.

There is no canvassing for Freemasonry, yet there are plenty of Freemasons. It is not difficult for anyone who wishes to study science to find the means to do so. Private example is better than advertised precept.

G. W. HARRIS.

Recent Verse.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN. The Heart of Peace, and Other Poems. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

This volume only proves once more that Mr. Housman is most happy when he is most minor. He can express a trifle with felicity, but when he tries to do anything more he becomes false and sentimental. In "Comparisons" and in a number of other poems in the same genre in this volume, he is graceful and sure. The poem begins:

Shall I with lower things compare
What in thy face I find more fair?—
Say—"cherry lips," or "cheeks of rose":
Defaming thee by honouring those?
O Thou, most heavenward from thy birth,
Shall I so bring thee back to earth?

This is pretty, and the author, in trifles like this, is generally pretty. There are a dozen or so poems in the volume as gracefully finished. In one, in memory of "Henri Pol: Bird-Lover," who died June 15, 1918, there is a delicacy and tenderness of fancy which make it the most interesting, perhaps, of the lot. But it is a very minor, a very tenuous tenderness: there is in it no passion, no warmth, but only pity, and resignation, the shadow of pity. Mr. Housman apostrophises the shade of Henri Pol:—

O gentle lover of birds,
Out of your place of rest
Throw to the world a crumb
Of the love that was in your breast.

And one feels that it is a prayer unaccompanied by faith —a sentimental prayer. We are annoyed that the author should try to move us by emotion—if it may be called so—of this kind. Technically, however, this is one of the best poems in the volume, although there occurs in it these very amateurish lines:

mate clamours to mate,
Crying aloud for the crumbs
Which you gave, which they ate.

That last line is a mystery.

In the poems in which Mr. Housman deals with things more real than fancies, he displays an unhappy flair for choosing obvious subjects and for treating them sentimentally. He really sees sometimes the objects that a journalist would see; and his themes not infrequently are "silly season" themes. For example, he has a poem entitled "Searchlights," which begins:

Lord, give man eyes to see! 'Twas some
Blind fool, for sure, that said
How lightless London had become
A city of the dead!

How many journalists did not write during the war on the same subject! This verse, on the searchlights, is pure journalism:

While overhead, on beams of light,
Like angels to and fro,
Pale messengers in level flight
The leaping search-lights go.

After that we are only surprised that the author did not exploit the possibilities of his metaphor and call the searchlights guardian angels. A few pages farther on there is another theme treated, which none of the reporters were able to resist:

While war through Flanders sweeps in flood,
And death goes flaring by,
Above the steam and stench of blood
Spring larks are soaring high.

This theme is, no more than lightless London, significant. It is superficially striking; it is picturesque in the vulgar sense, and that is all. Why Mr. Housman should have chosen it we do not know. His best verse is perhaps the following:

Heart, unto Love give all, and the rest is well!
Pain thou shalt know, and sorrow—bear grief and scorn;
Yet have the high Gods come for a shrine to the shell;
Thy flesh hath endured the birth for which Earth was born!

F. NOEL BYRON. Athenian Days. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Byron appears to have been inspired by Greece, both ancient and modern, and he aspires, as evidently, to the form set by the Greek epigram. His verses, although interesting, are sometimes so cryptic that it is difficult to judge them. Take this short poem, entitled "Daybreak":

Last night I stirred, awakened by a touch,
Through trembling curtains, stars swept down the sky.
A wind, flower-kissed, proclaimed the world asleep;
Within my room time throbbed, and all was still.

The piping god rattles his cloven hoofs;
Abashed no more by sleep, the lilies shiver.
Then lo, a form in Nature's parti-coloured cloak
Floats through my room and brings the promised dawn.

The last line of the first verse, and the first line of the second, are good. In the third line, we feel that the author is trying to convey more to us than he does convey, and he appears therefore to be merely banal. The "form in Nature's parti-coloured cloak" which "floats" through the room is simply unintelligible: we suppose the creature must be an amphibian. We are irritated because Mr. Byron has not succeeded in expressing clearly something he has evidently in his mind. His reticence is more happy in another poem, however:

Out of chaos whirling came a fire globe,
Leaping through clouds that cloaked the world's rough limbs,
Till lost in pools where darkness only thrives,
And Echo sings to tireless cataracts.

Out of the fire the artist fashioned man,
And drove him forth to grope in Earth's pale light.
The Artist sighed, then made what he called woman.
His work completed, gazed into time's abyss.

That is cryptic, but it is, in the second verse, impressive, and the last clause is fine. On the whole, there is promise in this little volume, but not yet performance.

NORAH M. HOLLAND. Spun-yarn and Spindrift. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

Miss Holland has more performance than promise. Her little drop of talent is drowned in an ocean of facility. She is terribly at home on Parnassus; in fact, she is as unconstrained there as a tourist. In the "Land of Dreams" she is more at her ease than she ought to be. She can write like this:

Behind the fires, when sunset gleams,
The white gates of the Land of Dreams
Stand open wide,
And all adown the golden road
That leads from that most blest abode
The shadows ride,
Who in the light of common day
May now no more abide.

And so on. Among her intimates there is, needless to say, the Watcher on the Threshold: she says so in such clear prose that we must believe her:

Still standing in the darkness
Outside my door,
The Watcher on the Threshold
Waits evermore.

You have, of course, guessed that she possesses a philosophy. It is not unlike that of the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox—even in expression:

Life is a game that all must play;
Though you win or lose, though you gain or pay,
Whatever the cards you hold, I say,
Throw back your head and laugh. . . . .

Laugh, though the world upon you frown,
Laugh, though the deeps your soul shall drown,
Many a better man goes down—
Throw back your head and laugh.

Alas, after reading this we cannot. Nor does Miss Holland do so herself, for a few pages before, she writes "de profundis," though the depths here do not appear to be very deep:

Better the chains that we have borne so long,
The chains of sin we wove so heedlessly:
Lo, Thou art strong,
Out of the deeps we cry—we cry to Thee,
Lord, set us free.

And then we await the next reel. The volume is the kind that may be filmed.

E. M.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE Aldwych production of "Macbeth" maintains successfully the modern superstition that Shakespeare is dull—as dull as he would have been if Bacon had been the author. Mr. James K. Hackett has lived up to his name; he has hacked the text, and attempted to conceal the gashes by a lavish use of music. I have always contended that no art can invade the theatre without tending to usurp the position of drama; and in this case, Mr. Norman O'Neill's "preludes, interludes, and incidental music," are responsible for some very tedious waits. But the management seem to be determined to improve on Mr. Norman O'Neill; "I'll larn ye to see 'Macbeth,'" they seem to say; and frequently the curtain does not even rise on the last chord of Mr. O'Neill's interludes. We sit there looking at the curtain, and listening to the voices of the scene-shifters sometimes for a full minute after the music has ceased. This, mark you, after ten days' playing! It is a disgraceful exxhibition of incompetence in stage management; Mr. O'Neill's interludes are long enough to permit of the creation of the world, but apparently are not long enough to permit of the setting of a scene. Granted that the settings are unnecessarily heavy, that they have not been economically planned to set within, and to utilise some details of, a whole stage scene; the scene-shifters should at least be trained to remove one scene, and set another, in a given time to synchronise with the music. The music with its everlasting repetitions (the witches, for example, cackle "Ha-ha-ha," "Ho-ho-ho," "He-he-hee," about every three seconds, I should think) reminds me of Nietzsche on Wagner: "He says a thing again and again until one despairs—until one believes it!" No actor worth the name would ever ask the practitioner of another art to interpret a play. Acting is the only interpretative art of drama, and Mr. Norman O'Neill's music seems to me to be Mr. Hackett's apology: "I cannot act."

He really cannot act Macbeth; he has none of that sense of imaginative realism that all dramatic poetry expresses. He has a fine voice, very full-toned and very flexible, a voice that would be worth a fortune to a popular preacher. It is a voice capable, I should think, of expressing normal emotions very effectively, but it is not a voice capable of expressing an internal conflict. It lacks the note of self-torture, the shrill intensity of exaltation, the drear relaxing of abasement. Macbeth was not a normal man delivering moral homilies; he was an abnormal man tormented with moral scruples, to whom Right and Wrong were more than entities or effigies, they were powers, perhaps supernatural powers, fighting not for, but in, his soul. None of his reasons for action will bear a moment's examination, even by himself; he is a driven, haunted man, fulfilling a meaningless destiny, and sorrowing at his fate. He differs from Mr. Hackett by the whole schema of his being, the whole tempo and intensity of his emotional torture; the whole mystery of Life and Fate enshrouds him, he is "borne darkly, fearfully afar" to the nethermost Hell of unconsenting sinfulness, self-condemned beyond hope of pardon. Mr. Hackett's Macbeth is not mysterious, does not belong to legend; he is merely unintelligible in his quotations from Shakespeare.

That is the tone of the whole production; these people are not playing Shakespeare, they are quoting him like people who have never experienced either in life or imagination any real intensity of passion. They play like people better trained to conceal, or, at most, to suggest emotion than to express it; one wants to shout at them: "Let it go": in almost every scene. No one gets the right pitch, that eerie sense of insensate Furies hag-riding human beings, that black-magical uncanniness that we all feel in folk-lore. Mrs. Pat Campbell was a great disappointment to me; I did expect from her that subtle pervading sense of more-than-human power. But in her very first scene, when she was calling upon the "spirits that tend on mortal thoughts" to "unsex me here, and fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full of direst cruelty," she was strolling about as casually as though she were calling upon her maid to help her to disrobe. This invocation to devils needs at least as much intensity as, say, Othello's oath of revenge.

Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief!

Here is the very exaltation of cruelty, which ought not to be rendered in the tones of a cultured lady giving an invitation to lunch. Like Martin Harvey, Mrs. Campbell is trying to play Shakespeare as though he did not affect the legs, except to make "strolling players" of actors. But the whole symbology of this invocation demands a stance; rooted to the earth, she calls upon the spirits of the earth to cut their connection with the heavens. This woman became a Fury by dedication, and drove her husband to his doom by sheer intensity of will. I can understand Mrs. Campbell's contempt for Mr. Hackett; he is not worth hag-riding; but her own reputation as an artist is at stake, and we do not want to chronicle Lady Macbeth as Mrs. Campbell's failure. She used to have tragic power; surely she can remember something more of her technique than the mere hysterical whimpering of the sleep-walking scene.

The whole production is so refined that it is not Shakespeare. Not a murder is done on the stage; no ghost except a green spot-light; no army with branches; nothing but this intolerable Macbeth and this interminable music. The text chopped and cut about to make a music-drama, and even then the actors do not sing it. For the love of drama, give us curtains and acting, and drop all this pretentiousness of scenery and music and "refined" interpretation! I feel that I want to shout Shakespearean epithets at such playing; "bloody, bawdy villain," for a beginning. Where was Lady Macduff, and her son, with his: "Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain"? "Off," where everything of moment was. Macduff lamented for his "pretty chickens, and their dam" whom we had never seen; and Mr. Leslie Faber did not feel the fury of his final lines in this scene.

But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too.

The growing, swelling roar of fury of these lines was quite lost in Mr. Faber's rendering; "Within my sword's length—SET him," is a ludicrous rendering of a line that almost speaks itself—but no one has any poetic sense at the Aldywch.

Views and Reviews.

PSYCHIC RESEARCH—(V).

DR. RICHARD GARNETT, continuing, drew attention to the fact that "a greatly preponderating percentage of scientific men, whose pursuits require concentrated and patient thought, have Mercury either in fixed signs, or in strong aspect with Saturn, or both"; and gave Whewell, Airy, Helmholz, Huggins, Bastian, Williamson, Peacock, Clifford, Lubbock, and Maudsley, as examples. The poetic mind, on the other hand, is of a different type; Emerson, for example, insisted that English "science is false by not being poetic," and declared that "the later English want the faculty of Plato and Aristotle, of grouping men in natural classes by an insight of general laws, so deep, that the rule is deduced with equal precision from few subjects or from one, as from multitudes of lives. Shakespeare is supreme in that, as in all the great mental energies. The Germans generalise; the English cannot interpret the German mind. German science comprehends the English. The absence of the faculty in England is shown by the timidity which accumulates mountains of facts, as a bad general wants myriads of men and miles of redoubts, to compensate the inspiration of courage and conduct." I quote this passage only to show that there is a recognisable difference between the scientific and the poetic types of mind, between the patient accumulation of facts (Saturn is astrologically the planet of accumulation) and the almost divinatory prescience of their meaning. We should expect, therefore, that, if astrology were true in this connection, the mental rulers would be differently disposed or aspected in the horoscopes of poetic and scientific men. We find in "cases of the highest poetic genius," such as Shakespeare, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Heine, Mickiewicz, Carducci, Musset, and Ruskin, that Mercury and the Moon are in opposition, an aspect that, astrologically, does not make for stability.

I do not intend to follow Dr. Garnett's examples any further; there are many more of them, but time and space impose limitations. Enough has been quoted to show that there is a prima facie case for the general proposition that "quartile and opposition aspects between Mercury and the Moon, on the one hand, and Mars, Saturn, and Uranus, on the other, will be found co-existent either with insanity or with the quick, restless, and imaginative temperament most liable to mental disturbance. This general proposition is, of course, liable to the most extensive modifications according to the strength of these planets at the time of birth, and to the influence of the benefic planets, of which our limits forbid us to take notice." My point is that there is a demonstrable correlation between planetary positions at birth (and, a fortiori, at the time of conception) and the type of mind manifested during life; the inference that that correlation indicates a casual connection is not unwarrantable when we remember that the vital functions of vegetation, to take one example, are directly connected with the position of the sun. Childbirth, to take another example, is obviously connected with the moon-cycle, subject, according to a recent French memoir, to a seasonal influence, "a notable maximum of births is found in February and March for most of the countries in the northern hemisphere," when, by the way, the sun is in what astrologers call the "fruitful" sign, Pisces.

But if there is this causal connection between human nature and mind and the position of the planets, we are obviously confronted with a process of creative evolution. That process is as capable of manipulation as any other; there are times when it will produce monsters (some interesting cases are given in E. H. Bailey's "The Pre-Natal Epoch"), times when it will produce geniuses, or normal people. But whatever the nature may be, it is the expression of an organism; there is no idiocy, no genius, no monstrosity, in the abstract. Nerve-impulses, we know, are not specific; their effect depends on the nature of the tissue or organ in which they end. Even if we grant the non-specificity of planetary vibrations, their effect would obviously depend on the organism which they affected; the same sun that will shrivel the grass will give an unprotected man sunstroke, and so on. But astrology indicates with considerable success a specific action of the planets on the organism as a whole, and even on certain definite organs or systems; so that, even by referring to the cosmos, we do not find any justification for the assumption of a "perfect unity, simple and identical," but a "whole by coalition," a complex of forces in play.

Psychic research can make no progress in its enquiry concerning the survival of human personality until it determines the nature and conditions of human personality. Only on the assumption that the "soul" is not an expression of the organism, can the possibility of its survival of the organism be projected. That assumption must be proven in life; a division must be made between the "soul" and the expressions of the organism, it must be demonstrated what functions the "soul" performs, and by what means. We know, as a consequence of ordinary physiological research, that "reflex action is the type of nervous action, and the basis of all psychic activity," that "all psychic activity certainly implies nervous activity, but, all nervous activity does by no means imply psychic activity—nervous activity being far more extended than psychic activity" (Ribot). Nervous activity is an expression of life; the conductivity of the nerves is accelerated by heat, retarded by cold, within certain limits; beyond those limits, it is destroyed. Ex hypothesi, death is an absence of neural conductivity; the nerves will still transmit electrical impulses, but not neural ones; and as nervous activity is the basis of all psychic activity, we cannot suppose that psychic activity can persist when the necessary conditions of its appearance are no longer operative.

Dr. Garnett, it is only fair to say, does not arrive at quite the same conclusion. "Our conclusion," he says, "is manifestly quite incompatible with the doctrine of Metempsychosis. It leaves no room for the intervention of a wandering spirit. Re-incarnation must either take place at birth or antecedently to birth. In either case, the spirit in its return to this world would be subjected to a new set of influences which would make it virtually a new being. Its character would be improved or deteriorated without any merit or fault of its own, and the whole value and moral meaning of its re-incarnation would be lost. The difficulties arising from the phenomena of heredity, meanwhile, would remain as formidable as ever. Traducianism and heredity, on the other hand, are necessary postulates for the theory of sidereal influence. Without them, it would be as difficult to explain why persons born at the same time are not precisely alike, as it is for Traducianists to explain why children exhibit faculties and propensities non-existent in their ancestry, as far as we can tell. Both difficulties are removed if it is shown that to the animal soul derived from the progenitors in the conception, another soul is super-added at birth. The physical generation of the first or rudimentary spirit remains unimpeached, and the fact of inheritance undisputed; but a new and powerful instrument is enlisted sufficient to account for any degree of variability consistent with the general unity of type."

But this doctrine of "souls" super-added is otiose and unnecessary. Dr. Garnett thinks that "the most conspicuous service of this new factor to the theory of Traducianism is to relieve it of its association with ordinary materialism. 'A. B's.' assertion that 'the whole of our being at birth is the result of inheritance' warrants 'J. P. B.'s' comment that 'it becomes difficult to realise any ground of distinction between matter and

mind.'" But it is not only difficult, I find it practically impossible, to realise "any ground of distinction between matter and mind." I find "matter"—that is to say, the living body—everlastingly striving to maintain normals that are necessary to the functioning of the organism; behaving, as we should say, "intelligently" in a crisis, and "liberating oxygen from combination instead of entering into or remaining in it," when, say, a mountain-climber is in difficulty through deficient oxygen-pressure in the air. But that reversal of the process is reflex to a definite, chemical stimulus—and not to any activity of the "mind."

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Satan the Waster: A Philosophical War Drama. By Vernon Lee. (The Bodley Head. 10s. 6d. net.)

Even if we ignore Miss Vernon Lee's palpable delusion that this Ballet of the Nations is suitable for stage production, it is still not easy to give it a welcome commensurate with Miss Lee's sincerity. She is one of those people who have been shocked to the very soul by the unexampled carnage of the late war; she has been offended in every fibre by the manifest stupidity and commonplaceness of those who precipitated the catastrophe; worst of all, she has been appalled by the fact that the very virtues of men are perverted by war to the service of vice. Satan in the play defines himself as "the Waster of all sorts of Virtue"—and such a conception itself indicates the agony of soul that Miss Lee suffered. In the most literal sense of that much misused word, she needs comfort, strengthening; and if we may believe what she has to say of herself in the preface, she has had very little of that. Those who should have understood her looked askance at her, and the addition of ostracism to suffering does not alleviate it; on the contrary, it confirms the suspicion that the bottom has dropped out of the universe, that nowhere is reason to be found in it. But—and here we depart from the personal—this is not the mood in which great art is conceived; tragic irony itself demands an insulation of feeling that Miss Lee has not achieved. While we see what Bishop Blougram called

> The blown-up millions—spatter of their brains
> And writhing of their bowels and so forth

we can only revolt physically at the sight—unless we are under compulsion to tend the injured; indeed, the spectator's view of carnage is the only entirely illegitimate one, and the classical theatrical convention forbids even mimic murder on the stage for this reason. When we can do no good, we have no right even to look at evil: something of that nature seems to be the true law of the Spirit, and it condemns most of the propaganda by horror that experts in herd-psychology indulge in. Even considered psychologically, the method is wrong; for the first effect of the shock of horror is revolt, the last is insensibility; we cannot be shocked into reason. It is only a morbid person like Hamlet who wants to "wring our hearts"; the method of the Gospel evangelist was quite different. In short, if we want people to behave reasonably, we must be reasonable and appeal to reason, not to feeling, more particularly, not to the feeling of horror. The effect we produce is due to the mood we convey or provoke, and it has no necessary connection with the effect we intend to produce.

Miss Lee is not entirely in the stage of emotional revolt against the horrors of war; she has recovered sufficient self-possession to enable her to trace the psychological history of degradation. But the mood unconsciously determines the choice of means, and they reveal the hysterical determination to make us suffer with her before we are enlightened by her. The prologue in Hell, with a bored Satan explaining himself to his admirer, Clio, and whetting the appetite of the Muse of History for a holocaust of the virtues of man, is full of good ideas, particularly definitions of the powers personified by Satan and Death—but we are as bored as Satan himself by the manner of its revelation. A Clio who talks as Mrs. Humphry Ward wrote justly deserves the confidences of Satan, but an explanatory Satan is the very Devil to a reader—he wastes even the intelligence of those doomed to overhear him. He introduces the Ballet of the Nations (conducted by Death) which even the author says must not be shown on the stage, and "none of the music must be audible, except the voice and drum of Heroism." A ballet that must not be danced is a Satanic invention, it is a waste of the creative powers. And the Epilogue, which fobs us off with gramophone records which are intended to show us the paltry people and purposes who provoked this orgy of destruction, adds the final touch to boredom. It is such a pity, for Miss Lee shows a gift of allegorical realism in description that reminds us irresistibly of Bunyan, she reveals a psychological insight (and, towards the end, an optimistic tendency to believe in an enlightened Heroism and perhaps Humanity) that ranks her with the immortals—she fails only in her presentation. Her hope has not yet become creative; it is her horror that has found expression, and hope cannot be efficiently expressed through horror. Her intention is perfectly clear; in the words that Paul wrote to the Philippians: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." She, too, wants us to think on these things, but by contrast instead of direct creation; and she has added one more to the works that we do not want to contemplate or copy. She has shown the horrors of the war, and the stupidity that provoked them; but she has not purged herself or us of horror by creating beauty.

Rainbow Valley. By L. M. Montgomery. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

We forget what is the chief industry of Prince Edward Island, but Miss Montgomery's manufacture of sentimental fiction is well worth consideration in this respect. Imagine a Free Church community all interested in the doings of its minister, imagine that minister a scholar, absent-minded, and a widower with some children, imagine those children to possess the ecstatic qualities (let us say) of the early Christians, add a spinster with maternal feelings and a few cross-currents in them to delay the dénouement, and the story almost writes itself. There is no local, or any other, colour in the story, although "the light that never was on land or sea" except in the best traditions of the Sunday-school movement shines faithfully through Rainbow Valley. Everyone is blue—a most spiritual colour; and "Nokes outdoes Stokes in azure feats: both gorge." Faith has two passages of really delightful humour, her explanation in church of the mistake she and the other children made in doing housework on Sunday, and a letter to the local paper in which she explained why she went to church without wearing stockings; but for the rest, the story touches humanity at the preposterous angle of conventional piety, and has the indefinite universalism of the Mothers' Guild.

Pastiche.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE ENTERS HELL.

BY NICODAI VACHELINDSKI.

The Rhapsodist (descriptively) :
Hell's in a high-pressure blaze to-day—
(Are ye damned, Bonar Law, are ye damned?)
Asbestos devils all dressed up gay.
(Are ye damned, Bonar Law, are ye damned?)
Ole man Satan in black frock coat,
Patent leather pumps on the hoofs of a goat,
Tail in curlers, and his horns poshed up,
For D.Ll. G. is comin' to sup.

Chorus (in ecstatic soprano) :
Are ye damned, Bonar Law, are ye damned?

The Rhapsodist (with unction) :
Ole Lloyd George is a bad ole child,
(Are ye damned, Bonar Law, are ye damned?)
And we're getting the hot-oil geyser biled.
(Are ye damned, Bonar Law, are ye damned?)
Ole Lloyd George is the devil's right hand,
And spreads his gawspel through the land.

Chorus (in an inquiring manner) :
Are ye damned, Bonar Law, are ye damned?

The Rhapsodist (thumping his stomach) :
Ploom! Ploom! Ploom!
Here comes David out o' Downing Street,
With his patchwork party all complete,
Northcliffe, Rothermere, Kerr, Sassoon,
Sutherland, Winston and the Chief Baboon.

In rapid recitative :
Grease-bellied profiteers, Fleet Street hacks,
Frizz-haired phalanxes of saddest W.A.A.Cs.
An' the devils are swarming up the telegraph poles.

Chorus :
We want David!—we want David!

Rhapsodist :
An' its standin' room only for mere lost souls!

Chorus :
We want David!—we want David!

Rhapsodist :
And Nero and the Kaiser are both kicked out!
And ole man Ahab will be soon kicked out!
Out goes Judas and his silver pieces!
Out goes the Bishop who murdered his nieces!
An' the porter he tells 'em to get out of the way,
For David's comin' this very day.
(David's the friend of high financiers,
Oil Kings, Coal Kings, Cuthbert fanciers!)
An' the porters dump their grips in the hall,
For David's comin', David's comin',
David's comin' to pay a call.

Slowly and with lingering emphasis :
David's paying a *compulsory* call.

G. L. T. : R. A. W. G.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

"A dreadful thing happened last Sunday," said the old lady, my hostess in the tiny village where I was spending my holiday.

"Really," I exclaimed, a little incredulously. The sweet old thing's adjectives were very emphatic, and she was inclined to use them rather generously. However, I was her guest, and perhaps she was only doing it to arouse my interest.

"Yes," she emphasised, and I could see she was happy to have made me appear surprised.

"And you could never guess what it was," she went on. "Of course the poor things didn't know. They are nearly all from the big towns, the soldiers we have here, and they couldn't be expected to know really, but the village was horrified."

I wondered idly what these surprising soldiers had done. Of course they had astonished the villagers in many ways. Their absolute ignorance of the conventions of country life, and their indifference to the standards of their new environment had necessarily laid them open to all kinds of wickedness, but it must have been something serious to arouse such sincere horror on the part of my dear old hostess. She was the soul of kindness, and was always ready to do any little thing for these "dear brave boys, although so many of them are so uncouth; not a bit like our villagers."

"You couldn't possibly guess," she said seriously.

"No! Well, tell me."

"It was like this. I went to church last Sunday morning. I like to go in the morning, because everybody else does, and the Squire is there. In the evening it is not so nice. Only the labourers and the maids go.

"Some of the soldiers came to the service. Dear boys, and they made us all feel quite sad. They look so bonny and they are going to that dreadful war. It is dreadful to think of." The good soul hesitated a moment while she thought this over.

"And of course Squire was there. He has two sons in the Army, you know: both officers in France. Of course"—how anxious she was to excuse them—"the soldier boys didn't know, and some of them got up before Squire and his little boy when the service was over, and went out before him. It was a terrible moment. We all thought it most unbecoming, but of course we couldn't very well stop them. Squire wasn't very angry, but just for a moment he looked terrible, I thought. It must have been dreadful for him, and there we all were, sitting aghast. But Squire was very good. He didn't do anything, and some of us went up and saw the officer at the camp, and he promised to do what he could, so I don't think it will happen again."

I really was interested now, and much to the old lady's surprise said I would go to church with her on the following Sunday. She knew I was one of those "misguided" people, who did not go to church, and could hardly believe that I would come: all the same she was very pleased to allow me to accompany her.

I was rather disappointed when we did go. The Squire was not there, but was represented by his youngest boy, a child of perhaps seven or eight years old, dressed very prettily in a velvet suit, and in charge of a footman, who sat in a pew on the other side of the aisle.

I thought the spectacle was denied me, but when the service was over, the congregation stood up passively. Young Master Squire, ever so dignified, if not quite pompous, stalked solemnly down the aisle in solitary glory, followed by the gorgeous footman and met outside the door by another flunkey, who held open the door of a handsome carriage drawn by two magnificent horses.

When he had passed the door the rest of the congregation moved, and as the old lady and I were at the very back of the church, we had a good view of the imposing ceremonial with which the child was ushered into his conveyance.

G. E. FUSSELL.

UNREGRETTED.

Upon all fair seeming
The grass, the grass breathes Elegy;
Lo: alas! pass then, sweet.
Time brings Death that calleth thee,
And that is meet:
For if thereof immaculate
Thou wert, thy curious estate
Might be sung not nor beloved,
But I kiss the roving feet.

Dread Brethren, take her,
For ye are fain, and just:
Nor pray I that ye make her
More than the common dust;
This alone is her shrine,
The song mournfully
Given where the leaf doth shine,
The grass, the grass breathes Elegy.

RUTH PITTER.

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

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