NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The torrent of "peace talks," that so soothingly drowns for us the ever-nearing thunders of another war into which it is itself so sorely bearing us, continues to flow in undiminished volume. The "Times" has had an even more than usually futile article on the Washington Conference. It begins by declaring that the Conference simply must not be allowed to fail, "another war in our time means chaos." But it is prudent enough to follow this up instantly by hedging; "yet, warned by bitter experience, we dare not pitch our hopes too high." It carefully restricts its hopes to "a limitation of armaments." That can have just exactly no effect upon the point of view of the incurable moraliser; it slobbers over "the limited resources which human frailty possesses to overcome itself." From that point of departure one can never arrive within miles of the realities of the situation. Wars do not happen because men are savage or quarrelsome or predatory. Modern wars have a perfectly definite economic cause. The "Times" writer need not go far to hunt for this. His readers had just been scanning the news as to America's protest against the terms of the mandates over ex-German territories given to our Dominions; "the open door and equality of commercial opportunity" are her demands. Exactly; it is a question of fresh markets. Why this necessity for an insatiable quest of foreign markets to the ends of the earth? Why has America, with her vast natural resources and her almost unlimited potential market at home, six millions of unemployed? Let the "Times" find out this. It is regrettable that the bearings of science on public life were not more worthy handled by Sir Edward Thorpe in his presidential address for the scientific association of both sides of the Atlantic would devote themselves to the encouragement of real thinking in regard to economic science, particularly with a view to revealing the economic causes of war, they would be going to the root of matters. It is a vain imagination to dream of pruning the worst horrors of war, while leaving intact a world-system, which, with constantly increasing intensity, requires war. It does their heart credit, but not their intelligence.

The scientists seem to be no better guides than the journalists. The presidential address at the British Association meeting was in the style of a pass-man curate addressing a mothers' meeting. It was all those wicked Germans, instigated by...
Marxian-cum-plutocratic dogma is a patent fallacy. But here again we are up against economies. When almost all "labour," as we know it, has become unnecessary, what is to become of the labourers? Thanks to the grip of financiers, the marvels of mechanical invention have hitherto worked much more for the desolation, than for the uplifting, of the masses. Some of the ablest men of science, such as Professor Soddy, have repeatedly protested against this, and urged a radical change in our financial methods. Indeed they have hinted that our present economic muddle is a serious discouragement to invention, and that the most thoughtful scientific experts will not devise labour-saving inventions, only to enrich financiers, and to destroy the people.

It would be far too flattering to the Trade Union Congress to describe its recent meeting as disappointing. But certainly the record of its proceedings is dismal reading. Labour is evidently not going to help us and the world with the internal issues that may do the Press and science. The resolution on peace and disarmament would have been heartily approved by many Radicals, and, with the exception of their insistence on the direct representation of Labour within the charmed circle of diplomacy, by all Liberals and Cician Tories. This invasion of Labour into international councils would make no difference at all, unless it had something more original than this to say on the problems. Even on its own domestic problems, the Congress did no better. On the subject of prices there was plenty of denunciation of "profiteering"; but "any one can denounce that, and everyone does. It is not worth while to hold a Labour Congress, merely to say ditto to the "Daily Mail" and the "Daily Express." "Profiteering" is only an intensifying cause. The point is that the cost of living must be excessive, so long as prices are made to cover costs. The same wooden conventionality was displayed in the debate on unemployment. It is useless merely to call for maintenance of the unemployed, absolutely justified as the demand in itself is. The only constructive suggestion in the resolution was that the Government should introduce "schemes of work"; but that kind of thing is not going to take us anywhere. Mr. Poulton, in his presidential address, put forward on his own the amazing suggestion that hours should be shortened. The time for this is obviously when the industry is rumbling freely and supplying abundantly the goods people need. To suggest the sharing out of the little work there is as a remedy for the glaring failure of industry to fulfil its function is madness. It would actually make things worse by raising costs.

The capitalist Press has a genius for ruinizing its own case. Mr. Poulton delivered himself into the enemy's hands by his wild-cat proposal, but in rushing to slay him his Press critics themselves plunged into the most obvious of booby-traps. In helpful unconsciousness, they committed themselves to the baldest Marxian Socialism. The cry was raised on every side, "No one can get more than he himself produces." If so, that disposes of the capitalist system. Labour will be quick to see where the greatest blocks of most evidently unearned income are to be found, and will apply the axiom in its own way, and not in that which happens to suit the "Times" and the "Westminster Gazette." Naturally we should not be sorry to see them hoist with their own petard. Nevertheless, believing that the truth is the only sound foundation for any hopeful reconstruction, we are constrained to point out that this Marxian-cum-plutocratic dogma is a patent fallacy. The worker even now, when he is in work, does normally get more than he himself produces, though he does not get nearly as much as he ought. Wealth is evidently produced by the standing machinery of production. If it is alleged that it must be produced by human labour of brain or hand, then we can only say that the labour that produces most of it is the still operating labour of deceased inventors. It is true that the continual putting of fresh labour into the machine is an indispensable condition of its producing at all. But this current labour and, going into production, is merely a necessary lubricant; it bears little proportion to the amount of the possible output. Once this very simple fact is recognized it destroys the whole basis of the "not a penny more than you produce" philosophy. And unless this is frankly abandoned, how can we ever solve the social problem? The atoms, when their habits are fully understood by the scientists, will do most of our work for us, and the majority of us will be denied any right to live, because it is so easy to produce the goods we need that our work is not required for their production.

Amid the general outcry against "Pay for Idleness," General Booth has been very much to the fore. The Salvation Army can always be relied on to defend the economic views of the financial interests that support it so generously. But is there really anything ethically wrong in "something for nothing"? As we have pointed out, the bulk of the wealth produced is an unearned increment, not merely from the point of view of this individual or that, but from that of the whole living generation. It simply accrues to society as a whole; it is strictly a social inheritance. Every member of the community is therefore, as such, entitled to a dividend from it. But there is more than this to be said. No production can be carried on without the constant issuing of credits. Every issue of credit raises prices in some degree. Everyone has, therefore, in the aggregate, paid, in purchasing what he has actually consumed, a large surplus sum in aid of future production, in return for which he has not yet got anything. The unemployed have paid in the past for what they are now getting back in "doles." The principle of "nothing for nothing" is hopelessly untenable, unless the mere function of consuming—indispensable as it is the part it plays in the creation of social credit—is, in itself, reckoned as a "something" within the meaning of the Act.

The unemployed having taken the bit between their teeth and gone in for "directly acting" is various and very determined ways, Mr. Clynes has come out to the Labour Union Congress outside the law on the necessity of demonstrating vigorously on the issue. He seemed to imply the need for somewhat forcible or at least distinctly menacing "demonstrations." But a few weeks ago he and all his like were straining every nerve to canalis the discontent solely into political action, and imploring the unemployed to vote obediently for the Labour Party, and above all things to be good boys. We are not surprised that the unemployed did not take this advice. We simply note, without regret and without approval, that there has been further rioting and looting in more than one industrial centre. If they do these things in the green tree of September, what will they do in the dry tree of December and January?

In an article in the "Daily News" Mr. Emil Davies has been taking up the question of German competition and the rate of exchange. He enumerates several courses, good and bad, which we might adopt in order to meet the situation. One of them is: "We can easily give our manufacturers the 'advantage' enjoyed by the German manufacturers, if we print paper money until the £ is worth 1s. 6d. in neutral markets. This will enrich a few manufacturers and impoverish the nation.
On Foreign Affairs.

By Hilaire Belloc.

I.

The country is in peril. It is not only in peril; to anyone with even a casual knowledge of history, and of contemporary Europe, the disaster has already begun.

In such circumstances it is the duty of every citizen to do what he can for the State. It is not sufficient to point out the peril, even if there were as yet no more than peril; still less is it difficult to deplore disaster when the beginnings of disaster are apparent; mere denunciation at such a late stage in the business is worse than useless.

We have to cast about us, each in his own sphere, to discover how each can help the National affair.

I do not say that such a determination can now be of much practical effect. Even if a hundred sincere and free men (I say free men because the employees of the great capitalists do not count, having no liberty of action) were, each in his own sphere, to begin doing all possible to avert or mitigate disaster they would now do little. Not even if they were organised, could they, I fear, retard appreciably what is about to strike us. The forces against us are too vast to allow, to continuous. The directives, both conscious and unconscious, are on too great a scale, and have behind them too much momentum, by this time, for our tardy action to seem of much service. But you never can tell; I have noticed that, sometimes, in the immediate past, quite isolated personal action has had an astonishing effect. The Douglas scheme of credit, put forward by one man and his colleagues, is an example; at any rate, whatever the odds, it is our duty to try.

In the category of perils, and even in the category of actual incipient disaster, the most serious unit would at first sight seem to be the domestic. If ten out of ten would, I think, argue to-day in England that the break up of Capitalism (whether it ends in an impoverished freedom or, as is more probable, in impoverished servile conditions) is the chief peril of the State. To our modern absorption in economics, the greatness and power of modern England seem wholly bound up with the Capitalist system, which system England first among the nations created and developed.

There is a minority which would give more weight to the political side. These would say that the disaster has begun because England, once an aristocratic State, had now lost its essence. They would say that, since England as a democracy is inconceivable (no aristocratic State has ever turned into a democracy, and England as we know her cannot even dream of democracy) there is nothing to replace the old aristocratic spirit which is now decayed beyond recovery; therefore (they would add) the principle of life in the English State has gone. The whole thing has become a drift—and we know what happens to societies that drift. Some of this minority might hope for a reconstruction, for some form of monarchy; but, at any rate, this minority would, like the majority of which I have just spoken, tell us that the chief peril was domestic.

It has been impressed upon me during a great number of very uncommercial times I have been undertaken during and since the war, that there is another factor at least equally important and more immediate than the domestic factor, and that is the factor of Foreign Policy.

I went up and down North Italy in the middle of the war to the Front and to Rome. A year after the Armistice I returned, not only reading what was printed, and talking to men who could direct, but also finding out what the mass of people were saying.

I have spent some little time in French and Spanish North Africa, talking there to men with a very good outlook, the clearer because it was detached.
I have seen a little of what was said and thought in Spain, a great deal of what was said and thought in France. I have seen the spirit and heard the profession of the Rhine Germans, in their most diverse characters; at Strasbourg, for instance, and at Frankfort, as well as at Bayeux; and though I have not gone farther East, since the war, than the Black Forest and the upper valley of the Main, yet I have had a fairly wide field of observation, and I have of course, within that western field, met many men who could talk to me of the conditions in the centre and east of Europe—particularly of the new Poland.

From such observation one cannot but conclude that the inconherent conduct of British foreign affairs by the uneducated Press, Cabinet and finance is the greatest immediate peril confronting this country. It has already produced its first clear disaster in the matter of Ireland.

The matter of Ireland is essentially a matter of foreign policy. The understanding that the Irish affair should be honourably settled—at the expense of which understanding we obtained leave from the Americans not to bring it forward in the Peace Council at Paris—was a department of foreign policy.*

The Sham Home Rule Bill was therefore almost entirely a part of Irish Foreign Policy, a step to gain time. The subsequent attempt to crush the Irish nation by a system of terror organised by the Cabinet in England (and disavowed by them) was again essentially an example of that Cabinet's Foreign Policy—if it can be called a policy at all.

The panic and the wriggling, the amazing appointment of Greenwood, the puerile falsehoods and the final breakdown; all lie essentially in the region of Foreign Affairs. The panic was not mainly due to such power as the Irish themselves could exercise. It was due to the fear of foreign intervention. To the same cause one must put down the attempted repudiation of responsibility for the Terror, and, of course, the last sudden revolution, the recognition of the present De Facto Irish Government, and all the rest of it.

Even so domestic a matter as our production of coal has been essentially a part of our policy—or lack of policy—in Foreign Affairs. The politicians gambled on the continuance of conditions under which France and Italy were at our mercy for coal: they imposed fantastic prices on the foreigner, and maintained a high tariff on our market was captured by America, the Western field, met many men who could talk to me of the conditions in the centre and east of Europe—particularly of the new Poland.

* At the Secret Peace Council in Paris it was almost certainly plied by Lloyd George that the Irish demand should be met, for he has himself denied the incident on his honour in the House of Commons.

It is worth remarking that, in this crisis, the Germans, relying on our expressed policy, began to hold up the treaty supplies.

World Affairs.

The real central gravity of the human Imperium is London; for as the nervous system of an organism is its awareness and freedom, its entelechy or inwardness, London and the government of the British Imperium, Westminster and the British throne, are the centre of the Geon and of humanity in this moment of history. If the technique and power-body of Sophia on the human planet is world-statesmanship and the organisation of the human kingdom, this statesmanship and this organisation must be revealed and incarnated in London and at Westminster, in London and in the cathedral of the prophet of Sophia. For Paul is the founder of Protestantism and of incarnational Christian ethics and of metaphorical or practical Christi- tianity. Metaphorical Christianity, we call the religion of Paul, who was the real founder of practical and ethical Christianity. Metaphor and practice is Paul, individualism and freedom. His religion of social work and of human communism, of esoteric, psychological interpretation, of spiritual interpretation of the central event of the human destiny, became the specific Christianitiy of the North of Europe and of Aryanland. Not the Mediterranean race of Europe, nor her Alpine race, but her Nordic or pious people white by being of the threefold Europe. In so far as the Christian Religion is not Sophia herself on the human plane, but one of the world's religions, one among others, though perhaps the supreme among them because the most pan-human—in so far the whole of threefold Chris- tianity is represented in the world best by Protestantism, by the metaphorical, human, agnostic, workable and working religion of Paul. Protestantism is conquering the East and the coloured world in as far as it can be said that Christianity is conquering at all. The organ- ised and intellectual Aryan European has complemented himself by the chaotic and pseudo-theology of the Semite Paul, of the Old Testament within the New Testament. The Logico race has chosen the most Sophia of Christians; while the Mediterranean or Africoid race of Europe has allowed itself to be organised and ruled by the iron and historic Christianity of Rome. Peter and mystic Christianity, anthropological and biological Christianity, are Rome. The Alpine race, the Slavs, and Asiatic Europe have adopted the Johannine or apoc- alypptic Christianity, the wholly dogmatic and cosmic reading of the Infinite Deed, of the self-revelation of God in the Universal Man. The Christianity of Rome is mystic and anthropological in character; that of Orthodoxy proper is anti-human, is wholly a revealed and secret doctrine; the bridge between the eternal religion of the Secret Doctrine itself and the pragmatic religion of Christendom.

Body, Soul, Spirit—the technique of the Sophian body, the action and the moral nature of Universal Human- ity, and the presence of the Ineffable and Infinite in the spirit of divinised humaness—such is the threefold and functional division of the One Christendom. Catho- licism, Protestantism, Orthodoxy—such is the indivi- sible and complete power-body of Sophia in the world. Each one of these functions of Christendom is an or- ganic and providential instrument of the integrating and self-redeeming desire of humanity; and Europe, with her threefold Christendom, is the supreme treasure and the Holy of Holies of the human species. Christendom itself is the entelechy and the kernel of the pan-human organisation; and Europe, one although threefold, is the Geonic body, the telluric tool, and instrument of lat- temand. Upon the mystery of the Soul, between the infinite mystery of the Spirit, and the finite, perishable mystery of the Body, depends the conduct of the human being. The reality of man is in this unitive and middle principle. Soul is indefinite and free. Providence is Spirit. Destiny, fate, is Body. Being, is Body. God is Spirit. Coherence is Soul. Logic and unconsciousness is body. Super-consciousness and the seraphic anti-humaness is spirit.
Consciousness, humanness, normalness is soul. Past is reason and matter. Future is super-consciousness and potentiality. Present is consciousness. The essential function of the Roman Church has been discharged, though the Past is living in the present. The essential function of the Orthodox ecstasy is yet to come, though the instincts of the future are the direction of the present. The world-function of the Protestant must be discharged in this very moment of the world's agony and prostration. Soul is the middle and the properly human principle of man; for to her belongs crisis and tension; indecision, omnipotentiality; dawn and twilight. Crisis and change and duration is Soul; and humanness proper is the present and the most real reality of the world. We have spoken enough of the transitional and transmitting, of the mediating and critical position of Britain and Albion in evolution. Once more we define the Sophian duty of England in the world. It is the duty of pan-human impartiality. Great Britain is the bridge between the world's past and the world's future. For this Aryan element is the mother and the womb of the fathomless empire of the American Man; and America, we repeat, is the birth of the supra-Aryan essence, the terrible mystery of the new physique of humanity. More than this, the Aryan empire is itself an empire cosmopolitan and anti-Aryan, an empire that is as yet only international and anti-Sophian instead of being an Imperium working humanity. More than this, the Aryan, an empire that is as yet only international and anti-Sophian against the Sophia, in the Universal Humanity.

Space demands condensation, although the immediacy of the realities that constitute our problem, the obscurity of things ultimate and spiritual with which we are dealing, demand elucidation. Results and motives, however, are more essential for our purpose than means and methods. Briefly, therefore, and without shrinking from dogma and deduction, let us clarify so much: Infinity is that which is indeterminate, immediate. The philosophy of Europe ended not in Bergson or in the pragmatism of America; neither did it end in the majestic synthesis of the Russian Solovyov. For Solovyov's is a pan-human philosophy, not Aryan and specifically European. And the Jew and genius Bergson is the inaugurating vogue with the unfettered William James, of a philosophy supra-Aryan rather than Logical. The thought of Europe completed its sublime circle and serpentness in the world-important work of the last of the Germans, Eduard von Hartmann. The "Canon of Categories" and the "Philosophy of the Unconscious" are the end of the Promethean thought of Europe. Reason cannot go further. In the concept of the Unconscious of Hartmann's definition the revelation of the Christian creeds meets the eternal truth of the Vedanta and the most ancient gnosis of China.

IN NUBIBUS

H. H. MYTON.
supporting it out of desperation and simply because there is nothing else before them to support. It is hopeless and useless, but when no other issue is permitted to be put before us, we must approve despairingly what is hopeless and useless. We must believe in nonsense, there is nothing else; it keeps us at any rate from the acknowledgment that there is no remedy from our evils; and we cannot believe that, for it is against the spirit of humanity—the essential constitution from our evils; and we cannot believe that, for it is deceiving themselves. It is not a question of there being 108 women to 100 men,” he said, “and wondering how they can all be married. Such a view is appalling. We are concerned about the sanctifying of marriage and the making of it a divine vocation.” Such a view is appalling, and yet, under one disguise or another, it is the view of almost all the sober gentlemen and ladies who have been writing (partly because they have nothing else to do and partly to show that they are experts) on the subject. The problem is plainly regarded as merely statistical, or as statistical and physiological, or as statistical, physiological, and moral. Surely it should be unnecessary to say to people who are not professed cynics that this attitude is strikingly false, sub-human, anti-human; yet it is necessary, for the publicists who think in this way are “friends of humanity,” Utopians, idealists, men who want to see humanity “better,” and by no means cynics, or even aware that they are cynics. Such a radical misunderstanding of the human spirit as this, such a terrible partiality in apprehending the spiritual reality of one of the oldest and the commonest of human institutions, one would have thought would not have been widespread in any age. Yet in this age it is the rule among those who call themselves reformers, but who can more truly be called specialists. It is hard for a specialist to refrain from being a reformer; it is immediately expected of him; and public superstition has gone so far in this direction that statistics, in themselves mere numbers, are supposed to have some mysterious regenerative power upon men. This kind of “reform” has had many effects, perhaps some of them good, but one at least evil. The specialist, possessing his numbers, and his human truth upon some evil, immediately urges the reform of this fraction under the impression that he is dealing with the whole evil. In this way the spiritual reality of human relationships is innocently undermined. The worst is that the “reformers” have always some justification. There is most certainly a problem raised by the revealed disproportion between the male and the female population of the country; and it is, in part, a problem involving statistics, physiology and economics. But to regard it as involving only these is worse than not to regard it at all.

It is a pity that psychologists know so little about themselves that they cannot agree without being disagreeable. The “Daily Express” the other week gave an interview with a “specialist” in “a mental hospital in the neighbourhood of London” which “easily does cure nothing else” and this specialist affirms that “the psycho-analysis we employ must not be confused with some of the half-baked methods used by certain private practitioners who talk glibly of complexes and libidos, and sometimes do much harm by needlessly instilling ideas into the minds of their patients.” The only reply that one, whether one is a psychologist or not, can make to a person who talks like this is that he has got his “libidos” wrong, and not merely grammatically. Psychologist, analyse thyself.

EDWARD MOORE.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The production of “Christopher Sly” (whom all the actresses, including the importation from the Old Vic, persist in calling Thly; why is it that young actresses always lipth their thibianth?) has its own significance. This turning back and speculating on the minor characters of a creative artist is an indication that the stream of creative energy has run dry—a fact which may shake Mr. Shaw’s faith in Creative Evolution, with a corresponding “spiritual crisis” which will afford his biographer matter for a couple of chapters. The Greek poets used to offer new versions of old myths; they did not, so far as I am aware, speculate on the possible history and destiny of Ulysses’ swinherd, or Agamemnon’s body-servant. One thinks of Disraeli’s: “What a party, where the countess was absolutely driven to speculate on the possible destinies of a Lord Hull?" when confronted with these elaborations of unimportant persons. One might as well ignore Dombey and Son, and write a novel about Miss Tox, or ignore “Fanny’s First Play,” and develop the character of Mr. Cecil Savoyard, ignore the Hamlet problem, and give us a study of the gravestadker, as take Sly from his function and expand him into a personality. One has definitely dropped from the level of creative art to that of reproductive and imitative art; the choice of subject, as well as the method which one chooses, says the minor poet. One knows that the treatment must be conventional and sentimental; the vellity of the spirit revealed in the choice is incapable of creation on the higher level of significance.

Thly at the New Theatre (I cannot help it: I musth lithp) is not Shakespeare’s tinker; he is Shakespeare’s tinker as he would have been if Shakespeare had been a minor poet. The facts that the story of the “Induction” is of Oriental origin, has appeared in a great variety of forms in European literature, and had lost its romantic character by the time that it reached Shakespeare, serve to show us that Giovacchino Forzano, or his translator, Mr. H. B. Cotterill, is trying to preserve the verdict of evolution. Thly, at the New Theatre, ith a poet ath well ath a tinker; and Shakespeare’s Sly, although “by birth a pedlar, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and by present profession a tinker” never mooed the Wuses as Thly doth. Thly is a poet, because unless one adds a soul to a set, one cannot be sentimental above all. The soul of the poet is the one-fourth of the human truth upon some evil, immediately urges the reform of this fraction under the impression that he is dealing with the whole evil. In this way the spiritual reality of human relationships is innocently undermined. The worst is that the “reformers” have always some justification. There is most certainly a problem raised by the revealed disproportion between the male and the female population of the country; and it is, in part, a problem involving statistics, physiology and economics. But to regard it as involving only these is worse than not to regard it at all.

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serious, soulful; and those "demireps who love and save their souls in new French books," that Bishop Blougram described, respond to it. It is the Earl's mistress (absurdly called Dolly in the play; her proper name is Angelina) who begins to feel that fellow-feeling that makes us wondrous kind (as Titania felt when she kissed the donkey) when Thly talks of Death. The Earl never talked of Death; at most, he only decreed it; Thly, without any advantages of education or station, was better informed than the Earl. He not only knew that there was something called Death, but, being a poet, he fell in love with it; also being a poet, he did not make it his lawful wife, but his mistress. The morals of these personifications really deserve the attention of Comstock: Hamlet told us that Fortune is a strumpet, Mr. Shaw's Don Juan declared that Nature is a pandar, and now Thly maketh Death hith mithrath.

But, one may ask, what is the interest of these reconstructions of the unconsidered trifles of a master? Shakespeare picked up a sot and played a joke upon him, as an excuse for a robust comedy that has more interest and significance in one scene than can be found save their souls in new French books," that Bishop Thly never talked of Death; at most, he only decreed Thly, without any advantages of education or station, was better informed than the Earl. He not only knew that there was something called Death, but, being a poet, he fell in love with it; also being a poet, he did not make it his lawful wife, but his mistress. The morals of these personifications really deserve the attention of Comstock: Hamlet told us that Fortune is a strumpet, Mr. Shaw's Don Juan declared that Nature is a pandar, and now Thly maketh Death hith mithrath.

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The common man. A literature of Alexandrinism is therefore likely to be learned, critical and well-bred. Its defects may be narrowness, pedantry, over-wrought triviality and inability to distinguish between the encyclopedic accumulation of facts and the true art of using them. An Alexandrian period is too consciously literary, an age of virtuosity, of artistry rather than of art.

Our best critics are already in danger of this disease. Even Mr. T. S. Eliot might muse on the premonitions wrapt in these phrases. But my belief is that Mr. Eliot, and the other critics I have named, will find circumstances too much for them: there is a fullness of experience in our modern life that demands—if it does not enforce—a temperation in our thought. Our minds get unconsciously tempered and this may be the salvation of more than one Alexandrian.

It is rather futile to name a movement before it is born, but should it be admitted that the emotional trance of romanticism is dispersed from our common mind, no time should be lost in advancing an alternative "myth." Historically, I think we should continue the development of that New Humanism which had its brief life in the latter third of the eighteenth century: that humanism typified in the clear, lyrical intellect of Lessing. We might describe it as a classicism that looks to Athens rather than to Rome, an I thereby distinguish it from the French Classicism that Professor Wright has studied. This new humanism should have found its complete exponent in Goethe, but the unlucky star of modern Europe had already risen in Rousseau, and Goethe fell a victim to its malignity. Goethe is a spoilt genius, a battered torso. It is not difficult to distinguish the good and the bad, the present and the missing, in his work. The conjunction of opposites is always there—in "Wilhelm Meister" no less than in "Faust," in his romantic classicism no less than in his classical romanticism. And all the same he does not fulfill Pascal's definition of a genius, which is to contain in oneself opposite extremes and to occupy all the space between them; as Pascal himself did. Goethe is nothing but extremes, and the volume of his work appears to me as no more than literary lumber among which the modern reader must proceed warily to discover the value that does undoubtedly exist there.

I do not think "the new humanism" is an ideal slogan for our renaissance: the metaphysicians have made a terrible hash of the connotation of the word "humanism" and it is difficult to maintain it as a proper counter for the true type of culture. But this was its original use, and then it implied the discipline of imagination to human needs. Discipline and imagination: we cannot, you see, escape two elements in the discussion of this problem: they correspond to the fundamental systole and diastole of life—the eternal see-saw of good and evil, of mind and matter, of reason and feeling. Classicism and romanticism, theory and imagination, are but other aspects of the contending forces, the plus and minus of experience. The only wisdom counsels the avoidance of excess. In the realm of literature excess in our day is chiefly sensual: it may be otherwise the definition of Alexandrinism quoted above makes clear. But Alexandrinism is a flabby phenomenon, and the most necessary lesson to learn, before the present listlessness of the arts can be rectified, is the insufficiency of formalism. It is a lesson that goes counter to a good deal that is prevalent in so-called modernism—I need only mention, for instance, the "impulsive" philosophy of Mr. Bertrand Russell; but on the other hand, there is evidence of a good deal of somewhat mute support, and for an instance of this there is the philosophy of Mr. Santayana.

Towards National Guilds.

There is something a little devilish in the satisfaction with which men announce that there is no "royal road" to improvement, no "short cut" to Utopia, no "panacea" for human ills, and so on. These prophets, it may be observed, are usually people who have fared very well themselves, but only after much exertion on their own part; and an acute observer may discover another common feature of the tribe, namely, envy of those who have acquired anything without exertion. How far back into history this envy of brawn of brains (for that is what it is) extends, we cannot tell; but it must have been at its worst when brain was just beginning to count as a factor in progress. Evolution by natural selection—that is to say, by suffering without exertion, by experience without intelligence, by reflection without foresight—was, we may assume, the convention of progress until the appearance of brain, wherupon evolution by epigenesis became possible, evolution, that is to say, by rational and intelligent selection, evolution by short cuts and royal roads. The first exhibition of this new power of man can be conceived as having cast a gloom over the older dispensation with results that, in those days, may easily have been sanguinary. "We'll teach these blasphemous upstarts to win God's favours without paying the Devil's price!" Practically every epigenesis or leap forward in human progress has been made in the teeth of the brute in man.

There can be little doubt that we have arrived at a moment in human evolution when an act of epigenesis is again necessary. The state of the world is such that evolution by natural selection alone is doomed to result in reaction. There is a stile to be got over, an unusual exertion of intelligence to be made; and in default of a leap, a royal road, a short cut, mankind will not simply stay where it is, but die in millions in the last ditch. Such a critical moment is bound to intensify the ancient antagonism between minds of the conservative and minds of the progressive type; and the present almost universal clash of the intelligentsia with the bourgeoisie establishes its general character. For the bourgeoisie and the intelligentsia are not differentiated merely on class lines, as the Marxians superficially suppose, nor is their antagonism confined to the economic sphere. They are types of mind older than the hills, but brought to-day into sharper conflict than usual by the fact that a critical decision is due to be made. Whether an act of epigenesis is possible, in view of the strength of the conservative element and the lamentable weakness of the present intelligentsia, it is hard to say. The unchallenged currency of the phrases about there being no royal road, no short cut, is an evil sign; and when, in addition, a measure of scepticism is to be found in the minds of the epigenetic themselves, the outlook may be said to be unpromising.

Next to the conservatism of the bourgeoisie (who, but for epigenesis, would still be climbing trees and running on all fours) the most alarming sign of this decisive age is the conservatism of the intelligentsia. It is exhibited, unfortunately, in the propaganda of Credit-reform with which, up to the present, the majority of our intelligentsia seem only to be treading. It is as if, to the majority of those who are "interested" in Credit-reform, the work before us had unlimited time at its disposal, and could afford to be deferred to the
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Views and Reviews.

GRAND GUIGNOL HISTORY—I.

It is unfortunate that this book* should have come to me for review about a fortnight after the "Times" had exposed "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion" as a forgery, probably made "by some member of the Russian Secret Police," as the "Times" declared in its leader of August 18. Mrs. Nesta Webster shows, by the familiar device of parallel columns, the practical identity of the teaching of the "Protocols" with that of the code of Weishaupt, who, we are told, founded the Bavarian Illuminati on May 1, 1776. The fact that the Protocols are a paraphrase of a pamphlet written by Maurice Joly against Napoleon III need not prevent us from being thrilled by Mrs. Nesta Webster's revelations. She declares that "the so-called 'Elders of Zion' were admittedly masons of the 33rd degree of the Grand Orient"; and the fact that the original of the Protocols was written by a French lawyer does not diminish the possibility that "the so-called 'Elders of Zion' were admittedly masons of the 33rd degree of the Grand Orient," which lodge, I understand, is situated in Paris. The fact that the pamphlet was written against Napoleon III, who at one time was a member of the Cevenois, which lodge and the chart is to be directly descended from Illuminism, need not surprise us; it seems to be part of the conspiracy for the conspirators to attack one another.

The general theory of this book has been familiar to me for years; I think it was "Stanhope of Chester," who at one time wrote "Foreign Affairs" for The New Age, who tried to explain foreign politics as a conflict between the Grand Orient Lodge, of Paris, and the Vatican. Mrs. Webster's Catholic sympathies are apparent; and that there is a conflict between Catholicism and Masonry even a person like myself, who is neither a Catholic nor a Mason, is aware. I have blundered on it more than once in the course of conversation as well as of reading; and I have never been able to understand what it is about. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me" seemed to be the basis of both harangues; and as I was not looking for a god at the moment, I confess that I was not interested. Mrs. Webster certainly offers an explanation; it Illuminised Masonry really does preach Revolution, and the Catholic Church really does stand for Law and Order, and both reside in secret societies, which lodge and Masonry even a person like myself, who is neither a Catholic nor a Mason, is aware. I have blundered on it more than once in the course of conversation as well as of reading; and I have never been able to understand what it is about. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me" seemed to be the basis of both harangues; and as I was not looking for a god at the moment, I confess that I was not interested. Mrs. Webster certainly offers an explanation; it Illuminised Masonry really does preach Revolution, and the Catholic Church really does stand for Law and Order, and both reside in secret societies, which lodge and Masonry even a person like myself, who is neither a Catholic nor a Mason, is aware. 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* "World-Revolution: The Plot Against Civilisation." By Nesta H. Webster. (Constable. 12s. net.)
secret societies do not give information (I read Heckettorn when I was young), the task is really impossible. It has been stated again and again that even hypnotism has failed to make a Mason betray the secrets of his craft—and the historical student is not usually a hypnotic person. As she tells us that the powers exercised by the modern Illuminati are occult powers, and range from hypnotism to black magic," the historical student might find himself catalyzed like Braid's assistant when he tried to hypnotize some one. And Black Magic—ugh! It sounds worse than Black Justice.

But if I cannot rebut Mrs. Webster's case, I can make certain criticisms which, I think, would occur to any reader of her book. She tells us that "the instructions for the degree of Regent" in the Illuminati contain this passage: "The great strength of our Order lies in its concealment; let it never appear in any place in its own name, but always covered by another name and another occupation." Every Illuminatus apparently swore to conceal the fact that he was illuminating, or whatever it was called—and yet Mrs. Webster can tell us the name of every prominent person in the Order. One wonders how it is done, until one remembers that politics is the waspsnitch, and politicians the washer-women, of national life. To call a man an Illuminatus is no more a proof of it than to call an old woman a Witch proves that she is in league with the Devil. Political oratory is always rather fervid, and given to the use of picturesque phrases; a comparatively sober speaker like Mr. Asquith, for example, used the cliché: "We will never sheath the sword"; when the sword was sheathed, and left behind at the depot; and in times of political excitement, the use of opprobrious names does not decrease. Was not Mr. Asquith, to use the same example, called a pro-German, was he not called with the best known in the land in the filthy accusation made by Mr. Pemberton-Billing? What reason have we for supposing that the appellation of Illuminatus has any more validity than Mr. Billing's assurance that Mr. Asquith's name was in the Black List? It has been in many a Blue Book, many a White Paper; and it might well be in a Black List, or a Red Magazine, or a Yellow Press, without proving any more than the fact that it was there.

Mrs. Webster cannot have it both ways. If the "whole secret" of the secret order "depends on secrecy," nothing but criminal negligence on the part of its members can explain the notoriety which they obtained. Secret societies are supposed to punish such treachery severely—and it is certainly a fact that many of them are dead, including the founder. But I incline to believe that Mrs. Webster is more concerned to convict of "conspiracy" than she is to evaluate the evidence of it; there are some notable hiatus which she bridges with an inference, she works the "identity of teaching" method to death, apparently in ignorance of the fact that the six points of the Illuminati program are commonplace of philosophy and history, and she is childish in her alarms for the present day.

A. E. R.

The New Age

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Reviews.
The Dark Geraldine. By John Ferguson. (The Bolley Head. 8s. 6d. net.)

Those who like mystery stories, with secret societies, will find just what they desire in this book. Mr. John Ferguson's bewildering story quite to their taste. We confess that we sat up late to finish it—which shows that Mr. Ferguson has the gift of gripping attention and holding it. The plot turns on a cipher concealed in a small picture which is traced to a Scotch village named Gart, and is there in the possession of the village lawyer. One of the points that remains obscure to us is: "Who hid the drawing in the lawyer's office?" We will not spoil the reader's interest by stating where it was found; but as everybody in the story seems to be concerned with discovering it, and no one with hiding it, it is impossible to get a clue. Such a story depends for its effect upon the author's power of creating suspense and suspense—and Mr. Ferguson has it. We even suspected Macgregor for a time. But there is also some good characterisation, notably of the lawyer himself and the village constable; and emphatically it is a book to read.

Insanity and Mental Deficiency in Relation to Legal Responsibility. By William G. H. Cook, LL.D. (London.) (Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.)

This "thesis approved for the Degree of Doctor of Laws in the University of London" is a valuable study in psychological jurisprudence. The conflict between the legal and medical definitions of responsibility has usually been waged over criminal cases; but the question of civil responsibility is much more important, and the law on this point is by no means so clear as it ought to be. Mr. Cook has examined over 200 leading cases, and has also made a study of the laws of many foreign countries; the result is a clear and comprehensive statement of the law as now existing, with suggestions for amendment where necessary. The book abounds in definitions, as it should do; and Mr. Cook has done everything possible to make it an acceptable textbook on the subject. It is corrected by Sir John Macdonell and Sir Robert Armstrong Jones in faces, and is of particular value not only to lawyers but to psychiatrists and graduates studying for the diploma in Psychological Medicine.


This pamphlet reminds us of the blood-curdling posters outside the picture palaces. We see the motor just toppling over the bridge, and are expected to be so thrilled that we shall go inside to learn the issue. Mr. Page promises amazing revelations, but exposes nothing except his own hysteria. Whether there is any solid fact behind his capitals and italics—whether he has really been a victim of injustice under the libel laws (in which there is nothing inherently improbable)—it is impossible to gather from this effusion. On the whole we are inclined to take the persecution as little seriously as the "Sane and Rational System of Rule," which is to "achieve the redemption of humanity."

The Resurrection of Shagpat.

By Denis Saurat.

I.—THE MEETING OF NOORN.

It was re-ordained that Shibli Bagarag, nephew to the blissful Shagpat, whom Queen Rabesqrat, Empress of the single-thoughted, had reinstalled among the peoples of the earth. And his name was more terrible than of yore in the East, for he was now enthroned, lolling in his superfluity of hair, among the nations of the West; and his name was awe inspiring, dreadful to hear, dreadful to hear of, even; and few were among the magicians of the earth who could pronounce or interpret it aright. It can be spelt out in this tale only after the mastering of the new event, for else it would even wreck the tale and the teller. If the old grammar of identity to men and words be left out, it may be written down once, though not pronounced. Whoso readeth this tale aloud to the congregated people around the blazing hearth, or whoso telleth of this to the folk on the market place, is warned by the Teller of the Tale not to undertake such a performance. He is to say it aloud, for truly it is as a thunderbolt in its effects. And His Name—Allah preserve us this once—was France.
Now then, the world had changed, and the great faith of the people of yore existed only in scattered and inconsiderable fragments, as though some giant had kicked the blazing heap to dispersion, scattering here and there the glowing embers and the half-burnt and inconsiderable fragments, as though some giant blaze again, remembering the glorious conflagration of gone days. But the breath of magicians and women and philosophers is too weak for that; the breath of the people is wanted thereto. Shibli Bagarag himself, in the course of his centuries of sleep, had learnt too many things; so that, having read, as all men, the history of his past adventures and of his glory, and how once already he had shaved Shagpat, yet he did not believe very mightily that he was verily that same Shibli Bagarag come back into the world. Wherein he erred, for he had greatly to suffer all through the Enterprise, owing to his lamentable lack of faith.

But he felt within his soul a great force as a hungering lion that seeketh his prey, and an irresistible desire to Master the Event. And if anyone feels likewise let him try; for the poet has said:

The worth of the pudding
Is in the beating,
And the proof of the pudding
Is in the eating.

Now it was after a great war and all the different nations of the earth were very mistrustful one of the other. And it befell that Shibli Bagarag was outside a certain great city and he dared not attempt to enter it, for he had not a passport; nor the wherewithal to fee the officials that give passports; and he was sorely afraid of the prison and of the judges, as all that are afraid of. And lo! as he was meditating on his plight, for his looking upon him, as he thought, with a favourable brow. So hope revived within his breast, and he returned her gaze boldly yet not over boldly as he walked towards her.

She was of a middle height, graceful as a young tree whose branches are not thick yet, but round and well shaped; and there was elasticity in the line of her bosom, and solidity in the line of her head, and her colour was as it should be, as though a still new heart were harmoniously pouring rivers and sheets of red under her white skin; and her teeth were small and hard; her eyes a little wider apart under a broader face was always somewhat mischievous. She spoke to him without waiting for his incipient salutation:

"Let us not waste time over preliminaries, O youth of my soul," she said. "I see by the tackle at thy side, and thy garb and thy countenance, and the throbbing of the dirt of the journey hides not on thy face; and also I feel by the feeling of my heart which has yet never felt such a feeling, that thou art none other than he, the predestined one, the Master of the Event, even Shibli Bagarag." And while he let drop the jaw of amazement, taking fair advantage of him, she added quickly:

"Know then that I in my turn am none other than Noorna bin Noorka, no less predestined than thou art." So he thought within himself, wondering and hesitating as ever: "Noorna bin Noorka! She was called of old the Eclipser of Reason, but now verily she taketh reason by storm. And yet who knows; it may be she has read the Tale—and who has not? And knowing me by the signs, she pretends to be Noorna, to have a share in the Event, to be carried on my back and in my hide as a flea to the Goal of Lives and utmost felicity. But lo. I will devise a test and test her!"

"O Noorna bin Noorka, welcome is the sight of thy face, after the centuries of sleep and the years of waiting; and doubly welcome thou not to come again in the shape of the old woman, hard to fondle, difficult to cherish, impossible to recognise; and doubly welcome that thou comest after the event is already mastered, and so I have not been encumbered by the care and the consideration of thee. For rejoice, O Noorna bin Noorka, that the Event has been achieved unknown to the whole Earth, and I am coming now but to claim the glory and enter the Kingdom, with thee at my side, fairest of the innumerable fair. And it was appointed that thou shouldest be waiting for me outside the city, for to all that have achieved an event everything that happens is planned according to desire; and my desires are now fully content!"

But she laughed at him, clapping her hands, and cried:

"O thou youth of wit, thou youth of mistrust! But I shall punish thee for this; and think not that thou gettest the kiss of the Contract until such time as I think amends are made, O thou distraught of appearances. And yet it pleaseth me well to see thee wary; and may be I shall kiss thee for that—when thou sleepest and canst not return the kiss!"

So he was abashed at her penetration and he thought: "She be no common damsé; wilt if she be not Noorna? And am I verily Shibli Bagarag? Nay, she will do; and may be I will do, likewise." So he smiled upon her the smile of trust which is also the smile of deceit and he said to her:

"Forgive another of my foolishnesses, O Noorna, for the eyes of my soul knew thee from the first; and now the eyes of reason know thee also."

And the hot blood of youth rose in him as he looked upon her beauty and he began to pour forth impassioned verses to her, leaning towards her. But she laughed at him with mischief in her face and sobered him and said:

"Ware of the plucking
Of fruit not yet ripe;
That brings the thwacking
That nothing will wipe.

So verily recognised Noorna, for even through the centuries of sleep and learning and the years of waiting, the sting of the thwackings of yore abode at the bottom of his soul and in the flat depths of his soles it revived again at the mention. So he looked upon her with the eye of tried affection and they were friends. Then she took him by the hand and led him to the gate of the city. And she said to the official there, with a casual brow: "He is my brother from the first village outward, so he needeth no passport." Now the officials were very strict on all such as had passports and examined and cross-examined them lengthily; so they had neither time nor wit to spare for such as told simple lies. So they let the twain through. And inside the gate of the city there was waiting for all and sundry who would use it a wondrous wagon painted with the gold of the stars and the blue of the heavens; and at the touch of the hand of a man it would shoot forth, rolling over two marvellous interminable ribbons of metal, and take whosoever had climbed into it whereverover he wanted to go, with a greater rapidity than that of lightning. But one had to be careful at the climbing to climb into the right wagon; for each only went to one appointed place; and there were many such, coming one after another without end.
ease in it and waited for their goal to come to them. And she turned to him affectionately, reminding him of days long past and said:

"Rememberest thou the genii Karaz, how he carried you to and fro according to desire? How happy I am to be rid of him! A rebellious break-neck slave was he, and he had whims. All his brotherhood of genii, an unrelenting pursuit race they were to deal with. How much better may manage their affairs now. They have suppressed the whole generation of genii by ceasing to believe in them, and now we go about our errands safe and comfortable, talking at ease, in these wagons, nor fearing that they change into stone and refuse to move farther, or into water and disappear under us, or that they desire their time of servitude is over and devour us!"

Thus she amused him with little talk to let his soul recover its balance. And the wondrous wagon deposited them where Noorna would and went on its wondrous way.

Thus, as Shibli Gagarag regained possession of his soul, he asked her that led: "Whither, O Noorna?" and she answered:

"Whom to shall I lead thee, O my betrothed, but to my father, the man of good counsel who can do naught himself, he that was the vizier of old, Feshnavat."

And he questioned wondering: "And what is he now, when there be no viziers, or no kings neither to be viziers to?"

So she said: "What indeed, but a man who writes in broad sheets of paper that people read or not as they list; and whether they read them or not, no matter, since there is nothing therein that can profit anyone, except if be incomprehensible. Feshnavat the Vizier of old is the head of one such broad sheet that giveth good counsel to millions that do not understand it, or indeed even read it. But what matters it what men do under the shadow of a coming event? It will be anyhow as nothing in the balance. So let them amuse their souls as they find good."

Thus saying, she led him out of the main street into a small lane that was called the lane of Chance, and by some Chancery, the lane where Chance laughs, but none knew the meaning of the name, for all names only acquire a meaning after the mastering of the Event. Then all men wonder that they saw and waited for their goal to come to them.

And they went in at one door and then along many straight passages and winding staircases till they came to a door with a certain number thereon, and it opened under the hand of Noorna. A man well over the middle years of life and of good相配xuepand with the face of a thinker, yet fat, and he was Feshnavat, he that had been the vizier of old, came to them extending the hand of civility and pointing to the seats of comfort. He gazed upon Shibli Bagarag with a benign and materialist eye, and offered him to smoke the rolled leaf of the fragrant tree, but Shibli denied him, with excuse, for he smoked not.

So Feshnavat turned to his daughter, laughing:

"He has no vices, this young man of thine, O Noorna, and they that announced his arrival unto us were right, for he smoketh not, neither does he drink; and yet he is not married. It will be hard for such as he to master the Event. For if he has no vices how shall he get thwackings? And if he has no thwackings, how shall he pay the price of experience, which men buy not for a song?"

But Shibli answered cunningly: "So many vices have I, O occult king of the broad sheets, O adviser to those that will not be advised, so many vices that I cannot afford to add to their numbers ever, such insignificant vices as I possess not."

And he thought in his heart: "He believeth not in my mastering the Event. But he is advised, the event is advisable. Neither does he think that I am Shibli, nor that this other one that taketh reason by storm is Noorna. But I shall show him."

And verily, of the three, Noorna bin Noorka was the only one that believed; for Shibli only wanted to believe; and Feshnavat was even tired of wanting to believe, and therefore the weight of the universe was upon him heavier than upon the two young ones; and by reason of her belief Noorna was the leader of the three.