NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Government has discovered that it must make a move in regard to unemployment—at least to the extent of making some show of doing something about it. The London Mayors having refused to abandon their happy inspiration of raiding the Premier in his Highland fastness, and having actually tracked him to his lair, he promptly ate his words, and granted them an interview after all. At this he seemed to imply that Parliament would meet for a real session on October 18, to which it stands adjourned. Meanwhile both the Labour Joint Committee and the Parliamentary Labour Party itself through its Chairman have clamoured for its immediate assembling. So far so good. But who will produce any really constructive proposals when Parliament does meet? From the Government, of course, we do not expect anything; so we can afford to reserve our criticisms of the "intelligent anticipations" of their policy which have appeared. But what does the much trumpeted Labour manifesto amount to? It rightly protests against wage reductions with a view to bringing down the cost of production. But Labour entirely acquiesces in the assumption that demand can only be stimulated by reducing cost. This is to place itself at the outset on the same theoretical basis as its capitalist opponents, and reduces the margin of dispute to mere side issues. The manifesto urges the taking of "all possible steps to remove the causes of inefficiency." But the point is that the machinery of production is already so efficient that it cannot be allowed to run freely; its output would swamp in no time the jolting and jarring machinery of the State's power either of borrowing money or of taxing. And to create a fresh burden of interest-bearing debt would be still worse. It is the business of the State to absorb the unemployed "will not be forthcoming except on the basis of the national credit." Exactly; that is what we are always maintaining. Let the Labour leaders think out the full implications of their words, and they will get on the right scent. "The national credit" means something vastly more dynamic than the State's power either of borrowing money or of taxing. But the manifestos itself declares that the orders necessary to absorb the unemployed "will not be forthcoming except on the basis of the national credit." Exactly; that is what we are always maintaining. Let the Labour leaders think out the full implications of their words, and they will get on the right scent. "The national credit" means something vastly more dynamic than the State's power either of borrowing money or of taxing. But the manifestos itself declares that the orders necessary to absorb the unemployed "will not be forthcoming except on the basis of the national credit." Exactly; that is what we are always maintaining. Let the Labour leaders think out the full implications of their words, and they will get on the right scent. 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"Only too plainly," it guilefully remarks, "is it based upon the assumption that the present trade depression is purely temporary." Thus Labour allows its adversaries to occupy the ground of its own proposals the battering-ram which it ought itself to be wielding against the present economic system. The "Times" at last concedes to formulate its own positive policy. It has for long been hinting at the great dividing line in social matters will be between "Only too plainly," it guilefully remarks, "is it based wages, salaries and dividends is less than the price upon the assumption that the present trade depression reduce costs, and those who know that there is no cover costs. It is simply a question of whether it is true to "Times" leader-writer, one would think, would acknowledge that, if it be a fact, it is sufficient to explode his dogma sky-high. 

In view of the actual situation, there is something rather amusing in the assumption of superior enlightenment with which persons in the favoured classes are continually calling for the economic education of the workers. Sir William Noble has sororously been doing this in the correspondence columns of the "Times." He wants our country to "become a vast university where the millions may learn day by day some of the lessons which the economic laws thunder in the ears of them who have ears to hear." He speaks throughout with the usual extreme reverence of "economics," as though that were as assured and firmly based a body of scientific knowledge as physics or chemistry. And yet not one of the accredited economists has ever dropped the least hint as to the one overwhelming fact, before which all their half-baked theories crumble into futility. Sir William quotes a passage from a standard work to refute the idea that the margin between the labour cost and the selling price of an article is mainly profit. He is either unaware, or he prudently ignores the fact, that, for the keenest critics of the plutocratic system, the exact distribution of costs between different factors is quite a minor consideration. Their claim is that, if price is to cover all costs, including however modest a return on capital, then price must be excessive. But the particularly striking point about Sir William's quotation is the almost inevitable suggestion it carries with it of the most awkward questions. It points out that behind the simple service for which directly we pay our tailor "lie an infinite number of services of various kinds," and piles up the agony in a vivid enumeration of these. "It is obvious," it continues, "that the price of the services rendered, from the raw material onwards, must affect the price of the finished article." It is obvious—so obvious that the thoughtful reader will surely go on to ask: If all these credits are piled up at every stage of so long and complex a process, and are all to be recovered in the price of clothes, what is to become of the consumer? However, that does not occur to Sir William—or his economists. Yet, as another cor-
respondent hastened to point out, there exists a body, under the imposing title of National Propaganda, whose sole purpose is to organise means of pumping this sort of stuff into the masses. It "has had excellent results." And plenty of people are urging that the same plutocratic poison shall be officially instilled into children in the elementary schools. 

The efforts of the plutocratic propagandists would be less dangerous if they were not so ably backed by most of our Labour leaders. Mr. Philip Snowden is the last to rush to their assistance. It is true that his object in writing to the "Times" was one to protest against reductions in wages. But he went on to throw himself wholeheartedly into the "output" cry. Now, however much the workers increased output, the goods, for the reasons we have explained, could not get through to the people. There might be a temporary reduction of prices and consequent increase of consumption; but the result must before very long be unemployment. During the last few years the workers in various industries have been induced for a time, by special entitlements, to speed up, and this has invariably happened. Mr. Snowden indulges in a naive sorites, "The larger the product is the larger the wages of labour will be, and the larger the product the cheaper the cost, and the cheaper the cost the larger the trade." But this ignores the fact that the captains of industry are continually finding their product so abundant that, being unable to exact what they term a sufficient price for it, they deliberately restrict the output. The root of Mr. Snowden's error is revealed in his sentence, "There is only one source from which wages can be paid, and that is the National Product." Wages have not to be paid out of a product already existing, and an increase in them need not wait till a greater product has been actually turned out. The sole limit to them is set by our possibilities of production. Purchasing power can be issued on the strength of any given industry up to the full amount of the goods it is capable of delivering. Supposing we are able, if called on, to honour claims up to a certain ascertained amount, what is there to prevent us from issuing them? Mr. Snowden is still in the static stage of economic thinking; the future is with the dynamic economics. But this policy necessitates a regulation of prices. If the power of fixing these were left to capitalists, such an issue of claims in anticipation of production would of course be fatal. 

A Japanese naval officer of high rank is stated to have declared that war between Japan and America is inevitable and may be expected in 1925. Even if the statement should not be authentic, it is significant that the English Press should have published it. To the witnesses to the truth of our forecast may be added Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has drawn down on himself the wrath of sentimentalists by treating a war between ourselves and the United States as a quite likely happening. Unfortunately, he showed himself, as he so often does, very imperfectly realistic. He seemed to treat the contemplation of such a war as an odd personal whim of Mr. Lloyd George, and to imply that only a change of Premier and Foreign Secretary was necessary to aver the danger. In taking this semi-senti-
mental line himself he is kept in countenance by one who has so peculiarly made his own the subject of peace and war as Mr. Norman Angell. He has been writing on this issue in the American "New Republic" and likewise treats an Anglo-American war as an open possibility. But as to how to aver it he is not very helpful. He starts off indeed promisingly enough. He insists that we must get down beneath all particular causes of quarrel. The mere settlement of "specific differences" will not set matters right. He deprecates "a disturbing tendency to stop short at the ultimate
questions, a failure to face the ultimate causes of divergence." We have continually said the same. But what are these "ultimate causes"? When he comes to the crucial point, Mr. Angell collapses as disappointingly as President Wilson. He seems to forget his own constant insistence on the importance of economic consideration that he used so well in the shirking of fundamentals to a mere unwillingness to concede points, requiring indeed a great sacrifice of national pride and a profound recasting of patriotic ideals, but not involving any inherent impracticability. To open to Germany the resources of India and Africa "would be for Britain the end of empire." Yes, but of a great deal more than empire; the end of all things, so far as these are dependent upon the present economic system. It would be industrial paralysis and despair, and an explosion of the nation's internal economy, unless ----. That apostrophe leaves us confronted with the power-lust of the great financiers and the inveterate prejudices of their henchmen, the economists.

Some British Dominion (probably Canada) has been seeking to secure independent representation at the Washington Conference, but has met with an uncompromising refusal from the American Foreign Office. The latter by means of the idea of Canuck as an impartial mediator "above the combat." Clearly America is determined that the Dominion shall not remain neutral in the event of war. It is even doubtful if she would altogether welcome the latter's accession to her own side. It may be that she would want to have Canada against her, as affording her the only means of striking at the power of Britain by land. Meanwhile we have been trying to anchor Canada fast in the Empire by offering her a mandate in the West Indies. That luckless Dominion seems marked out by geography and the other sister fates to play the part of Belgium in the late war—to serve as the cockpit of the land fighting. We need not repeat what is the only way in which the war can be averted. There may yet be time for this to be accomplished if some nation will at once lead the way by recasting its credit system on social lines. Why should not Canada snatch at the way of escape by herself inaugurating a "reformtion without tampering for any"?

There is an interesting movement to broaden the basis of the Washington Conference on lines which would bring it considerably nearer to the really vital issues. Some leading men in finance and business are anxious that it should embrace "a comprehensive survey of the financial and economic conditions in the world." What they directly have in mind is of course the conditions relating to the indebtedness of certain nations to others. But this issue raises the whole question of money. It cannot be separated for a moment from the matter of rates of exchange, nor that from the gold standard, nor that from the control of credit, nor that from prices. It may be assumed indeed that the very sections which are anxious to raise these financial questions will also do their utmost to keep the terms of reference in regard to them as narrow as possible. Nevertheless the inclusion of them in the Conference agenda would in itself be an opening of the flood-gates. The followers of the new economic light would at any rate be able to lay their ideas before the Conference—and that, it may be, through highly influential individuals. At the very least, an open letter to the Conference on the international bearings of credit-control would be magnificent propaganda. Meanwhile we would point out to our Government their splendid opportunity for ousting America's bluff in ostentiously insisting on the discharge of our debt to her. To our regular readers this hint may be enough; but we may return to the matter in more detail.

World Affairs.

THE REDEEMING LOVE.

When the multitude speaks of sovereigns and kings it means the leaders, the guiders of human activities, and thinks first of all of the official Princes, the crowned, hereditary or elected leaders of peoples and states. And yet it knows quite well that these often bear only the title and the pomp, whilst the actual leaders are the statesmen, or, still more, the men of high finance, the kings of money.

But the organisation of human beings is not only material and economic, it is also spiritual. The leaders of the economic organisation, the administrators of law and order, the political and economic powers, are themselves again governed by ideas. Their thoughts and Purposes, of whose origin they themselves are not aware. They believe themselves to be free; that is to say, they believe their motives to be original and un influenced. Obviously, however, they are rarely so; for they follow opinions, traditions, sentiments, which they have either obtained through education and reading, or have taken over from the group in which they are acting. They obey the "Spirit of the Times," or Public Opinion. Only thereby can they rule. The multitude submits to its leaders from fear, tradition, or from prudent insight, but only when the leaders recognise the opinion or the sentiment of the multitude, and do not attempt to abolish it by changing it. Otherwise their power cease. Example: no statesman could govern if he did not recognise the idea of "Love of the Fatherland"—even though purely formal—and treat this sentiment with moderation. He could never attempt to combat this Idea. The ideas of the masses must be holy to the leaders of the masses. Only very exceptionally is a political or industrial leader at the same time a leader of spiritual activity and also statesman and prophet. That is why, in our times, the organisation of mankind has grown to be too complicated. He who must think "primordially" and desires to master and to elicit his thoughts, cannot organise and act politically and practically; because the multitude can scarcely perceive his meaning, and can certainly not follow him immediately.

The kingly man—the prophet, the poet, the sage—will only be understood by very few at first. His spirit is alive, and every day it finds something unprecedented and original in the world. The multitude calls that "inconsequent" and "unreliable." He alienates and does not convince. He offers no firm resting-place. He always needs mediators who make his truths acceptable to the multitude, who mix his gold with copper, in order that it may become hard and fit for use. In spite of this, the whole stream of human activity—spiritual and material—is fed from this source. Every material deed has a spiritual origin, and no one can show exactly where thought ends and action begins. The deeds of the most active and arbitrary rulers, of a man like Napoleon, sprang from a philosophy which was certainly not primordial. The most powerful emperor or king of finance is governed by the quiet, mental work of sages and thinkers.

These words are spoken to the kingly of spirit : to the few who have in themselves the fountain of the new, primordial thought, from which the whole human machinery shall be fed: to the few who know and show that their thoughts are free, that is to say, depend only upon themselves and are not taken from any other source, for those are the leading, directing, royal thoughts.

Whence these thoughts spring, no one can know, for the depths of every spirit are unfathomable. From the deepest, most unfathomable depths they come, and they wear the Sign of their royal worth upon them. They do not come from a previous generation; the multitude
does not possess them, and shows only surprise in respect of them, even repulsion and aversion. And yet he who bears them knows that the multitude needs him. And often it is only when centuries have passed that it is known who was the actual Leader, Guide and Pioneer of humanity, even amongst the few who mocked at or stoned the prophets. Only in our twentieth century is it becoming gradually clearer and more generally perceived that human society, even in its spiritual constitution, has the instinct of the herd. That every individual must have his own self-begotten judgment and ideas, shows itself more and more as a misconception. The group in which he lives and works determines his thoughts, his opinions and feelings. But there are rare exceptions (and these have been in every time and in every people), who are original thinkers and seers. The multitude, the herd, which feels that its security lies in the group-union, naturally and obviously tries to combat these exceptions and, when possible, to destroy them. This is quite right, for conservatism is necessary to the multitude, and just as necessary is this opposition to the Original. Only when he can assert himself and his thoughts has he the right to existence. Then, however, the new concept gains a guiding force, and leads the herd on to new paths. As soon as this has shown itself clearly, the opposition of the multitude turns into ridicule and admiration, and the persecuted and mocked comes a hero and king, occasionally during his life, but generally—and especially when his new thought has a very wide and deep significance—a long time after his death.

In accordance with certain profound laws, this experience has repeated itself through centuries, and only thus has the gradual transformation and blossoming of the human spirit been accomplished. The few went on ahead, and when they did not go too far, and were not too isolated and too weak, then in course of time the myriads came after them. Formerly this experience was common. Very rare Exceptions with wide-reaching thoughts offered enormous resistance, were persecuted or slain, and afterwards drew millions of followers after them in blind, often entirely mistaken, enthusiasm and slackish adoration. For the most part, the primordial thinkers stood entirely isolated, and only by wonderful strength and self-denial could they assert themselves.

Now, however, millions of men live in an ever narrower union, and the Spirit of the Herd has grown more individual, cleverer. The great idea of freedom of conscience has itself become a herd-instinct and has world miracles in the course of a century. The isolated ones are no longer ruthlessly persecuted or slain—for the most part they are at first only mocked at and misunderstood. Some of them are even honoured in their lifetime.

The spiritual organisation of humanity, like the economic, has become tighter, closer, and stronger, particularly in relation to the remarkable increase in its numbers. There are now, therefore, undreamed-of possibilities for the more rapid working of the few upon the many towards inner union.

The great prophets of earlier times formed round them a small circle of disciples. From this circle grew a community which, in turn, grew into a religion, a church. The true essence of the original thoughts of the prophet was already lost on the first step of its propagation, and the church they became caricatures. The conservatism of these new groups was more terrible, and the blossoming of man’s spirit more deadly than that of the old. Already in the Apostleship the primordial source was dried up. For the Apostles themselves were not kingly spirits, but worshippers and servants, and in their groups the kingly thoughts froze and fossilised; and at the end came the priests as grave-diggers and grave-keepers.

The prophets of the later centuries were called Poets and Sages. Their apostles were called followers. The deadly action of the apostleship and priesthoods remained, however, the same. Never until to-day was the possibility given, never was the attempt made, to form a union of some amongst the few, a band of free, kingly spirits, wherein the water of the new fountain continued to flow, wherein the fire of the new truth was not extinguished.

Now appears to be the moment. If it is too soon it will be shown by its lack of success. But in spite of that shall the attempt be made, and the inmost depths of the instinct, is illogical and a riddle. For who, from logical reasons, could bestir or sacrifice himself for the mankind’s need in himself, even though personally he may be free from cares, and that he is conscious of his responsibility. The multitude has its herd-instinct, its traditions and conventions, its proprieties, its customs. The kingly man has his sense of responsibility, his perception reaches into the impersonal and feels the fault which the multitude, because it is unconscious, cannot feel. The kingly spirit feels in himself the guiding, ruling Principle. Personally, however, as Man, he does not wish to rule. He knows that his supra-personal thoughts must rule. For himself, however, he desires no outward power, no show, no obedience, no honour, no fame. Only on account of his thoughts does he feel a kingly worth, and wishes to posit and affirm them; because in his thoughts he feels the divine, the universal, the elevated, which is above time and personality. He has no “will-to-power”; he has only will to divinity. He knows that only in his divinity lies his power. He defends his personality, not from self-seeking or from ambition, but only as a bearer of the Most Holy. As man, as person, he feels himself as naught and unworthy. His humility, however, does not go so far as to let himself be driven away or under-estimated—as so often servile followers and disciples have understood it—he wishes to posit his thoughts, and himself as bearer of these thoughts. He knows that he bears what the multitude does not possess, but what he needs, the kingly pride lies in this, that he will not lower himself but will stand fast in order that the human mass can follow him and raise itself up to him. For himself he wishes only that which makes it possible for him to stand fast and to protect that Most Holy which is in him. Kingly love will give and share from a mighty, unfathomable, inexhaustible impulse—but not with the unworthy, and not through self-abasement. Kingly love will unite and bind, but not through force, and only those who are ripe for binding. Kingly love will not obtrude itself and will not work violently, but only redeemingly and to loosen. Like all love, kingly love is an instinct, is illogical and a riddle. For who, from logical reasons, could bestir or sacrifice himself for the unknown multitudes and unborn posterity? But it is the highest and most holy instinct; and the egotism of the noblest can only be satisfied when it obeys this instinct. To him all deeds of love are distasteful and ridiculous which are not prompted by this impulse, but spring from reflection, fear, conventionality, or a feeling of duty. Their falsity is always quickly manifest and they institute—like so-called philanthropy—only evil.

To preach love of mankind is to decorate trees with paper leaves, or to unfold the flower’s bud with pincers.

From Dr. Frederik Van Eeden.
I concluded my last article by giving as an example of sincerity in Foreign Affairs the folly of Palestine. In this one I shall consider the same appalling spirit in the matter of Poland. What conceivable British interest was there in first resurrecting and then trying to destroy the Polish State?

Note the sequence of events. When it was proposed to establish the confederation and through that to the rest of Europe. Poland having been thus enthusiastically re-created and with the most recent experiences. Were he to conduct his business on a vision, however accurate, of distant future conditions, there would be an end of him—witness the Baring crisis. Very naturally the international banker backs the horse which he has long ridden with success. He is the mortgage-holder of the great German-Jewish enterprise in Upper Silesia. He has no experience of the Poles as an industrial people. It is a new experiment. The Polish temperament—that of a Catholic and peasant people—that of a Russian cities—why, Danzig itself would have gone! Heaven knows what would have happened to the insecure German confederation and through that to the rest of Europe.

Yet with an insane lack of general purpose, this particular purpose was quite violently pursued. Instructions were issued that Poland should be deprived of arms; the amazing excuse was put forward that the dock labourers of Danzig would refuse to unload the arms. Our Press was inspired to say that the Bolsheviks could not help winning, and that Warsaw was at their mercy.

We all know what followed. The French and American vessels of war made short work of the Danzig excuse; but even before the belated munitions had reached the Poles, these had nevertheless beaten their opponents, and had re-established the Polska and Europe.

There follows a perfectly incomprehensible zigzag. There was no definite pronouncement, for instance, to hand over Vilna, to the anti-Polish and artificial Government set up in its immediate neighbourhood. All manner of nonsense was talked about the wickedness of the Poles going to Vilna; but nothing was done. The Poles' hold upon the eastern marches of their country (the bulkwork of Europe not only against anarchy, but against plague), is denounced as an annexation more than the expense of a named conscious corporate Russian Nationale existing in that vile region of devastated land, empty forest and marsh. At last comes the question of the industrial triangle in Upper Silesia, and there the international financial policy becomes quite clear, though the little islands of German Jewish capitalist colonisation standing up in a sea of Polish population were made a pretext for refusing to the Poles the whole of their land in this region. But though that piece of policy was at least clear and consistent and filled the pockets of many concerned—it had no sort of National basis. It had no interest for England, whatever private interest it may have had for millionnaires living in England. There is no British interest discernible in any of these vagaries in the matter of Poland. Why has all this been done? What direct advantage to this country can follow from it? To say that we dislike the Poles on account of a difference in temperament would be so puerile an excuse for a national policy that one would blush to make it. To say that the big capitalist interests of Prussia are naturally opposed to the Polish claims has nothing to do with our policy and our interests. In what terms of British policy can all this be excused? In none. The only explanation that can be put forward is that we were acting in this matter as the Allies of International finance, though those interests and our interests were identical.

International finance, that is, the International Banker, of course works upon the immediate past. A banker who is long-sighted is a contradiction in terms. His business is always with immediate things and with the most recent experiences. Were he to conduct his business on a vision, however accurate, of distant future conditions, there would be an end of him—witness the Baring crisis. Very naturally the international banker backs the horse which he has long ridden with success. He is the mortgage-holder of the great German-Jewish enterprise in Upper Silesia. He has no experience of the Poles as an industrial people. It is a new experiment. The Polish temperament—that of a Catholic and peasant people—is difficult of apprehension to him. Its assurance of power in the future he cannot believe. From his point of view, under his limitations and with the business in which alone he is concerned, his judgment is sound enough. But what has all that to do with the special interest of Great Britain?

I waste no space on the so-called "Labour" policy against Poland and in favour of the Jewish committees in Russia. All that is but part of the general phenomenon that "Labour" nonsense all over the world is the financier pulling strings and the ineffectual "Labour Leaders" dancing.
Individual politicians at Westminster may have gambled in German marks, or have taken tips upon that it kept under the alien rule of Prussia—supposing always agree; and he could have said many more and have every sort of personal reason for doing what individual rich men, who support them, desire; but what has that to do with the general good of Great Britain?

(To be continued.)

Our Generation.

The scientists of this country have once more expressed their horror at the evil uses to which modern States turn their discoveries. Sir T. Edward Thorpe, in his address to the British Association, said a great many things with which not only scientists but everyone will agree; and he could have said many more and have gone further in what, whatever the explicit phrasing of it may have been, was perhaps unnoticeable—a condemnation of war, without forfeiting the approval of any but a few. As it is, his moderation, well-meant but, in this instance, we think, inexpedient, leaves on one's mind an impression of half-heartedness and of unreality which is altogether unjustified. For while Sir T. Edward Thorpe appears only to be aggrieved the use of poison gas in war, he must, even to be against that, be against something much greater. But he does not permit this to appear; perhaps he does not even admit it to himself; and hence his protest has a curious, dry, pedantic, artificial appearance. Listen to his reported words: “Poison gas is not merely contrary to European military tradition; it is repugnant to the right feeling of civilised humanity. It in no wise displaces or supplants existing instruments of war, but creates a new kind of weapon, of limitless power and destructive force.” To condemn poison gas in the name of “European military tradition” seems to us equivalent to casting out devils in the name of the devil. “European military tradition” is itself “repugnant to the right feeling of civilised humanity.” And, on the other hand, if the adaption of a new method of bloodshed indeed contrary to the military tradition of Europe? The use of gunpowder was once contrary to it, but Europe did not scruple to use gunpowder as soon as it was available. And as for “the right feeling of civilised humanity”—this is a very hallowed and hypocritical affair if the permitted hatred, destruction and fratricide which we call war, is not repugnant to it. Sir T. Edward Thorpe, in fact, is fighting a minor battle, an academic engagement; for what all men who love humanity must now strive for is to prevent wars, a concrete task, a concrete set of tasks, for which, moreover, humanity, after its terrible experiences, is now ready. War has become hateful: men no longer acknowledge in it anything but what is degrading and devilish; and the tracts against war which a decade ago were regarded as hyperbolical and now unexceptionable by almost everyone to contain the simple human truth. It is not by reference to “European military tradition” that people recognise to-day that war is evil; it is not even “the right feeling of civilised humanity” which makes them loathe it. We do not hate it because it subverts everything which is to-day called “human”; the pleasant, kindly and necessary virtues of civilised life; the humble labour and forethought of men living in community; the countless decencies which make existence endurable. It is in the name of humanity, merely that our horror of war arises; but out of something infinitely deeper; our realisation that war is a terrible, mystical crime against the spirit of man, and that it is incommeasurable, unutterable in its evil. When we have reckoned up all the “effects” of war, this still remains; and this is the most terrible of all. For man is a spirit. The war against war, although consciously we have not yet recognised it, has moved to a different plane; and we must fight against wars not, not because we are members of a civilisation, but because we are members of humanity, because we are spiritual creatures. The condition of the world is terrible. Everything with which man is familiar has become a terrible peril to him; the financial and industrial systems which he has built up, the great scientific discoveries which he has made, appear to be on the verge, unless he uses them in a new way, of accomplishing his destruction, because he cannot put them beneath him; because they are at once too much and too little to him. He is like a slave so obsessed by his chains that he does not see that he can cast them off if he will. So he remains in bonds because the thought, the perfectly free and attainable thought, which would give him liberty—does not come to him, is not heard by him.

The English Press has surely never been more shamelessly mean than it has been recently in the veiled attacks which it has made upon Dr. Nansen for helping Russia. Dr. Nansen has again and again shown himself to all the world to be a man of greatness of spirit; he is above suspicion beyond attack, and we may be sure that on which he has gone to Russia is one which not only every European, but every human being, must acknowledge to be good. For about certain actions everybody in the world is of the same mind; they agree immediately, and there is no question of criticism, for the thing is decided as soon as it is mentioned. Yet to Dr. Nansen’s project, which the worst men as well as the best acknowledge to be good, the Press has given such an equivocal support that it amounts to opposition. Ridicule, innuendo, and even moral indignation have been used against Dr. Nansen, and Dr. Nansen’s weapon, and for what reason? Because the victims of famine and disease in Russia are victims of the Bolshevik Government, and to the English Press the Bolshevik Government is not respectable, and, ipso facto, the victims cannot be respectable either? Because the Press is afraid that the Russian peasants are not dying of starvation, but only pretending to do so? Or because the starving Russians are Russians? Or because the matter is not one of trade? Or because Dr. Nansen’s action is magnanimous, and it is the policy of the English Press to create a popular dislike in magnanimity, so that the current level of newspaper morality should not appear so insupportably low as it is? The policy of casting suspicion on every disinterested action has now become in the Press a habit. If this is continued long enough we shall before long be English, not in spiritual essence, but only in name.

It must be acknowledged that the Press is more at home in discussing Mr. Charlie Chaplin than in explaining Dr. Nansen. We would not be so rash as to say that it understands Mr. Chaplin; but, on the other hand, it thinks it does, and it is entirely free from bitterness of feeling towards him because it is not clever enough to realise its inferiority to him. Jealous and resentful people are affable only towards persons at whom they can laugh; this is, no doubt, the reason why comic figures are so universally liked. We all feel superior to a man if we have laughed once or twice at him; our feelings here more often than not deceive us. Once the feeling of superiority is established, however, it pleases us to learn that the object of our patronage is “an extraordinary man”; he is extraordinary and yet we are greater than he! So the “Daily Mail” is delighted to discover that Mr. Chaplin is subscribing a philosophy; and the “Daily Mirror” is elevated because “he thinks and talks like a statesman.” Well, one thing is certain, that whatever Mr. Chaplin’s philosophy and politics may be, they are more humane and nearer human wisdom than that of the journalists who naively surprised to find him human. It would be idle to object to the popular triumph which “Charlie”
The Old Vic has remained unnoticed in these pages for several reasons. Firstly, it has never invited me, and has had in London; even by saying that in being more “Everyman,” and another called “T. P.’s Weekly,” when I have seen them on the West End stage, by like Mr. Ernest Milton, for example, may be, cross the bridge and pay good money to see actors who, seems to be, a general favourite at the Old Vic; but of the critics were not sufficient inducement to me to the Triton among the minnows of that conspiracy. Bohemianism of their magazine allures me. I have struck of total abstinence from the Old Vic, have been it would take more than his incurable sentimentality and imperfect technique to set me babbling about him. If I remember rightly, he played Decius Brutus in Ainsley’s “Togas Rains” but Casca with the Triton among the minnows of that conspiracy. There is Miss Florence Saunders in “Thyl”—but enough; it is clear that I had no inducement to go to the Old Vic.

But this season my scruples, even my definite pledge of total abstinence from the Old Vic, have been over-borne. In the first place, they have Miss Florence Buckton playing lead; and if I had seen nothing else than her Andromache in “The Trojan Women” at the Holborn Empire, that would have been enough. But I have seen her in several small parts, in the Phoenix productions and others; and her ability interests me, and will continue to do so for some years, I think, for she has by no means finished growing. In the second place, they are producing Halcott Glover’s “Wat Tyler”; on November 7, I shall probably lose my temper over it, but well or ill produced, that is a play worth seeing. So I have been to the Old Vic, and mean to go again; one must not neglect opportunities for profanity in these dreary times, and the tame, domestic Bohemianism of their magazine allures me. I have struck a rich vein of artistic twaddle, which I shall work at my leisure. There used to be a magazine called “Everyman,” and another called “T. P.’s Weekly,” which specialised in the production of the “gup” that the Old Vic magazine perpetuates; the fact that musical critics like Edward Dent are mingled in this rich vein of artistic twaddle, which I shall work at

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The first production this season, which will be played with interruptions by lectures and operas until October 1, is “Much Ado About Nothing.” “As ever, Mr. Robert Atkins” production left nothing to be desired,” said one critic. That is the sort of remark that has choked me off for years, and I doubt not has had a similar effect on others. The chief set is a garden scene, of which the main feature is a few stone steps and shrubs along the back, looking rather like peacocks’ tails; and at left and right lower middle entrances the shrubs are edgeways to the audience, with another standing out at right angles to the scene, behind the flat back of these shrubs is set a block, and when Benedick or Beatrice is sitting upon one of these blocks, with knees showing beyond the limits of the shrub, he or she is supposed to be concealed in a bower. They have about as much space as a prisoner in the Black Maria; and one can, of course, argue that the setting symbolises the fact that they are imprisoned in love. Each of them might adapt St. Paul, and say: “The love of (Benedick or Beatrice, as the case may be) is con-straining” Atkins. When Mr. Atkins set out to convert this garden of granite into a set or bower, he put in a black and gold screen across the back; and apparently wants to celebrate the marriage in a side aisle. His inset scenes are sufficient; but such a production, with all the obvious obstacles to free movement of the actors, leaves me desiring a good deal.

The acting, too, leaves a good deal to be desired. With one notable exception, Mr. D. Hay Petrie as Verges, the men did not know what to do with their hands, and if they possess any sense of character, it did not get as far as their legs. Leonato, for example, stamped his foot and punched his palm with the same feeble ineffectiveness of gesture that one sees at students’ performances. Mr. Antonio, his brother, throws away his scene with Claudio (Act V, sc. I) because he had not the vaguest conception of how an old man doddering with moral indignation (some of it trumped up) really behaves. It is a scene that ought to knock an audience endways; admiration for his pluck, kindly derision for the absurdity of this decrepit valour, the nagging, railing persistence of this Hotspur in his dotage, blind and deaf to everything but the object of his reproach. But the scene was not “made”; they only recite verse to the audience, and then are content to act it. If Shakespeare is difficult, as some actors declare, it is because he expresses the passions of a poet in the terms of human character; and our actors seem able only to characterise prose; for verse, they put on the whole armour of elocutionary juvenility, and can be differentiated only by their bravado.

I except from this general judgment Mr. Rupert Harvey as Benedick; he kept something of the soldier throughout, except in his wooing, and then the romantic actor took the stage. Apparently there is only one way to kiss a woman in Shakespeare; they all do it. Apart from that, it was a remarkably consistent performance, too consistent perhaps to secure emphasis in the right places. The challenge to Claudio, for example, might well have been delivered with more vigour; he had espoused the cause of Hero for love of Beatrice, and as a mere re-action from his friendship for Claudio he would have had to pump up feeling against him before he could bring himself to challenging point. The last scene with Beatrice, too, ought to be played with more temper; the match is off, until the evidence of their own hands is brought against them, and induces a sudden reversion to frank acceptance of the facts. Beatrice does really irritate Benedick by her unwillingness to let things “stay put”—and Benedick had a temper.

But I went to see Miss Florence Buckton as Beatrice, and was very nearly satisfied. She has made a convention of her tripping and laughing entrance and exit, and her humour has not yet made her hands talk, they only expositate palms upwards. In the “Kill Claudio” scene, she click-clicked about the stage in a pettish temper, in marked contrast to her use of her voice; the part did not seem big enough for her here, and I got a glimpse of the really fine Katherine the Shrew that she could give us. A longer, heavier stride is necessary to show the real passion of Beatrice in this scene; its swift alternations of moods and emphasis were so clearly marked that one wanted that diapason of passion to hold it together. But it was a very charming Beatrice (Benedick was a fool to kiss her like that), of perpetual high spirits that must have sorely tried the patience of the people she lived with, a swift wit (too swift sometimes for complete audibility), and when she chose, a very gracious lover. She played like a banderillo, showering her darts so fast that Benedick should have been fought to a standstill, and she exits with a furious charge. Mr. Harvey did not play up enough in these scenes. But Beatrice, “corn-fed” as she is in Miss Buckton’s rendering, is not the real measure of her ability; the Shrew would extend her comedic powers, and her tragic powers, with which I am better acquainted, will be tested in “Macbeth” on October 24. I intend to see that performance.
How the Emotions May Be Measured.

By Arthur E. Baines, Author of "Studies in Electro-Physiology," etc., etc.

My attention has been called to an article, entitled "Betrayal by the Skin," in the issue of the "Daily Chronicle" of September 3rd.

According to the writer of the article and to Dr. Golla, of St. George's Hospital, "it seems quite certain that every genuine emotion, whether due to physical or psychic causes, produces an alteration in the electrical conductivity of the skin which can be registered by a galvanometer."

This variation is called either the "skin reflex" or the "galvanic reflex." I do not object to the latter term because there is a galvanometric if not a galvanic reflex, but to attribute it to difference in skin conductivity is quite a mistake.

It would not matter very much were it not for Dr. Golla. The misinterpretation of observed phenomena on the part of someone whose name carries weight has been responsible for the loss of much valuable time in the past, and will, no doubt, continue to mislead students in the future. In this case the error is more than usually mischievous for the reason that it has been so readily accepted and written up.

Moreover, the supposed variation in the electrical resistance of the skin under the influence of emotion was not, as stated, first noticed by the French physiologist Feré in 1888. The following words were written by me in 1881: "This fluid" (vital force) "is not a fixed quantity, but varies in strength not only with persons but, in such persons, with motion, emotion, and pressure. The latter, however, may only argue more or less perfection of contact."

In reality, as experiment has sufficiently demonstrated, the skin has nothing whatever to do with the emotions, its electrical resistance does not vary one-millionth part of an ohm under the influence of emotion, and the term "skin reflex," except in a sense I am about to explain, is a misnomer.

What happens is this: There is constant generation of nerve-force in the animal body, conveyance of energy by the blood-stream to every cell in that body, and leakage of part of that energy through the skin. The leakage varies with the electro motive force; resistance remaining constant. By Ohm's law $C = \frac{E}{R}$, where $C$ = current, $E$ = electro motive force, and $R$ = resistance. The current is constant only when both $E$ and $R$ are fixed quantities, but must undergo a change of strength if one or the other varies. It is assumed by Dr. Golla that $R$ is the unstable factor, but it is not; it is $E$.

Take two analogues, i.e. (1) a submarine cable, and (2) water flowing through a porous pipe. In the first there is an escape of current to earth through the dielectric, and the quantity so escaping is in accordance with the electro motive force of the battery. If it is high the loss is considerable, and vice versa. The resistance of the dielectric does not alter.

In the second the amount of water percolating through the pores of the pipe is governed by the pressure of the head of water. The greater the pressure the greater the amount, and vice versa; the porosity of the pipe does not alter.

In the human body emotion finds its expression in differences of neuro-electrical pressure. These affect the nervous system and the blood-stream, and, passing to earth through the skin, cause it to exhibit them.

Skin resistance itself varies in individuals mainly with the percentage of sulphur in the outer layer, the presence and condition of sebaceous glands, body temperature, and the activity of the sweat glands. The first two of these could not possibly be influenced by emotion, and neither the body temperature nor the sweat glands are so delicately poised as to be at the whim of a passing thought. On the other hand the skin is ultra-sensitive, and if suitable means of detection are employed may be depended upon to give its possessor away. During the war I showed, conclusively, that the galvanometer put an end to "skirmishinking."

It may be quite unnecessary to say it, but I would remark in conclusion that the skin plays no part in bringing the blush of modesty to a maiden cheek, the culprit is the nervous system.

The Pensioner.

This book is the first contribution of the orthodox psycho-analysts, the Freudians, to the problem of war neuroses. It contains contributions by Ferenczi, Abraham, Simmel, and a reprint of Dr. Ernest Jones' article on war-shock from his "Papers on Psycho-analysis." The papers by Ferenczi and Abraham are valuable reductive analytic pictures of the problem; Simmel concerns himself rather with a description of cases than with theory; and Dr. Jones' paper is a good, all round psycho-analytic study of the subject. The essence of their conceptions is this: that the determining factor in the disintegration of the war neurotic is a narcissistic infantile psychology. The reality principle of the objective world in its aspect of war becomes too much for the pleasure-pain principle that Freudians call the unconscious. There is a consequent recoil from the objective world, and reawakening of the infantility buried in the unconscious. So far the reductive analysis of the Freudians carries us, and their findings and observations are accurate. But, as always, we must criticise the Freudians and point out that neurosis is not nothing but repressed infantility. It is, on the contrary, sometimes the opposite. If we consider the matter from a Jungish attitude, we may make some additions to the Freudian reductive picture. We may add that infantility in the neurotic is incompatible with the right biological expression of libido at a given moment. The right expression of libido at a given moment is, so to speak, the individual's individuality, his uniqueness; the fulfilment of his particular function at that moment in the scheme of things, his dharma. Hence there is in neurosis a vicious circle: Individuality, Prometheanism, attempts to come to birth. Infantility and timidity repress and misunderstand it. Individuality insists on expression, and thereby produces conflict and neurosis. In the war neuroses, the objective environment of the war, in one aspect or another, has been the spark that set the conflict ablaze. The infantile psychology finds what it regards as the foe in itself, but what is really its individuality, its demiurgical deus, objectified as the foe on the battlefield, or the shell explosion, or torpedo, or submarine, or anything else, as the case may be. The foe is something to be converted into an intuitional friend; and that end is attained by an abandonment of the infantile, the pleasure-pain principle. If the infantile personality is not given up, by which I mean transmuted, it becomes an incubus. This is the only theory that will explain why such and such a circumstance will disintegrate such and such a man. The objective circumstance corresponds with some psychic trait, and throws the psyche into confusion and disintegration. This view differs from the Freudian, but the Freudian leads up to it, as it were.

Let me quote as example a war neurotic who dreamed

* "Psycho-analysis and the War Neuroses." (International Psycho-analytical Press. 7s. 6d.)
he was playing cricket in the street, with a lamp-post for
a wicket. He was batting, and a number of rough
men were trying to bowl him out. They failed and
ran away; whereupon they chased him. In association
he remarked that street-playing was a child's game;
and that all the men grew up except himself.
He felt a child. In the light of what I have just
written, this dream hardly needs any further explana-
tion. It is the Peter Pan motif, the boy who will not
grow up, but tries to shield his phallus (I might add
that this patient is a Roman Catholic) from the
roughness of life, and at last runs away. In another
of his dreams he saw a man throw himself into a swift
stream, where he was caught in a sewer. The Peter
Pan attitude is suicidal, and reduces the individual
to refuse. Reductively this is a maternal-anal anal-
canal.

Now let us consider the present situation of the war
neurotic in his aspect as pensioner. Neurosis is not
a static thing. It is, as it were, a cobweb that the
neurotic just cannot sweep out of the chambers of his
mind. It might be compared with the Sisyphus motif
in mythology. It is always there, until he makes
the supreme of efforts to shake it away. And this
effort is dependent upon innumerable other circum-
stances besides his subjective position. Change of
environment does produce regeneration and release from
neurosis. There is a modicum of sense in the old
fashioned advice to the neurotic to take a sea voyage.
And, in fact, to-day, in perhaps as many as sixty per-
cent. of our pensioners, their problem is nothing more,
or nothing less subjective, than the problem of finding
employment. Life in its aspect of the present economic
system is sufficiently hostile to inhibit the effort at re-
lease from the sewer of neurosis. And in such circum-
stances, a clean bed, food, and leisure in hospital, are not
conditions that can be too easily sacrificed. Like every-
thing and everyone else in England, the Pensioner is
inhibited by the present financial complex. We may
analyse him till the cows come home, but the solution
for him, as for everyone else, is a new economic
scheme.

To return to our book, it is interesting to note that
the German analysts describe cases where the power
instinct has run wild, whereas Dr. Jones is chiefly
concerned with what we may call the deliquescence of
the love instinct into sentimentality. In a map of Eu-
ropean psychology, it looks rather as if we should be
compelled to make such a differentiation between Ger-
many and England as the comparison of their war-time
moods. Finally, we should comment upon a remark
made by Dr. Simmel. Speaking of the treatment given
by the analyst to his patient, he says: "He releases
him from the fetters of his unconscious mind and thus
is in the position to guide the neurotic into health and
save him." There are two points there that we may
profitably analyse. First there is the quite unconscious
appropriation of the function of God-Almightiness by
the analyst. I believe those analysts who state that it
takes such long periods as three or more years for a
patient to recover by means of analysis are misled by
their own power instinct, which is enhanced by such
a state of affairs. The second point is the meaning
latent in that remark, the "fetters" of the unconscious
mind. That is the Freudian attitude towards the back-
ground psyche. It is nothing but a pleasure-principle.
In some ways this seems to be almost a direct antithesis to the Jungist attitude. It really is begging
an enormous question to say that the unconscious is
simply the pleasure-principle, that the dream, that
all unconscious activities are simply "a fragment of
the child's abandoned psychic life." Such an attitude
undoubtedly tends to produce renewed repression and
misunderstanding of the unconscious. It is, in fact,
just this attitude towards the unconscious that keeps
the unconscious demoniacal and destructive.

Readers and Writers.

Literature has its own natural laws, and one of them
is to the effect that good books survive by their own in-
ward life, and rather in despite of their confessed critics
and caretakers. Almost every great writer—even a
Shakespeare—is rescued from the oblivion his friends
and contemporaries place on him; and those openly
elected to greatness in any age die hard, but die surely,
before a century has stained the margins of their original pages. So Dickens, shall we say, or, not to be
so popularly profane, so Meredith, like a waxen image,
even now melts in the many industrious hands, but a few, distinguished by their marmorean silence,
remain to be seen by all eyes, willing or unwilling.
Herman Melville is, I imagine, one of these figures
about to emerge in their solid reality, and the issue of
his masterpiece "Moby Dick" in the World's Classics
Series is an event to be annulled, not only because of
the pleasure thus placed within easy reach, but even
more because certain profitable, though disturbing,
comparisons are inherent if this novel when it is
brought into perspective with the modern examples
of the craft. I am slow to use the word commerce, but "commerce" would be a more appropriate description of the modern "article"—but let that pass. Whether cause
or effect, it is of the economics of the problem, and I
am now more concerned with its physics, or, when that
is at an end, with its metaphysics.

"Moby Dick" was written seventy years ago. Of
its subsequent history I confess I know nothing, and I
feel sure I share my ignorance with most English
readers. Yet this book is, I dare say, the most classic
work of American genius of the pre-Whitman period.
There is nothing, of course, distinctively American
about it: it is thoroughly European in the flattering
sense of that word. The style is natively perfect,
though not consistently in one key: it runs a gamut of
all the classic English styles, from Swift to Sir Thomas
Brown. Who can mistake these notes, for example:

Though in many natural objects, whiteness refiningly
enhances beauty, as if imparting some special virtue of
its own, as in marbles, jacinths, and pearls; and though
various nations have in some way recognised a certain
royal pre-eminence in this hue: even the barbaric, grand
kings of Pegu placing the title "Lord of the White
Elephants" above all other their magnificent aspersions of
dominion; and the modern kings of Siam unfurling the
some snow-white quadrupled in the royal standard; and
the Hanoverian flag bearing the one figure of a snow-
white charger; and the great Austrian Eagle, Cesar's
heri to everlasting Rome, leaving for the imperial color
the same imperial hue; and though this pre-eminence in it
applies to the human race itself, giving the white man
ideal mastership over every dusky tribe;

and so on, through a whole page of conditional clauses,
till the mighty sentence ends:

Yet for all these accumulated associations, with what-
ever is sweet, and honorable, and sublime, there yet lurks
an elusive something in the innermost idea of this hue,
which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness
which affrights in blood.

And for sentences of that native purity not peculiar to
one age, but in the sap of the very language, take these:

These temporary apprehensions, so vague but so awful,
derived a wondrous potency from the contrasting severity
of the weather, in which, beneath all its blue blanched,
some thought there lurked a devilish charm, as for days
and days we voyaged along, through seas so weerily,
lonely and mild, that all space, in response to our
vengeful errand, seemed vacating itself of life before our
ears-like prow.

But at last, when turning to the eastward, the Cape
winds began to howl around us, and we rose and fell
upon the long, troubled seas that are there; when the
ivory-tusked Pequod sharply bowed to the blast,
and gored the dark waves in her madness, till, like showers
of silver chips, the foam flakes flew over her bulwarks;
For dramatic intensity I am bound to compare "Moby Dick" with "King Lear," adding, perhaps, some kinship to Webster's "White Devil"—that is, unless I go back further to some intensity of Athenian tragedy. But Shakespearean it is in its most intimate characteristics: Captain Ahab would be a mad Lear, had "Moby Dick" with "King Lear," adding, perhaps, unless I chase of the great white whale, this drama is devoted.

commits them, by force of his black, psychic energy, body and soul to the fatal chase of Moby Dick. The narrative form breaks under the strain of the terrible pregnancy of this scene, and the dramatic form intervenes. It is all fierce and intensely masculine. The whole book is a male epic, an epic of man in isolation, his complete powers pitted against elemental force. But it is the ideal heroic, and not the exigibility of man's power. It is the idealisation of that power. For Herman Melville was not merely a realist; his mind was, in the best sense of the word, philosophical, and the reality is selected for its significance. He succeeds where even Shakespeare fails, and makes his drama—this epic of the whale—the witness of super-conscious reality. "O Nature, and O soul of man! how far beyond all utterance are your linked analogies! Not the smallest atom stirs or lives on matter, but has its cunning duplicate in mind!" That cry of Ahab's is the core of the anatomy of this book, and a transcendent metaphor plays through all its action.

**ACTION**: For our contemporary novelists the significance of "Moby Dick" lies in that word. Historically, the many tributaries of the novel seem to gather into two main streams, which you can imagine as the novel descriptive of physical action, and the novel descriptive of temperamental relationships. As an effect of the Romantic Movement, the former stream was damned, or robbed, at its sources, or otherwise deviated, and the modern development, into which any amount of intelligence has been cast (Flaubert and James are thers to witness it), has been all too preponderately along the stream of temperamental relationships. I am not denying that any good can be achieved in this direction (I am leaning to the opinion that the age lacks the heroic, or make it more that the expression of a certain limited scope for Mr. Conrad's art, I am only too willing to admit. But it merely links the vein from one more alcove of temperamental privacy. At the last, Mr. Conrad is ready to sin with the worst of them, and play to the whispering gallery.

**HERBERT READ.**

**Views and Reviews.**

GRAND GUIGNOL HISTORY—III.

I have referred to the contradictory history of Illuminism; let us consider a specific instance. Mirabeau was initiated into the highest mysteries of the Order by Mauvillon, according to the Abbe Barruel; he wrote a false description of Illuminism in accordance with the teaching of Weishaupt, "as to throw a veil over the manoeuvres of the real Illuminati of Bavaria."

On his return to France, Mirabeau (who had assumed the illuminated name "Leonidas"), in cooperation with Talleyrand, introduced Illuminism into his lodge, which he had called the "Philibertas" again throwing dust in the eyes of the public, for, as we have seen, the "Philibertas" was a lodge of the Martinists—and it was then decided that all the masonic lodges of France should be Illuminised. But the task, though beyond the powers, Mirabeau sent to Germany for two more adepts—Bode, known as Amelius, and the Baron de Basche, known as Bayard. At the lodge of the "Amis Réunis," where the members of the masonic lodges from all over France congregated, the mysteries of Illuminism were unveiled by the two German emissaries and the code of Weishaupt was formally placed on the table. The result of this was that by March, 1789, the 266 lodges controlled by the Grand Orient were all "Illuminised" without knowing it, for the Freemasons in general were not told the name of the sect that brought them these mysteries, and only a very small number were really initiated into the secret. In the following month the Revolution broke out.*

I am not so much disturbed by the fact that the lodges were Illuminised "without knowing it" (locus a non locendo) as I am by the fact that Mirabeau, who was initiated into the highest mysteries, obviously did not accept the revolutionary programme. Take, for instance, the question of the Monarchy. We know, from Robison, that the Illuminati "accounted all princes usurpers and tyrants, and all privileged orders as their abettors"; and on this question the general policy of Illuminism was supposed to be summarised in the phrase "Abolition of Monarchy and All-Ordered Government." But we find that when the question of the Royal Veto was agitating France, when the Abbé Sisyphus (whom, so far as I remember, Mrs. Webster does not call an illuminatus: there is no index to her book) referred to the Veto as a "lettre de cachet against the will of the nation," Mirabeau, instead of declaring: "Away with it"; like a good Illuminatus, said that he "would rather live in Constantinople than in Paris if laws could be made in France without the royal sanction." It is true that he did not vote at the final division on the 11th September, but we know that it was a matter of common report as early as June, 1789, that he welcomed a constitution and monarchical government plus a strong executive. He argued and voted for the maintenance of the Veto, and the King's right to declare war, and when Necker was unable to obtain his desired loan, and asked for an increase of direct taxation, Mirabeau supported him wholeheartedly. We

* "World Revolution: The Plot Against Civilisation." By Nesta H. Webster. (Constable. 18s. net.)
memorandum to the Comte de Provence advising Louis XVI to retire to Rouen.

A military position taken up at this point commands a wide range of waterways, controls the food supply of the only centre of resistance which need be considered, and may change this resistance into benedictions if the monarch and people. This inseparability is felt in the heart of every Frenchman. It must be realised in action and in the forces of the State.

We know that he was in the pay of the Court, that he curbed the Jacobins, that, far from wanting to abolish private property, il est Weishaupt, less than a week before his death he spoke in opposition to a proposal to abolish mining rights, mainly because his friend La Marck had mining rights. Lafayette said: "It is his swan-song; he is sacrificing what remains in him of life to his friendship." And this is "Leonidas," initiated into the highest mysteries of Illuminism by Mauvillon, Adept in the conspiracy to overthrow the Comte de Vaudreuil, writing to the Comte d'Artois, William II, all Illuminised, and pursuing different plans.

But the Duc d'Orléans was Grand Master of the Grand Orient, "Illuminée" by March, 1789, by Mirabeau, Bode, and Busche. Mrs. Webster quotes (on p. 85) the Comte de Vaudeville, writing to the Comte d'Artois from Venice in October, 1790: What strikes me most is that the sect of the Illuminés is the cause and instigator of all our troubles; that one finds these sectaries everywhere, that even the King of Prussia is imbued with this pernicious system; that the man who possesses his chief confidence (Bischoffwerder) finds these sectaries everywhere, that even the King of Prussia is imbued with this pernicious system; that the man who possesses his chief confidence (Bischoffwerder) is one of its chief heads.

So that we get Mirabeau, d'Orléans, and Frederick William II, all Illuminised, and pursuing different plans.

As Illuminism is the invention of Weishaupt, it is worth while noticing what apparatus he thought necessary to the destruction of civilisation. "The discovery of his [Weishaupt's] plans, correspondence with Zwack, threw a still more sinister light on the real aims of the Order," says Mrs. Webster, p. 24.

It was on the 11th October, 1786, that the Bavarian authorities descended upon the house of Zwack and seized the documents which laid bare the methods of the conspirators. Here were found descriptions of a strong box for safeguarding papers which, if forced open, should blow up by means of an infernal machine; of a composition which should blind or kill if squirted in the face; of a method for counterfeiting seals; recipes for a particularly deadly kind of "aqua toffana," for poisonous perfumes for a bedroom with pestilential vapours; and for a tea to procure abortion. A eulogy of atheism entitled "Better Than Horus" was also discovered.

This seems a very strange equipment for "the universal revolution that should deal the death-blow to society; 'princes and nations,' Weishaupt had written, 'shall disappear off the face of the earth'; Yes, the time is in the essay that what Matthew Arnold called the general stream of culture absorbs, or rejects, contemporary production; and although there is much more to say of Shaw (for example, he has forced the Philistine to define his creed, and hold it consequently—"the stone that the builders rejected," it has a knack of finding its own eminence automatically. But in this mood, Mr. Willoughby's conclusion. "Some there are who say that Mr. Belloc stands for himself alone, but that is injustice. One kind of unity he understands; it is the unity of his church. One high vision he possesses; it is the vision of the French Revolution. The combination has possibilities so magnificent that one would not lightly dismiss it, but it has never been blessed by fortune, and it is as a hope that the lesson was learned long ago. One does not go to Mass wearing a carmagnole. Why All the laws of literature, Mr. Belloc is condemned to death or repentance—yet we know that he will never repent nor die. The flâts of Mr. Willoughby's title quotes from Omar. Mr. Willoughby plays with this idea of duality with equal success in his treatment of Shaw, says that 'his manner, if I may a little misquote him, is frivolous, because he is nearly an Englishman; but he sometimes means what he says, because he is almost an Irishman.' Really it is in the essay that what Matthew Arnold called the general stream of culture absorbs, or rejects, contemporary production; and although there is much more to say of Shaw (for example, he has forced the Philistine to define his creed, and hold it consciously—a long step on the way to rejecting it), Mr. Willoughby is entitled to show that Shaw is not quite of this world, nor of the other, but a sort of Mahomet's coffin of satire. But what he is in himself is one thing, his effect on other people is another; and we must be careful of the stone that the builders rejected," he has a knack of finding its own eminence automatically. But in this mood, Mr. Willoughby personas, types, and institutions, says, happily enough, that "one may be sure that a Fabian Tribunal would be lenient to a man accused of singing 'God Save the King,'
having shares in a railway company, or having voted
for Lord Hugh Cecil, but would one feel one's neck
equally safe if one were a possible instrument for trans-
gressing the latest decree of the Eugenists, or had been
informed against for smoking a foul pipe in one's bed-
room?" In this mood, he writes about the British
Matron ("not dead yet," said Othello), John Bull, the
literary critics, the Poor Law, the Actor-Manager, the
domestic servant (nearly extinct), the public school,
the public servant, the public servant from "The Supera-
man" to "The Temporary Civil Servant."

And if we reach no final conclusions, if Mr. Willoughby
asserts much and proves nothing, he has a beguiling
way of making his opinions seem like revelations, his
standards seem like the tenets of that famous religion
of all sensible men, and everything that is seem like
anomaly.

The Earthen Vessel. By Pamela Glenconner. With
an Introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge. (The Bodley
Head. 6s. net.)

Lady Glenconner offers us in this volume a series of
book-tests given by her deceased son "Bim" through
the spirit Feda controlling the medium Mrs. Leonard.
Some of these were given through the spirit Feda con-
trolling the medium Mrs. Leonard to the Rev. Mr.
Drayton Thomas, of South Hill Lodge, Bromley,
Kent, at a time when Mr. Thomas was unknown to
Lady Glenconner. We are told that "the father of the
Rev. Thomas [presumably deceased] is said to have been the inventor" of a special
test, that of stating things that will be found in the
"Times" of the day after the seance; and after Mrs.
"spirits" can utilise it; and the chief purpose of the
medium; determining factor—no medium, no manifestation—
anomaly.

Mr. Norris's hero did not even strive: he chanced
accidentally on a process which gave to his amateurish
work an attractive finish: he became popular as an
artist when he made a crayon portrait of his son. His
wife, of course, saw that it was sent to the proper
headquarters, and apparently became a real

In spirit-communication, we are not supposed to
be dealing with physical, but with psychological facts.
It is assumed that a "person" survives the dissolution
of his body with all his faculties intact—an unwarranted
supposition, as so many of the faculties are inacti-
vively to the body. Love, for example, which is Lady
Glenconner's refrain, is not an abstract "spirit" but a
quite definite physiological state, capable of many
expressions from the direct desire for bodily union to the
most complexly inhibited and indirect desire for
"soul communion." But this "person" without a body,
it is argued, can and does communicate through the
body of another; if his communications are suffi-
ciently accurate to convince his hearers, it is supposed
to be a proof that his real "spirit" is communicating,
if they are not told, and have no means of discovering
what the "personal equation" is.

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