## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Having temporarily succeeded in boycotting the only scheme that specifically undertook to cure “unemployment” once and for all, the Press, led by the “Times,” has now begun to demand “a little clear thinking” on the problem. It is “the duty of all,” we are told, to give “unremitting attention” to the question, since the present depression is not an ordinary event, but “a consequence of the war”; and “it will not pass away by the operation of normal economic forces.” It is true, of course, that the present situation cannot be cleared up by the operation of normal economic forces as understood by the “Times,” for the “Times” would not dream of regarding war as the normal economic force it is; but it is not altogether true that the plight of the world to-day is the consequence of the war. Rather, indeed, the war was the consequence of the present situation in its embryological stage, when, in fact, the present industrial situation was felt by many and seen by a few to be approaching. War, it is usually contended, is an extension of policy, the ultima ratio of a state of affairs created over a ‘longer period of time without war; it is abnormal in the sense that the war has precipitated the conclusion in point of time.

Clear thinking, like every other virtue, should begin at home; and we commend to the “Times” the work lying to its own hand. In an attempt to square the undeniable facts of to-day with its blind propaganda of increased production of yesterday, the “Times” on Tuesday protested that, whatever else the current unemployment might be due to, it was “not due to over-production”; and for the simple reason that “beyond all doubt it is due to under-consumption.” Leaving our readers to discriminate, if they can, between over-production and under-consumption, we may now observe that on Friday, only three days after the foregoing statement, the “Times” itself announced that there is a “glut of goods.” In Lancashire, in particular (though, of course, the phenomenon is general), “the mills and warehouses are glutted with goods,” and to such a degree has over-production (or under-consumption) been carried that “unless there is a greater demand it looks as though there will have to be a greater extension of short-time.” Clearly there is some confused thinking here, nor does it appear to us that the remedy indicated by the “Times” has any intelligible relation to the disease as defined. Lancashire, that county of hard-headed and shrewd business men, has produced more cotton goods than the world under the present system can consume. Lancashire is glutted with goods that cannot find a market because people have not the money to buy them. And the suggested remedy is an extension of short-time working; in other words, a reduction in wages—the immediate effect of which would be to contact the buying market still further. The paradox could not be more perfect if it were composed by sophists rather than by hard-headed Lancashire men. Because the foreign demand for cotton goods has ceased, therefore the home demand must be curtailed; and when our own people have been reduced to the destitution of the Continent, trade may be expected to begin to flourish. It is, for once more, to be hoped that what Lancashire thinks to-day, England will not think to-morrow.

Lord Northcliffe’s lackeys (who, by the way, must have been forbidden to mention The New Age in “any of my newspapers”) have had another bright idea: nothing less than a “plan to create employment.” Everybody knows that there are in this country millions of bales of raw wool that cannot be made up into cloth because, once again, there is no “effective demand” among the ultimate consumers; and, in consequence of this, the hundred thousand or so wool-operatives in the West Riding are on short time, presently to be made shorter, if not reduced actually to nothing. The proposal naturally put forward by the wool-growers, our wretched cousins in Australia and New Zealand, is that the Government, being in control of the raw wool, should export a large part of it to the shivering Continent on long credits guaranteed by the British taxpayer. By this means it is suggested, our home-produced wool would be absorbed in an area of under-consumption, and home prices might be expected to rise.

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rise again. But this little plan for restoring prices at home is not, it appears, sufficient for the "Times." What this Christian country wants is not goods so much as work; and if the Contingent asks for wool, we are to give cloth also. In brief, the "Times" proposal is that instead of being made into cloth by Continental labour, we should work it up into cloth ourselves, and export not wool, but cloth. Let the Government, it says, commission the mills to make woollen cloth, and export that on long credit. "Let them export the cloth instead of the wool, and thus save the West Riding from ruin," how the West Riding is to be saved from ruin by exporting goods on long credit (that is, without any immediate return in goods into this country), the "Times" does not say; nor is there, in fact, any explanation possible.

All that the "plan" would effect would be an increased distribution of work and money among West Riding operatives without any increase whatever in the amount of goods available for purchase here and now; and the secondary consequence of this operation would be a rise in the price-level of commodities already in existence.

In Mr. Pethick Lawrence's organ, "Foreign Affairs," Councillor Ayles carries on the glorious work of the Liberal politician and the "Times." His concern is not for cotton or wool but for boots. The 15,000 Bristol boot-workers, he says, who are now working half-time or less (and certainly lessening), could, if fully employed, provide 150,000 pairs of boots a week. And the West Riding, however, the warehouses of Bristol are glutted. "Manufacturers are over-stocked." Here again the remedy is perfectly clear to Councillor Ayles even if it is not so clear to those who have done a little clear thinking. Shading his eyes lest he should observe that the English people are short of boots, Councillor Ayles, like so many of our Russophile, fixes his gaze upon the illimitable bootlessness of Russia. Not what a city or country, but what a city or country to seek is his cry; but what a country to be shod. Russia alone, he says, could keep our boot-factories from running down. Gold is "cash"; and the presence of gold in any goods worth mentioning to exchange for ours, he says, would ask what advantage mere employment is to us, if, all we make is dropped into the sea without any return in goods—for it is well known, or ought to be, that Russia has not and will not have for years any goods worth mentioning to exchange for ours—Councillor Ayles' reply is ready: we shall be paid in gold. And gold, our poor confused counsellor appears to think, is a perfectly adequate return for boots. But is it really? May we remind our readers of what happened when Scandinavia (or, for the matter of that, America also) exchanged goods for gold during the war. Gold is "cash"; and the presence of gold in any country is an excuse for the multiplication of financial credit or spending power. Without immediately or necessarily adding to goods, gold adds to the money factor in the equation that Price equals Money divided by Goods; with the consequence that the level of prices rises. It was the case in Scandinavia; it was the case in America; and it would be the case in England if Russian gold were importuned our exports of goods. Not only should we lose the goods (if only for a few years), but the very gold for which we exchanged them would be employed by the banks to expand credit and to put up prices. In short, as consumers, we should lose on both the swings and the roundabouts.

The Managing Director of a Manchester bank has been telling the "Daily Dispatch" all about it. You see, it's this industry has stabilized because the consumer will not relieve the retailer of his goods at the price at which they are offered; and since the retailer will not take any less, not only is his shop full, but the warehouses are full, and, finally, the factories are brought to a standstill. Obviously, therefore, it is the retailer who must be operated upon, since he is the point of junction in the circle at which the stoppage has been caused. But how to operate upon him, that is the question. Our banker does not confound to details, but the upshot of his interview with the "Daily Dispatch" is that there are more ways of adding to goods than one of dealing with the credit system, the boulder that keeps the mills idle; but that of all these possible ways the restriction of credit to the retailer is the most effective.

The method, moreover, is perfectly simple. Unable to sell his stock at the commercial price, the retailer is forced to do one of two things in order to carry on: he must borrow from the banks in the hope that one day his goods will be sold at their present or even at an advanced price; or he must cut prices. Clearly, if the banks refuse him credit, he has no option. He must sell for what he can get. And this is what scores of retailers are doing at the moment— to their ruin and bankruptcy. It does not appear to occur to our banker that the power of the banks to ruin any class of people in the community is illegitimately exercised or that it constitutes a modern tyranny of a most arbitrary kind. Nor has it yet begun to be seen in that light by the banks' victims. It is, however, only a matter of time before people realise that the financial oligarchy alone wields the power to stop industry or to set it going again just as their profit dictates; and then, perhaps, the revolution will begin.

Among the various Schemes "to enable impoverished foreign nations [always, be it observed, foreign nations] to command the confidence necessary to attract funds for the financing of their essential imports," the Ter Meulen Credit Scheme, named after its author, the Ter Meulen Credit Scheme, has received the largest amount of support. It has, in fact, been approved by the Financial Committee of the League of Nations. Reduced to simple terms, the Ter Meulen Scheme proposes that the afore-said impoverished nations shall deposit with the lending countries certain specified securities, upon which assets are assigned to them the lending nations shall then proceed to issue or to guarantee credit to the borrowing nations in a proportion to the value of the securities. The procedure is quite simple, as we have said, and is, in fact, a mere extension of ordinary banking business, the "securities" being nothing more than collateral against a loan. But we doubt whether Mr. Ter Meulen, expert he is, has taken into account the consequences not only of the borrowing, but of the lending country. It is, of course, common to all men of good will to wish that the impoverished nations should be re-established on their economic legs (though we must remark that none of them seems to have sense enough to begin their own redemption by an equitable distribution of the goods they have got); and to this end the help of more favourably placed nations seems to be called for. But, under the Ter Meulen scheme, the contemplated issue of credit by, let us say, England to Germany, would infallibly have the effect of raising prices in England in short, every English consumer would have to pay still more for his goods or to run still another tuck in his personal needs. Even this, we might say, would be endurable if the ultimate consequence were an access of goods from the borrowing country. But Mr. Ter Meulen, who is a reader of The New Age, knows very well that, though the credit to be issued under his Scheme will tax the English consumer immediately, it is not the English consumer, but the English banks, who will claim and receive the repayment whenever it is made by the country to which it comes to this that foreign loans of this kind are actually lent by the nation, but they are repaid to individuals. We, the consumers, do the lending; but the banks do the receiving in return for the collecting. We wish the Scheme every possible failure.

The "Manchester Guardian" has at last begun to realise that something more is wrong with our com-
mercital system than the shadow cast on the Government's foreign policy. With a situation at its doors defined by the extremes of Lancashire's ability to produce and Lancashire's inability to consume, the "Guardian" has come to the conclusion that "Commerce has created a system by which the untold millions of human beings in numbers to starve with the implements of production in their hands." Foreign policy, we may take it for granted, is not responsible for the creation of this system, however much it can be said to support it; and for the reasons that it is so self-contained and had no foreign companions of any kind, the existing commercial system would still produce the effects described. The explanation, moreover, though it does not yet seem to have reached Manchester, is as simple as the facts are plain. The "Guardian" concludes its article with these words: "And because nobody quite understands how this folly has come about, nobody is able to find the remedy." We, however, not only profess quite to understand it—and many of our readers, we are glad to say, now share our understanding of a year's delay. It is not sentiment but necessity to be more than able to find the remedy; to have already found it. The "Manchester Guardian" is a courageous journal; Mr. Massingham is always saying so. Has it the courage to investigate the remedy proposed by Major Douglas and The New Age and to publish the result? The unemployed problem does not pause for a reply.

The stage has been reached in our relations with America when war between the two "over-producing" countries competing for an ever-contracting market is said to be unthinkable. If any political dogma can be said to be absolute, the "New Republic" declares, "The unthinkability of war between Britain and America is an absolute dogma." And to the same effect, Lord Northcliffe has assured the New York "World" that "in no circumstances whatever would it be possible to unite Great Britain and the Dominions against the United States on behalf of or with the Japanese." We need not press the parallel between such affirmations and the equally absolute affirmations, made before 1914, of the unthinkability of war between England and Germany. Wars are not brought about either by thought or by the free will of man, but in spite of them, because the latter are inadequate; and when such a journal as the "Manchester Guardian" describes the existing commercial system, deplores its results, and practically confesses that it is unalterable, it shall be our business to base our forecasts less upon thinkability and free choice than upon the fatality of mere commercial mechanism. For as surely as this country appears to be helpless in the presence of an unthinkable phenomenon like the half-starvation of thousands of the "heroes" of yesterday, so surely is it possible, and even probable, that the same apathy in regard to the system will witness other unthinkable things of even greater catastrophe. Sentimental appeals for a reduction in armaments will not, we believe, affect the issue by so much as a year's delay. It is not sentiment but necessity that dictates foreign policy together with the instruments of foreign policy. That "Disarmament or Bankruptcy" is a moving cry, we have no doubt, though it did not prevent this country from spending 10,000 millions on the recent war. But infinitely more moving and infinitely more vital is the counter-cry which the commercial system raises of "Armaments or Unemployment," "Armaments or Bolshevism," "Armaments or Extinction. We have often considered the relative situations of Great Britain, America, and Japan—of the producer and the consumer—and the conditions that will make the producer and the consumer both by Europe as a Continent and by Aryandom as a racial organ of Man to build the Imperium of the white and Teutonic essence in Humanity. It is from the depths of the white and hyperborean stock that the British Empire mystically draws its power and sanction and inevitability. And, anthropologically and

World Affairs.

By its metaphorical character and its insistence upon the incarnation of Chrishood in the social and the individual life of man, the Christianity of Paul participated in the essence both of the technical and pragmatical Christianity of Peter and in the mystical and apocalyptic Christianity of John. However Jewish and essentially un-Christian the religion of Paul and of Northern Europe may be, it was nevertheless destined to be that of the three manifestations of the Pleroma which Christianity most strongly brought to life in the consciousness and in the realisation of Christ's Gospel. In the ultimate formation of Christendom, though Peter and Rome may contribute the shaping force and structure, while Moscow and St. Sophia may contribute the everlasting and universal quality of all human religion—the finite Spirit's awareness of the Infinite Spirit—in the ultimate or penultimate formation of Christendom, we believe, it is really Pauline Christianity and England which will prove to be the life and function of the one, multiple, pleromic Christianity. The qualitative position of English Protestant Christianity lies somewhere between the purely formal power of the Roman Church and the purely essential nature of Eastern orthodoxy. English Protestant Christianity strives to be substantial, that is, to apply itself to realities, and to become common. Likewise the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages. Paul may be said to be placed between the specifically Western Christendom of Rome and the specifically Eastern Christianity of Constantinople and Moscow. And again, racially taken, it is known and clear, or it should be, that it is the properly Aryan branch of the European race, the Northern branch, which paradoxically enough and antithetically enough has received the Old Testament message delivered by the great realist, Paul; while the Mediterranean branch of Europe's race has embraced Roman organisation and ritual; and the Alpine the phantasmagories of the Apocalypse and the mystic Gospel. These facts, we venture to believe, have their reason not only as causes but as ends. For the human world is the realm of ends, and not of causes only; and all these facts may be viewed in the light of the one single fact of the existence of the British and Foreign Bible Society and the immense labour and work of this representative body. For good or ill, it is chiefly from England that the Far East, to mention the most important instance, has received the religion of the Incarnation; and, again, English missionary enterprise must not be sworn away as one of the essential forces in the process of human organisation. This fact we wish to mention and recognise; for it is one of absolute importance for our inquiry into British destiny. Of the tragedy and comedy, of the sins and crimes of Christian missions, however, it is not relevant for us to speak here.

The source of the Imperial dharma from which the Empire of Albion derives its mystical strength is, as we have attempted to prove in previous articles of this series, the fact that Great Britain, the Motherland, with her Dominions, the progeny lands, is really the providential mandatary of the White Race in its duty of laying the foundations of power for the Aryan and European function in the world. Derived from the evolutionary portion, from the centrally placed portion of Aryan Europe, European Man, a selection and a quintessential extract of his character, the British European man, though less Aryan perhaps than his great Teutonic ancestors and his ill-fated living Teutonic brother, and unlike the European, has proven himself as an instrument of social progress in both by Europe as a Continent and by Aryandom as a racial organ of Man to build the Imperium of the white and Teutonic essence in Humanity. It is from the depths of the white and hyperborean stock that the British Empire mystically draws its power and sanction and inevitability. And, anthropologically and
evolutionarily speaking, even if it were not for there ought to be an Aryan form in the world under-Christhood of Christendom, we repeat, England and permit England to be baptised and christened in the lying the organisation of Mankind. Moreover, it principal organised bulk of the Race. For there must derive, their invincibility and their existence as the organised of the human chaos: a bulk to start with, to begin upon, something given. And the British Empire, we assume, is a body of communities of the religion of Yahweh. Had the founder of the religion of Israel not seen and misunderstood by the rest of Christendom and by the anti-Christianity of both the noble and Aryan men like Nietzsche and of the not-noble and non-Aryan-ness of this fact, extraordinary as it may appear, needs to be considered in connection with the historical problem of British humanity. The practical mind of the English people has absorbed much of the great practicability of the Religion of divine Humanity proclaimed in the New Testament; it has in a real measure, whatever the world's plan and the world's guidance were a wrong way by the British themselves, and hated and misunderstood by the rest of Christendom and by the anti-Christianity of both the noble and Aryan men like Nietzsche and of the not-noble and non-Aryan-ness of this fact, extraordinary as it may appear, needs to be considered in connection with the historical problem of British humanity. The practical mind of the English people has absorbed much of the great practicability of the Religion of divine Humanity proclaimed in the New Testament; it has in a real measure, whatever

It cannot be denied that the Christian Religion in both of its aspects (the life-giving and the death-giving; the aspect of the Logos Himself and the self-consciousness and divine Sonship of the free and complete Human Personality which follows from the faith in the divinity of the Man Universal, this on the one hand; on the other the human-all-too-human aspect of untrue consecration and of the satanical desire to be saved by the blood of the Great and the Superhuman, not by one's own resurrection and salvation); it cannot be denied, we think, that both the religion of the Logos and the religion of the Church, have in all Europe taken root most solidly and lately in the British Church and the British Race. This fact, exacted too much and in a wrong way by the British themselves, and hated and misunderstood by the rest of Christendom and by the anti-Christianity of both the noble and Aryan men like Nietzsche and of the not-noble and non-Aryan-ness of this fact, extraordinary as it may appear, needs to be considered in connection with the historical problem of British humanity. The practical mind of the English people has absorbed much of the great practicability of the Religion of divine Humanity proclaimed in the New Testament; it has in a real measure, whatever the world's plan and the world's guidance were a wrong way by the British themselves, and hated and misunderstood by the rest of Christendom and by the anti-Christianity of both the noble and Aryan men like Nietzsche and of the not-noble and non-Aryan-ness of this fact, extraordinary as it may appear, needs to be considered in connection with the historical problem of British humanity. The practical mind of the English people has absorbed much of the great practicability of the Religion of divine Humanity proclaimed in the New Testament; it has in a real measure, whatever the world's plan and the world's guidance were a wrong way by the British themselves, and hated and misunderstood by the rest of Christendom and by the anti-Christianity of both the noble and Aryan men like Nietzsche and of the not-noble and non-Aryan-ness of this fact, extraordinary as it may appear, needs to be considered in connection with the historical problem of British humanity. The practical mind of the English people has absorbed much of the great practicability of the Religion of divine Humanity proclaimed in the New Testament; it has in a real measure, whatever

Had the founder of the religion of Israel not seen God or communed with Him there would never have been a People of Israel as we know it nor its legacy of the religion of Yahweh. Had the founder of the Iranian-Aryan dispensation, Zoroaster, wavered shrunk and been broken, the revelation of divine death in Nirvana, and also the revelation of the cherubic life in universal Humanity, would not be in the cosmic waves of emanations. The character of the World. We are treating of the obvious and leaving out the proofs and documentation which would support our contention. Through the practicability of its mind, the English race has baptised itself in the religion of Paul as we indicated above, and as the inartistic Cathedrals indicate; for the Pauline is preeminently a Christianity of social work and service as well as of individual perfection through discipline and suffering. The most common and biological of Christianities, the most racial and pan-human in its patencies and qualities, the religion of the Reformation and of Anglicanism is being fashioned by England's nature and is fashioning the race and the spirit of the English people. We hope we have approached the definition of the English essence for which we are searching when we identify the spirit of common humanity and co-witnessing service with the Christness of England and with her very being; but another quality there also is which we wish to define. The race of Albion is the incarnation of human mentality as a plane of the Transcendental Man's working within Mankind. Just as the final Christian religion will be
neither the universal religion of the world nor one and
paramount among its religious, but the Sophia of God
and the Incarnation of the Holy Spirit in the organisa-
tion of the world, and so the ultimate Aryam glory will
continue in the Aryanisation of pan-humanity and the
pan-humanisation of Aryandom. The English essence
is the universal solvet of the racial essences of the
world, the World's mind itself, the bridge from any-
where to anywhere, the need of the world's Mind, and the instinct
derived from that need. It is
the reality of humanity itself, or normal humanity. We
should now inquire into the source of this essence and
its work in the historic process.

M. M. COSMOI.

In Anti-Bolshevik Russia.

There were the three of us in an old barn in Rostov-
on-the-Don. Outside it was freezing; for that matter it
had been freezing inside too the previous day, and
would still have been but that considerable luck
and much aplomb we had managed to get some coal
and stoke up a big fire. Zaharov, who was the rightful
tenant of the barn—so far as anybody is the rightful
tenant of a requisitioned room belonging to somebody
—had got the permit for the coal, made out, it is
to, another man from whom he somehow obtained it.
Ouspensky, leaving the fourth dimension on one side for the occasion, had concocted the whole
plan; and I, as the least occupied of the three, had
been given the rather laborious job of presenting the permit
at the coal depot, several miles out of the town, obtaining
the coal (no easy task) and escorting it back to
the barn. Anyhow we had the coal.

The fire had a wonderful effect on our spirits. It
seemed to thaw them out, as well as our bodies.
Living, as one did in Russia, from hour to hour, a
good fire was a thing to make a fuss about. We found
also a quantity of spirit in one of the cupboards in the
barn, and despite Zaharov’s protests, we proceeded
to convert it into vodka with the addition of some
orange peel. Ouspensky told Zaharov that the rightful
owner would never get back to Rostov in time to
use it before the Bolshevists came—a prophecy which
proved to be accurate—and that, if we did not drink it,
the Commissars would. So we began to drink it

"People have been drinking since the beginning of the
world," remarked Ouspensky suddenly, "but they
ever never found anything to go better with vodka than
a salted cucumber."  

With which remark he entered upon a series of
reminiscences of his life in Moscow in the happy days
before the war, which sounded queerly when one
contrasted them with the misery and privations he and
everyone else were now enduring. There was nothing
of the reactionary in Ouspensky’s praise of the good
old days; his sister had died in prison as a political
offender, and he himself had been no stranger to the
revolutionary movement. One has to visit Russia, stay there a while and spend one’s time with Russians,
to understand what the last six years have meant for
them. But I am interrupting Ouspensky.

"It was when I was a young man in Moscow," he
was saying, "and my cousin once gave a party. We
brewed the vodka together. It was a marvellous brew.
There was one man there, the sort of type one only
sees in Russia; a young man with long hair, a long
beard, long moustaches and a sad, far-away look in
his eyes. Well, he had one glass of vodka, got
straight up from his chair, walked out of the house
and into the nearest hairdresser’s. There he made
them run the clippers all over his head, and shave
him; he came out as bare of hair as an egg, and went
straight home to bed. That shows you what good
vodka can do!

"Apropos, did you ever hear," he asked, "about the
chief of police in this town just after the outbreak
of the Revolution in 1917? His clerk found him sitting
in his office one morning, with a pile of newspapers
and proclamations in front of him. He was scratching
his head in perplexity. ‘Ye-es,’ he said at last, ‘I can
understand that the proletariat of the world ought
to unite; but why must they unite in Rostov-on-the-
Don?’"

"To-night," remarked Zaharov, with equal gravity,
"we shall have hot water. We shall be able to wash
our faces, clean our teeth, and indulge in all sorts of
unaccustomed amusements."

"Don’t interrupt me," said Ouspensky. "I was re-
marking that every policeman in Moscow in the old
days knew me by my Christian name, because, unlike
most people, when I was drunk I always tried to com-
pose quarrels and not to start them. Besides, I used
to give them big tips. And all the porters at the
restaurants used to know me, and when there was a
row on they used to telephone to me to come round
and stop it. One night I remember I got home with
the left sleeve of my overcoat missing. How I lost it,
and where, I have never discovered, although I have
given the matter very careful thought. Indeed, I once
thought of writing a book about it."

"Well," said I, "where shall we be in a month’s
time, I wonder?"

They both turned on me. "It’s clear," they said,
"you’ve never lived under the Bolshevists. If you had,
you wouldn’t ask that sort of question. You would
acquire the sort of psychology that does not
admit reflections of that kind."

"And yet," said Ouspensky, "when I was under
the Bolshevists last year, I did once consider the future. I
was at Esseutuki in the North Caucasus. The Bol-
shenists had requisitioned all the books in the place
and taken them into the school there. I went to the
Commissar and asked him to make me librarian. I
had been schoolmaster there previously. You didn’t
know I had been a schoolmaster since the Revolution,
did you? [He turned to me.] Yes, and I’ve been a house
porter, too. Well, the Commissar didn’t quite know
what a librarian was, but I explained to him. He
was a simple man and began to be almost frightened
of me when I told him that I had written books of my
own. So he made me librarian and I put up a big notice
on the door, saying that this was the Esseutuki Soviet
Library. My idea was to keep the books safe, without
mixing them up, so that when the Bolshevists went
away they could be given back to their owners. I
arranged them nicely, and spent my time reading some
of them. Then one night the Cossacks came and drove
the Bolsheviks out. I ran round to the school and tore
down the word ‘Soviet,’ for fear the Cossacks came
and destroyed everything; and so it read simply ‘Es-
seutuki Library.’ And next day I started to hand
the books back to their owners. Not a soul had been to
the Library all the time, so no harm was done in break-
ing it up."

"Still," said Zaharov, "Bechhofer’s question has a
certain theoretical interest. I wonder where we shall
be in a month’s time."

"You may wander as much as you like," said Ous-
pensky, "but you will never find better vodka than
this."

A month later I wrote the following entry in my
diary:

"I can answer my own question now. I am at
Novorossisk, writing this... Ouspensky is, I believe,
at Ekaterinodar, trying to get his wife away to the
careful safety of the shore; I do not know if I
shall ever see him again, or where. Zaharov died
three days ago of small-pox, contracted at Rostov at
the very time when we were living with him. And the
Bolsheviks are at Rostov."

C. E. BECHHOFER.
Our Generation.

The fiddling of D’Annunzio while the world was burning has at last been stopped, a little obsequiously, by his political guardians. His exploit, however, has been instructive, or at any rate may be made so, for the light which it throws upon the character of present-day artists. We have no criterion just now, or, rather, the criterion is not generally recognised and acknowledged, whereby we can gauge the evil of any work of art, and show in what degree it adds to the generally enfeebled state of Europe. There are many reasons for this, but the final reason is not reconceived, and it is this: that the present generation has lived upon poison so long that a little more or less does not make much difference in its health. De Quincey tells us that he was able to increase his dose of opium safely after a constant use of it for months, to a quantity which would have killed a score of healthy men. The more poisonous society becomes the more it can stand; and we are born in a condition when we can swallow the whole decadent shop without danger to ourselves. That is why it is salutary for writers and artists to be made to “express” themselves in action, where the evil effects of their actions are clear to everybody. While D’Annunzio was writing his obscene and histrionic novels only a few knew what was happening; but now that he is living what he wrote, everyone knows that he is a blasphe- mous mountebank, without reality, an anachronism who would have been out of date a millennium ago, a poseur so busy in deceiving himself that he does not realise that the Day of Judgment for Europe has come, and continues to play at his infantile games in the presence of world calamities. Yet what he is now doing clearly in action, he once did as clearly, for those who had eyes to see, in literature. And not more than one “serious artist” in a hundred would at present do any better if he were put in a position of responsibility. We are justified therefore in suspecting the credentials of our artists. The few supreme artists of whose lives we know something—Aeschylus, Sophocles, Dante, Milton—were as serious and responsible in their public actions as they were in their art. What the present artistic temper betrays is really a divorce between art and life under the cloak of a closer alliance between them.

The World Association for Adult Education has recently issued half-a-dozen “bulletins,” price each, explaining its aims and giving a survey of adult education in France, Norway, Spain, Czecho-Slovakia and other nations. It “has set itself the task of co-ordinating the various movements and institutions throughout the world which are concerned with adult education or the promotion of friendly relationships between nations.” And to begin with, as an “important practical step,” it has begun to provide “educational facilities for the men of the mercantile marine, both ashore and afloat.” Its activities will, of course, be beneficial: that may be for anything is better than the lassitude which to-day weighs down universally the peoples of the world. But a glance is sufficient to show that its ideals, even when rhetorically expressed, are not enough. The true purpose of education for young and old,” says Mr. A. E. Zimmern, in the first bulletin, “is the understanding and enjoyment of life.” Yes, if men were not tragic creatures, seeking to win salvation instead of enjoyment, if the world were to-day a Utopia and not a cock-pit, that would no doubt be true. But something more is needed for a world organisation which the association desires to be, a faith in “enlightenment,” and its dissemination. The World Association for Adult Education starts with one disadvantage—it has not a conception of the world. If it were by a miracle to accept the idea which my colleagues, “have outlined in these pages, no one knows what a transformation it might effect. But meantime it is without an idea except “edu-
ation for education’s sake.” And that is to condemn it as ignorant of contemporary realities. But, Utopian as it is, it will accomplish something good. For the world must at all costs be awakened. The World Association for Adult Education is trying to awaken it. What the world must do when it awakens, however, it must learn in another school.

The other week in the “New Republic” (America)—Mr. D. H. Lawrence, following the example of D’Annunzio, gave himself away in a public proclama-
tion. “America, Listen to Your Own,” is the title of his decree, and what is America, you would have guessed it—Montezuma. “The President of (America),” he says, “should not look back towards Gladstone or Cromwell or Hildebrand, but towards Montezuma. And he goes on, “As Venice wedded the Adriatic, let America embrace the great dusky continent of the Red Man.” Now, Heaven knows that Europe is hopeless enough to-day, yet to give up our hopes for her, as Mr. Lawrence has done, and to return to the Red Man and to Montezuma, is to go beyond hopelessness itself. Let us put the proposal down plainly and ask what any nation in the world would think of it. Had the American immigrants from Europe embraced “the great dusky continent of the Red Man,” had they made the corner-stone of their edifice Montezuma (provided that they succeeded in discovering anything about him) does not everyone, whether black or white, know that they would have committed a crime against mankind? This is one of those truths which are clear and elementary, if we are to admit the validity of any values at all. And Mr. Lawrence’s proposal is not justified by its easiness or its naturalness; for as Mr. Walter Lippmann says elsewhere in the paper, the white emigrants to America “wiped out the natives who were in their path and interned the rest”; and as for Montezuma, America can “start” with him only “by looking him up in the encyclopedia.” What is, therefore, “given away” by Mr. Lawrence? Simply the fact that he prefers a lower culture to a higher, that, like so many of the artists of this age, he is profoundly tired and therefore profoundly reactionary, and desires to slip back into a more easy, more undeveloped and animal form of consciousness.

What men can continue to think even when they are confronted with plainer evidence to the contrary was embodied in the “Fall Mall Gazette” the other day. Writing after the War and in the presence of world failure, it said, “It can be shown, we think, that material progress does advance morals, that it is by material gains that morals have grown. All that makes for the interdependence of mankind, all that brings about peoples make in the long run for improved moral relationships.” But what is the reality which is staring us in the face, in whatever direction we may turn? It is that “material progress” itself, undirected by “morality” or by prescience, is driving the world to its destruction. It is our capacity to produce that, unfettered by prudence, makes it necessary for us to find foreign markets: for foreign markets wars may be waged. When these come, “material progress” will, it is true, help us to exterminate our enemies with greater thoroughness and ingenuity than we could have done a century ago. But it will also help our enemies quite impartially to exterminate us. In fact, “material progress” by itself alone makes the task of saving the world a thousand times more difficult than it has ever been before. The “interdependence of mankind” brought about by inventions and devices purely, is not a source of stability, but of danger, so long as it is not controlled by a moral idea. It makes the demand upon men’s spiritual energies greater and not less than it has needed to be in this last foreboding and 最后, it is becoming more and more dangerous; and morality is the art of facing danger. “Material progress” makes progress in morality necessary, it is true, but it does not create it.

EDWARD MOORE.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

It is years since I first noticed Mr. Henry Baynton as a very promising young actor. I saw him first, I remember, with Benson at the Court Theatre playing Demetrius in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." I saw him next as Hamlet at Woolwich, and shortly afterwards as Laertes in Irving's Savoy production. I renewed acquaintance with him at this theatre on December 23-24, when he produced "The Melting-Pot," and "Hamlet" in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund.

I want to record the fact, for what it is worth, that his performance in "The Melting-Pot" roused the audience to an almost provincial enthusiasm of applause. I see that Mr. Robert Courtneidge, with whom he has just signed a three years' contract, declares that he is the best Hamlet and Romeo that he has seen; and Mr. Robert McKinnel, and Mr. Miles Malleson. At present, Mr. Baynton's leg-work is as unrelated to the character as is that of Mr. Martin Harvey, or that of Mr. George Hayes. Garrick who pretended to be drunk while riding through a village, and was only drunk to the waist.

The reason of such an exhibition is obvious; if a man has not a perfect understanding of the effect he wants to produce, he will simply repeat what he knows. There are other ways of expressing overwhelming emotion than that of a Rossetti damosel trying to walk, and that of vermicelli trying to imitate the vertebrata. The wet dish-clout—I don't care what figure I use, if only I can convey the impression—expresses nothing but wet-dish-cloutness; and in this case, there should be re-repetition at the sight of the "butcher," followed by a re-constitution of the scene of horror with which he was associated. Mr. George Hayes can show Mr. Baynton how it is done.

I saw little of his Hamlet this time, and had to leave after Ophelia's death; but it seemed a much-mangled version, and Mr. Baynton's memory was frequently at fault. The play will never be satisfactorily performed until it is given in full; but the next best thing, I think, is Irving's way of giving us at least the whole of Hamlet. I doubt, too, whether anyone will ever understand the part of the King until Mr. Leon Quatermaine plays it; I am amazed every time I see "Hamlet," to the meaninglessness of the whole thing. It never seems to occur to anyone (except perhaps Polonius and the grave-diggers) that he or she is supposed to be a real person, expressing real feelings or ideas or manners, as the case may be. They do not recite verse as though it were natural speech to those characters; they seem to argue that because people in real modern life do not speak verse, verse must be spoken like nothing on earth. So we got Laertes expressing a "giant-like" rebellion with two words and a pause: "O thou—ule king—where is my father?" The usual rendering is: "Give me my father!" but charity covers a multitude of sins. The whole of the torrential, Hotspur-ish scene was mangled in the same way; the lines leap with fury; listen to them:

How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation!

If ever a man was in a blazing temper, sweeping everything aside with a wave of the hand, Laertes was that man; but Mr. Edward Dunstan's method of speaking only two words at once did not convey that impression of sweeping on in fury to the point at issue.

There were some glorious voices in the company. Mr. F. J. Richardson, who played the King, has a magnificent voice, sonorous and clear and of great weight. He was altogether too solemn as the King, and he wore his crown all the time as though he could not trust it off his head; he spoke his lines with no sense of the character they expressed, but it was a pleasure to listen to his musical nonsense. Mr. Richard Hoodless (Polonius) has a voice like a Russian bass, and if Mr. David Gill (Player King) will learn that even tragic poetry does not require that a man should speak all the time at the top of his voice, that there are such things as cadences and climaxes, the real beauty of his voice will be apparent. Miss Joyce Carey played Ophelia with a distressing resemblance to her mother, Miss Lillian Braithwaite, in every intonation; how came he dead? I'll not be juggled with. To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil! Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit! I dare damnation!

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Readers and Writers.

To the natural complexity of the subject treated by my colleagues, "M. M. Cosmoi," must now be added the confusion of one or two serious misprints. Who is to blame for the editing process and, certainly, the calligraphy of the writers is not above suspicion. The new vocabulary necessitated by new ideas is hard to acquire, and when so much of our reading is instinctive—what is to say, not actively intelligent—new words have a habit of assuming old associations; in fact, they remain new, but merely as novel. I believe that my colleagues are preparing a glossary for the better understanding of the scheme contained in their articles; and I hope it is the case, for the "plan" being set before us is at once so un-familiar, so colossal in conception, and so comprehensive in point of content that a word-book of what is virtually a foreign speech is almost indispensable.

Pan-humanity, anthropogenesis, epigenesis, planes of evolution, logic aspects and other such terms require to be learned as one learns a new language; and until they are as familiar as shoes and ships and sealing-wax the reader of "World Affairs" cannot feel at home.

I make no apology for continuing my reflections on the subject. Nothing in The New Age is alien to me; and I confess that I follow the lead of its writers with almost an astrological confidence. Does "World Affairs" suggest the desirability of attempting to grasp the world as an indivisible, differentiated into racial organs, and developing through evolution and history? I follow, and try my luck in keeping up with the procession. Let me record my experience. The attempt to form a real idea of the personality of a nation or of a race appears to be as exhausting as one of the most exhausting exercises in concentration I have ever tried; an hour or two of the effort leaves me fit for nothing but to read newspapers. Try to imagine that the whole race of Mankind from the beginning to the end of time is only one great Man; and that each of the races and nations is no more and no less than a transitional organ or phase of development of this "Logos" or "Son of God." Every race and nation may then be conceived as a modification of the one Person; as, in fact, that great and in one of his moods or activities. Applying this idea to the concrete instances, we have to conceive of, let us say, the Black, Red, Yellow, Brown, and White races, as successive evolutionary stages in the unfolding of the powers of the great Person, as his embryonic and post-embryonic manifestations in the world. That is a conception most difficult to grasp, quite apart from the question whether it is true or false; and I can only envy the reader who finds it easy without effort. Then follows the scarcely minor difficulty of treating the nations similarly. We are familiar enough with the attempts of the Press to portray nations as composite personalities. We speak, for instance, of Cousin Jonathan, John Bull, John Chinaman, Fritz, and so on. But to complete the portrait given of a race, we would have to become as familiar with true concepts of the various national group-souls as we are, say, with the characters of our personal individual friends—that is a task second only to the first in psychological difficulty. And yet it is an essential accomplishment for a man of the world, for a man of the world is only one to whom the nations are intimately known in their character and characteristics. Further, I conceive it as an indispensable qualification for world-statesmanship. The statesman to whom the national group-souls are not known and relatively unknown is not a world-statesman, whatever else he may be. For the world-statesman there are only group-souls, whose number is that of the races sub-divided into nations; and precisely to the degree that he is, so to say, on intimate terms with their specific characters and psychologies can he be regarded as a younger or elder in the council of world-government. I have recorded my own difficulty, which is, at present, imperceptible; but I do not despair. The difficulty, in fact, is a challenge.

On re-reading in his old age his "Tale of a Tub" Swift remarked what a genius he must have had when he wrote that wonderful work. I can only imagine that he was thinking of the effort required to deal with national churches as if they were persons. It opens simply: "Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons by one wife [Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack], and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest." Simple to the level of the juvenile fairy-tale, is it not? But let anybody try the experiment of narrating history in terms of persons before rolling the tub into the nursery: he will find that the art has been disguised in the intensity of the thought. Swift's intellect, the greatest, as I have said before, that has ever been devoted to politics in this country, was habitually concerned with reducing nations, movements, races and even the whole of Mankind to the focus of the individual and the personal. His ideas were always being made flesh. Next to Arbuthnot we owe most to Swift our conception of John Bull. Above any other English writer we owe to him any conception public opinion can form of Mankind as one of the species of terrestrial life. And he shone head and shoulders above his generation in what may be called the criticism of humanity. The effort of condensation must indeed have been prodigious; and Swift was a giant. We are only just beginning to realise the power of his mind. As an introduction to the more philosophical world-views of my colleagues "M. M. Cosmoi," Swift, to my thinking, cannot be bettered. He is one of the pioneers of future culture.

At my request there is printed on the "Pastiche" page of the present issue a long passage from Chambers' "Vestiges of Creation." Published in 1844, fifteen years before Darwin's "Origin of Species," it is more remarkable for its intuition than for its science; but as the work of a genuine and original thinker it still deserves attention. The particular passage elsewhere reprinted will be found to contain an extraordinary anticipation of part, at least, of the "plan" now being outlined in "World Affairs"; and the coincidence of conception is all the more striking from the fact that until a few weeks ago none of the writers of "World Affairs" had ever read a line of Chambers' "Vestiges of Creation." I do not say, of course, that the coincidence proves anything or even that it makes more acceptable the anthropogenetic plan common to the various writers. But the "idea" is demonstrated to be recurrent and to be derivable from a variety of sources; and when a single idea is shown to be independently and widely diffused over time, place, and circumstance, the presumption, at any rate, is that there is "something in it." Chambers has not, it will be observed, the complete conception which is contained in "M. M. Cosmoi's" "World Affairs"; he does not conceive the racial developments as developments of one Great Person, but rather as progressive approximations to the Caucasian type, the highest and presumbable for him the final. The most recent speculations, on the contrary, place even the Caucasian or Aryan type intermediated between a beginning and an end of human development, and look forward quite as much as they look back. Other differences also will appear on comparison of the two sketches; but it must be admitted that Chambers' intentions were, on the whole, wonderfully prophetic. I shall read the rest of his "Vestiges of Creation" with respectful interest.

R. H. C.
Art.

EUGEN BOUDIN

ELDAR GALLERY. In this epoch of artistic unrest and revaluation it is difficult to establish a guide. Yet there is a complacent admiration that reminds one rather of the old Dutch painters of interiors than of the French artists of the late nineteenth century. He sees and is pleased with a herd of cattle, a group of ladies in bright dresses, or ships in harbour against a blue sky; and he records the scene without comment. His skies may be picturesquely stormy; they are never terrible. His seas are pleasant, and never deep or dangerous. His ships float and move, it is true, but with no other purpose than to decorate the sea. And his women are graceful, but nothing more. It is obvious that he thinks like the Turks that “women are the sweetest fruit.” (This idea is not uncommon in painting; see the Royal Academy.) In short, he is the embodiment of the inoffensive bourgeois who will not voluntarily sacrifice comfort and face a storm. There are, however, qualities in his work that must be admired. He has a keen sense of colour, and in his drawings, of which there are a large number in this show, he is very spontaneous and economical of line. There are a few quite pleasant water-colours: “Fishermen” (3), “Shipping” (11), and “Deauville” (33). The Eldar Gallery deserves praise for showing us a side of Boudin’s work which is not so widely known as his oils.

FRANCIS PICABIA

PARIS. It is worth noting that an exhibition has recently been held in Paris of the work of Francis Picabia. Picabia is a young painter whose principal trait is dissatisfaction with the established order of things. He has never invented a new movement, but he is an ardent follower of those who have done so. Ten years ago, when Picasso was just painting his first Cubist pictures, Picabia became his disciple and a keen propagator of the new creed. Now that Cubism has become a commonplace, he has left it and taken up Dadaism. Once again he is the first painter of note to ally himself with a new movement, one which is surely the most desperate protest in the history of art! The impressionists sacrificed everything in order to express; but the Dadaists sacrifice everything for no aim but “pour faire le monde idiot.” The Black Country. The twenty woodcuts collected in this volume are beautifully produced. The subjects are chiefly heaps of ladle slag, mills, furnaces and chimney stacks, and they are rendered with immense imaginative vigour and sincerity; with a sincerity which makes us realise them (however much our cowardly errors of remembrance) from the direct statements and bareness of phrase in the Roi Renaud, or from the climax of Joli Tambour, a writer might learn some of the most precious secrets of his craft. There is (corollary) no greater stumbling block for the musician than the useless word of an author, the word that has no function in the poem. (Evidence in every concert of modern music.)

The books I have mentioned should give the student a permanent distaste for slush, for the soft and sloppy, and for the atrocious technique of the average contemporary or late nineteenth century composer.

The man of letters has also his lessons to learn, and music has saved more than one poet from the worst of misfortunes. From the direct statements and bareness of phrase in the Roi Renaud, or from the climax of Joli Tambour, a writer might learn some of the most precious secrets of his craft. There is (corollary) no greater stumbling block for the musician than the useless word of an author, the word that has no function in the poem. (Evidence in every concert of modern music.)

The books I have mentioned should give the student a ample basis for comparisons; one period arms him against another; the discrimination bred from a study of this dozen or so of books, should make him more sensitive to values in lieder and in the modern French songs. Note that an omnivorous diet of lieder or of modern French composers never yet bred discrimination in anyone.

No library is complete without Russian songs, but, then, no library ever is complete; and I have sufficient discretion to limit my recommendations to languages which I understand and where I can really see whether the words and notes fit and enhance each other.

CONCERTS.—Arthur Bliss has taken Weller’s advice; contented himself with ut, re, mi, and attained a unity of effect in his spirited “Rout,” n.t.—common to his
contemporaries. Cernikoff again showed himself incapable of distinguishing between subjective and objective; he is too little the actor and too utterly at the mercy of his own moods to prevent their dominating his performance. He fully merits his rise in the musical comprehension. He played Purcell and his own arrangement of Chanoine Ruick with great delicacy. Arthur Rubinstein is the antithesis, wholly the performer; he was magnificent in Bach (Dec. 18) and despicable in Chopin. The rest of the concert is already covered by our previous criticism.

\[\text{WILLIAM ATHELING.}\]

Views and Reviews.

AN UNACKNOWLEDGED GENIUS.*

That it was necessary to write this section on Gall and his works (covering nearly two hundred pages) is shown by a reference in the "Times" review of this book to Gall as "the founder of Phrenology." The remark betrays the fact that the reviewer has not read the book, for on pp. 341 et seq. are given Gall's own opinions of Phrenology; and he was a man, I may say, who could argue trenchantly. Gall never undertook the construction of a system; and his opinion of "prospector, secretary and general assistant" Spurzheim's attempt to do so need not be imagined when it may be read. "The most natural and philosophic order," wrote Gall, "must be that which nature has ordered in the successive arrangement of the faculties of the mind. But M. Spurzheim begins by establishing new divisions of the mind. . . . . The philosophical spirit of M. Spurzheim shines in divisions, sub-divisions, sub-sub-divisions, etc.; and this is what he calls infusing more philosophy into the physiology of the brain than I had the ambition of introducing. He is forced to jump from one region to another. . . . a perfect monstrosity, which one would believe to be invented with the design of rendering the study impossible. The propensities and sentiments, and often the intellectual faculties, are so confounded together that it is hardly possible to discover the characteristic signs which distinguish one from the other. . . . . With what propriety does he exclude imitation, circumspection, secretiveness, constructiveness, from the intellectual faculties? The division into qualities and faculties common to man and brutes, and qualities and faculties peculiar to man, is, I confess, of great value from a philosophic point of view; but when the most careful observer dares not decide where the faculties of the brute cease and those of man begin, the division cannot be considered satisfactory. He has changed the names, but treated the organs according to my principles; yet in so hasty and feeble a manner, that this part of my doctrine would be deplorable, if it were not established on a better foundation."

Let it be put quite bluntly; Gall was neither a phrenologist nor the founder of phrenology; he was a great anatomist and physiologist, he may be called the founder of modern brain physiology, he was a great psychologist (of what is now called the "behaviourist" school, I think), and although he classified and localised mental functions in the brain (where, even from the time of Galen, and before, it has been believed that they are located), he specifically said that he had only opened the way for further research, and nowhere supported the idea that the whole of the faculties were located on the superficial surface of the brain, as phrenology would lead one to suppose. On the contrary, in spite of Professor Sherrington in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he did not neglect the convolutions on the under and median surfaces of the brain.

One stands amazed at the range of the man's knowledge. He no sooner begins to argue than he begins quoting irrelevant observations from the whole of the animal creation, from embryology, from physiology and pathology. Of his skill as a dissector, judge by the facts; he invented the method of dissection of the brain stem from below upwards and traced the fibres from the spinal cord to the cortex—instead of slicing it horizontally, as is done to this day. He unfolded the convolutions of the brain, a feat that Dr. Hollander assures me he has never seen performed. This technical skill was obviously the primary condition of a correct knowledge of the anatomical structure of the brain; and the list of his discoveries shows to what good use it was put.

He demonstrated the evolution of the brain and the successive development of the different parts of the nervous system.

He traced the development of the brain from the smallest ganglia in insects to the first appearance of convolutions in higher animals.

He was the first to describe the formation and development of the brain in the foetus.

He was the first to demonstrate that the white matter of the brain is fibrous in structure.

He was the first to declare that the grey matter of the brain and spinal cord gives origin to the nervous fibres and supplies their nutrient energy.

He was the first to show the enlargements of the spinal cord in the cervical, dorsal, and the lumbar regions.

He was the first to demonstrate the course of the motor nerves through the pyramids, cerebral peduncles, corpora striata, thence radiating like a fan, thus spread out towards the periphery of the hemispheres. He demonstrated also the converging and diverging systems of fibres in the brain, and showed the formation of the great commissure of the hemispheres.

To Gall must be attributed the credit of the first anatomical demonstration of the crossing of the nerve fibres in the pyramids.

Gall was the first to show the true origin of the olfactory, oculo-motorius, and trigeminal nerves, as well as of the nervus abducens and the optic nerve.

He described the structure of the cerebellum in man and animals. He described for the first time the formation and structure of the corpus callosum, the anular protuberance, the pineal gland, cornu ammonis, and other parts of the brain. He described also the "insula," that portion of the brain within the fissure of Sylvius, and resting on the corpus striatum, which has been falsely attributed to Reil and named "the island of Reil," though Reil's first mention of the insula was only in 1809.

Gall considered the cortex of the brain to contain—besides the centres for the highest psychic activities—the centres for motion and sensation centres which have been discovered about seventy years later.

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*"In Search of the Soul, and the Mechanism of Thought, Emotion, and Conduct." By Bernard Hollander, M.D. (Kegan Paul. 2 vols. £2 2s. net.)
He also anticipated (although he did not demonstrate) that there are different tracts in the spinal cord for the nerves of motion and for those of sensation.

It need hardly be said that an Englishman, Sir Charles Bell, declared Gall to be ignorant even of the difference between cerebrum and cerebellum; while intention, and so on.

reasons a scientific investigator may be maligned and course, with the clergy, who tried to have his lectures relegated Gall to the outlawry of the original anti-foreign feeling so prevalent in France at that time, caused the committee of the Institute to change their attitude and to issue an unfavourable report. Flourens made a fool of himself by conducting an experimental investigation to prove that "the brain is a single organ." It was for the benefit of France in Vienna prohibited because of their materialising time, caused the committee of the Institute to change their attitude and to issue an unfavourable report. Flourens who died without hope of resurrection.

It need hardly be said that an Englishman, Sir Humphry Davy and anatomy by a German quack [Gall]. On Napoleon’s displeasure becoming known, the natural characteristic to pander to Royalty, combined with the anti-foreign feeling so prevalent in France at that time, caused the committee of the Institute to change their attitude and to issue an unfavourable report. Flourens made a fool of himself by conducting an experimental investigation to prove that "the brain is a single organ," that no individual part acts by itself, and that by slicing off the brain its functions are preserved. Gall repeated the experiments, and replied in what is one of the most brilliant scientific polemics known to me. Dr. Hollander quotes both sides at length; but all that I need say is that no one now maintains that "the brain is a single organ." It was Flourens who died without hope of resurrection.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Fellowship of the Picture. An Automatic Script for a Film by Percy Dearmer. Edited by Percy Dearmer, M.A., D.D. (Nisbet. 3s. 6d. net.)

Such interest as this book has is due entirely to the manner of its composition; the supposed author was a friend of Dr. and Mrs. Dearmer, he was killed in France in 1918, and on July 31, 1919, we are told, he began to make Mrs. Dearmer write automatically. In life, "he was a well-known man of high academic distinction and singularly pure and high character"; according to the spiritualists, he ought to have been able to communicate much earlier. "He had already written certain valuable contributions to religion and philosophy; but he had another book on his mind which he was anxious to write as soon as the war was over. 'The Fellowship of the Picture' claims to be that book." We do not find it very illuminating, nor, for that matter, do we detect any signs of high academic distinction; for example, "you never really thought before how much God needed your help, did you? People generally think mostly of their need of God's help; but the other is just as necessary if the plan is to come true. And when the plan comes true, heaven will be upon earth, and earth will be heaven; and that is not an impossible dream, something we may all work for—you on earth, and we over here. Now perhaps you see where faith and hope come in. It is so good to think that we may work together over the biggest plan that ever was made. Do you sometimes catch a gleam of the glory of the plan? . . ." There are too many live people—or, at least, people in puppets—uttering such platitudes in the new "free-and-easy" parsonic style to make the book interesting even as a psychological phenomenon. The unconscious of so unobscured a man seems to be singularly barren of content; if we may believe the old mesmerists, the unconscious states expressed the most extraordinary powers of the mind, to say nothing of the exaltation of the senses. A singular richness of memory, an almost infallible expression of deductive logic, prophetic, and clairvoyant, and an extraordinary sympathy which enabled, in some cases, an expert diagnosis of disease and prescription to be made—such were some of the phenomena recorded. But, with the exception of Mr. Bligh Bond's work with his friend on the subject of Glastonbury Abbey, modern automatic writing seems to produce nothing more worthy of notice than these exhortations in the style of the new theology. Byron said that we often see books written without heads—and this seems to be one of them.

The Real Adventure. By H. K. Webster. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

We seem to have read this book before, but it is worth reading a second time for its elaborate analysis of a young American woman's development. The author is quite oblivious of so acquired an interest in analysis, has, indeed, a well-drawn figure of a psycho-analyst among his characters. But he leans more to the Zürich than to the Viennese school; his heroine (and the psycho-analyst himself) positively resents being treated as only sexual beings. The psycho-analyst uses the analogy of short circuit in electricity: "The juice that comes into your house to light it and heat the flat-irons and the toaster, and so on, comes in by one wire and goes out by another. Before it can get out, it's got to do all the work you want it to do—push its way through the resistance of fine tungsten filaments in your lamps and the iron wires in your heaters that get white hot resisting it. When it's pushed its way through all of them and done the work you want it to do, it's tired out and goes away by the other wire. But if you cut off the insulation down in the basement, where these two wires are close together, and make it possible for the current to jump straight across without doing any work, it will take the short circuit instead of the long one and you won't have any lights in your house. Darby and Joan are civilised, that is to say, they're insulated from head to foot, but it's long-circuited. The only expression it's got is through the intelligence—it lights the house. Absence of common knowledge and common interests only adds to the resistance and makes it burn all the brighter. Naturally Darby and Joan fall victims to the very dangerous illusion that they're intellectual companions. They think they're having wonderful talks. All they are doing is long-circuiting their sex attraction. Well, marriage gives it a short circuit. Why should the current light the lamps when it can strike straight across? There you are!" In spite of the fact that Rose Aldrich loves her husband ecologically, love does not satisfy her; she feels that the short-circuit degrades her from a person to a function, and when she is not even permitted to nurse her children, when she sees herself denied any but the sexual expression of her love, she runs away. She is determined to have her husband's respect and his friendship; without them, his love has become an insult to her; and the experience which develops in her an unsuspected talent for dress designing, by which she gets a living, is extremely well handled. It takes us behind the scenes of a musical comedy, in rehearsal, production, and on the road; the experience is certainly educative; and the effect of it is that she becomes not only an attractive but an interesting woman. It is a pity that she still loves her husband.
Pastiche.

The probability may now be assumed that the human race sprang from one stock, which was at first in a state of simplicity. And yet we have not seen very distinctly how the various branches of the family, as they parted off, and took up separate ground, became marked by external features so peculiar. Why are the Africans black, and generally marked by coarse features and ungainly forms? Why are the Mongolians generally yellow, the Americans red, the Caucasians white? Why the flat features of the Chinese, the small stature of the Malays, the round heads of the Egyptians? Why the lank features of their descendants, the Americans? All of these phenomena appear, in a word, to be explicable on the ground of development. We have already seen that various local phenomena represent stages in the embryonic progress of the highest—the human being. Our brain goes through various stages of a fish's, a reptile's, and a mammal's brain, and finally becomes human.

There is more than this, for, after completing the animal transformations, it passes through the characters in which it is found in the Malay, American, and Mongolian nations, and finally is Caucasian.

The facts partake of these alterations. “One of the earliest points in which ossification commences is the lower jaw of the foetus. It is consequently sooner completed than the other bones of the head, and acquires a permanent shape, which as is well known, it never loses in the Negro. During the soft pliant state of the bones of the skull, the only form which they naturally assume, approaches nearly the permanent shape of the Americans. At birth, the flattened face, and broad smooth forehead of the infant, the position of the eyes rather towards the side of the head, and the widened space between, represent the Mongolian form; while it is only as the child advances to maturity, that the oval face, the arched forehead, and the marked features of the true Caucasian, becomes perfectly developed.

The leading characters, in short, of the various races of mankind, are simply representations of particular stages in the development of the highest or Caucasian type.

The Negro exhibits permanently the imperfect brain, projecting lower jaw, and slender bent limbs, of a Caucasian child, some considerable time before the period of its birth.

The aboriginal American represents the same child nearer birth.

The Mongolian is an arrested infant newly born. And so forth. All this as respects form; but whence colour? This might be supposed to have depended on climatal agencies only; but it has been shown by overpowering evidence to be independent of these. In further considering the matter, we are met by the very remarkable fact that colour is deepest in the least perfectly developed type, next in the Malay, next in the American, next in the Mongolian, the very order in which the degrees of development are ranged.

May not colour, then, depend upon development also? We do not, indeed, see that a Caucasian foetus at the same stage which the African represents is anything like black; neither is a Caucasian child yellow, like the Mongolian. There may, nevertheless, be a character of skin at a certain stage of development which is predisposed to a particular colour when it is presented as the envelope of a mature being. Development being arrested so immature a stage in the case of the Negro, the skin may take on the colour as an unavoidable consequence of its imperfect organisation. It is favourable to this view, that Negro infants are not deeply black at first, but only acquire the full colour tint after exposure for some time to the atmosphere; also that the parts of the body concealed by clothing are never of so deep a hue as the face and hands. Perhaps the phenomenon is identical in character with the photographic process; a result of the action of light, consequent to the length of time (as supposed) of heat. If this view be admitted, there can be no difficulty in accounting for all the varieties of mankind. They are simply the result of so many advances and retrogressions in the developing power of the human mothers, these advances and retrogressions being, as we have formerly seen, the immediate effect of external conditions in nutrition, hardship, etc., and also, perhaps, to some extent, of the suitableness and unsuitableness of marriages, for it is found that parents too nearly related tend to produce offspring of the Mongolian type—that is, persons who in maturity still are a kind of children. According to this view, the greater part of the human race must be considered as having lapsed or declined from the original type. In the Caucasian or Indo-European family alone has the primitive organisation been improved upon. The Mongolian, Malay, American, and Negro, comprehending perhaps five-sixths of mankind, are degenerate. Strange that the great plan should admit of failures and retrogressions of such portentous magnitude! But pause and reflect; take time into consideration: the past history of mankind may be, to what is to come, but as a day. Look at the progress even now making over the barbaric parts of the earth by the best examples of the Caucasian type, promising not only to fill up the waste places, but to supersede the imperfect nations already existing. Who can tell what progress may be made, even in a single century, towards reversing the proportions of the perfect and imperfect types? and who can tell but that the time during which the mean types have lasted, long as it appears, may yet be thrown entirely into the shadow by the time during which the best types will remain predominant?—Chambers' "Vestiges of Creation" (first published 1844).

THE SEA:
Fair lady of the night, cruel as fair,
How long wilt thou, with pallid, lustrous face,
Torture me with thy beauty and thy grace?
In vain the clouds, my children, do ensnare
Thy beauty, all men find in thee delight.
But be thou grateful that my borrowed light
Ne'er lets me mix my tears with her silver tresses.
How long wilt thou play tyrant in this fashion?

THE MOON:
Thou stupid, black, abominable sea,
In whose unutterable depths there squirm
Pois creatures, serpent, spawn and lostsome worm!
Oh flatter not thyself I think of thee.
My countenance shines not for thee alone,
And hold thy glancing glances for a while.
Thy passion still doth manifest its sway.
I feel thy unseen presence and obey
The potent mandate of thy hidden smile,
Lashing my bosom with abortive passion
For one who never yields to my caresses,
Ne'er lets me mix my tears with her silver tresses.
How long wilt thou play tyrant in this fashion?

I HAVE TAKEN EARTH.
I have taken Earth to me:
And Heaven above;
I am the wheat so good to see,
And I the heaven.
Mine are the nights and all the days,
And mine one Day.
Men to me do shout and praise,
And I never.
I am new and I am old,
And I am Man, it is no shame;
And I am sung and I am told,
I have books to sound my fame,
I am Man, it is no shame;
I am Man, it is no shame;
I am Man, it is no shame;
I am Man, it is no shame.

RUTH PITTER.