

Puritanical ardour was lit at my Philistian altars. When you crept out of your desert and stood aghast before the Strange Woman it was my Pentecost of fire that made you a prophet. Your hypocritical morality is the homage which virtue pays to me. And you know it, you who so deeply dread me. You believe and tremble—as you did when, girt in your wild ass's skin, you came up from your fane of Beth-Shamash in Dan to Sorek of the purple vines; and I stood before you arrayed in the eburnean splendour of my well-groomed and depilated nudity. And, steeped in the perfumes of Gaza, you withdrew to Hebron and inveighed against the abominations of the Gentile, which you cast from you. But it was from my refining fires that your uncouth, barbaric grossness issued transmuted to fairer form, Samson the Nazarite, and your dark gods of vengeance learnt a new and gentler mood. The exorcisms, the anathemas, the imprecations which your Jeromes and Tertullians have pronounced upon me blend with the *Chorus Mysticus* that has gone up from the dawn of humanity to the Queen of Heaven. In vain did they, by a grammatical confusion, change the sex of Hagia Sophia, and banish the Great Mother from their reduced Pantheon. The Queen of Heaven and of Earth, Ishtar-Delilah, the Unwed Parthenos, was restored to her throne of fiery stars by Catholic paganism—*gratia plena*.

There, Shams, dear; I did but mean to suggest a little less morality and a little more decency in your attitude towards me. I have let off a whiff of pent steam—but you know that a woman does not mean all she says. Therein lies her wisdom. Your male brain takes itself too seriously. You forget that your most prophetic vision is, after all, but a point of view. I have but given you one; no Sibyl can do more. Get your hair cut, Shams. That long-haired solemnity of yours was ever your vice. What prevents me from being wholly convinced of the plenary inspiration of your Bible is that there is not a joke in it, not one redeeming flash of fun. Our Greek gods rocked with laughter. The more divine they. And those true creators feared me not, but were borne upwards by the Eternal Life-force.

DELILAH.

P.S.—I fancy I shall be dining alone at Claridge's on Thursday.

The Great Drug Delusion

By a New York Specialist

PROFESSOR FREUD and M. Emile Coué have both pointed out, in similar language, despite their different techniques, the same fact about the identity of fear and fascination. It is a commonplace in the daily observation of the practising psychologist. As soon as an obstacle is realised as such, we make frantic efforts to avoid it, with the result that we bump into it. Psychical impotence is in the experience of most men; it is the same thing in terms of another problem.

Now the present craze for taking "habit-forming drugs" (so-called) and the suggested remedies, are closely bound up with this curious phenomenon. The will behaves like a mule, and the imagination like a bird in the presence of a serpent.

In the spring of 1914 I had occasion to study the effects of cocaine. As it happened, I had access to all the "fast" or "Bohemian" sets in London. I went through them with a tooth-comb; and in three months managed to discover two girls who were indulging in that drug to a deleterious extent. To-day, one might almost say that no tea-party is complete without it.

My investigations were cut short by the war; I was obliged to return to the United States. I had therefore no opportunity of observing the cause of the change. My English colleagues, however, attribute the present situation to two main factors: (a) the widespread outbreak of psychoses and neuroses due to public anxiety and stress, and the consequent demand for something which would dull the nerves; (b) the D.O.R.A. restrictions on the sale of liquor. I agree that both these factors were potent; they square with our own experience in America. There drug-habits have been common for many years; for the people of the United States are naturally afflicted with the nervous diathesis. This is due partly to the climate,

which is electrically charged in a way which Europeans cannot possibly understand until they have tried it, and partly to the fact that education is so widespread that the people demand art, literature, and music, which things are denied to them by the benevolence of the spiritual heirs of Cotton Mather. No other hypothesis even attempts to explain the Yellow Press, the dancing manias, the crazed search for amusement—and the resort to the waters of Lethe, beginning with cocktails and ending with cocaine.

But prohibition, ineffective as it is, has intensified the demand for drugs; and I am therefore ready to believe that war-time restrictions on the sale of liquor produced a parallel result in England. I note in passing that the prohibition of absinthe in France has resulted in the manufacture of substitutes, some of which will actually eat their way through a marble table.

There is, however, a third factor to be considered; and, without going over frankly to the theories of Nancy, the Salpêtrière, Vienna, and Zurich, it may well be that it is the most important of all. This factor is the nauseating form of publicity given by the newspapers—some even of those which should know better—to the matter. Indulgence in drugs is described with an unholy leer; it is connected lewdly with sexual aberrations; and the reprobation with which the writers smear their nastiness is obviously hypocrisy of the most oily and venal type. The object is to sell the paper by making people's flesh creep, like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*.

Now there is in such articles—which began, I regret to say, with a not uninteresting novel called *Felix*, by Mr. Robert Hichens—what Baudouin calls a pernicious suggestion. The reader is invited to gloat on the forbidden fruit. But even worse, from this point of view, is the unanimous assertion that once anybody starts to take a "drug" he cannot possibly stop of his own free will, and is only to be rescued at the cost of unutterable torments. Medical treatises on the subject, with no exception so far as I know, perpetuate this wicked libel on the divine prerogative of man to do what he wills, and, when he wills, to stop doing. Writers of fiction follow the evil precedent. The exception to this rule is *The Hasheesh-Eater*, by

H. G. Ludlow, in which the author (who lived on the Hudson near Poughkeepsie) describes his addiction to that drug, and his cure by his unaided determination.

Such cases are, however, common enough; but the strong-minded never reach the clinic of the physician, and are consequently ignored by him.

There are, in fact, three main classes of men and women.

1. Afraid to experiment with anything, lest—
2. Enslaved by anything that appeals to them.
3. Able to use anything without damaging themselves.

I hesitate to admit either of the two former classes to the title of Freeman. Since the year 1898 I have been principally occupied in studying the effects of various drugs upon the human organism, with special reference to the parallelisms between the psychical phenomena of drug-neuroses, insanities, and mystical illuminations. The main object has been to see whether it is possible to produce the indubitably useful (see William James, *Varieties of Religious Experience*) results of "ecstasy" in the laboratory. In pursuit of this laudable aim, I attempted to produce a "drug-habit" in myself. In vain. My wife literally nagged me about it: "Don't go out without your cocaine, sweetheart!" or "Did you remember to take your heroin before lunch, big boy?" I reached the stage where one takes a sniff of cocaine every five minutes or so all day long; but though I obtained definitely toxic results, I was always able to abandon the drug without a pang. These experiments simply confirmed the conclusion which I had already adopted, provisionally, on theoretical grounds: that busy people, interested in life and in their work, simply cannot find the time to keep on with a drug. As Baudelaire says: A perfect debauch requires perfect leisure. A prominent newspaper correspondent of my acquaintance had actually reached a stage where the privation of opium was torture to him. The stress of the war threw additional work on him; but instead of accentuating his need, it made it impossible for him to find the time to smoke. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" is sound psychology. A colleague of my own, who participated in my experiments, found himself on several occasions "in the clutches of the drug-fiend." But those occasions were all characterised by one fact: he was, for external reasons,

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at a deadlock with his work. He had nothing to do but to think about the drug, and his mind was flooded with "pernicious suggestions" that he could not stop it. Every trifling malaise was unhesitatingly attributed either to the effects of the drug or those of trying to stop it! Just so the young man who was reading *Middlemarch* fell downstairs and broke his leg—and blamed the law of gravity instead of George Eliot!

It is not contended here that the physiological theory of "toleration" is untrue. No doubt the nerves do, more or less, "shriek for their accustomed stimulus," as the foolish physician usually tells his victim—apparently with the hope of removing any traces of self-confidence or will-power that he may possess. But, within limits, an average brave and resolute man can arrange the details of his "cure," and carry them out with success. The nerves, too, can be fooled to some extent. A member of the Himalayan Expedition of 1902 has put it on record that when he was starved in respect of his sugar-ration he suffered the most intolerable tortures. The body agreed with him so far as to furnish almost continuous spasms of nausea and diarrhoea. But on sweetening his tea with saccharine, the symptoms almost completely disappeared: the "suggestion" of sugar, although he knew it was only a suggestion, sufficed to delude his physiological "Chorus of Troezenian Women."

Now if there be one thing certain in this complex world it is this: that moral maladies require moral therapeutics. The present system of "pernicious suggestion," backed by prohibition, which insults the free will and dignity of mankind, which offers princely opportunities to illicit traffic and blackmail, makes the situation worse every month.

In Harlem, a district of New York corresponding roughly to a combination of Bayswater and Brixton, there are, by police statistics, over 17,000 school children addicted to heroin. In this particular case the cause is simple enough. An enterprising firm of doubtless God-fearing chemical manufacturers sent out agents to distribute the drug gratis to the children. Having established the "habit," the agents next demanded an ever-increasing price, and when they had extracted the last mil from the tortured innocents, told them to steal, rob, and murder in

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order to get the "mazuma" for the "dope." (The "addict" is notoriously fertile in expedients for obtaining supplies of his drug.) Abominations of this sort are only possible when the course of nature is violently diverted by pious Puritans and profiteering policemen. Nobody troubled about heroin when it was almost as easy and as cheap to buy as butter. To-day, despite repressive legislation, there is an international industry making its many thousands per cent. on an enormous turnover, and occasionally throwing some peddling Jonah overboard when some brainless dancing girl happens to kill herself. What better could she do? And the police want "additional powers." Of course they do. They envy the Beckers of New York, the arbitrary irresponsible gangs of uniformed grafters, in league with every form of criminal, from the white slaver to the gambler and the gunman. If the people of England want to see their cities in the hands of petty tyranny patting the paunch of corruption, well and good, "strengthen the Act!" *

There has been so much delirious nonsense written about drugs that sane men may well despair of seeing the light.

But it ought to be obvious that if England reverted to pre-war conditions, when any responsible person (by signing his name in a book) could buy drugs at a fair profit on cost price, cocaine (say) at 16s. and heroin at 20s. the bottle of 10 grammes—instead of as many pounds—the whole underground traffic would disappear like a bad dream.

It is possible, perhaps even probable, that for a month or two there would be an increase in the number of fools who killed themselves in their folly, though personally I doubt it. But I have no shame in saying that, after a war in which we sent our sturdiest sons as sheep to the slaughter, we should not miss a few score wasters too stupid to know when to stop. Besides this, we see, on the one hand, that the people who want the drugs manage to get them in one way or another, at the cost of time, trouble, and money which might be used more wisely, and on the other that

* [Our distinguished contributor may be pardoned for seeing our country through alien eyes. It is needless to say that the suggestion here made by him about the Metropolitan Police—certain ugly rumours with regard to the toleration of certain notorious establishments notwithstanding—is the wildest nonsense.—Ed.]

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the infernal suggestions of the Press, and the vile venality of the villains attracted to the traffic by the immense profits, are deliberately creating new addicts every day of people who in the normal course of affairs would no more think of indulging in narcotics than a cat in a cold bath.

So much for the purely practical points of the position; but, deeper still, let me say as a Jeffersonian democrat, that I dread beyond all else the growth of the petty tyranny of restrictive legislation, the transference of disciplinary authority from the judiciary to the constabulary, the abandonment of every constitutional safeguard of individual liberty, the division of the people into the hunters and the hunted, the exaltation of the spy, the *agent provocateur*, and the blackmailer, the open adoption of the policy of sitting on the safety-valve, and the degradation of citizenship by applying physical repression to the evils whose only redress lies in moral development!

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In the author's private clinic, patients are not treated for their "habit" at all. They are subjected to a process of moral reconstruction; as soon as this is accomplished, the drug is automatically forgotten. Cures of this sort are naturally permanent, whereas the possible suppression of the drug fails to remove the original causes of the habit, so that relapse is the rule.

The Future of Empire and of England

By Frederic Harrison

I AM now a retired hermit living far apart from politics—a mere ghost from the Victorian age. I cannot say a word on the party problems of the hour. But I have stood for Liberal principles ever since Mr. Gladstone's first Budget in 1852, which I carefully studied at Oxford. I am a Liberal of seventy years' standing. All my life I have been a Liberal Independent. I don't know if that is the same thing as an Independent Liberal. (A horse-chestnut is not a chestnut horse!) In my day we knew nothing of that as a label—which they tell me is the right ticket to-day.

Now I will touch on two or three matters of Imperial and general interest. The first of these is the international deadlock, the resettlement of Europe, and the relations of those who won and those who lost the war. It too often looks as if they had changed places.

All my life I have been an unflinching believer in union with France. Nearly sixty years ago I wrote this: that the "only possible solution of European difficulties was an alliance between our two nations to secure peace and order in Europe." I am the oldest—I think the most persistent—of those who have called for union with France in the cause of civilisation. I even asked for more than an Entente—I would say, reasonable co-operation. But to-day even an Entente is a task of unparalleled complexity. Each step in policy has its own difficulties and dangers. It is a choice of alternatives—all of almost equal menace and of evil.

To break with France would expose Europe to a Babel of national rivalries, and open all the new frontiers of Eastern Europe. Yet to join her in a desperate attempt to crush Germany, and to wring from her impossible exac-

Percy Bysshe Shelley

By Prometheus

"O! like a rose-wing'd pelican
She hath bred blessed babes to Pan!"
—*The Wizard Way.*

IN a story by Lord Dunsany Fame says to the poet, "I will meet you in the graveyard at the back of the Workhouse in a hundred years." If Shelley has been more fortunate—though it hardly matters to him!—it is not on account of his poetry, which passed as readable even among his contemporary detractors, but of his prophetic gift and the moral wizardry which gave its spirit a body, in face of those qualities which made serious people consider seriously that in him *Diabolus incarnatus est, et homo factus est.*

It seems at first sight astounding that Shelley was sent down from Oxford for theological views which are accepted to-day by the youngest average undergraduate with scarce a mumbled protest from the oldest average don; that he should have been robbed of his children on account of a moral attitude which modern children themselves find reactionary rather than advanced; and that he should have been practically exiled from England because of political notions which the most case-hardened Tory of to-day would hardly dare to whisper in the gloom of his club.

The truth is that the "Sun-treader" (as Browning calls him in *Pauline*) happened to be on the crest of a true dawn. The world, save for sporadic outbreaks of Bourbon *folie des grandeurs*, has rolled steadily towards that slight, shrill angel figure in the East. The poetry of Shelley hardly matters, in a sense, by comparison with his ethical ideals. He was the voice of the *Zeitgeist*; and it is relatively unimportant that it should have been, to English ears, so matchlessly musical.

Many of the best judges of poetry prefer Keats to Shelley; but the verdict implies purism. A poet is one

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who "makes" or "does" things, and Keats was preoccupied with eternal "Truth-Beauty"—to coin a term like the "Space-Time" of Einstein—of a far less potent and intricate quality.

In Egyptian lore Tahuti, the god of language, is also the god of wisdom and of creative thought; the word "gramareye" (dear to Sir Walter Scott) is indeed, like the French word *grimoire*, etymologically equivalent to "grammar." Poets must not be ranked by their lyrical exaltation any more than by their technical ability: wisdom is justified of her children, and a poet of his!

The children of Keats are people like Rossetti, Walter Pater, Oscar Wilde, whose eyes were fixed sadly and languorously on the sunset of things.

But the spilt of Shelley's seed flooded foreign and innumerable fields: James Thomson, Swinburne, and other poets of revolution and passion are only a minor branch of his great family. The reformers, the humanitarians, the feminists, the transcendentalists, from Bradlaugh and Huxley to Nietzsche and Anna Kingsford, were all suckled on that pale gold wine of Dionysus which issued from his martyred veins. The young lady was within her rights when she asked "What are Keats?"; and if she was a wise child she knew her own father to be Shelley.

Keats remains perfect and imperishable like his own Greek Vase; he is the chief treasure of the Museum of Humanity; but Shelley is the High Priest of the Temple of Spiritual Progress, the Prophet of the most High God of Freedom, and the King of the Republic of "gentleness, wisdom, virtue, and endurance."

He is dynamic as Keats is static; and the nature of the Universe is Becoming rather than Being. The nineteenth century stripped the gilded rags of religion from the mummy of existence, and found a crumbling corpse, but the twentieth sees that dust dissolve into a glittering film of motion and light.

Modern physical and mathematical research are making it clearer every day that the structure of matter is indeed that subtle spiritual vibration which Shelley perceived it to be. By a parallel argument, man himself is no longer conceived as a fixed quantity established in a world six thousand years old, and subject to a single law. He is an

immutable Essence indeed, perhaps, in some ultimate spiritual sense, but his manifestation is mutable; his sensible form is a vehicle of Energy surging in infinite variety against the shores of experience. Shelley speaks of an immanent Spirit of the Universe, and is sufficiently a Pantheist to have identified himself, or any other existing thing, with that Spirit, had he been challenged directly on the point by, let us say, Mr. Eddington or Mr. Bertrand Russell. If Shelley is not always explicitly in line with the latest mathematico-mystical thinkers, it is because the world was so far behind his intuitive perception of truth that there was no intellectual instrument capable of registering his vibrations, except possibly the ambiguous jargon of the school of Fludd. But he everywhere implies, more by the sheer form and tone of his verses than by their rational meaning, that existence is an unconditioned Unity (or Nihil), which has invented infinite modes of phantasmal and illusory duality for the purpose of becoming conscious of itself. It is not necessary for an animal to use our arbitrary language to express its feelings intelligibly; and, in point of fact, poets who have made the attempt to explain their spiritual consciousness in terms of philosophy have obscured their light rather than made it manifest. Blake is a notable example of this circumstance. We learn more of the essence of his soul-structure from *Tiger, Tiger, The Crystal Cabinet*, or *The Mental Traveller* than we do from his professedly "prophetic" books. The English language, as understood by scholars and developed by them, is an instrument of doubtful value to the poet. The soul of man lurks rather in the lilt of a lyric than in the most imposing *lavallière* that glitters on the velvet of the shop-window of literary effort.

Now Shelley was saturated with the spirit of the planet in its subtlest and strongest distillation: and that spirit overflowed into song. He possessed the utter simplicity and self-confidence of an immortal; if our ears are attuned to his thought, we can catch the choral rapture as it swings with the stars through the centuries. But his conscious efforts to express his essential idea are relatively lame.

Identical phenomena occur in every connection; and this is the ultimate reason for the apparent failure of the poet to maintain his hold on our hearts as we reach an age

when our spirits are less sensitive to subtle and subconscious stress. Mr. Augustine Birrell remarks that Browning in later life lost his enthusiasm for this "strange and unaccountable being." We are not all, fortunately, so middle-class and middle-aged as either of those gentlemen; but, even so, it is hard to read Shelley with enjoyment after one has turned forty. The reason, however, is this: one either has or has not assimilated the Unconscious of the poet in one's youth; in the one case the verse seems a mere husk, while in the other it screams the doom of spiritual death. The damned detest him, therefore, and the redeemed can only find pleasure in remembering the raptures which wrought the white-hot steel of their youth into the shapes of royalty and righteousness.

It is in the nature of things that even the greatest intellectual attempts to grapple with any given problem appear ill-adjusted in after years; for the thought has been frozen into crystalline beauty, while the problem has changed with the succession of suns. It is always an error for an artist to abdicate his throne in eternity in order to enter the lists of temporal things: *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Few people, even among philosophers, seem to understand that eternity differs in quality from time. It is commonly supposed to be a mere unlimited extension thereof. Yet the consideration that time is but one of the conditions of dualistic consciousness ought to make the true aspect of the matter immediately apparent. It is the prerogative of men like Shelley to think in terms of the absolute, which is out of all relation with the measurable, and not to be obtained therefrom by removing the landmarks, any more than one can make Beauty by effacing the marks on a steelyard, or prolonging the lever indefinitely. When, therefore, Shelley says

"Next came Fraud, and he had on,
Like Eldon, an ermined gown"

he risks his intelligibility only in a slightly less degree than Mr. Frankau in *One of Us*, or the ephemeral leader-writer of this *Ile des Diurnales*. Eldon is already for us merely a judge who happened to annoy Shelley. *One of Us* is a very valuable historical document, of its kind, but the more it is history the less it is literature. It has already become difficult to identify the mourners for *Adonais*, immortals

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though they be. And Shelley was pre-eminently the "Sun-treader"—he should have remembered Phaeton.

Much, however, of this defect of Shelley is inseparable from his supreme quality as a technician. He was the first to realise the rhythmical power of the intonation of the English language, to see in it an armoury of striking and stabbing weapons. Shakespeare, with all his vigorous rhetoric, never understood the possibilities of pure form to play upon the passions; he trusted to the rational meaning of the words themselves. Milton made but a slight advance in this respect. Samuel Butler forged a hammer of the rhythm of *Hudibras*; but the stroke does not vary. Some of Shelley's contemporaries made the way plain for him by introducing freedom of metre; but none of them, not even Byron, was able to consummate the marriage of poetry and music. The result of the alliance was to unite the intellectual and emotional power of words with the direct spiritual action on the nerves which even the West African drum or the Papuan bull-roarer can exercise.

It is not too much to say, therefore, that Shelley was to the Revolutionary Epoch what Shakespeare was to the Renaissance. He created, in fact, a new heavens and a new earth of language. The perfection of Keats, the sublimity of Blake, the simplicity of Wordsworth, the mystery of Coleridge, the independence of Byron: these are feathers in the scale against the sword of Shelley. For language is the word which "was with God," and "was God"; it is the most intimate sheath of the soul, its first and simplest expression. The creation of a new language is therefore a stupendously significant event in the history of a planet, as important as the invention of the wheel, or the discovery of a fundamental principle in Nature. The influence of Shakespeare and the Bible is due not to their contents, or even their style, but to their having conferred upon the English people a new intellectual instrument. We are not yet at a sufficient distance from Shelley to estimate the real effect of his work. We are apt to be misled: we observe the triumph of many of his ideas, and associate that phenomenon with his success. The truth lies much deeper. Such questions as atheism are really of transitory importance: the tides of human opinion sway with the moon of popular favour, and (to a less degree) with the sun of

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the enlightenment of the ruling classes. But the advance in the development of the larynx marks off definitely man from monkey, and the perfecting of the weapon of speech by Shelley made the essential difference between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in England. The issue is masked for the moment by the Press. The English language is fallen into disrepute and impotence. But the wood pulp period of brain and paper will soon pass. Unless England is destroyed altogether by the vermin that are gnawing at her entrails, unless the speech of the greatest minds on earth since the Fall of Rome is rotted through by the cancer of senseless slang, venal vulgarity, alien abominations, the weapon of Shelley will wing its way through the centuries, and enable mind to inform mind by virtue of subtle cadences, harmonies, and hammer-strokes.

That is, above all, the problem of the day, now that the "hard facts" of materialism are thawing into a gossamer dew. It is becoming impossible to write sober science in prose: the subtleties of Nature demand rhythm to respond to, and to record, their own. By Wisdom, that is, by the Word, He created the worlds; and the Wonder-World of to-day has been created by the Word of the Winged Serpent, whom the men of his own day took to be Satan, him whose centenary we celebrate under his pseudonym of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

The Jewish Problem Re-stated

By a Gentile

A DISTINGUISHED article entitled "The Cry of the Modern Pharisee," by the Rev. Joel Blau, of Temple Peni-El, New York City, which recently appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, posed the Jewish problem in new dimensions. In America, where this problem is growing acute, wide interest was aroused. I quote a few passages which are characteristic.

"It is depressing to see the Jewish problem discussed, even by Jews, from without and not from within, as if its inner aspect did not matter; at all events, as if this were something in which the world at large need take no interest, it being the concern of a few Jewish Zealots only. Over against this mistaken position these very Jewish zealots, who are far from obsolete, claim that the only way to solve the Jewish problem is from within. Find the right solution for the internal problem of the Jew, and the external problem, created by the persistence of anti-Semitism, will solve itself."

"... he [the Pharisee] would rather lose the whole world than lose aught of the riches of his soul.

"... As for pride, he admits it, yet holds himself guiltless. For pride is no sin, except when one will not live up to it.

"It [pride] is compounded of a clear knowledge of one's place, a consciousness of both powers and limitations, and a desire to participate wholeheartedly in the passionate business of living. This pride is the child of reverence, the last summing-up of the sanctities of Individuality.

"Its presence is the distinguishing sign of divinely stubborn men, 'terribly meek,' who inherit the earth—and heaven, too.

"Of peoples too, even as of persons, the same holds true; modesty is a sin in any people. The chief duty that a people owes both itself and the world is reverence for its own soul, the mystic centre of its being.

"Personality spells the mystery of mysteries—the last word of life for which all the worlds and all the ages are in ceaseless travail."

"The Jew must be led back to the Discovery of the Jewish Soul."

Despite these utterances, we find elsewhere in the essay that the only practical solution in view is repatriation. A physical Zion is contemplated, and this proposal implies the very materialism which the learned Rabbi deplors as the mark of the modern Sadducee. Now the division between Jew and Gentile dates only from Abraham. The children of uncircumcision no less than those of the Covenant are of the seed of Adam, of mankind. It was

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by means of the secret tradition of the Hebrews that the leader of the hosts of the new Law obtained "the knowledge and conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel," whose words constitute the whole Law. This Law is the master-key to the Future of Mankind, and the learned Rabbi, being a master in Israel, is able to interpret the Zeitgeist intuitively. Accordingly, he exhibits a profound comprehension of this Law; indeed, he actually expresses some of its corollaries in various phrases. What then is the one weakness of his admirable essay? What is it that compels him to a sceptical conclusion, despite the sublimity of courage, pride, and sadness which informs his thought, and the magistral grasp of the situation? These qualities demand consummate respect; and yet their owner hesitates to articulate an "Everlasting Yea." The difficulty arises from the interference of the learned Rabbi's intellectual perception of the conditions of his environment with the truth of his soul. He must hold fast to this truth if it is to make him free. The Relative must not be applied as a measure of the Absolute, of which it is but one of the infinitely numerous symbolic representations. It is, then, here that the Rev. Joel Blau is tempted to lose touch with the essential truth. He has still to pass through the ordeal of being attacked by phenomena which threaten or allure, seeking to turn him from his spiritual integrity. It is the task of the initiate to learn to ignore these seeming facts, to recognise that these are vapours of the void. Let me say at once that the Jewish spirit cannot be destroyed any more than a grain of sand or an ohm of electrical resistance. The problem is perennial. If every Jew were instantaneously abolished, the Jewish problem* would remain unaltered.

* The historical aspect of this doctrine may be elucidated briefly as follows:—In the dawn of history we have the Pagan period, when the central object of worship is Isis (or similar idea) the Mother. Matriarchy abounds; the function of Man in reproduction is not understood. Then comes a period in which the Father is the main object of worship. We have Solar-Phallic religions, in which the Sun, and Man, must die to live again. Science has now shown that the Sun, and is showing that Man, does not "die"; darkness is due to our being in the shadow of the earth; death to our being veiled from our Reality by our gross bodies. The New Law proclaims the Crowned and Conquering Child as the central idea which represents That Which Is.

This subject is discussed at great length in *The Equinox*, Vol. I., Nov. I.-X., and Vol. III., No. I., in *The Book of Lies*, in *The Star in the West*, by Capt. (now Col.) J. F. C. Fuller, and elsewhere.

The Rev. Joel Blau has himself demonstrated, with admirable clearness, that the "extraversion" of modern Sadducees has merely defiled their honour, and that reliance upon outworn formalism has failed to protect the integrity of the Pharisees.

When Moses gave His new Law, His was the Word which expressed the spiritual truth fit for that age and that folk. Other Masters have appeared from time to time with other words. Thus the Buddha, proclaiming the absence of Atman, emancipated the East from its time-rotted conditions. Mohammed, with His Word Allah, proclaimed a new zon in which the diversity of phenomena should be referred to a single ultimate source.

The solution of the Jewish Question has baffled society completely since the earliest records. It is quite evident that before the Exodus Pharaoh was confronted by precisely the same dilemma as the Tsar of yesterday in Russia and the President of to-day in America. It is the problem of an endothermic chemical compound. The instability of chloride of nitrogen does not lead us to "blame" either the nitrogen or the chlorine; the elements tend to fly apart with destructive violence because neither of them is satisfying its own true nature to the full. Each has joined the other without enthusiasm because it could find no more suitable element union with which would fulfil to the uttermost its need of a complement. Nitrogen chloride is not formed if the chlorine passes over moist sodium before reaching the ammonia, or if that ammonia has been mixed with nitric acid.

Jew and Gentile have been forced into contact under innumerable varieties of social condition. Friction has been at a minimum when the Jew has been in contact either with Arabic civilisation or English jurisprudence. These two environments have a common factor: non-interference. English indifference and Moslem self-respect are agreed on the ethical principle: "Mind your own business." This is one of the moral postulates of true Law.

The incompatibility between Jew and Gentile has been based, superficially indeed, upon prejudice, ignorance, and instinctive antipathy; but this seems hardly more than a disguise for the real motive, which may more probably be

the fear of alien aggression. The Jews are charged with many crimes, from ritual murder and usury to lack of patriotism. But all these charges are merely diverse expressions of the feeling that there is an irreconcilable antagonism between two spirits whose juxtaposition is an offence to nature.

Is it presumptuous to feel sure that so far one may count upon the assent of the learned Rabbi to this analysis? No? Then why not be bold enough to proceed to synthesis? Let us pursue the chemical analogy. In a mixture of sodium chloride and sodium nitrate the atoms of nitrogen and chlorine are intimately mingled; but there is no tendency to explosion. The reason is that both elements have already—in the main matter—fulfilled their own natures. Neither is unsatisfied; neither is under stress.

Is there no hint here to guide us to a practical proposal? It is useless to tinker with the environment of chloride of nitrogen; the more we meddle with the explosive, the more likely we are to provoke a crisis. We must prevent the formation of the substance altogether; and so long as either element is unsatisfied, so long is there a risk of conditions occurring in which they will combine disastrously with each other. Just as most human beings contract unsuitable marriages, or experiment with unconsecrated unions, rather than suffer the physiological agony of abstention; just as the only secure social system rests on a basis of sexually satisfied individuals; so countries inhabited by heterogeneous races invite civil collision if the inherited instincts of any race are starved or suppressed.

Now it is the historical fact that from the time of Abraham's discontented departure from his father's pastures, and the dream-drawn journey of Joseph, to the desperate adventure of Moses in search of a "promised land," and the continual craving for a Messiah, the Spirit of the Jew, behind all its expressions, is stamped with the stigma of soul-starvation. The patriotic passion of the Chroniclers, the plaintive cries of the Psalmists, the relentless rage of the Prophets, the acrid agony of Ecclesiastes, each in its own way expresses the fact that the Jew has always wanted Something desperately, has never known

precisely what it was, has never fooled himself for very long into fancying that he has found it. When national degradation and religious mummification had reduced the ragged remnant of repatriated refugees to despair, Paul proclaimed his Freudian Phantasm as the Messiah. But in vain did he try to conciliate his people, in vain did he prove that Christ fulfilled the prophecies, in vain did he seek to reconcile circumcision and crucifixion. Israel preferred to die in the dark rather than stumble by the light of corpse-candles into the ditch of self-deception.

The same spirit stamps the Jew to this day. He has endured every possible persecution; without faith, hope, or love to help him. He has not found himself in wealth, power, or anything else. Neither Spinoza in philosophy, Heine in poetry, nor Einstein in science have found any way of escape from the fiend appointed to scourge Israel. From the most sublime complaints of the musician to the grossest grumbings of the Schnorrer, the same phrase recurs: it is the cry from the Abyss, the shriek of the lost soul. The glories of Solomon did not prevent him from seeing the vanity of all things; nor would repatriation in Palestine delude one single Jew into supposing that his soul could be satisfied by so romantically narcotic a remedy.

The solution of the Jewish problem is simply this: "Shiloh shall come." The Messiah must arise, and His name shall be called Anti-Christ. And this shall be the sign of the Messiah, Anti-Christ, He who shall lead at last His people Israel into the Holy Mountain, the True Zion: He shall come to understand the Magical Formula of Israel; He shall interpret the history of Israel; He shall declare unto Israel the nature of the spirit of the people; He shall express the true purpose of His people; He shall demonstrate to them the direction of their destiny; He shall formulate their function in the physiology of mankind.

It may indeed be that this function is such that even its free fulfilment would not satisfy it. He, the Messiah, Anti-Christ, shall know, as others do not, whether it be so. In our own bodies there are principles which never cease to urge us. The secret of the Soul of Israel may be that it is a ferment; the history of humanity shows us this spirit constantly consuming every civilisation with which it has been in contact. Israel has corrupted the world, whether by

conquest, by conversion, or by conspiracy. The Jew has eaten his way into everything. The caricature of Semitic thought, Christianity, rotted Roman virtue through introducing the moral subterfuge of vicarious atonement. The Eagles of Cæsar degenerated to the draggled buzzards of Constantine. Soon they were no more than hens, dispersed and devoured by the fierce hawks of Mohammed and the savage ravens of the North. Jewish commercial cleverness has created cosmopolitanism. Jewish sympathy with suffering has made the cliffs of caste to crumble. Jewish ethical exclusiveness has created a tyranny of conventional formalities to replace the righteousness of self-respect. The Jew, living so long on sufferance, by subterfuge, servility, and self-effacement, has taught his tricks to the whole world. Civilisation is an organised system of craft, concealment, cunning, camouflage, of cringing cowardice and craven callousness. The world is one great Ghetto. The Jew has failed to realise himself; and, as the learned Rabbi so brilliantly breaks out at the end of the third paragraph of his article, it is in infamy that Gentile and Jew are reconciled at last. Gentile and Jew bend on the same bench of the galley; the same whip drips with blood from the bare backs of the two brothers in bondage. We share the same suffering and shame; we eat the same bitter bread of exile.

Neither of us has known who he is, dared to be himself, or willed to do his Will. Neither has kept the Silence which alone preserved his soul from profanation. It was far better when ignorance and prejudice prevailed; we had at least faith in our own fetiches. It is better to have something that one is willing to die for, though it be but a lie; to have something to live for, though it be but a dream. To-day, Jew and Gentile alike are pursuing despicable objects by dishonourable devices; and, having attained them, there is disillusion, disgust, and despair. We have swept away the superstitions which sustained our self-respect. We have discovered that the sun is only one star of many; and, perceiving our infinitesimal importance, we have lost our own respective stars—our self-esteem.

We have still to complete analysis by synthesis. Instead of interpreting Democracy as confusion in a common degradation, we must understand that, although each individual is equally an element of existence with every

other, each is sublimely itself. Mankind is a republic of aristocrats; our equality is that of the essential organs of the body. The honour of each is to secure the harmony of all. It is the most fatal error of modern thought to interpret the dependence of each of us upon the rest as confounding us all in a common vileness.

One may appeal to the learned Rabbi then, out of his own mouth, to accept the Law of Thelema * as the foundation of the future of Israel. One may ask him to agree that the salvation of Israel depends upon understanding the spirit of that people in the light of history, ethnology, and psychology. Having understood its function, and formulated its will in a fixed phrase, it is only necessary to keep its unswerving course, each Jew as his own soul shows him for himself, and for the race, as the soul of the race is shown him, by the spirit of Anti-Christ, the Messiah, who shall arise in Israel for this purpose.

One word in reconciliation of an apparent antinomy. One must not think of Anti-Christ as opposed to Christ, any more than one thinks of the pleura as opposed to the

* This Law may be summarised: Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

The theory underlying this injunction is that "Every man and every woman is a star." Each star is equally inviolable, eternal, individual. It has its own proper course through space. This physical fact has its moral parallel in, "There is no law beyond do what thou wilt"; that is to say, every individual has his own necessary and proper direction, which is called his "true Will."

Similarly, just as there are certain groups of stars, there are groups of human beings which, while preserving the individual integrity of each unit, have a certain common direction.

It is thus legitimate to calculate the destiny of a race, as the astronomer calculates the course of a galaxy.

It is the first business of every individual to discover what his true Will is, and then to occupy himself to doing that and nothing else. But he must also reckon with the drift of his race and of humanity as a whole.

As soon as this Law is properly understood, its truth becomes self-evident. To fail to do one's true will is to stultify oneself, to create a conflict in oneself, to become morally insane.

The school of Freud and Jung has rediscovered a part of this thesis by showing that self-suppression leads to neurosis. The task of every man is to express himself fully, but he must take into consideration his relationship with the community, since it is a part of his true Will to be a member thereof; and any act of his which conflicts with the true Will of the community, conflicts to that extent with his own true Will.

This Law of Thelema is therefore the complete solution of all ethical problems. What is required is a technical apparatus for calculating its practical application in any particular case.

Many persons are already at work to perfect this psychological instrument.

lungs which it bounds. Woman is not the opposite of man—the difference between them is necessary to their co-operation. Without it, neither could reproduce their common elements in either component. Every star is necessarily different from every other star. The annihilation of one would disturb the equilibrium of all, and destroy the universe. The Jewish spirit is an essential element of humanity. The pitiable tragedies of the past have been the result of failing to understand, to insist upon, to execute, the eternal office of each existing individual idea. The arising of Anti-Christ will make possible the coming of Christ. If Christ came, he was balked, as He himself is supposed to have said, because no one was ready to receive Him.

As the first paragraph of "The Cry of the Modern Pharisee" points out, non-resistance defies power. Mechanics presumes opposition. Structuralisation depends upon the co-operation of diverse unities, each of which is stubbornly itself. Evolution is aristocratic. To aim at homogeneity is to revert to nullity. There is then no reason to fear that Anti-Christ, in establishing Israel, will injure Christianity. He will, on the contrary, assist the Christian spirit to cleanse itself from the confused acquiescence in anarchical amiability which it calls "charity," and is really cowardice, really the slave's shame of his own condition, the sense of guilt which he soothes by minimising all misdemeanours.

Let Anti-Christ arise, let Him announce to Israel its integrity. Let Him make clear the past, purged of all tribal jargon; let Him prove plainly how inevitably event came after event. Let Him gather the past to a point; let Him assign its proper position to the present by showing its relation with the axes of Space and Time. Let Him then calculate what forces are focussed at that point, so that its proper course may be thereby determined. Then let Him speak the Word of Israel's Will, so that all Israel with united energy, disciplined and directed, may move as one man irresistibly to fulfil its Destiny.

Such action will induce a complementary current in every other racial and religious section of humanity. The Chinaman who has given up politeness, filial reverence, and philosophy for European ideas; the Russian who has

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bartered mystic melancholy for Marxism; the Moham-
medan who has been taught to despise the faith, virtue,
virility, and valour of his forebears, and to appreciate cock-
tails, cocottes, pork, and profanity; all these are hybrids, all
these are self-mutilated cowards, garbage of self-surrender.
They are monsters bred of the shame of being different to
other people. The modern Italian has discarded the noble
and beautiful toga for shoddy city clothes. The Mongol's
sweeping silken robes are gone; dignified in them, he pre-
fers to look ridiculous in the frock-coat and stove-pipe hat
of a Bermondsey bank clerk. The Hindoo, once clean and
comfortable in cotton cloths, sweats and stinks in starched
shirts and shabby suits in the hope of looking like a Sahib.
Mongrels and monsters, all these! Diverse as they are,
they are born of one mother, Conventionaljty, by one father,
Shame.

Let the Jew lead the way! Let the Jew find himself and
be sure of himself; let him assert himself without fear of
others, or reference to their ideals and standards. They
will be forced to respect him. In self-defence, each one
will find for himself the formula of his own function.
From that moment the friction between the various parts
of the human machine will begin to diminish.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."
The social and economical crises of to-day are not due to
over-population, to lack of supplies, or to inefficiency. They
are due to the suppression of individuality. Instead of
each person and each race doing its own will, the whole of
humanity is being thrown into a melting-pot; the only
ambition is to get to the top. The earth affords infinite
scope for each soul, as the sky affords scope for each star.
But instead of each soul seeking the satisfaction proper to
itself, it is persuaded by the popular Press, by the pressure
of public opinion, and by the contagious delusion of
Democracy, that nothing is worth having save wealth in
its grossest interpretation, "modern conveniences" in the
crudest sense of the term, and social success in its silliest
and shallowest shape. Pleasure itself is prescribed, like
the diet of a diabetic. Respect is inseparable from envy,
since the superiority of one is incompatible with the equiva-
lent superiority of others. Formerly, Virgil and Horace
could admire each other's qualities. To-day, they must be

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measured by the balances at their banks. There are not
enough automobiles and diamonds to go round, any more
than there were in the time of Buddha or Villon. But the
ascetic Prince and the starving scholar could each be
unique and supreme without struggling for shekels.

The Jew has no claim to consideration on account of
his success in money-getting. Every race in the world can
produce rivals in that art. The True Spirit of Israel shines
in the splendour of its literature, and in such moral quali-
ties as that rigorous sense of Reality which made him the
torch-bearer of Science through the Dark Ages, in the per-
sistent patience which preserved his racial peculiarities
through proscription and persecution, in the fidelity to tradi-
tion which kept him true to himself until he was assimilated
in the American ant-heap, where no animal can live except
the aimlessly active insects that swarm in its mould.

To recapitulate, Israel has not evolved a true conscious-
ness of racial destiny through the ages, for "The word
of Sin is Restriction," and the sin of Israel is this, that it
has never known itself, or done its will.

Love is the law, love under will.

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The Drug Panic

By a London Physician

It is a long while since I was at school, and I may have forgotten some things, but I remember well that I was taught there to beware of a certain type of fallacy called *non distributio medii*; and this fallacy is at the base of all the recent most baneful, most mischievous, most wasteful and most insolent legislation which we see on all hands, but nowhere more than in the matter of such follies as the Dangerous Drugs Act.

The present writer agrees entirely with the thesis expounded by a New York Specialist in the June issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. In this matter of the Dangerous Drugs Act Parliament seems to have been inspired by ignorance made deeper by the wildest ravings of that class of newspaper which aspires to thrill its readers—if reading it can be called—with blood-curdling horrors.

And here is where the fallacy I mentioned comes in. We are all laudably busy in “cleaning up” Sin in its hydra-headed and Protean forms. Very good: we hear that a woman abuses morphine, or a man goes mad and destroys his family with an axe.

We then argue that as the morphine and the axe can injure society, it must be made as difficult as possible for any one to buy these engines of atrocity. No! we do not do so in the case of the axe, because it is obvious to everybody that there is a large class of very poor men whose livelihood would be taken away if they could not get axes.

Then why does not the same argument apply in the case of the morphine? Because the public is ignorant of the existence of “a large class of very poor men” who would die or go insane if morphine were withheld from them.

Bronchitis and asthma, in particular, are extremely

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common among the lower classes, in consequence of exposure, bad air, and other insanitary conditions. One of my own patients is a most brilliant exponent of electrical science, endowed with a creative genius which would have enriched the world in a thousand ways had he not been hampered all his life by spasmodic asthma. This man cannot live and work at all unless he has a supply of heroin in case he is seized by a spasm. His ill-health has prevented him amassing a fortune; he is, in fact, extremely poor. Now what is the effect of the Dangerous Drugs Act on him—and he is only one of probably 100,000 similar cases in these islands? Only this—that he must trudge round constantly to his doctor to obtain a new prescription: this means time and money which he can ill afford. Also, it might mean danger to life, if he happened to forget his supply of the drug, and were seized with an attack; for he could hardly explain—in the violence of the paroxysm—to a chance-summoned doctor that heroin, and heroin alone, would relieve him.

Nor does the mischief end here. (It is, to begin with, infernally un-English and unsportsmanlike to spy upon professional men, the pharmacist as well as the doctor.) All prescriptions for dangerous drugs are retained by the dispenser. He can obtain drugs as he requires them from the wholesale houses, and the transfer must be reported to the Central Spy Station. Detective-inspectors then drop in at all hours on the pharmacist, weigh what he has in stock, and see if the amount dispensed tallies with the amount prescribed. Woe to the wight who cannot account for the eighth of a grain! (It is not my business, but it is very much the business of the public, to inquire into the cost of conducting this elaborate infamy.)

And this microscopical meddling with reputable and responsible druggists, while the stuff is being sold all over England in wholesale quantities!

But it does not stop here, even. The spies note the quantities prescribed by each physician, and sberlock him home. The statistics show that Dr. Black has prescribed 2 ounces 3 pennyweights 1 scruple and $2\frac{3}{4}$ grains of morphia during the last month, while Dr. White has only prescribed $4\frac{1}{2}$ grains in the same period. As Dr. White happens to be a kidney, and Dr. Black a cancer, specialist, the anomaly

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is not so remarkable as it appears to Inspector Smellemout, who has no knowledge of medicine whatever, and cares for nothing but the pleasures of bullying and the hopes of promotion. So he goes to Dr. Black, and warns him! The D.D. Act has nothing before its eyes but a (largely imaginary) class of "addicts." Dr. Black is suspected of selling prescriptions to people who are not in real need of the drug. In America, traps are laid for doctors. A detective, usually a "lady," goes to the doctor with a false story of symptoms read up for the purpose from a medical book. She not improbably adds to the effect by shameless seduction; and if she gets the prescription, one way or another, the unhappy doctor is "railroaded" to jail. We have not reached that height of civilisation in England as yet; but we have only to keep on going!

Now what is the effect on Dr. Black? He has been, we may suppose, established as a physician, with perhaps an appointment at a leading hospital, for the past thirty years. He has found it necessary to prescribe constantly increasing doses of morphia—as the only palliative—in hopeless cases of cancer. And now an inspector who doesn't know his toe from his tibia is sitting opposite to him, notebook in hand, browbeating him. "Do you mean to tell me that after prescribing morphia daily to Miss Grey for nearly eleven years she has not become an addict?" And so on.* Of course she is an addict, as much as we ourselves are addicted to breathing—stop it for one brief hour, and death often ensues! Strange! No law about it yet, either—shameful!

The upshot of the Inspector's visit is to make Dr. Black try to prescribe less morphia. In other words, the law tries to compel him, under pain of the possible loss of his reputation or even of his diploma, to violate his oath as a physician to use his judgment and experience for his patients' benefit.

And meanwhile, Dr. White, that good man, who prescribes so little morphia, has an even better brother, Dr. Snow White, who never prescribes it at all, but, being

* A really self-respecting doctor would simply call his servants, tell them "Throw this gentleman out," and fight the matter in the Courts to the death. Alas! that so few of us can afford the luxury of self-respect; we have too often the spectre of wife and children at our ears, whispering "Compromise! Lie low!"

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highly esteemed as a consultant, is often sent for in difficult cases by Continental physicians, and returns to England with a few pounds of various "Dangerous Drugs" safely bestowed and sells them discreetly at enormous prices to his exclusive clientèle of "fast" or "ultra-smart" people about town.

My colleague from New York was a thousand times right to insist that the whole question is one of moral education. And what does the D.D. Act actually do? It sets at naught the moral education which no self-respecting physician or even pharmacist can have failed to acquire during his training in science. The Legislature deliberately determines to distrust the very people who are legally responsible for the physical well-being of the nation, and puts them under the thumb of the police, as if they were potential criminals. It makes a diploma waste paper. It drives the patient into the hands of the quack and the peddler of drugs.

Nobody in England—or America either for that matter—seems to have the remotest idea of the enormity of public ignorance. Compulsory education has made every noodle the peer of the greatest knowers and thinkers—in his own estimation. The really educated classes have lost their prestige. The public imagines itself entitled to pronounce with authority on questions which the experts hold most debateable. Yet instead of "education" having levelled the community, knowledge has advanced so rapidly in so many directions that the specialist has been forced to specialise still further. The gap between (say) the Professor of Organic Chemistry and the yokel is vastly greater than it was in 1872. But the specialist is distrusted more and more, even in England. In America he is not only distrusted, but hated. There is an epidemic of witch-finding, one is tempted to say. If democracy is to mean that intellectual superiority is a police offence, there seems no reason for not adopting the Bolsheviek theories at once. And there is certainly no difficulty in understanding why democracies have in the past invariably led to the extinction of the nations which adopted them. The whole essence of Evolution is to let the best man win: yet our recent theory seems to be that the best man, the "sport," is necessarily a danger to society. The English Constitution is based upon

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a hierarchical principle; men are to be tested in every respect, and those who succeed are entrusted with power, while the weakest must go to the wall, as Nature intends and insists that they shall. But now, apparently with the charitable design of ensuring that none but the weakest, physically and morally, shall propagate their kind, we send our best men into a type of warfare where neither courage nor intelligence can be of the slightest avail; we make politics impossible for men of high principle or decent feeling; and we end by telling those who have risked their lives time and again in the pursuit of that knowledge which will enable us to prepare a stronger and cleaner race of men for the future that they are not to be trusted to prescribe for their own patients!

We are patient, we physicians, we warriors in an age-long battle against disease, ninety-five per cent. of which is the direct result of ignorance, vice, and stupidity; that is perhaps why we remain quiet under the foul and senseless insult of the Dangerous Drugs Act.

But the inhibition acts in another way. Already, just as the best representatives of English life refuse to go into politics, we see that the best qualified men and women refuse to be subjected to the ignominy inseparable from the profession of teaching.

Those who are already in the mire prefer to stay there, or feel that there is no way out. But they warn the newcomer against entering.

Similarly, if the prestige of the pharmacist is to go, he will be forced to earn his living as he does in America by opening ice-cream-soda fountains and similar undignified methods of compensating himself for the self-respect which insane legislation has torn from him; and the medical profession will be filled by men who have no true love of knowledge or pity for humanity, but are in a hurry to put up a brass plate, and push their way to the front.

A story to end! The *reductio ad absurdum*—pray pardon the undemocratic phrase—is given by the case of the University of ———, one of our six most prominent Universities.

This body ran out of its supply of cocaine; a small quantity was urgently required for research work. Application was made in due form.

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It was refused.

Correspondence.

Cross-correspondence.

Counter-cross-correspondence.

Affidavits.

Files.

Dockets.

Pleas.

Cross-pleas.

Etc., etc., etc., for all the world like "a jolly chapter of Rabelais."

The matter eventually reached the Privy Council!!!

It was refused.

More correspondence.

Cross-correspondence.

... Etc. as before.

The Scientific Research Society took up the matter on behalf of the University. *More* correspondence, etc.—and there the affair still is. But think of what might have happened! Imagine all those old professors solemnly sitting round their board-table sniffing cocaine in the hope of One Last Jag! And they could have sent a boy to Switzerland and got all they wanted in three days.

"The Myth of Arthur"

By G. K. Chesterton

O LEARNED man who never learned to learn,
Save to deduce, by timid step and small,
From towering smoke that fire can never burn
And from tall tales that men were never tall.
Say, have you thought what manner of man it is
Of whom men say "He could strike giants down"?
Or what strong memories over time's abyss
Bore up the pomp of Camelot and the crown;
And why one banner all the background fills
Beyond the pageants of so many spears,
And by what witchery in the western hills
A throne stands empty for a thousand years;
Who hold, unheeding this immense impact,
Immortal story for a mortal sin;
Lest human fable touch historic fact,
Chase myths like moths, and fight them with a pin—
Take comfort; rest—there needs not this ado,
You shall not be a Myth, I promise you.

But Amor could not comfort her. On the contrary, he appeared to regard her with an air of ironic mischief that cast her into gloom. And she began to reproach him.

"Impudent little wretch," she said, "why do you not help me? Have I not placed a posy of flowers before you every evening? Have I not sat at your feet and sung you the little Teian songs you love—songs that, like the over-pungency of Hymettian honey, bring tears to the eyes? What more do you want?"

But her complaints were cut short by the sound of approaching footsteps. She slipped behind the hedge.

Sir Perseus appeared arrayed in garments all unlike the sober livery he was accustomed, on doffing his armour and surcoat, to wear at Camelot. His tunic and hose were parti-coloured rose and white. He sported shoes of soft yellow leather. An ivory-hilted dagger hung from the silver belt about his thighs. The left breast of his tunic was embroidered with a heart, on which a very neat little lamb had set its foot. He leaned upon the sundial. She heard him sigh. Scarcely had Andromeda recovered from her astonishment when a second step was sounded. Una, arrayed in a blue cotte with a most becomingly modest wimple wreathed about her face and hair, trod the alley, breviary in hand. Sir Perseus bent closer over the dial. Then, with a charming expression, he looked up.

"Lady," Andromeda heard him say, "suffer me to intrude upon your heavenly meditations. There is a rune here I would have you read."

Una bent above the Amor. A smile hovered about her lips.

"You shadow it with your hand, sir."

"I think not. It is the sun upon the bronze. Lean you further forward."

The figures stretched across the dial, and the shadows falling upon the face of Amor seemed to deepen the dimples about the figure's mouth. The faces lifted. A branch partially intervened. Sound supplied Andromeda with indubitable evidence of an unlooked-for exchange.

"Hypocrites!" cried she, bouncing from behind the hedge. Without waiting to recognise the interrupter, the couple parted hastily by opposite alleys.

(To be continued.)

The Crisis in Freemasonry*

By a Past Grand Master

THE conversation veered round to the subject of Freemasonry naturally enough. It was a perfect day for a final half round of golf; yet Ashford, plus 2, our captain, had gone up to town, excusing himself, with a certain brusque solemnity, on the ground that he had to attend Grand Lodge, of which he was, as books of reference attested, V.W.P. Pres. Brd. G. Pur.

"Must have cost him over a thousand, one way and another," remarked a long lean sallow man in the corner, who looked as if he had spent most of his life in the tropics.

"Oh, then you are a Mason?" chirped our favourite club Wit, a cross between a magpie and a monkey.

"Try me and prove me," murmured the dark man, without stirring.

"I'm the 28th degree myself."

"Shake hands."

The Wit was rather embarrassed, but did not quite see how to refuse. He complied, rather awkwardly.

The long man grimly smiled.

There was a curious tension among the crowd. We all felt as if we were present at some mysterious event, and as if the lean campaigner had us all at his mercy.

Thompson, the Secretary, threw himself (in the name of us all) frankly on that engaging quality.

The tall man took the bitten vulcanite of his briar from between his bicuspid.

"Our friend," he said slowly, "may belong to the 28th degree of the Ancient Order of Humbugs; but he isn't a Mason at all."

Johnstone rose to the occasion, and saved the situation by suggesting a general adjournment to the tee.

But I am convinced that I fozzled my approach to the

* The author of this article wishes to emphasise the fact that he regards his brother English Craft Freemasons as constituting the most high-minded and worthy class of men in the country, and their friendly and charitable activities as most useful and laudable. The opinions set forth are purely speculative considerations advanced in the interests of the Craft, which are seriously threatened by recent developments in Masonic movements, particularly outside England.

third by undue pondering upon the sinister incident of the smoking-room.

It happens that I am a reader at the British Museum, and spend a good deal of my spare time in that appalling library, that ordered chaos from which no cosmos can possibly arrive by any Fiat soever. However, I determined to find out as much as I could about Freemasonry from the "authorities."

Alas!

Alas!!

It took me a very few hours to discover that Waite was as ignorant as he was pompous—and he was very very pompous.

I was nearly led away by Mackey, but discovered in time that his book was a system of deliberate falsification.

John Yarker was learned, accurate, and sincere; but those very qualities made him too cautious to assert what was doubtful. And about Masonry nearly everything is doubtful.

It was hardly encouraging when one afternoon I found a smiling professorial face bending over my shoulder.

"Studying Masonry, my young friend? I am the Grand Master of Germany, and I have studied it these forty years and more; and I know nothing whatever about it."

He was kind enough, however, to help me considerably with my studies; and I am able to present a rudimentary Synoptic Table of the principal rites.

I can make no pretence to completeness, to historical treatment—indeed, my main purpose is to show the utter impossibility of building a house even of stacked cards on such shifting sand as Masonic History.

I. Common to, and essential to, all Freemasonry soever: The Three "Craft" Degrees.

IA. Swedenborgian Masonry: the 1°—4°, 2°—5°, and 3°—6° explaining the Three Craft Degrees respectively.

IB. Martinism, the Sañ Bhai, and similar systems, which attempt to replace the Three Craft Degrees.

IC. The Three First Degrees of O.T.O., which claim to restore the lost meaning of the Three Craft Degrees.

ID. "Clandestine" Masonry; this adjective is applied by any Mason to any other Mason with whom he is not

officially allied; though the "Secrets," Rituals, etc., may be identical. It is a question of jurisdiction; a sectarian squabble the rights and wrongs of which probably never existed, and are in any case lost in antiquity and confusion. The reason of this will appear later. Remember only that to a "just, lawful, and regular" English Mason practically all European Masons are anathema maranatha.

II. Degrees purporting to give further details with regard to the Second Degree.

IIA. Most of the degrees of the Scottish Rite of 33°, especially the 30°.

IIB. Most of the degrees of the Rites of Memphis and Mizraim, of 97° and 90° respectively. These rites seem to have been mere collections of all known degrees—as a connoisseur might collect bric-à-brac. The 97° is honorary: "Grand Hierophant," the supreme ruler of these (united) rites. Many 96°—90°s exist; but they have never gone through the degrees. There is, however, a Reduced Rite of Memphis of 33° of which the 20° corresponds with the 33° of the Scottish Rite; this is recognised by the Grand Orient of France and other civilised countries.

The 32° of a well-known Rite in America is sold for so many dollars, like canned pork. It even cadges for members. It is an association given overmuch to graft of the most specious kind. Only master "craftsmen" attain the 33°. It is a business, political, anti-Catholic hierarchy, tyrannical and treacherous. Its conduct has made the decent citizen fight shy of even the common Craft Freemason. This is the "Pike" rite, notoriously founded on the absurd forgery of a scoundrelly adventurer named Morin; its opponent, the Cernece rite, has a legitimate title, from the Duke of Sussex; but its defeat has disgraced it, and its present members are little better than the others.

IIC. Various odd rites of little importance: Mark Mason, Royal Ark Mariner, etc.

IID. The V°, VI°, VII°, VIII°, and IX° of the O.T.O.

II. Degrees which claim to explain, or complete, the Unsolved Mystery of the Third Degree.

Of these the chief is the Royal Arch.

Unfortunately for the student, there are several kinds of

Royal Arch degree, one leading out of the Third, the second at the end of a string of degrees so leading, the others dotted about the various rites in picturesque places. This, by the way, is typical of the total confusion of the entire system; there ought to be a Necessary Order in Freemasonry, as there is in Nature. And there is; but the workmen have bungled.

IIIA. The IV° and P.I. degrees of O.T.O., which carry on the true work of the III° to the end of philosophical possibility.

IIIB. The degrees (some of them) leading to Knight Templar and Knight of Malta; the York Rite so called is a mixture of these II and III.

It is amusing to note that an English Freemason can be frightened into any folly by threatening to establish the York Rite; it is similar to that bogey of ecclesiastical dignitaries, Sarum.

The more I looked at my effort the more unsatisfactory did it appear. I have hardly touched upon the various bitterly opposed jurisdictions.

One anecdote may illustrate the situation.

I determined to become a Mason myself. I happened to know that the Chaplain of the British Embassy in Z—— was Past Provincial Grand Organist of a certain English town. He proposed me, found me a seconder, and I was duly initiated, passed, and raised. I was warmly welcomed by numerous English and American visitors to our Lodge; for Z—— is a very great city.

I returned to England some time later, after "passing the chair" in my Lodge, and, wishing to join the Royal Arch, called on its venerable secretary.

I presented my credentials. "O Thou Great Architect of the Universe!" the old man sobbed out in rage, "why dost Thou not wither this impudent impostor with Thy fire from heaven?—Sir, begone! You are not a Mason at all! As all the world knows, the people in Z—— are atheists, and live with other men's wives."

I thought this a little hard on my Reverend Father in God my proposer; and I noted that, of course, every single English or American visitor to our Lodge in Z—— stood

in peril of instant and irrevocable expulsion on detection. So I said nothing, but walked to another room in Freemasons' Hall over his head, and took my seat as a Past Master in one of the oldest and most eminent Lodges in London!

Kindly note, furthermore, that when each of those wicked Visitors returned to their own Lodges after their crime, they automatically excommunicated the whole thereof; and as visiting is very common, it may well be doubted whether, on their own showing, there is a single "just, lawful, and regular Mason" left alive on the earth!

The above anecdote is exactly true in every detail, and shows one side—only one side—of the morass into which the narrow formalism of the authorities has plunged the Craft.

Now the Craft is the ABC of Masonry: it would be utterly impossible even to suggest the welter of the other degrees. In England, till a few years ago, a man like the Duke of C—— did not dare to "recognise" or even to "tolerate"—

Himself!

He was the head of two divisions of Masonry which were not on speaking terms with each other.

Please do not request an excursion into the dreary realms of the higher degrees, which are, for the most part, more pontifically nonsensical than even the out-of-date and out-of-mind Craft Rituals, with their conflicting practices and vain formalities. Not one Mason—of any degree—in ten thousand has the slightest idea what the whole weary business is about.

Why then, in the name of King Solomon, should anyone become a Mason? What has that V.W.P. Pres. Brd. G. Pur. got for his thousands—to say nothing of the time he has devoted to attending stupid banquets, and learning by heart the interminable outpourings of—oh yes! of whom?

The answer to this two-headed question is really simple enough.

We ought to cross off the pettier human motives first:

love of vanity, of mystery, of display, of make-believe; but the average man in England becomes a Mason for as serious a reason as he becomes a Church member or a Theosophist; and the average man is usually most abominably disillusioned. (Of course, we must eliminate the political or politico-religious motives which are the rule in France and Italy, and their business correlatives in America, where the Christian elements of certain rituals have actually been removed so that Jews might become 33° Masons!)

But back to our average man! He may join the Craft with some idea of fellowship, because it is a tradition in his family to do so, or because he hopes to find in the Secret of the Mysteries something which he does not find in any of the exoteric forms of religion.

How is it that the same Order satisfies—more or less—aspirations so diverse?

We are brought at last face to face with the fundamental problem of the Masonic historian—the Origin of the whole business.

Without any hesitation at all, one may confess that on this critical question nothing is certainly known. It is true, indeed, that the Craft Lodges in England were originally Hanoverian Clubs, as the Scottish Lodges were Jacobite Clubs, and the Egyptian Lodges of Cagliostro revolutionary Clubs!

But that no more explains the Origin of Freemasonry than the fact "Many Spaniards are Roman Catholics" explains why the priest says and does certain things rather than others in the Mass.

Now here is the tremendous question: we can admit all Mr. Yarker's contentions, and more, as to the connection of Masonic and quasi-Masonic Rites with the old customs of initiating people into the Trade Guilds; but why should such a matter be hedged about with so severe a wardenship, and why should the Central Sacrament partake of so awful and so unearthly a character?

As Freemasonry has been "exposed" every few minutes for the last century or so, and as any layman can walk into a Masonic shop and buy the complete Rituals for a few pence, the only omissions being of no importance to our present point, it would be imbecile to pretend that the

nature of the ceremonies of Craft Masonry is in any sense a "mystery."

There is therefore no reason for refraining from the plain statement that, to anyone who understands the rudiments of Symbolism, the Master's Degree is identical with the Mass. This is in fact the real reason for the Papal Anathema; for Freemasonry asserts that every man is himself the living, slain, and re-risen Christ in his own person.

It is true that not one Mason in 10,000 in England is aware of this fact; but he has only to remember his "raising" to realise the fundamental truth of the statement.

Well may Catholic and Freemason alike stand appalled at the stupendous blasphemy which is implied, as they ignorantly think, not knowing themselves of the stuff and substance of the Supreme Self, each for himself alike no less than Very God of Very God!

But suppose that the sublimity of this conception is accepted, the identity admitted: what sudden overwhelming billow from the past blasts their beatitude? What but the words with which Freud concludes "Totem and Taboo": In the Beginning was the Deed!

For the "sacrifice of the Innocent" celebrated alike in Lodge and in Cathedral is this identical Murder of the Master by the Fellow-Craftsmen, that is of the Father by his Sons, when the ape-system of the "Father-horde" was replaced by the tribal system which developed into the "military clan"!

As against all the above, it may be objected that Freemasonry actually poses the perennial problem: If a man die, shall he live again?

We can ignore antiquity, with a mere note that the impossibility of tracing the origin of the Rite makes it impossible to argue that any given jurisdiction is "lawful." As in other matters, the Rite in Might is the Rite in Right! The quarrels which disgrace Freemasonry are only distinguishable by superior pettiness from such questions as the validity of Anglican Orders.

And it may be added that at this time of day it is abjectly ridiculous to continue the celebration of such totemistic tomfoolery with such tetanic tabus!

The W.M. elect of a certain lodge not far from the birth-

place of Daylight Saving used to learn his part by saying it over to his wife in bed. Reproached by brother Masons, he replied quite calmly that the Secret of Freemasonry was lost, and therefore he could not disclose it if he would!

But is the Secret lost?

Does not the insistence on so many senseless formalities lead us to surmise that the Secret may have been locked away not in the ostensible words, grips, signs, tokens, et cetera, which are for the most part self-stultifying, but in the essential structure of the Rite?

We can here merely refer to a rare and long since out of print volume, *The Canon*, which shows that the proportions of certain fabulous or imaginary structures testify to certain philosophical truths according to a symbolic system.

The truth is—to speak plainly—that the Secret was lost, and is found.

But those to whom it has been communicated, whatever their degree, are not in the least likely to spread it broadcast before undiscerning Masons.

Their condition is therefore, reasonably enough, that the whole unwieldy system of pompous and meaningless formalities, with their outworn and misunderstood verbiage, their sectarian accretions, and their manifold confusion, should be swept away entirely. It is better so than that Masonry should stumble into the open sewer of obsolescence, as it is doing now. While no two jurisdictions can agree to recognise or tolerate the existence of any third, while women are clamouring for admission on the one hand and men despairingly dropping it on the other, while clandestine lodges already almost outnumber the regular kind—what is worth saving?

What was ever worth saving in Masonry? What was the original idea of the institution as such? The Secret and its Preservation.

Even at this, the Secret pertains to the Past. It is part of the heritage of Humanity. But the Rites of Freemasonry are after all those of Osiris, of the Dying God; the Aeon of Horus, of the Crowned and Conquering Child, is come; it is His rites that we should celebrate, His that liveth and reigneth, and hath His abode in every human heart!

The Fate of Genevieve Vivian

By Alexander Harvey

"AND NOW," he said, "I will take you to the very scene of my crime, to the place where I hid the treasure itself."

I laid the morsel of cake I was eating on the plate before me and looked keenly into the countenance of this grand old man.

"These confessions agitate you," I told him. "I am not sure it would be prudent to revive any more terrible memories."

"Terrible?" He repeated my word inquiringly, in that rich, musical voice of his. "These memories are not terrible. They bring back my youth."

The eye of the old man brightened in confirmation of his words. As he pushed his chair from the table at which we had completed our breakfast and stood vigorously upon his feet, his seventy years seemed to dissolve like the queen's pearl in her wine, and I actually envied him his aspect of distinction and divinity. In the long period of his service the name of this brilliant jurist had become familiar from Maine to California, partly owing to a Congressional inquiry into his alleged slavery to drugs and also to some extent in consequence of his hatred of freedom of speech, the one morbid trait in a noble intellect. As I got up from the table in my turn, Judge Spearhead drew my arm through his own and together we walked thus into the library of his country home.

"Now here," Judge Spearhead told me as he drew a volume from one of the shelves, "here is a little of the plunder."

He proceeded to turn the leaves, one by one, and I was still absorbed in contemplation of him when a maid walked in and silently placed a visiting card on the table beside which the old man had by this time seated himself.

"Tell him," said the judge, "I will see him presently."

The moment the servant had left the room the won-