NOTES OF THE WEEK.

To think in advance of events is, we are told, a waste of energy; and since to think when the event is on us is impossible, there only remains to think after the event. The rise in the cost of living, however, is much more considerate of our national pride in our stupidity than to make what can be called an event of itself. Weeks hence, months hence, perhaps a year or two hence, undoubtedly events will arise from it as they have invariably arisen from similar movements of prices; but the steady and constant, the creeping and slow advance which the cost of living has been making ever since the Armistice might have been designed to give even the English public time and occasion for thinking without providing the excuse that the event came too suddenly upon them. For a good many months now the “upward rise in prices” has been continuous at the same pace of about four points a month or one a week; and last month’s advance, we see, differed in no respect from its predecessors. A rise of 3 points, from 152 to 155, took place in the general level of prices, that is to say, in the relation of the total supply of Money to the total supply of Goods of all kinds; and a slightly greater rise took place in food-prices, a rise of 4 points, from 158 to 162. Even now, however, the phenomenon has not attracted the newspaper attention it deserves. That it presses more and more hardly upon the vast mass of the population and is responsible for almost all the increasing “unrest” which exhibits itself in “Bolshevism” and other reactions is not denied by anybody not suborned to deny it. And that as the cost of living approaches the pre-war standard the nation will inevitably tend to reproduce the reactions of “revolution” is likewise admitted. In the meanwhile, however, sport at home and abroad occupies the public mind in so far as this is reflected in the Press; and, in general, we are still waiting upon events.

It is possible that the coming coal-strike may provide the country with the shock it appears to be asking for.
It is probable that, after the strike, the Press and its victims will attribute the poverty and unemployment certain to become intensified this winter to the strike itself. Let us imagine, as the cost of living rises and unemployment spreads, what the coal strike has cost you; all that is the work of the Miners. Without denying that the strike will act as an additional cause in these directions, it is perfectly clear from what we know at this moment that, in the first place, the thing will be in part an effect of high prices as well as a contributory cause; and, in the second place, that at our present rate of "progress," even without a coal strike or any strike at all, both prices and unemployment are bound to rise. A disguise is often put upon the past to make the past appear golden. It relates to the present leader. For instance, it is often pretended that the present rise in the cost of living only began in consequence of the war and that before the war the cost of living was continuously declining. We know, however, from Mr. McCurdy that the rise in the cost of living during the ten years preceding the war was continuous, that it amounted to 40 points; and we can add that the fact of it was one of the causes of the war itself. So, too, in the present case. We can nail the lie to the finger of time to be even in 1913. And we can say that whatever the cost of living or the prevalence of unemployment may be after the strike, not more than a small fraction of the increase will be directly due to the strike itself. The bulk of it would have appeared if there had been no strike at all. We have seen already the constant rise in prices; and the current increase in unemployment is no less undeniable. From Tyneside, Glasgow, the Midlands, South Wales and the port-towns, an increasing volume of unemployment has been reported only during the last few days; and this is well in advance of the coal strike, which is still a few weeks off. Let it, therefore, be admitted that the coal strike will be responsible for a fillip to the descent of the community into misery; but nobody can say with truth that it will have been the chief cause.

A correspondent suggests that a general reduction in the hours of labour might have the effect of abolishing unemployment by absorbing the unemployed. The effect, however, of a general reduction of working-hours, under the present system, would by itself be either a reduction in wages or a reduction of wages. For if wages were not directly reduced proportionately with the reduction of labour-hours, prices would have to be increased to cover the additional cost of labour; or, in other words, the cost of living would again rise. But if a rise in the cost of living is equivalent to a decline in the purchasing power of wages; which is to say that real wages would be reduced indirectly if not directly.

It is a pity that modern journalism is little better than a Dutch concert, in which every journal continues to sing its own tune, regardless of all the rest. We have attempted to break down this anarchist conspiracy by "naming" journalists and journals and challenging them to debate. But all in vain; they are in terror of debate; and think the end of the world would come by "naming" their friends and challenging them to debate. But all in vain; they are in terror of debate; and think the end of the world would come if they ventured even to come to be mentioned in print.

The Law doctrine that "work" is a necessary condition of "income," that is, of life, leads to some strange conclusions. Take, for instance, the question of increased production, and its re-appearance last week in the mouth of Mr. Clynes at Oxford. Addressing the National Federation of General Workers on the "vicious circle" of Wages and Prices, Mr. Clynes had the temerity to remark that "only in greater production could a remedy be found." Now Mr. Clynes is ajournalist as well as a Member of Parliament and an official of his Trade Union. Furthermore, by the generosity of one of our readers, Mr. Clynes has been receiving for some time a copy of The New Age, in almost any issue of which he might have found a challenge to his statement that increased production under existing circumstances is a cure for the vicious circle or anything else. Yet not only does he make no reply, either on the platform, in Parliament, or in the Press, but he continues to repeat an assertion which he began to make many months ago as if it had never been disputed. His assertion, moreover, has not been disputed by us alone; it is denied by the facts. We drew attention last week to the contradiction involved in a simultaneous demand for increased production and the growth of unemployment: How can they be reconciled? And how, again, can this act be reconciled, that ever since the Armistice an admittedly increasing production has been accompanied by an admitted increase in prices and an admitted rise in unemployment? Mr. Clynes, no doubt, is all that the "Spectator" and other friends of Labour say of him: honest, fair, incorruptible, sincere, reasonable, studious and all the rest of it. So are they all, all honourable men. Our unfortunate difficulty is to find any value in these virtues when they allow their exemplars to treat facts as if they did not exist.

The "Daily News" and its Liberal set that includes the "Nation" have a different mode of approach to the problem of the high cost of living. They fetch a compass about the earth on the way to England and take refuge in "the disturbed state of Europe" as a complete explanation of the fact that English-grown apples are a shilling a pound. It is Mr. Lloyd George and the Versailles Treaty. It is the Poles. It is the French. It is somewhere in Mesopotamia. It is a game at acrostics. Professor Cassel, of Stockholm University, has, however, come to the aid of our argument that the cause of high prices and, consequently, the current high prices, are to be found here at home or nowhere. Discussing in the "Times" of Friday last the question of foreign exchanges, which has served as a caveat for so many timid souls, Professor Cassel concludes that the foreign exchanges cannot be stabilised until the respective currencies of the various countries are made more or less fixed. "The problem of sound exchanges, in fact, is principally a question of sound currency for each country"); or, in the echoing leader of the "Times" of the same date, "the problem of stability is primarily a question for each individual State." It would be strange indeed if it were otherwise. We know, of course, that in the end no individual State can really be internationally stable until the whole world is stable; but if no individual State can be individually stable until the world is stable internationally, then our problem is really insoluble. If no one of us can become sober until the whole world is sober, the outlook is anything but dry. The fact, however, is that any individual nation can become at least relatively sober; and that as each nation begins to settle at home its own currency problem, the question of foreign exchanges will tend to settle itself. It is all a problem of where to begin; and since we have control over our own system of currency, and only through that of the foreign exchanges, it appears reasonable to begin at home.

The Labour doctrine that "work" is a necessary condition of "income," that is, of life, leads to some strange conclusions. Take, for instance, the question of increased production, which is the conflict between Society and Trade Unionism. On the one hand, if citizenship and life are dependent upon...
Whatever else may be the outcome of the present fratricidal struggle between Russia and Poland, we may be quite certain that it will not be the end of the Russian "Revolution"; for the Russian Revolution is only an active aspect of the general problem of the Slav race, as that race is to be regarded, not as a particular race or a particular country, but as a part of the world as a whole. We have already indicated our conception of the world as one great mind in process of becoming self-conscious; and from this point of view the various races and nations may be regarded as rudimentary organs in course of development within the great world-organism, the world-process, which is none other than the intelligence of men and all, individuals, nations and races alike, to assist, but it would also follow that there cannot be any real antagonism between the proper functions assigned by the world-process to its various developing organs. The heart does not quarrel with the lungs in a healthy organism; and in a healthy state of world-development it is impossible to consider "dilution" under any terms or for any consideration whatever. It will be apparent, to those few who can think at all, that something is wrong somewhere when both sides of a case are right and yet in conflict. For it is certainly right, granted the postulate, that if a man do not work neither should he eat, that the State should endeavour to provide work for its members; it is no less right, as things are, that the Trade Unions should endeavour to keep work for their members. What appears to us to be wrong is the common "principle," so called, which involves the conflict: the "principle" we owe to the apostle who never beheld his Master, and the Trade Unions, that only work is a title to life. We shall see other and more disastrous consequences in course of time from blind adherence to this "principle"; and, in the end, either civilisation will repudiate it or it will make civilisation impossible.

Labour's "Council of Action," Labour's "Council of Action," remains in being, and, since there is nothing immediately for it to do, we suggest that it might do worse than resolve itself into a "Council of Thought," the thought to be directed to the discovery of a means of saving our own country, now that "Russia has been saved." A gleam of hope may, perhaps, be discerned in the interview which Mr. Frank Hodges found time to give to the "Daily Herald," in the course of which he said that "We (meaning the M.F.G.B.) rest upon the fundamental conception of the world as one great mind in process of development, where there is therefore, something wrong—a misunderstanding or ignorance of the fact that the British Empire has been maintained at the same time that a host of new nations has been created, each and all, it appears, with little sense of responsibility, to or for anybody but themselves. The shedding of the blood of mankind, however, cannot be permitted to go unheeded. The tremendous tragedy of the Great War cannot be allowed to end in nothing for the world-mind that suffered it. And it is not in the least fanciful that the terrible phenomenon of the Russian Revolution, occurring like an eruption in the most unstable of psychological soils, that of the Slav race, should appear simultaneously with the general realisation that the Great War was being fought for the establishment of no new values, but simply for the re-establishment of the old order.

The psychology of the Slav race has never yet been completely fathomed. We need, indeed, a psychology of races and nations as an introduction to the study of world affairs. The main characteristics of the Slav race are, however, divinable in its literature, its art, its history and in its leading personalities; and, taking a summary view of these, the provisional judgment is arrived at that the Slav race exhibits the qualities of what, without the term of the Slav race history, we may be permitted to call a psychological world-process, which is in antithetic contrast to the male qualities of the "great blonde beast," and, on the whole, points towards the development of a kind of spiritual intuition or super-reason as its goal. It is inevitable, in a study of the national psychology in relation to the psychological world-process is only elementarily understood, that the earliest developments of national genius should themselves be driven to take an elementary and distorted form. Given that the Slav race had...
been **understood** by the world, and by Europe in particular, a century and a half ago; and that, instead of being met with ignorance and fear, it had been heralded with understanding, not only would Russian literature have, been less still of the half-criminal kind, the 'God's idiot' kind of character, but the racial force symbolised and calling for intelligent sympathy in every page of Slav autobiography would have found expression instead of suppression. The world—and Europe, the civilisation of the great blonde beast in particular—and Europe, the civilisation of the great blonde beast in particular—was paying for its former ignorance in the Russian Revolution of today. The Slav race has burst out from its suppression; and its first hatred is directed instead of suppression. The world—and Europe, symbolised and calling for intelligent sympathy in every "God's idiot" kind of character, but the racial force engagement in it, and to overlook the fact that Lenin is descent of Peter the Great and Ivan the Terrible. He these are the characteristics against which not only accident that Marxianism rose to power in Holy Russia been responsible for its long imprisonment. It is no and wherever there is resentment to express the Jews from its suppression; and its first hatred is directed **pre-eminently** and his association with Jews, which shall include and not exclude the full expression contribute something to the world-process. It will be to father the whole of the Revolution upon the Jews at its simply auxiliary value. Attempts are being made to imitate it without either the precedent strain and stress of a **typical Slav**, in the line of descent of Peter the Great and Ivan the Terrible. He is one of God's fools or tools indubitably; and of the the Slav race pre-eminently; and his association with Jews, who initiate nothing, is only of a temporary character. It must be, therefore, as a Slav movement that the Russian Revolution must be regarded, and, chiefly, as a movement for liberation from Europe, for the destruction or, at least, for the transformation of Old Europe, and for the establishment of a new world-order which shall include and not exclude the full expression of the Slav genius. In a word, the Slav race wills to contribution something to the world-process. It will be, from this point of view, that there is a method in the Russian madness that is not as mad as it looks. To begin with, the spiritual effort of the race is eloquent of a terrific need—the need of expression. The forces are incalculably great because hitherto they have been accumulating beneath the tremendous suppression of the West. Observe, too, as has been said before, that the great effort is directed against all that has hitherto prevented its release; to sum it all up in an historic partiality. Nothing is taken for granted that the response of Mr. Lansbury may, perhaps, provide an additional key to the mystery of the association of a parlour-charade like Mr. Lansbury with a world-enigma like Lenin. Not only is Mr. Lansbury not Lenin, but the race to which he belongs is not the Slav race, nor has anybody in Western Europe what it is—and Russia what she is.

The Russian Revolution certainly will not be understood unless account is taken of this fact still less will the share of the Jewish race in it be appreciated at its simply auxiliary value. Attempts are being made to father the whole of the Revolution upon the Jews engaged in it, and to overlook the fact that Lenin is not only a Russian but a typical Slav, in the line of descent of Peter the Great and Ivan the Terrible. He is one of God's fools or tools indubitably; and of the Slav race pre-eminently; and his association with Jews, who initiate nothing, is only of a temporary character. It must be, therefore, as a Slav movement that the Russian Revolution must be regarded, and, chiefly, as a movement for liberation from Europe, for the destruction or, at least, for the transformation of Old Europe, and for the establishment of a new world-order which shall include and not exclude the full expression of the Slav genius. In a word, the Slav race wills to contribution something to the world-process. It will be, from this point of view, that there is a method in the Russian madness that is not as mad as it looks. To begin with, the spiritual effort of the race is eloquent of a terrific need—the need of expression. The forces are incalculably great because hitherto they have been accumulating beneath the tremendous suppression of the West. Observe, too, as has been said before, that the great effort is directed against all that has hitherto prevented its release; to sum it all up in an historic partiality. Nothing is taken for granted that the response of Mr. Lansbury may, perhaps, provide an additional key to the mystery of the association of a parlour-charade like Mr. Lansbury with a world-enigma like Lenin. Not only is Mr. Lansbury not Lenin, but the race to which he belongs is not the Slav race, nor has anybody in Western Europe what it is—and Russia what she is.

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A Practical Scheme
FOR THE
Establishment of Economic and Industrial Democracy.

THE (MINING) SCHEME.

[The following exemplary Scheme, drawn up for special application to the Mining Industry, is designed to enable a transition to be effected from the present state of industrial chaos to a state of economic democracy, with the minimum amount of friction and the maximum results in the general well-being. An explanatory commentary on the Scheme, clause by clause, appears below.]

DRAFT SCHEME.

I.

(1) For the purpose of efficient operation each geological mining area shall be considered as autonomous administratively.

(2) In each of these areas a branch of a Bank, to be formed by the M.I.G.B., shall be established, hereinafter referred to as the Producers' Bank. The Government shall recognise this Bank as an integral part of the mining industry regarded as a producer of wealth and representing its credit. It shall ensure its affiliation with the Clearing House.

(3) The shareholders of the Bank shall consist of all persons engaged in the Mining Industry, ex-officio, whose accounts are kept by the Bank. Each shareholder shall be entitled to one vote at shareholders' meetings.

(4) The Bank as such shall pay no dividend.

(5) The capital already invested in the Mining properties and plant shall be entitled to a fixed return of, say, 6 per cent., and, together with all fresh capital, shall continue to carry with it all the ordinary privileges of capital administration other than Price-fixing.

(6) The Boards of Directors shall make all payments of wages and salaries direct to the Producers' Bank in bulk.

(7) In the case of a reduction in cost of working, one half of such reduction shall be dealt with in the National Credit Account, one quarter shall be credited to the Colliery owners, and one quarter to the Producers' Bank.

(8) From the setting to work of the Producers' Bank all subsequent expenditure on capital account shall be financed jointly by the Colliery owners and the Producers' Bank, in the ratio which the total dividends bear to the total wages and salaries. The benefits of such financing done by the Producers' Bank shall accrue to the depositors.

II.

(1) The Government shall require from the Colliery owners a quarterly (half-yearly or yearly) statement properly kept and audited of the cost of production, including all dividends and bonuses.

(2) On the basis of this ascertained Cost, the Government shall by statute cause the Price of domestic coal to be regulated at a percentage of the ascertained Cost.

(3) This Price (of domestic coal) shall bear the same ratio to Cost as the total National Consumption of all descriptions of commodities does to the total National Production of Credit, i.e.,

\[ \text{Cost per ton} = \text{Cost of Total Consumption} \times \frac{\text{Total National Production of Credit}}{\text{Total National Consumption}} \]

(4) Industrial coal shall be debited to users at Cost plus an agreed percentage.

(5) The Price of coal for export shall be fixed from day to day in relation to the world-market and in the general interest.

(6) The Government shall reimburse to the Colliery owners the difference between their total Cost incurred and their total Price received, by means of Treasury Notes, such notes being debited, as now, to the National Credit Account.

COMMENTARY.

1. For the purpose of efficient operation each geological mining area shall be considered as autonomous administratively.

A somewhat similar recommendation, it may be remembered, was made by Sir Arthur Duckham in his Minority Report of the recent Coal Commission in which he proposed that the separate colliery companies, in each of the natural areas should be amalgamated into statutory companies for the purpose of local administration. The Labour members took objection to the proposal on the grounds that it contemplated the creation of a number of coal trusts, each monopolist in its own area, and that it contained no guarantee of betterment of working conditions, or of "the restriction of profits." Assuming these objections to be removed by the present Scheme, the suggested regionalisation of the administration of the industry may be regarded as acceptable to the Miners Federation, since in their own Draft Bill for the Nationalisation of Mines the Federation instructs the "Mining Council" to "divide Great Britain into districts for the purpose of the carrying on and development of the Mining Industry" (Article 12). It is clear, therefore, that the Miners Federation has no objection to the proposal contained in the clause as such and subject to the safeguards provided. Other considerations prove that the provision is desirable in all respects. Economically every great industrial organisation is driven in the interests of efficiency to localise its administration sooner or later, and the recent proposal of the Ministry of Transport to "group" the railways into six well-defined districts, each administratively autonomous, is a case in point. In the interests of decentralisation, likewise, such a devolution of administrative control is essential to the efficient working of the industry in respect both of conditions and personnel. Uniform conditions cannot be imposed upon industrial areas, differing widely in natural and other respects, without involving all the evils and waste of regimented bureaucracy; what is needed is a local administration in intimate touch with local peculiarities and free to exploit its region's resources in the manner dictated by close familiarity with the concrete facts. In personnel, furthermore, the aim of decentralisation is not only to reduce friction by short-circuits of the reference of the individual worker to the administrative control, but to secure, in the interests of efficiency, as close a relation as possible between the man at the face of the coal and the management in charge; all, charge is, upon the man at the coal-face that the production of coal depends; and the object of administration should be to provide him with every possible facility, as regards conditions, times, equipment and inducement, to produce the maximum amount of coal with the minimum amount of human energy-expenditure. The division of mining areas by their natural or geological areas ensures a general local administration in harmony with the local conditions. The corresponding devolution of administrative control brings the actual management into close touch with the actual worker. And finally, in the classification proposed there is contained the possibility of the comparison of Costs of working to enable a correct provision to be made of relative efficiency in production. The machinery involved in the proposal is described in the recommendations of Sir Arthur Duckham, and is implicit in the Article referred to in the Draft Bill of the Miners Federation. The existing separate colliery companies in each of the defined geological areas would be required to amalgamate into statutory companies or, in the alternative, to set up working agreements that would answer the same end. Such working agreements are in operation at this moment: and their explicit recognition in the form of amalgamation would, in all probability, be the best course to adopt.
Drama,
By John Francis Hope.

The title, "Daddalums," and the advertisements of the play, would have kept me away from it if Mr. Louis Calvert had not been playing in it. I resisted as long as I could, but the lure of a fine actor in a new part finally overcame all scruples—and I went before the play was withdrawn. Except for purposes of advertisement, there is really no need for critics to attend first performances; indeed, I am convinced that the real test of an actor is not what he does on the first night, but what he does after the play has become as familiar to him as his morning paper. A good actor always acts; a bad one never can; and the average actor walks through a part after the novelty of it has worn off. See (or, rather, don't see) Martin Harvey play Sydney Carton now, and you will see a performance from which all sense of sincerity and conviction has vanished; or, to take a more recent case, Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis plays in "The Grain of Mustard Seed" now with an artlessness born of boredom, while Miss Cathleen Nesbitt gains in suppleness and power each time I see her—and I have seen that play three times. I find it easy to believe that Mr. Louis Calvert—and his companion, Mr. Ernest Hendrie—were playing better when I saw them than when the play was produced; perhaps their effects were more easily produced, but there was no slackness, no failure of conviction, no dissociation of the actor from his part. I have seen Mr. Louis Calvert play all sorts of parts, from Thomas Broadbent and Andrew Undershaw to "The New Shylock" and Hamlet—but at the moment, I cannot conceive him in any other part than "Daddalums." Whatever else "Daddalums" may be (it is probably a riddle without an answer like the more famous one: "What are Keats?") it is a triumph for Mr. Calvert and Mr. Hendrie.

It is a performance that makes me wish that the modern playwright would write up to his actors, instead of down to his audience. I yield to no one in my admiration of English actors; I would pit a selected company of them against the best that any Continental country could produce, and I could probably find a sufficient number of English actresses who would not disgrace them; it is the drivel that they usually have to do that impresses the least observer of the real genius of their art. "Daddalums" is quite good drivel, but even the best of drivel is not great drama, barely contains even the promise of it; and "Daddalums" is so full of reminiscences that it might almost be called "Sentimental Comedies." Whatever else "Daddalums" may do (except, it seems to me, to provide the audience with a gold brick in his pocket, and a prospectus in an occupation. The precise value of Latin and Greek in boot-making, which the father hoped that his son would adopt, or to stock-breaking, which he actually did adopt, is not obvious; but the father was as proud of it as the mother used to be of the six tunes that qualified her daughter to marry a Duke and be on speaking terms with Royalty.

I have spoken of the reminiscences of "Daddalums"; but the more complete is that of the theme of Mr. Lennox Robinson's "The White-Headed Boy," soon to be produced in London. All that Mr. Ansapher does with the theme is to substitute a father for a mother, to let his Tammas drift into crime instead of laziness, and to wax sentimental over the theme instead of satirical, as Mr. Robinson does. For the rest, we have the same extraordinary loyalty of everybody to a not remarkable young man, we have the same protest of the young man against his education when he had failed to live up to what was expected of him, the same conviction at the end that a complete failure is a most complete success. Tammas does not even send the cheque that pays creditors twenty shillings in the pound; that is his brother-in-law's sacrifice to the idol of a father's love. Mr. Ansapher does not even credit his Tammas with a pleasing personality; we are at a loss to understand why everybody should have been so good to him, unless Mr. Ansapher is rewriting the proverb to read: "To understand nothing is to forgive everything." That certainly is the sentimental assumption—but I have no doubt that Tammas came back from Canada with a gold brick in his pocket, and a prospectus in his mind being translated from divine Greek into fraudulent English.

I cannot escape reminiscences to-day. Craige's condemnation of the college education and "that fellow Leland" for leading his boy astray is in the old tradition of motherhood, for a mother always blames her son's companions for what he unusually inspires or helps them to do. But the maudlin quality of the sentiment was best expressed (and covered the same ground as "Daddalums") in the chorus of an old music-hall song of a father lamenting his daughter's snobbery. It ran something like this:

To my baby, my pretty baby,
Who used to climb my knee;
At hide-and-seek, or blindman's buff,
Would always play with me.
Why the alteration?
I'd lay a level quid,
It's this yer bloomin' edyercation
What spoilt my little kid.

The appeal to prejudice against learning never fails with an English audience; it was remarked at the beginning of the war that our journalists sated their hatred of culture by attacking German Kultur, which they were not cultured enough to know was a different, or at least more extended, thing. Mr. Ansapher's suggestion that there is any connection between a classical education and a criminal career has not, so far as I know, aroused any protest; but it generalises to the effect that behind every man's success there's a good woman somewhere—apparently in the kitchen), the women are subordinated creatures in "Daddalums," Craigie certainly attributes his own success to his dead wife, Maggie—but dead wives are always good wives, Nil nisi bonum. But we are no better off if the fathers begin to "mother" their sons, and compensate for their own open pride in and support of their sons' snobbery and irresponsibility by the sacrifices. The woman aping the man has been a figure of comedy certainly since Pinero wrote "The Amazons," and the man aping the woman has been a figure of comedy certainly since Craige wrote "Sweet Lavender," and made Dick Phylly return to a reminder that he was not a woman after all. As it happens, it was a figure of comedy certainly since Pinero wrote "Sweet Lavender," and made Dick Phylly return to a reminder that he was not a woman after all. As it happens, the appeal to prejudice against learning never fails with an English audience; it was remarked at the beginning of the war that our journalists sated their hatred of culture by attacking German Kultur, which they were not cultured enough to know was a different, or at least more extended, thing. 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ments are enough for any man to know; certainly, the audience comes back with perceptible relief to handi-
craft and art, and, on that assumption that "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

It is clear that the whole play is constructed to give Mr. Louis Calvert the chance of making human and
lovable the foolish virtues; virtues, that is to say, that express a personality but do not produce results
and are not judged by results. Tammas has need of repentance, reformation, but his father can only give
him forgiveness, faith, assistance—the saintly virtues

witness to the industry with which

Art was still to come, and conscious efforts towards

prove that all the while Hulme was gathering himself

I have taken the following from a single MS.

The observation is true if we except "The Shaving

Of Meredith a French writer—M. Leon Daudet—recently

sustained, Hulme's mind was constructed on the

in T. E. Hulme our nation lost as promising a mind

Our late colleague and common friend, Lieut. T. E.

The dove flies over fresh waters.

To recover the true meaning of a jaded word.

that the whole play is constructed to give

and lovable the foolish virtues; virtues, that is to say,

form of notes, amounting in the whole to several

and great career. In personal contact he appeared to

I surmise, were after the manner of Henry James; in

I have been surprised to

The soul in apathy, like the slow

fluctuation of a weed in the stream languid after the
tidal wave.

(His lies) were woven with such ingenuity and ex-

ficient effect as made it doubtful whether in a perfectly

aspired to keep necessitated a tight rein upon most of

he told Lady Butcher was his rule for himself; and it

assembled, he set down by Hulme, I gather, of five-

Fluctuation of a weed in the stream languid after the
tidal wave.

Tammas has need of repentance, reformation, but his father can only give

I have seen him go round an exhibition of such plans and

the secret of the method? Practice, you say. But prac-
tice does not make everybody perfect. Let us call it the

intuition of measurement; and now let me add that, in

with his power-intended one day to

and great career. In personal contact he appeared to

As

and even nearer home. What is the

I

used to do (not always, it is true) during the giving of the time to

the cubicle contents of a building or the efficiency of treatment

as many."

But I re-

the critic born and made is able to "size-up" the amount of beauty, the amount of truth and

the rest of his

and all good critics agree perfectly. De

imagination and other interested guesses at truth, but

practice does not make everybody perfect. Let us call it the

intuition of measurement; and now let me add that, in the

The observation is true if we except "The Shaving

of MSS. which I have seen to

readers could multiply the examples from their own

De gustibus non est disputandum.

and Long Life the time had come for a new book on

read the MSS., I may offer my opinion that

the MSS. which I have seen to

our nation lost as promising a mind

the amount of beauty, the amount of truth and

the form of notes, amounting in the whole to several

in view of the actual losses the world knows it has

assembled, he set down by Hulme, I gather, of five-

imagination and other interested guesses at truth, but

I have been surprised to

desirous of life's various delusionary possibilities.

the amount of beauty, the amount of truth and

imagination and other interested guesses at truth, but

the amount of beauty, the amount of truth and

sustained, Hulme's mind was constructed on the

in T. E. Hulme our nation lost as promising a mind

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the amount of beauty, the amount of truth and

sustained, Hulme's mind was constructed on the

in T. E. Hulme our nation lost as promising a mind
Buried Memories.

There are still certain psychologists who maintain that abreaction is all the therapy that is necessary in the treatment of anxiety states. By this they mean to claim that the unearthing of forgotten experiences with a consequent release of the emotional affect entangled in these experiences is sufficient to produce a cure of their patients’ condition. Well, there is no doubt at all that such abreaction is sometimes very beneficial for a patient; but the strength of this statement is all that is necessary, and that it is universally applicable in every case is not a justifiable conclusion. Psychological treatment would be a simple matter, were this really so. But let us consider an example where at first sight buried memories and their affects would appear to be the whole root of the trouble.

Patient, a fine looking man of over six foot, was intensely introverted and timid to the last degree. He dreamed: “I was sitting on the settee in the ward. The colonel (the medical superintendent) came to the door with a very big German officer. The officer had a bedside locker under his arm. I got underneath a bed. The officer said, ‘That’s him,’ pointing at me. The colonel said I had to go with him, because he had my regimental clothes in the locker. The colonel and the officer went out of the door. I shut the door on them and held the handle. Then I woke up sweating.”

Let us take his associations.

**German Officer.**—“He was dressed in his best uniform—buttons shining—he never had the locker down, but kept it under his arm the whole time.”

**Locker.**—“A place for storing things” [memory, shall we add?]

**Regimental Clothes.**—“Army—occupation—work—energy.”

**German Officer.**—“I was afraid of his size—the other patients were talking about the one taking no notice—I have never seen a German in his best uniform—some had fancy uniforms in the prison camp where I was—some funny experiences there—the night when we fired on them, one was killed and another bayoneted—they ran amuck, and rushed the sentry, and two got through the barred window—the guards next day charged with the bayonet—the next day I asked the colonel to give me a revolver before I went into the office [he was acting clerk] but he wouldn’t—my office was at the bottom of the compound—they told off a corporal to stay with me with a rifle and bayonet—I had arranged with the sentries that I was to break a window if attacked—our officers never came any farther than the orderly room—nothing ever happened, but I did not like it at all.”

Then followed a long history of the event that had caused his breakdown, how he was sent into a tunnel that four of the German officer prisoners had dug, and caught them there, and how he would have shot them had he been armed. There was a very definite abreaction of emotion. Then he continued—“In the dream I had made up my mind to go through the door, but I couldn’t—I asked the colonel why I had to go. He said, ‘You must. The German is a major, and equivalent to a brigadier-general in our army.’” Those are all the associations.

Well now, we can note that his regimental clothes were in the locker, and the locker permanently under the German officer’s arm, and that the dream ended by his trying to go with the German, but actually shutting the door on him. This would mean that his libido (in Jung’s sense) was fixed to his memories of his prison camp experiences, that he was repressing these memories, and consequently cutting himself off from his source of energy; hence his present condition of psychological ineptitude. This would be a somewhat extreme statement, but he certainly experienced a considerable relief in talking out his memories. But the dream is by no means thereby exhausted. I will shorten matters by asking the reader to accept without demonstration the statement that the colonel in the dream was simply a source of information, the dreamer, it were, taking form and speaking to the dreamer; and we will go on to consider the remark that the German was a major and equivalent to extremely high rank in the dreamer’s army—occupation—work—energy. For this purpose we will study the patient’s next dream.

“I saw my uncle in his uniform.”

**Uncle.**—“A major in the army—he had major’s uniform on, but had a masonic apron as well—I saw the colour of it—white with a blue fringe and blue rosettes—he is a musician—brotherhood—love—a fine man—he had on his masonic collar and gauntlets too—full regalia—I saw the major’s crown on his shoulder—it was funny to see him like that, because I’ve always seen him in evening dress with his regalia.”

**Major’s Crown.**—“Crown is or everything in the army—I was company sergeant-major from 1915 till 1918—duty—work—responsibility.”

**Army.**—“Discipline—education—work—brainwork.”

**Evening Dress.**—“Respectability.”

There were also some more reminiscences of various experiences in France, and of Zeppelin raids on London; but, as he had already told these on previous occasions, there was no question of abreaction. These memories were already in consciousness, and there was no true emotion in the sense of libido bound up in them. The point to be remarked is this: the masonic regalia, which are the dreamer’s brotherhood and love, his true libido, that is to say, are bound upon his uncle. And his uncle in evening dress is respectability, and in major’s uniform is intellectual effort and responsibility. We can say now that it was the strain of responsibility that reduced patient to his present condition, and the strain, moreover, of modelling himself on his uncle. Truly this man’s feet were of his own household, and the effect attached to his buried memories is now only a part of the whole picture. The uncle again, qua uncle, is still only a symbol, an emblem of responsibility on the one hand, and respectability on the other.

Now why does our patient shirk responsibility? Let us go back to the very first dream he told on coming for treatment. This was that he was in the water and a big fish had held him. His only association to this was that he was a great fisherman. Such a dream is reminiscent of mythology, and of the hero swallowed by the whale. Only there is no disgorging or regenera-
tion to be found in this dream. The dreamer is in the power of the big fish, and, what is worse, he is a great fisherman. That is as much as to say that he has an inherent affinity for this elemental state of consciousness, represented by this big fish. In fact, our final diagnosis must be that the patient is not sufficiently individualised. This appears to have been caused first by his own psychological composition, then by his attempt to become his uncle instead of himself; and then, as the last stage, his war experiences have brought about a collapse and an extremely serious regression. He will need to make a vast effort of will even to reach as high as his uncle again (assuming for the moment that such is his wish), who is at present as far above him as a brigadier-general is above a company sergeant-major. For there is no doubt that his uncle is the German officer in plainer symbolism. And as we have no right to assume that it is his Wish to be his uncle rather than himself, his task becomes harder still. For he was his uncle before the war, but he has never been himself.

We need not go any deeper into the matter, but can be content to observe once again the conflict between Apollo and Dionysus. Or, if anyone cares to call this example the triumph of Jupiter, we need not contradict him. And finally we must decide that the tracing of buried memories with liberation of emotional effect is not only not enough treatment, but is barely the first step even in the psycho-analysis of what appears to be a typical anxiety neurosis due to the repression of such memories.

J. A. M. Alcock.

The Self.

By Denis Saurat.

The Metaphysician: Responsibility is the first condition of being; existence in a universe means the power to modify it. That power can only exist for a being who is able to bear the consequences of those modifications, who has the strength to keep them up, who can bear responsibilities. A person, once created, is imperishable: its responsibility keeps it in existence. When it appeared all existing beings took a decision in relation to it, accepting or rejecting it in some measure, and thus all their ultimate developments, all the posterior development of the universe is based on the existence of that person; on the fact that at any moment it is there to maintain and bear the consequences of its actions.

The Psychologist: That does not imply the continuance of the person in an unchanged state.

The Metaphysician: If any one being could disappear altogether the equilibrium of the universe would be upset. The whole work of the universe from the birth of that being onwards would crumble down.

The Poet: The world would have perpetually to begin all over again and thus would vaguely move on through eternity, in total chaos, remaining impersonal and unconscious, finding no way out.

The Metaphysician: Desire can only be conscious of itself. If our desires were not realised in our actions, if we were submitted to an external determinism, our desires would not be aware of our actions nor should we—unless that determinism should help or hinder some free expression of our desires. Desire which could not express itself would not know itself, nor, therefore, other desires, which it knows by their interference with its expressions. Hence consciousness implies liberty. Every conscious being is free. Every being is infinite. Being free and infinite, every conscious being is immortal. The necessity of immortality is in the infinity of desire, which no expression satisfies.

The Poet: Existence, consciousness, liberty, responsibility, are four aspects of one fact.

The Poet: On the body as a vase: A liquid is only visible—responsible—in a vase; it can then be felt and handled. If the vase is broken or upset, the liquid escapes; and without a vase we can have no liquid and yet the vase is neither the liquid, nor the cause of the liquid, nor does its destruction destroy the liquid. Thus it is with the body and desire.

The Metaphysician: That argument is purely negative: it does not picture the relationship between desire, or soul, and body; but it destroys ordinary materialism.

The Poet: Consciousness, or desire, may survive, or reappear, once its physical basis, the body, is done away with. A sensation really only exists in us while the physical event which causes it is in progress: that may be called its physical basis. Once that external cause is over, the sensation dies, that is, is forgotten, more or less quickly. But memory remains: so it is capable of coming again more or less vividly. When we need the sensation its responsibility recalls it—the fact that it has become a constituent part of our being, which sometimes needs to resuscitate it. Then it comes back, and without its physical basis (the external event). Many do not come back to us. But all may be lost. We may be to the total being what such sensations are to us; it may behave to us as we do to them.

The Psychologist: But we do not wish that all our life should come back, nor that it should ever be conscious without intermission. All we want is that it should come back sometimes, in its most important parts, and so never be lost altogether.

The Metaphysician: The existence of the higher inclinations of man proves the future life from the determinist point of view. No function but has its use, and its use in view of the preservation of being. Evolution in this world leads towards egoism, not goodness, the practical, not the true, the useful, not the beautiful. Desire for all impersonal things, love for all higher things, must then be the beginning of an adaptation to new conditions of being, as yet unperceived. We can only perceive that to which we are adapted. Hence, for us, the adaptation must prove the existence of a state of things to which we are being adapted. Desire for justice, truth, beauty, proves, first, the existence of a world of ideas, and then the fact that we are destined to live in it: the kingdom that is not of this world.

The Psychologist: There exists in each of us a sort of witness, a part which, whatever happens to us, whether it be suffering or joy, destruction or fear, is present and just looks on, unmoved, unaltered, eagerly on the watch, unfeigned by outward or inward events.

The Metaphysician: Is that the ultimate Self?

The Poet: Is that the one eternal self, the straight line, cold, impassible, immutable, serene, in full self-possession, above all individual variable rhythms, and living, willed, felt, incomplete, changing desires?

The Psychologist: It does not vary: it disappears and reappears. Life reappears or disappears with it. One does not exist in us without the other. How it goes and how it comes passes our comprehension. It is consciousness. All things exist only in so far as they participate in it, as they are a sort of reflection of its light, among their warmth of life. It is impersonal: it is just as keenly interested in other beings as in ourselves. In it is no fear of its disappearance. Occasionally we seem to be abstracted from the whole of our life and for a few moments to live in it only. Then all things and happenings are indifferent to us, and all are equally important. But we cannot remain long in it.

The Metaphysician: It seems to be a separate fragment of the total self, of the absolute, which is impossible in its entirety.
Views and Reviews.

SPIRITUALISM—IV.

I have really finished with this symposium, but a last article on "the soul" is probably necessary. It is always possible, of course, to put forward a quibble, to protest that it is not "the soul" but "the spirit" that is immortal—or, at least, survives either the first or the second death. For the quibblers have been at work for centuries, analysing "the immaterial part of man" into something very similar to the "humours of pathology," and protesting that it is not "the soul" but "the spirit" that is always possible.

Theological conversing with his own, presumably damned, soul, is a spirit is acclaimed by many of the contributors to this symposium, and I do not understand what they mean by the term. It is quite possible that I should agree with them. Like everybody else, I use the words, but the difference between their literary use and their theological or mystical meaning is abysmal. The story that is told of de Pachmann, how he sold his soul to the Devil, and the Devil impressed it in a piano, is that when de Pachmann talks to the piano, he is really conversing with his own, presumably damned, soul, is an instance of what I mean. Everyone who has heard de Pachmann play knows that there is an individual quality in his playing, a diablerie, as we say, for the language is full of such words; and the story is what Matthew Arnold would call a "literary" statement of the fact, words thrown out at an object of consciousness which we cannot fully grasp, is an attempt to express the elusive, the qualitative, in words. Only so far as we do not accept the story as being literally true, as conforming with a known and established order of Nature, do we catch the intended meaning of the story.

But the whole of this controversy of life after death turns on the point whether or not we accept the structural ideas of the de Pachmann story as being literally true. The Catholics accept the lot, body, soul, and Devil as well; so do most Protestants, I believe; indeed, the Devil is the chief divinity of orthodoxy. But the more unorthodox dismiss the Devil as an illusion, while maintaining the separability of soul and body as a fact. It is, of course, possible to dismiss the Devil, just as we have now dismissed the angels who, according to Kepler, I think, used to push the planets along. The Devil, as even the Garden of Eden story shows, is an hypothesis invented by people who are afraid of accepting responsibility for their actions; and with remarkable truth, the Bible story tells us that it was the woman who declared: "The serpent beguiled me." The man did, at least, reveal an obvious tempter. But if the evasion of responsibility for one's actions does not prove the existence of the Devil, neither does acceptance of responsibility prove the separate existence of the soul. It was fine for Henley, lying on a sick bed, to write:

I am the Master of my Fate,

I am the Captain of my Soul.

But the sense in which the words were used was privileged. All that he meant was that he would not succumb to sickness; Like Danton at the foot of the scaffold, he was pulling himself together for a supreme effort with the admonition: "No weakness!" Nothing can be gained from literature, I think, to establish the major premiss of "the soul" as a fact; and if we turn even to a popular dictionary like Nuttall's, we find such a variety of meanings attached to the word that we do not know what we have to believe or disbelieve. The soul, we are told, is "the spiritual part of man, the seat of reason and conscience; the intellectual principle, or understanding; the vital principle; spirit; essence; life; internal power: a person; animal life; active power: courage; heart: a familiar compellation." Even this brief list suffices to show that it is not the name of a thing that is known, it is just a word to which everyone can attach his own meaning.

But the most general sense in which the word is used, and the most important for the purposes of this discussion, is that of "a person"; and I quote again the opening paragraph of Ribot's "Diseases of Personality": "In psychological language, by 'person' we generally understand the individual as clearly conscious of itself, and acting accordingly. It is the highest form of individuality. In order to explain this attribute, which metaphysical psychology reserves exclusively for man, the latter science is satisfied with the hypothesis of an ego: that is, a perfect unity, simple and identical. Unfortunately, however, this is only a deceptive clearness and semblance of a solution. Unless we attribute to this ego a supernatural origin, it will be necessary to explain how it is born, and from what larger form it proceeds." It is common knowledge that the attempt to explain the evolution of the soul has been made by the Theosophists, and a whole theory of Nature spirits, group souls, and individual souls has been developed. But as this theory is only demonstrable to clairvoyants, it has no more than a speculative value, and as it assumes the very point at issue, namely, the separate existence of the soul, it is useless for the purposes of this discussion. It is clear that one can, and does, believe what one likes; but I am not concerned with belief in this matter. I am concerned with knowledge.

Ribot, as an experimental psychologist, does not propose the problem in the same manner, or treat it by the same methods. The appeal to facts never reveals this "perfect unity, simple and identical." The psychologist tells us that "as a matter of fact, we never actually run up against any of the other mysterious entities, such as the supposed 'vital force';" the psychologist tells us that we never actually run up against any of the other mysterious entities, such as The Will, The Memory, The Consciousness, and so on. Certainly, we never run up against The Soul; the search for the seat of the sensorium commune provides one of the most lamentable chapters in the history of physiological research. It is simply a story of wasted effort in the attempt to find support in physiological structure for a purely intellectual and logical conception. Even in physiology, the Soul is not an evolutionary fiction, but an hypothesis for which one can find no warrant in the facts; it is an hypothesis for which one can find no warrant in the facts. Man is not an unity, but a complex; the person is "a whole by coalition," and that coalition is by no means constant. Perturbations, dissociations, of personality occur; "loss of memory," "multiple personalities," have become commonplace of knowledge, while the multiform varieties of insanity remain, what they have always been, the definite proof that The Soul is not a unity.

That the brain and the mind are indissolubly associated, as Dr. Harry Campbell declares in this symposium, is perhaps too narrow, too localised, a statement; it is the body and the mind that are "the objective and subjective aspects of one and the same thing." Injury of other structures than the brain produces corresponding changes in "the mind"; apart from toxaemia, there is the association of clairvoyance with profound changes of personality—"the insensibility of the skin is the outward and visible sign of a corresponding inward and invisible defect, as it notably is also in idiocy." But if the "person," the "individual as clearly conscious of itself, and acting accordingly," is simply an expression of his organic states, if his very consciousness of himself varies with the sensibility of his skin, the purity of his blood, the temperature of his body, and
so forth, the conception of the soul as an entity separate from the body, and not only independent of it but master of it, has no meaning. The Soul and The Body are not separate in life; in death they are not divided. The contrary assertion of survival lands us into absurdity so soon as we think of cases of cyclic mania, and multiple personality, and ask which of these alternating personalities is the one which will survive. Or without appealing to morbid psychology, we are in the same difficulty. Serjius, in "Arms and the Man," asked which of the half-dozen personalities dodging in and out of him was the real Serjius: "two souls, said Goethe, dwell within my breast." Ribot continues: "Only two! -if moralists, poets, novelists, dramatists have shown us to satisfy these two egos in a state of conflict within the same ego, common experience is still richer; it shows us several, each one excluding the other, as soon as it advances to the front." But which of these egos is the one which will survive is plainly an absurd question when it is seen that all of them are simply states of consciousness—and consciousness is an intermittent phenomenon of life.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Life of Robert Owen. By Himself. With an Introduction by M. Beer. (Bell. 2s. 4d. net.)

This reprint of Robert Owen's autobiography provides interesting reading at the present time; apart from his interest as a personality, in ideas he might well be called the forerunner of most modern developments in factory management, education, and applied social psychology. Benjamin Kidd's "Science of Power" would have taught him nothing; the German and the Japanese manipulation of national character by means of education and general social suggestion he successfully adopted (with other ideals) at New Lanark. He showed that it was possible, in less than a generation, to convert a dissolute, thieving, uneducated community into a sober, honest, happy, and to some extent instructed people—and he did this not by the inculcation of fear of anything, here or hereafter, but by the propagation of love and happiness. A declared disbeliever in all religions (although he subsequently became a Spiritualist), he believed in the efficacy of the practice of virtue; one applied process is worth more than all professions of principle, and he went so far as to declare that religious faith was incompatible with "the practice of goodness and happiness." He might have said with Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" He certainly needed no sanction for good practice other than the results of it, and they justified him; and the everlasting difference between religions and their founders, between Christianity and Jesus, Buddhism and Gautama, even Mohammedanism and Mohammed, made him prefer the practice of the principles enunciated by the founders to professions of faith in the elaborated and perversely credulous of the deluded believers. He, indeed, declared that "the religions of the world are and ever have been the real cause of all falsehood, disunion, and crime, and of all the miseries of the human race"—and the verdict is not without historical justification. He sought "to supersede these religions of opposing repressive and irrational faiths by the practical religion of love and charity for our race, irrespective of colour, country, class, sect, sex, party, or difference in natural organisation or constitution," he sought the universal principle of union, and found it, like the Greeks, in the practice of virtue. He discovered, by experience, that the world was not ready to adopt his creed; but he knew, also by experience, that the education of the infants (he took them at one year old) would effect the change in a generation. Of both benefits, distance may be cut at any point; his experience at New Lanark shows quite clearly that the doctrine of Original Sin is a lie—these children responded to love with all the ardour of flowers in sunlight. They grew in virtue, and flourished in happiness; and health and beauty walked the earth again in their persons. This and at this time when little children were working under the lash of the overseers in cotton mills, when, as he says (and similar evidence was given before Royal Commissions by others), "the white slavery in the manufactories of England was at this unrestricted period far worse than the house slaves whom I afterwards saw in the West Indies and the United States, and in many respects, especially as regards health, food, and clothing, the latter were much better provided for than were these oppressed and degraded children and as such people in the home manufactories of Great Britain." It is a book of singular interest and importance at the present time.

T.N.T. Tales. By T. A. Lamb. (Blackwell. 3s. net.)

The assurance that "these Tales are founded on facts" is practically a condemnation. Tales are founded on imagination, not on fact—they tell the story as it should be told to produce the desired effect, and not as it was told. In other words, a Tale is a work of art, not a report of life; and this small volume is evidence that the workers at the Barnbow Shell Filling Factory could not tell a tale. A more pointless lot of anecdotes of munition girls and their flirtations we have never read: whether they are "tempted" by officers to spend the night at a hotel, and refuse, or "test" young soldiers "very severely" by spending the night at a hotel with them (in both cases, apparently, virtue is triumphant), we find their "adventures" neither amusing nor shocking. They are people who simply do not matter—and the author has done nothing with their overheated confessions to make them matter. The supreme passage of dialogue ends as follows: "You'll walk back with me," she cried shrilly, "I'd rather walk with a bar of carbolic soap. If you see any snails, you might try to catch them, and if you see any daylight you might put your head in the river, and if you speak to me again I'll call you to the police as a dangerous character and a menace to society—you long-haired lump of tripe, you." But this is dear at three shillings.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"MORE FREUD."

Sir,—Your Reviewer, in his notice of my book last week, charges me with grave deficiency in the matter of my small bibliography. Perhaps you will allow me a few words in order to point out a misunderstanding on his part. My bibliography is one referring to my subject—namely, Freud's theory of Mind and its workings—and I say this quite plainly in the Foreword. Consequently, I do not include books dealing with other people's theories of Mind and its workings: consequently, I do not, and have no right to, include such books as Dr. Nicol's "Dream Psychology," nor Dr. Jung's "Psychology of the Unconscious" and "Analytical Psychology." Whether these works are good or bad has no bearing on the question: the only consideration I entertained (in compiling the bibliography) was whether or not the author held and presented the Freudian point of view; neither Dr. Jung nor Dr. Nicoll does so, therefore they are excluded. Dr. Jung's "Studies in Word-Association" I did include, because it deals with a mechanism, not a theory. I fail to see how my little bibliography in any way runs counter to the sentiment expressed in my concluding quotation from Voltaire.

Barbara Low.
Pastiche.

ROMANZA.

The ice-cold stockings she put on,  
The midnight clock struck twelve,  
Her father put his breeches on,  
And went to dig and delve.

The ice-cold stockings she pulled up,  
The midnight clock struck one,  
She went downstairs and killed the cat,  
The dreadful deed was done.

Her father who had been to dig  
Came back and found the cat,  
He grasped the creature by its tail  
And dropped it in his hat.

So mornign low he fetched a jug  
Full to the brim with beer,  
And gazing gently at the cat,  
He heaved a silent tear.

"Ah me," he sighed, "I knew 'twould come.  
But it has come too soon."

He rose and drinking up the beer,  
Went out to see the moon.  
K. B. (aged 10).

THE SERVILE STATE.

The "great race that makes all classes kin" has been run, and probably the cost in labour and preparation for the entertainment, transport to and from the course, and other incidentals, was not less than a million. Never mind, the pseudo economists say that it is all "good for trade."

Perhaps the most entertaining part of the whole business was the journey home. The road was thick with vehicles, and whether the start was made early or late practically the whole length of the road between Epsom and London was lined with small children. It is the same whenever a meeting is held on this course.

These children yelled unceasingly at the passing conveyances, "Chuck out yer mouldy coppers." The people may have responded to the call for charity, but not many were observed to do so. Most only laughed and passed on.

The children who were begging for pennies were the children of "class-conscious" workers. Their fathers were probably all members of unions, who paid their dues the consumer fairly, not leaving some part of the cost to his generosity.

The attitude of a mind which for the sake of a little gratification can become servile must be changed. Servility is no part of the equipment of a worker engaged upon useful labour, but it is by the permission of such actions on the part of his children that the "class-conscious" worker is developing servility, and the worst kind of servility at that—the worship of peace.

"Chuck out yer mouldy coppers." Bah!  
G. E. Fussell.

TO THE DEAD.

And wilt thou then eat Heaven bread?  
O sorrow, sorrow, my slender Love.  
Wilt eat the bread of Heaven verily?  
By so much the less then art thou mine,  
For thou didst eat barley bread with me,  
And sorrow.

And wilt thou then drink Heaven wine?  
O sorrow, sorrow, my silent Love.  
Wilt drink the wine of Heaven indeed?  
By so much the more bear I the yoke,  
For here thou hast water, and sometimes mead,  
And sorrow.

And wilt thou then love Heaven folk?  
O sorrow, sorrow, my Love unsinging,  
Wilt love the undeadly sprites forsooth?  
By so much the more bear I the yoke,  
For here thou wast all my joy, in truth,  
And sorrow.

And wilt thou then walk Heaven ways?  
O sorrow, sorrow, my stiffly Love,  
Wilt walk in the ways of Heaven alone?  
By so much the less love I my days,  
For sickness is mine in the heart and the bone,  
And sorrow.  
Ruth Fitter.

EROTIQUE.

Long had they waited in the dark outside,  
The eager wraiths : each night, through dusty glass,  
I saw the narrow gleam of topaz eyes,  
I saw curled lips that honey-poison dript :  
For sickness is mine in the heart and the bone,  
And sorrow.

Now, the majority of the race-goers only laughed at the children. It was obviously not need that made them cry for coppers. It was possibly a sort of sporting sense, and the psychology of their attempt was perfect. People who may have obtained easy money on the course would probably be very ready to throw out their unimportant coppers, and the children would get something to spend on sweets.

But this sort of thing simply will not do!  
It is on a par with the tip, and no one should be sufficiently lacking in pride to take a tip. The tip is a sort of grudging payment in excess of the supposed price of labour, which is not made by the employer but by the consumer for the benefit of the employer. And the "class-conscious" worker must be ready at all costs to protect the consumer of whom he numbers a very considerable proportion. Moreover, he must see to it that the employer pays fairly for his labour, and equally charges the consumer fairly, not leaving some part of the cost to his generosity.