As on previous occasions, Mr. Chamberlain may have said a little more than he intended in his speech to the deputation of traders that waited upon him on Wednesday. In the months immediately following the Armistice, he said, “the banks had over lent”; in other words, they had extended credit for production in a very lavish fashion. “Had they gone unchecked,” Mr. Chamberlain continued, “we should have had a catastrophe”; and it was therefore necessary to put a stop to it. “Only because we began to pull up in time . . . . is the situation to-day not far worse than it might have been.” Here in these sentences we have all the elements of analysis, confession and shamelessness necessary to a diagnosis of our unparalleled plight. The analysis is contained in the implied statement of the first sentence that the unchecked “over-lending” of the banks would have produced a catastrophe. Why? if, as usually contended, the issue of credit is the raison d’être of the banks and their claim to public recognition; and, again, if the issue of credit is indispensable to production? The answer, of course, is that the catastrophe would have been brought about, not as a consequence of the “over-lending” of the banks, but as a consequence of “lending” for production alone, and at the cost of the consumer. Once ensure that the credit issued by the banks is deducted from price instead of, as now, being added to price, and “over-lending” in Mr. Chamberlain’s sense is practically impossible. The confession, it will be seen, is contained in Mr. Chamberlain’s admission that the “checking” of the “over-lending,” that is to say, the restriction of credit for production, was virtually the work of the Government. In that event, we have not far to look for the responsible cause of the present industrial depression, since the Government assume full responsibility. Did the Government foresee what the consequences would be—the bankruptcy of the smaller traders and widespread unemployment? That is implied in the final sentence which we have described as shameless. But as things are, Mr. Chamberlain claims they would have been worse but for the action of the Government in actually precipitating and producing the present situation.

No further explanations appear to us to be necessary to account for the apparent chaos. It has all been foreseen and deliberately created, ostensibly to save a worse catastrophe, but actually to bolster up the pre-war financial system. The pleas advanced in defence of the Government therefore leave us quite unmoved: the unprecedented character of the war, the state of Europe, the surprising volume of unemployment and all the rest of the excuses. They cannot have the smallest weight against the practically explicit admission of Mr. Chamberlain that we, the Government, deliberately produced the present industrial situation, if only as a means of avoiding something worse. What, however, is of more importance is to discover why the Government adopted this policy rather than another; why, with two courses open—the precipitation of the present chaos by an arbitrary restriction of credit, and the overhauling of the financial system, the Government chose the former. But is there any doubt about the reply? Not only is the Government the tool of the financial oligarchy, but certain results eminently acceptable to the half imbecile trading community (whose real interests, if they only knew it, are with Labour and the consumer against Finance) were in full contemplation. For once the “Daily Herald” is not wide of the mark when it announced that the intention underlying the Government’s restriction of credit is a “Starvation war upon Wages.” Faced with the alternative of changing our financial system and reducing costs (that is, wages), the Government, with the aforesaid support of Capital, devised the restriction of credit as a certain means of reducing wages; nor can it be said that the policy will not succeed. Hundreds of thousands of workpeople who only a few months ago were in a position and mood to demand high wages will in a few weeks be reduced to accepting any wages that are offered them. We have heard of many cases in which this change-over has already taken place: workpeople sacked at £3 a week and taken back, after a starving interval, at 30s. The universalisation of this procedure will undoubtedly result, as calculated, in a permanent reduction of wages over the whole of industry; and Labour will become more miserable (in the French sense) and more servile than ever before. We leave our readers to consider whether a new war might not be positively welcomed by the masses as a relief.

It is satisfactory to know that Labour does not intend to allow Mr. Henderson to play his usual part of door-mat and fender to Mr. Lloyd George on this occasion. In co-operation with Sir Allan Smith, Mr. Henderson is reported to have spent his Christmas with
Mr. Lloyd George concocting schemes to save the Government’s face; but on Friday, it was announced, the Labour Party had had enough of it. The Government was told to get out of the mess it had created, while Labour proceeded to call a special Conference for this week “to discuss unemployment in all its forms, including the question of under-employment.” Unfortunately for this spasm of independence, however, nothing particularly illuminating can possibly come out of a Conference into which the Greenwoods and others take care that nothing illuminating shall enter. It can now be plainly seen what a wretched farce the recent Labour Inquiry into Finance must have been, under the skilled direction of Mr. McKenna’s nominees. Had the Inquiry been thorough, we do not doubt that the whole of the present problem of unemployment might have been forestalled; and, at the very least, Labour would now have been in possession of the key. For want of the knowledge which only we and our readers possess, it is to be expected that the present Conference will repeat the failure of the last. “Drastic” demands will be made of an impracticable character which the Press will have no difficulty in defeating by ridicule. Various wild speeches will be made and afterwards employed to raise the hair of the ordinary citizen. And the net result of the proceedings will be the increased alienation of “Labour” from “public opinion” without the diminution of its power. Mr. McKenna’s nominees have set a precedent.

That, we predict, is likely to be the upshot of the present Conference; and we have little doubt that this also has been “calculated” by the financial oligarchy that governs both the Government and the nation.

The contradictions into which the Press cheerfully falls without the least damage to its prestige are endless. During the war, every man was “wanted”; to-day millions are distinctly “not wanted.” To-day millions are distinctly “not wanted.” That, we predict, is likely to be the upshot of the present Conference; and we have little doubt that this also has been “calculated” by the financial oligarchy that governs both the Government and the nation.

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Flustered efforts are being made by the financial oligarchy to minimise the importance of the recent bank failures; and we have, though we get no credit for it, a sufficient sense of responsibility to refrain from adding to the general uneasiness. But it must be admitted that the risks the Banking monopoly is prepared to incur are considerable, for a run upon any bank, of no matter what dimensions, would raise prices in this country, and thus constitute another heavy tax on our distributed spending power.

* * *

The Ter Meulen Scheme, designed to finance foreign countries for the purpose of trading with us, has advanced on paper to the critical point of serious consideration by the “City.” The proposition of the City, formulated by Sir Edward Mountain, is simplicity, not to say naivete, itself: it is that the Government and the taxpayer should “guarantee” our prospective lenders against loss while leaving them in full enjoyment of the dividends they shall enjoy on their investment. Is there, in fact, but a black rat, has issued from the labor of the mountain. These trifles apart, however, we shall once more ask the question in what respect an issue of credit for foreign nations differs in its results from an issue of credits for home production? As applied to the latter, upon Mr. Chamberlain’s own showing, if bank credits for home production have had to be restricted to avert the catastrophe of rising prices, the expansion of credits for foreign production cannot be regarded as a sequential measure, but rather as the opposite of the first. What is there, in fact, to differentiate the consequences upon prices of an issue of credit for foreign production and “overlending” on account of home production? We fail to see it. Again, let us suppose the most favourable case, that an issue of credit is almost immediately followed by a corresponding increase in the volume of purchasable goods—in that event it is arguable that prices will be only temporarily raised. But is it within the calculation of our financiers that the present proposed issue of foreign credit will almost immediately or even within a reasonable period be balanced by an increase of goods which, as a result of the effect of “long credits,” is to say, of loans of goods repayable in goods, only after months and years. Supposing that the foreign nation in question were China, of whose population 60 millions, we are told, have been famine-stricken for the last twelve months, though “they have an abundance of goods for immediate exchange,” the argument for the expansion of our credit on its behalf would be plausible. But it is for Russia and for the distressed countries of Europe that the Scheme is devised, countries, in other words, that are without any early prospect of being able to export any goods worth mentioning. It appears to us to be demonstrated that an issue of credit for this purpose would have all the consequences of catastrophe anticipated by Mr. Chamberlain from “over-lending” to our own traders; in short, it would raise prices in this country, and thus constitute another heavy tax on our distributed spending power.

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Correspondent of the "Times" discreetly observes, the disproportion. War between England and America for learning from the "Globe" (the property, by the way, "legal tender" commanded by the Big Five is equal without some warrant, "Brassey's Annual" for Britain has held the supremacy over the seas, but now Vickers and of the Anglo-French Oil Company) that short of its creditors' demands. Since the supply of America will have of folly." Further than this, as the Washington Correspondent of the "Times" discreetly observes, the demand on our side for disarmament is interpreted in America as fear of armament: it is age inviting youth to forbear from a trial of strength. However that may be, it cannot be said that the pacifism of our American correspondent that interested us greatly. However, seen what transformations of national psychology may be, it cannot be said that the pacifism of our Conscience to explain.

The fundamental and lasting importance of the British race in its evolutionary rôle has been overlooked and underrated as much as its historical worth and rôle have been misunderstood and overrated. Albion is an emanation and a giant, but it is more a wonder given to the world by Providence and Destiny, a wonder and a monster unconquerable, than an historical and sublime product of the human will. It is in the Russian people that mankind is trying to achieve its greatest historical, purely human, promethean self-realisation: it is the Russian people that is the most dangerously placed, the most cruelly tried and the most brave of the nations of humanity. For the human or historical creations of mankind receive less grace and protection from the evolutionary Providence of the world and are more opposed by Destiny than are its evolutionary creations, history proper being the gift of Humanity to the Creator Himself, the offering of the Divine Son to the Father; while evolution proper is the gift of the unconscious Creator and of His unconscious Logos to the finite Son.

Both Evolution and History, however, are correlative to each other and are equally fathomless and great; related to each other as Eternity is to Time, as a ground to a content. The Russian belief in the omnipotence of America is that disarmament for America would be the "height of folly." Further than this, as the Washington Correspondent of the "Times" discreetly observes, the demand on our side for disarmament is interpreted in America as fear of armament: it is age inviting youth to forbear from a trial of strength. However that may be, it cannot be said that the pacifism of our American correspondent that interested us greatly. However, seen what transformations of national psychology may be, it cannot be said that the pacifism of our Conscience to explain.

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Our Generation.

The glory of England has been increased since New Year’s Day to the extent of five peers, twenty-one baronets, and forty-seven knights. These have been created literally out of the void, for of the men who are now ennobled we knew nothing before January 1. One can only conclude that the Government possess the very secret of creation: they can make peers out of nothing, or rather, there is nothing out of which they cannot have peers. With, therefore, they did not ennable the entire Labour Party, which is merely capable of ennablement, or make into knights the seventy-odd living poets whom Mr. Harold Monro in a recent book considered worthy of treatment, if they are not since dead, is a mystery only explicable on the consideration that after all they cannot ennable everybody. To some of the recipients the kindness of the Government has been almost excessive; for instance, they have made a Mr. William Denham not merely a knight, but an “author and writer” as well; but perhaps it is the Press which has accomplished this act of promotion. The mystery-man most deserving of his peerage is the Press itself. The Press is not supporting an Englishman, but actually a member of another race. Those who say this, however, are obviously naïve: they have no knowledge of the subtleties of the English mind, nor of the theory of dual personality. For clearly it is not the Jewish lawyer but the English peer whom we would all like to see controlling English administration in India. Certainly, Sir Rufus Isaacs could not fill the position, but Lord Reading, on the other hand, is the very man for it. After all, if Goethe said that two souls strove in his breast, and if Rilke commented that this is an under-statement, why should not a well-known politician be credited with two, and why should they both be of the same nationality? This misconception is the cause of much of the opposition to Lord Reading’s prospective appointment; and he would be doing a public service if he were to clear it up. There is no question of impugning the qualities of the Jewish people. There is no question that these two characteristics are innate, and that therefore the Press tries occasionally to escape being called a knave by pretending to be a fool. It is the immemorial way of humanising one’s ruggories when one has not the courage to wear them oneself’s shoes. Still, the comical knavery of the Press is preferable to its solemn knavery, and one welcomes passages such as this which appeared last week in the “Daily Express.” “The other day some councillors and aldermen of the city of Dublin were arrested. The very words councillor and...
Axiomata.

I.

(1) The intimate essence of the universe is not of the same nature as our own consciousness.
(2) Our own consciousness is incapable of having produced the universe.
(3) God, therefore, exists. That is to say, there is no reason for not applying the term God, Theos, to the intimate essence.
(4) The universe exists. By exists we mean normally: is perceptible to our consciousness or deducible by human reason from data perceptible to our consciousness.
(5) Concerning the intimate essence of the universe we are utterly ignorant. We have no proof that this God, Theos, is one, or is many, or is divisible or indivisible, or is an ordered hierarchy culminating, or not culminating, in a unity.
(6) Not only is our consciousness, or any concentration or agglutination of such consciousness or consciousnesses, incapable of having produced the universe, it is incapable of accounting for how said universe has been and is.
(7) Dogma is bluff based upon ignorance.
(8) There is benevolent and malevolent dogma. Benevolent dogma is an attempt to "save the world" by instituting it to accept certain propositions. Malevolent dogma is an attempt to gain control over others by persuading them to accept certain propositions.

II.

There is also nolent, unvolent dogma, a sort of automatic reaction in the mind of the dogmatiser, who may have come to disaster by following certain propositions, and who, from this, becomes crampedly convinced that contrary propositions are true.
(6) Belief is a cramp, a paralysis, an atrophy of the mind in certain positions.

III.

(1) This is not to deny that the consciousness may be affected by the theos in consciousness as to try to manage electricity according to the physics of water. It is as non-workable as to think not only of our consciousness managing electricity according to the physics of water, but as to think of the water understanding the physics of electricity.
(4) All systems of philosophy fail when they attempt to set down axioms of the theos in terms of consciousness and of logic; similiter by the same figure that electricity escapes the physics of water.
(3) The selection of monotheism, polytheism, pluralism, dual, trinitarian god or gods, or hierarchies, is pure matter of individual temperament (in free minds), and of tradition in environment of discipular, bound minds.
(4) Historically the organisation of religions has usually been for some ulterior purpose, exploitation, control of the masses, etc.

Edward Moore.

(1) The Press does not do this is simple: it neither desires to suffer from the problem nor to solve it. And the reason for that attitude, again, is that it is against the Press to do either, it can safely do.

January 13, 1921 THE NEW AGE 125

alderman suggest something experienced and dignified—one imagines worthyburgers representative of Dublin's great commercial interests; men of position and civic dignity. Not so, and even had been a working-tailor, another a cycle repairer, a third the owner of a fruit and tobacco stall, and a fourth was a caretaker to some Sinn Fein offices. They were a seedy set of mountebanks, and no town in England would have tolerated such a collection. If one did not see the meanness behind this piece of unconscious humour one might laugh at it with an easy conscience. But the pitiable truth is this, that the writer is not content to portray the Sinn Feiners as the head of the lamentable tragedy in Ireland, he must convict them more fatally of the crime of not dressing up: one can safely do so in England, relying upon the most hateful, because the meanness, quality in the English character: the readiness to condemn as worse than the spiritually evil man, and more contemptible than the respectfully mean man, the man who is "seedy," unsuccessful by commercial standards, and devoid of the dignity of an alderman. As a people, we are deceived by the show and vulgarity of our "councillors and aldermen . . . representative of great commercial interests," not out of any stupidity or lack of discrimination, but out of an unconscious, a disastrous meanness of spirit, which makes us fall on our knees before the golden calf whenever we see it. That is the weakness which will for centuries yet, and perhaps forever, keep the unsuccessful classes in England in submission to the successful. That is what blinds us to the significance of spiritual values. The Sinn Feiners may be called tragic fools, sublime heroes, murderers, saints, or anything else that is great for good or evil; but it is spiritually shameful to call them "a seedy set of mountebanks" and to insinuate that they are insignificant because they are not successful. That is not wicked, for it is beneath wickedness. It is unforgivable, because it is innocent, unconscious of values: and the English being what they are, it is pernicious to say it in public.

The murmurs of the unemployed have at last turned to blows, and the Press has given the catchword which is to pass current about the incident. The men who were the agents and the victims of the mild riot in Islington were not "the real unemployed." It was not misery—the cause of so many foolish and frenzied actions—which was the occasion of this outbreak, but perversity, mischief, and even criminality. The Press has given the catchword which outraged for them to behave in this manner, and to put them under the influence of the suggestion that they are much too docile to attempt it. That, it is true, in the present lamentable state of society, may be the best thing the Press can do; but it implies two things, both of them evil. The first is the refusal of the Press to recognise the misery which unemployment is bringing upon the working classes of the country; the resolve to preserve its tranquillity by closing its eyes voluntarily to the suffering of the time. The second is the pre-disposition of the Press to treat the public, and especially the unemployed, as children, to terrorise them with the belief that public opinion will ostracise them if they do not remain docile; instead of treating them like men, and saying, "We know what misery you are enduring, but in your hardship think, think, think what the remedy is, and when it is found, let all society help you to put it into action." But, of course, the reason why the Press does not do this is simple: it neither desires to suffer from the problem nor to solve it. And the reason for that attitude, again, is that it is against the Press to do either, it can safely do.
ence, not differing intellectually from the taste of a lemon or the fragrance of violets or the aroma of dung-hills, or the feel of a stone or of tree-bark, or any other direct perception. As the consciousness observes the results of the senses, it observes also the mirage of the senses, or what may be a mirage of the senses, or an affect from the theos, the non-comprehensible.

(g) This is not to deny any of the visions or auditions or sensations of the mystics, Dante’s rose or Theresa’s walnut; but it is to affirm the propositions in Section I.

IV.

(1) The consciousness may be aware of the effects of the unknown and of the non-knowable on the consciousness, but this does not affect the proposition that our consciousness is utterly ignorant of the nature of the intimate essence. For instance: a man may be hit by a bullet and not know its composition, nor the cause of its having been fired, nor its direction, nor that it is a bullet. He may die almost instantly, knowing only the sensation of shock. Thus consciousness may perfectly well remember certain results, as sensation, without comprehending their nature. (1, (i,}). He may even die of a long-considered disease without comprehending its baccillus.

(2) The thought here becomes clouded, and we see the tendency of logic to move in a circle. Confusion between a possibly discoverable baccillus and a non-knowable theos. Concerning the ultimate nature of the baccillus, however, no knowledge exists; but the consciousness may learn to deal with superficial effects of the baccillus, as with the directing of bullets. Confusion enters argument the moment one calls in analogy. We return to clarity of Section I (1-9).

(3) The introduction of analogy has not affected our proposition that the “intimate essence” exists. It has muddied our conception of the non-knowability of the intimate essence.

[Speculation.—Religions have introduced analogy? Philosophies have attempted sometimes to do without it. This does not prove that religions have muddled all our concepts. There is no end to the variants one may draw out of the logical trick-hat.]

V.

(1) It is, however, impossible to prove whether the theos be one or many.

(2) The greatest tyrannies have arisen from the dogma that the theos is one, or that there is a unity above various strata of theos which imposes its will upon the sub-strata, and thence upon human individuals.

(3) Certain beauties of fancy and of concept have arisen both from the proposition of many gods and from that of one god, or of an orderly arrangement of the theos.

(4) A choice of these fancies of the theos is a matter of taste; as the preference of Durer or Velasquez, or the Moschophorion, or Amen Hotep’s effigy, or the marbles of Phidias.

(5) Religion usually holds that the theos can be, by its patent system, exploited.

(6) It is not known whether the theos may be or may not be exploited.

(7) Most religions offer a system or a few tips for exploiting the theos.

(8) Men often enjoy the feeling that they are performing this exploitation, or that they are on good terms with the theos.

(9) There is no harm in this, so long as they do not incommodate anyone else.

(10) The reason why they should not incommodate anyone else is not demonstrable; it belongs to that part of the concepts of consciousness which we call common decency.

(11) We do not quite know how we have come by these concepts of common decency, but one supposes it is our heritage from superior individuals of the past; that it is the treasure of tradition. Savages and professed believers in religion do not possess this concept of common decency. They usually wish to interfere with us, and to get us to believe something “for our good.”

(12) A belief is, as we have said, a cramp, and thence progressively a paralysis or atrophy of the mind in a given position.

Readers and Writers.

Mr. Ezra Pound has recently gone abroad, perhaps for one year, perhaps for two, perhaps for good. Following the old and, in my opinion, the bad example first set by a man of letters, Landor, Mr. Pound has shaken the dust of London from his feet with not too emphatic a gesture of disgust, but, at least, without gratitude to this country. I can perfectly well understand, even if I find it difficult to approve. Mr. Pound has been an exhilarating influence for culture in England; he has left his mark upon more than one of the arts, upon literature, art, music, painting, poetry, and sculpture; and quite a number of men and movements owe their initiation to his self-sacrificing stimulus; among them being relatively popular successes as well as failures. With all this, however, Mr. Pound, like so many others who have striven for the advancement of intelligence and culture in England, has made more enemies than friends, and far more powerful enemies than friends. Much of the Press has been deliberately closed by cabal to him; his books have for some time been ignored or written down; and he himself has been compelled to live on much less than would support a navy. His fate, as I have said, is not unusual: I could parallel it near home and with more than one instance. Taken by and large, England hates men of culture until they are dead. But, all the same, it is here or nowhere that the most advanced trenches of the spirit are to be found; and it is here, I believe, that the enemy will have to be defeated. Mr. Pound has gone, I understand, to France; he is certain sooner or later to find himself in Paris; where the apparent ease of the work of intelligence has flattered many a man of letters that he was contributing to the progress of mankind. A delusion and an illusion! For, in fact, France has long ceased to be in the van of culture and is now, in my judgment, scarcely bringing up the struggling rear. Even with Mr. Pound in it, I expect nothing from Paris for the next quarter of a century. Psychology—I mean psycho-analysis precisely—has not yet learned to speak French, and least of all the French of Paris. And without psychology what is left for Paris but to permute and combine, in ingenious ways but with no essentially fresh results, the pre-war European ideas? Such advance as Europe is capable of making presupposes the taking of a tuck out of the unconscious by a sustained effort of inspiration. The pre-war level or plane of consciousness has been exploited to the last sensation; there is nothing new to be learned on it. The new Europe and the new world depend for their realisation upon the conquest for consciousness of something that has hitherto been unconscious. We look for a dawn that has never dawned before.

Before leaving England, Mr. Pound was generous enough to draw up for publication his intellectual will and testament. On the preceding page is printed, in the form of Axiomata, Mr. Pound’s credo, his summary conclusions concerning the nature of the world. I have often expressed the wish that such a statement of philosophy should be made compulsory upon everybody who sets up as critic or creator, as a kind of table of contents or rather potentialities of his mind. Psycho-analysis would know how to make use of such a confession, even if to the general it means little or
nothing; for if our dreams are significant for psycho-analysis as indications of our buried thoughts, our thoughts are no less significant as indications of our buried dreams. Creeds, sincerely expressed—and it goes without saying that Mr. Pound's "Axiomata" are veracious in this sense—define more or less exactly not only the area covered by the mind that formulates them, but, much more importantly, the area of life sought to be included within the mind. They represent more than land under immediate cultivation, they are the stakes that mark out the land which it is hoped one day to bring under cultivation. To put it crudely, the religion, or view of the world, of a race or an individual is nothing more than his or its hopes, ambitions, aspirations, ideals—the kind and extent of which form an index of the amount of vitality of which the race or the individual finds himself or itself in possession. It is from this point of view that it appears to me that a "Creed" is so desirable in the case of an individual whose influence, in any event, is likely to be considerable; for we should be able to tell from it, not only what a man is, but what he is on the way to becoming and what, in consequence, he is likely to enable others to become. And since individual self-realisation is the highest purpose of life, it would be no small gain to be able to tell what influences are to be sought and what avoided, whose work is really inspiring and whose deadening, what is "good" and what is "bad" in life and, therefore, in art. Literary or artistic criticism, outside a small circle, is altogether too superficial and arbitrary to act as a safe guide. England, for instance, has swallowed rivers of poison in the shape of bad art and literature, much of which has been prescribed as food and tonic by the professional critics. It is only what the author assures us that: A preface of a "Creed" would save many of these critics their blunders, and put them in the way of realising the character of the spiritual influence under consideration, before they had prescribed it and seen its results in practice.

I shall leave to my readers the pleasant task of interpreting Mr. Pound's "Axiomata" in terms of life and art, but only after remarking on what appears to me to be the kernel of Mr. Pound's creed—its opening article that "the intimate essence of the universe is not of the same nature as our own consciousness." Everything else, I think, both in the Creed and in Mr. Pound's work past and future, is implicit in and contained in this affirmation, and the more certainly so from the fact that it is at once Mr. Pound's most comprehensive, fundamental and decisive statement. Taking it as the basis of Mr. Pound's Creed, what is to be remarked in it? In the first place, that it is a negative statement, a denial, the reactionary and counter-assertion of a corresponding positive; and, secondly, that the "consciousness" implied in the phrase "our own consciousness," is confined in effect to self-consciousness, to a "walking consciousness," in short, to our normal everyday rational consciousness. But the presence of these elements in the first article of Mr. Pound's Creed is not insignificant; and the evidence is abundant when we transfer our attention from his creed to his work. Writing as a professor literary judge, I should always have said; indeed, I have often said—that the two most serious defects in Mr. Pound's work have been and are his anhinity to Religion and his lack of psychological depth. The one has introduced a bizarre atheistic or rationalistic mannerism into his style; and the other is responsible for much of his pre-occupation with the trivialities of art-forms—studio-talk, as I have called it. The cat is out of the bag for everybody, even without literary judgment, to see for himself now; there it is stalking abroad in full light of Mr. Pound's explicit article. Mr. Pound's attitude towards Religion (or the world of potentialities—since it is clear that if we are not of the same stuff as the "universe," the limits of possible knowledge are defined by the actual)—is actively negative, unsympathetic and hostile; and his expectation of "consciousness" is confined to what may emerge from the self-consciousness alone. Paris, under these circumstances, has nothing to teach and nothing to learn.

R. H. C.

Recent Verse.


It is the author's misfortune that in his first poem, entitled "The Crime of Creation," he recalls Martin Tupper. This, for example, is Tupper modernised, or nothing:

Is it a crime for the billow to flash into pearls unnumbered,
Or the brooding snowstorm to break into clouds of soft-falling snowflakes,
Or the air to sunder and rend with the thunder's superb orchestration?

Tupper could as little have resisted the word "orchestration," as Mr. Brereton has. Nor could he have improved on this:

If time hath had no beginning and must continue unceasing,
So matter, I ween, hath no limit, except to the mind that could grip it;

For in that Absolute sphere, where 'tis everywhere noon and meridian,
Where the folded Hands of Time designate a perpetual solstice,
Where the centuries intermingle and the past and the future foregather,

The boundlessly small is the brother of the boundlessly vast.

To say that time "must continue unceasing" is surely a sufficiently lame way of expressing a truth: Mr. Brereton's Time not merely walks, it limps. And why the qualification of the truism that "matter hath no limit" by the portentous "I ween"? But no line in the passage will bear analysis, least of all that in which "the centuries intermingle and the past and the future foregather"—as if these were two separate processes and not merely two descriptions of the same process.

A little farther on the author assures us that:

harmonious motion is rest, and harmonious rest is motion, a remark which, of course, clears up our mind upon that subject.

But it is difficult to decide whether one should treat the volume as a collection of controversial essays and debate with it, or as a treasury of poetry and try to enjoy it. Let us seek a few moments of ecstasy in the lines on "Death, Immortality and the Godhead":

Such is the law of Ingrowing, that governs all things created.

But the law of Growth is this, that the germinal seed or monad,

Takes as it were to itself other monads, whose bodily venture

Is to the cosmos no more than an Atom is to the Universe. . . .

Equal are monads, for each is beheld to all for its being.

Equal as men in a State, in franchise and liberty equal.

We must confess that we can neither enjoy nor disagree with that. It must be "mystica," we suppose, seeing that it is not "lyrica." Yet why the author should call one half of the volume mystical it is difficult to see; it expresses no vision, but is, on the contrary, a mixture of old-fashioned "hopes" and modern science. But a sentimental interpretation of scientific theories is not mysticism. If the author is a mystic, it is without intuition.

The lyrical verses are less displeasing. They never
attain to felicity of expression, but they are occasionally
adroit, as in these lines entitled "Coincidence":

As I lay dreaming on the shady ground
I heard above me a slight rustling sound,
And lo! a little leaf came fluttering down,
All by itself, so tiny, serene and brown,
Whereat I mourned to see it fall so soon
In the full flush and flower of radiant June.
The next day came a letter and it said,
"Our little three months' darling babe is dead."
O God! the sorrow and the bitter gift
When from Life's tree there falls a little leaf!
This poem is without any striking incongruities, but,
unfortunately, of a good number of the others the same
thing cannot be said. For example, the author can write:

Does the doe make the welkin ring
When the goring hinds no longer seek her breast?
A very journalistic doe! The journalist also speaks in
this:
The deer take sanctuary in the shade,
Or deep in the water stand.
Beneath the sun's fierce fusillade,
The Park is a "No man's land."
The best two lines are in the poem entitled
"Pilgrims":
See them like Sisyphus the treadmill waves ascending
To sink into the trough the other side.
which image the author spoils by saying in the next
two lines:
Truly their life is a perpetual motion
Upon the heaving ocean.

Peshoton Sorabji Goolraj Dubash, "Romance of
Souls." A philosophic romance in verse. (Luzac
and Co., London. 5s. net.)

The author conveys in seven cantos the five souls
whose romance he relates, from a state of comparative
degradation in Egypt about 1512 B.C. to one of supreme
virtue in the England of 1899. If the humane treatment
of woman is the criterion by which we may test a
romance of young man. The author is never either very
good or very bad. This is perhaps his worst:
Forlorn and alone upon life's road
A mournful object, I stumble.

Brawling in the Theatre.

The New Age has had the rare fortune to secure the
services of a critic of the theatre who understands what
is happening on the stage technically. He will pre-
sently take to writing plays, and he lost to criticism.
All the more reason why he should try to reform an
abuse from which he will himself suffer horribly when
his manifest destiny is accomplished.

In his notice of the performance of "O'Flaherty,
V.C." by the Stage Society he complains that Mr.
Arthur Sinclair "has a trick of waiting for the laugh
which breaks up the sense and structure of the play."
This is a shocking injustice to one of the finest actors
we have. Is it Mr. Sinclair's fault that our playgoers
will not behave themselves? What is he to do? If
he speaks through loud laughter his lines will not be
heard; and the sense and structure of the play will be
in a worse plight than ever, not to mention that the
critics will accuse him of being an amateur who does
not know his professional business, which is, to wait
during the laugh and make his lines heard afterwards.
It is true that by this procedure his acting
will be focused, and the play ceases to be a play and becomes a maddening
string of detached bids for another laugh. But the
audience will have it so; and Mr. Sinclair is powerless.
His feelings and those of the author may be imagined.
I have seen Mr. Sinclair and his fellow-artists play in

Oh, Nile, our father Nile!
Our boats you push for a mile
Another mile and a mile
For miles, O Father Nile! . . .

But it is impossible to give an idea of Mr. Dubash's
versatility. He can make verse even about the Victor-
cian era, with a sample of which we must leave him:

Now starts the Post Office Savings Bank;
Electric cables now the sea and land hank.
Victoria Good, Victoria Great now reigns
For our Empire of British vast domains.
Free education every child now gets;
The voting methods, the ballot system elates.
An elating book altogether.

Vernon Bartlett. "Songs of the Winds and Seas."
(Elkin Mathews, London. 3s. 6d. net.)

Let others have their churches, and their temples built
of stone,
And the sound of strange responses, and the parson's
hearty

Our little three months' darling babe is dead.

But it is impossible to give an idea of Mr. Dubash's
versatility. He can make verse even about the Victor-
cian era, with a sample of which we must leave him:

Now starts the Post Office Savings Bank;
Electric cables now the sea and land hank.
Victoria Good, Victoria Great now reigns
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Let others have their churches, and their temples built
of stone,
And the sound of strange responses, and the parson's
heavy
drone,
But their books of dull theology I would rather leave
alone.
For my God I find
In the song of the wind,
In the eyes of lovers, in children's play,
In the march of clouds at the close of the day,
And the patient hope of the blind.
This is a fair example of the sort of verse that Mr.
Bartlett has achieved, and it is clear that it is not
enough. These are just the sentiments of any well-
mannered young man. The author is never either very
good or very bad. This is perhaps his worst:
Forlorn and alone upon life's road
A mournful object, I stumble.

And this his best, from "Spring in the Trenches":
O God, that man
Should thus deface the beauties of Thy world
And leave his corpses rotting in Thy sun!
If that were finer it would be really fine. It is the
only passage we have been able to detect, however, in
which Mr. Bartlett rises above mediocrity of sentiment.

E. M.
the silence of rehearsal, when even a whisper from any-
one is an admitted outrage. If Mr. John Francis Hope
had enjoyed the same privilege, and then heard them
struggling against noisy interruptions at every comma,
he would consecrate his pen to the task of teaching the
urgent lesson that audiences, whilst the curtain is up,
should behave much more strictly than little children;
for little children should be seen and not heard, whereas
audiences should be neither seen nor heard.

Imagine what a first performance of a symphony by
Elgar would be if the audience, at every snatch of
melody, every harmonic progression, every stroke of
instrumentation, every fortissimo or pianissimo that
pleased them, were to break into noisy applause, com-
pelling the players to put down their instruments and
the conductor his baton until silence was restored! Would
the symphony be a symphony under such circumstances? Yet that is what I have to put up with,
and what the players who interpret me have to put up
with. They have to pretend to like it, and even to try
to provoke it lest they should be reproached for its absence.
I have been in provincial opera houses in Italy where the wretched tenor is expected to hold on
to a high note until the audience yells with appreciation; so that you may see him, when the yell does not come
until his wind is nearly exhausted, looking round at
the house, half indignant, half imploring it to come
to the rescue. I have seen the basso bow six times
to his boots in the middle of a phrase because a boy
in the gallery shouted "Brava!" But I have never
heard an opera so utterly ruined as some of my plays
have been ruined by roaring audiences. I give them
plays of the right length; they add half an hour
to the rehearsal time by their senseless incontinence;
lose their trains; and then complain that my plays are
too long. The actors are kept paralysed on the stage
waiting for the din to cease; and then even so accom-
plished a critic as Mr. Hope accuses me of "pinning
them down to the furniture" because he misses the
customed game of musical chairs which Mr. Sinclair,
being able to act if only the audience will let him, has
no need to play.

I have done what I can to make the public ashamed of this intolerable nuisance, which robs it with violence
of so much artistic enjoyment. I have distributed
appeals with the programmes. I have stormed in the
Press. I have produced some effect for a time. On
the first night of "Pygmalion" the audience held out
very fairly until the third act, when their collapse was
perhaps excusable. At the Court Theatre, and later
at the Kingsway, there was the beginning of a tradi-
tion that no noise loud enough to interrupt the per-
fomance was allowable. But since the war a new
wave of playgoers has raised its intolerable guffaw,
and made comedy impossible. It is for the
cries to educate them. And that cannot be done by
blaming the actors. Blame the real culprits, the play-
goers. Within my recollection they have been educated
of so much artistic enjoyment. I have distributed
appeals with the programmes. I have stormed in the
Press. I have produced some effect for a time. On
the first night of "Pygmalion" the audience held out
very fairly until the third act, when their collapse was
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at the Kingsway, there was the beginning of a tradi-
tion that no noise loud enough to interrupt the per-
fomance was allowable. But since the war a new
wave of playgoers has raised its intolerable guffaw,
and made comedy impossible. It is for the
critics to educate them. And that cannot be done by
blaming the actors. Blame the real culprits, the play-
goers. Within my recollection they have been educated
easily to listen to Wagner’s music-dramas with-
out uttering a sound from the first chord of the act
until the last, though they had been accustomed to
upheavals of enthusiasm, to making dead bodies rise
and bow, to calling prisoners out of their dungeons into
the castle yard to smirk acknowledgments for "Ah,
che la morte." If they cannot always repress a
chuckle, they can at least refrain from a hoot. If
they will not, then I shall protect myself by writing in
the style of "Venice Preserved," and simply not amusing them.

G. B. S.
Views and Reviews.

A WHOLE BY COALITION.*

The chief importance of Gall's work is that he broke away from the ancient conception of the soul as an unity, and approached very closely to the modern conception of it as "a whole by coalition." Dr. Hollander says truly: "Gall did not study mind, he studied mental phenomena. He broke away from all the traditions of the schools, abandoning every theory and preconceived opinion, and started on an original course of investigation of mental activities, which included amongst its objects Animal Psychology, Infant Psychology, Social and Race Psychology, Normal Psychology and Ethology, and Abnormal Psychology." Descartes, we know, located the "soul" in the pineal gland; Vieussens located it in the central ovule; Willis located it in the corpus callosum. Simmering, in 1796, located the soul in the fluid of the ventricles, believing their activity beginning and terminating there, their influence on each other being exerted through the medium of these cerebral fluids.

There is hardly an organ in the body that has not, at some time or other, been supposed to be the seat of the "soul"; and the fact suggests very strongly that men never knew what they meant by "soul," and would not have known how to localise it if they had known what they meant. The "faculty" psychology of Wolff, so popular in Gall's day, also had no meaning for Gall; he argued that "while the metaphysicians were engaged in their elaborate propounding of perception, conception, memory, abstraction, imagination, reason, and so forth, they never suspected that they were dealing but with terms that refer to qualities which merely characterise the various degrees and modes of operation of the fundamental mental powers, and that such terms did not even serve to nominate or define the nature of a single elementary power." He argued that these terms were "only abstractions, general attributes of the true fundamental powers"; and I quote the following passage not only because it is typical of the cogency of his reasoning, but also of his wealth of illustration:

"Take the musician. He would not be a musician if he did not perceive the relation of tones, if he had no memory of music, if he could not judge of melody and harmony; and certainly not a composer if he had not the imagination to invent new combinations. Thus attention, perception, memory, judgment, and imagination, are nothing else than the different modes of action of every one of the fundamental capacities. When the primary mental power is energetic, so will these attributes be; when it is feebly developed, there will be a feeble degree of attention, of perception, of memory, a defective judgment, and no imagination. This explains how it is that one may have strong attention, easy perception, a tenacious memory, and an extremely correct judgment, an inventive and brilliant imagination in one particular direction, and be almost imbecile in any other.

Kant, for example, exercised all these "faculties" in philosophy, but not in music; which shows that they are not fundamental powers of the mind, but modes of activity of those fundamental powers.

We have to discover the fundamental powers of the mind, for it is only those that can have separate organs in the brain. But how are we to derive this knowledge? Whenever we inquire we get this common answer: "What need have you of seeking other powers of the mind than the faculties of the intelligence and the will? Man is an architect, mathematician, poet, solely because he applied his understanding to architecture, mathematics, and poetry. He gives himself to love; he takes care of his children; he is ambitious; because such is his choice." I had in vain to ask why it was that one man applied himself by choice to architecture, rather than to anything else; why another took pleasure in hoarding money, another in seeking honours, etc.

In order to invalidate this unsatisfactory appeal to the will and to understanding, I referred them to the mole, the rabbit, the ant, who construct their subterranean galleries with astonishing foresight; I referred them to the beaver, the bee, the penduline, who construct their cabins, their hives, and their nests with inimitable art; I referred them to the quail, the cuckoo, the stork, and the swallow, who, after a long absence, return to their old habitation; I referred them to the bloodthirsty vesseb, the cunning fox, the bold wild boar, the singing nightingale, and the imitating croaking bird. But still the ears remained deaf with the cry of the philosophers; it is "instinct"; and one would have believed that all the means for explaining these phenomena had been exhausted.

This Gall, arguing and defining inductively, using the natural history method to discover the elementary powers of the mind, is very different from the charlatan usually presented to us by those ignorant of his work. I notice, for example, that Dr. Arthur Lynch, in his "Psychology: A New System," refers to "the system of phrenology of Gall and Spurzheim," which does not exist. He goes on to speak of "the abundant absurdities of this theory," and continues: "Spurzheim fixes on a certain prominence, and labels it, Time." So he may have done; but if Dr. Arthur Lynch had read Gall, he would have seen that his bracketing of Gall with his treacherous prosecutor in this absurd method of procedure was unjustifiable. Gall was the precursor, the spiritual father, of the whole "localisation" school since Broca, whom he forestalled in his discovery of the speech centre; and both his methods and results are still of interest. By the way, Dr. Arthur Lynch ought to look into such absurdities as: "Dr. Hollander, however, uses the term 'phrenology' with a different meaning from that ascribed to it by Gall." Gall ascribed no meaning to phrenology. The Marquis Mosquati, for example, wrote: "I was not pleased with his [Spurzheim's] innovations, and more than once in my presence spoke violently against him, calling him a plagiarist and a quack." Dr. Hollander shares Gall's view.

Gall did not attempt to localise the "soul," nor reason, nor intellect, will, judgment, imagination, attention, or any other of the hypothesised words that did duty for realities. He argued, and demonstrated, that there are fundamental powers of the mind, which are localised in certain parts of the brain, any one or more of which may, in any individual case, be present or absent or in a state of morbid activity. On idiocy, imbecility, and insanity, he seems to be the first of the moderns to talk common sense; indeed, he drew his examples from the plurality of the functions of the brain from every source. Thus idiots, although deficient in most of the intellectual powers, and frequently in some of the moral sentiments, may possess a few of them in considerable vigour. Some idiots commit to memory with great facility, some have a talent for imitation, for drawing, for music; or they show a hoarding inclination, a destructive tendency, or the sexual instinct. In insanity, too, frequently only a limited number of faculties is ordered; while of genius, he shrewdly remarked: "Have you not noticed that prodigies are
quite as childish as other children in everything but the talent by which they are particularly distin-
guished." The effect of focal lesions of the brain (in support of which Dr. Hollander quotes extensive
evidence) was quoted by Gall also in support of his argument that the whole brain cannot be divided
into a single organ, but that its entire mass is composed of so many distinct and independent organs, as
there are different, independent, primary mental qualities. " The only theoretical objection to this argument is that "the
unity of the personal entity requires a unity of brain functions"; but we cannot get a whole by a coalition, it is not necessary to explore
this theoretical objection. A. E. R.

Reviews.

Amritsar, and Our Duty To India. By B. G. Horniman. (Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)

The massacre at Amritsar has shocked the English public, but we doubt whether it is the most important feature of the account given by the late editor of the "Bombay Chronicle." The events followed the well-
recognised course of provocation of disorder to justify the Government in its determination to enlarge its powers of repression—and if the gentle Cingalese suffered under Martial Law for a mere religious riot, the more politically demonstrative Indians could hardly hope to escape the same fate. But what really appals us is the accumulating evidence of a conspiracy to suppress all the nationalist manifestations of the British Empire. Recruiting among the Nationals in Ireland, we know, was deliberately hampered and opposed at every turn by the authorities: Ireland had a Home Rule Act on the Statute Book of which she was to be denied the benefit, and the imputation of disloyalty was invented as a justification. The French-Canadians had Nationalist rights under the Act of Confederation, of which they had to be deprived; and the same tactics of interfering with recruiting, and stigmatising them as disloyal, were adopted. India had Nationalist aspirations, which she had been led to suppose would be legitimately satisfied; and the same methods were adopted to prove the "disloyalty" of her people. The Indian Defence Force Act, so far as it attempted to recruit battalions from the educated Indians, was a failure—because the Government refused commissions to the Indians; and the recruiting for the regular army too often adopted the methods of the press-gang. Wherever one turns one finds the same assumptions operative; local auto-
tomy, achieved or desired, is interfered with to a certain set of people, and a difference of colour, speech, law, or religion is regarded by them as inimical to the unity of the Empire. That these people are organised in the Round Table Groups there seems to be no doubt; Mr. Horniman shows that Mr. Lionel Curtis was engaged in what he calls a "subterranean propa-
ganda," with the assistance of the Lieutenant-
Governor of the United Provinces and the Inspector- General of Police, of a scheme of Imperial Federation which would deny India both the right of self-govern-
ment and of government by the United Kingdom. Sir Frederick Pollock has said of this scheme: "I am not aware of any reason for thinking that the Parliament of the United Kingdom would easily be persuaded to reduce itself by a solemn Act to a mere State Legisla-
ture, or that the Colonial Governments would be willing to surrender any substantial part of their autonomy to some federal State or council." But the propaganda goes on; and the Parliament of the United Kingdom is treated by the Government as a negligible factor, distinctive rights of large sections of Colonial populations being flouted from Rule Act and India is told that her place in the constitution of the Empire is not that of a constituent but of a subject. From that visit to India in 1917 by Mr. Lionel Curtis, Mr. Horniman's record of the sequence of events fol-

lows inevitably; the publication of Mr. Curtis's letter "gave a great stimulus to the Home Rule movement throughout the country," and it was to suppress this movement that the measures of repression, including the Rowlatt Acts and leading up to the massacre at Amritsar, were introduced. Mr. Horniman contends that one of the most disquieting feature of the whole record is that those who were actually responsible for the massacres and floggings seemed to be unaware that their actions were open to question. If India had been in a con-
spiracy of rebellion it would have been impossible to justify some of the excesses of suppression; but even the official witnesses before the Hunter Committee were unable to produce any evidence of rebellion or conspiracy. We seem to be confronted by a set of men who claim the right to kill, flog, or imprison at will any body of people of whom they disapprove, with-out being called to account for it. A man like Colonel O'Brien issues an order compelling Indians, when they met British officers, to salute, alight from their carri-
egages, or dismount if they were riding, and lower their umbrellas, he had people whipped and fined and otherwise punished, and when the Cingalese masters." That is only a typical instance of the state of mind in which these atrocities were committed; and if Imperial Federation can propagate itself only by the methods used in the Spanish conquest of America it behoves us to think seriously before accepting the scheme. There are many better things than a Federated Empire, and civilisation is one of them.

Out of the Frying-Pan. By C. Nina Boyle. (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Miss Nina Boyle's activities on behalf of the Women's Freedom League (?) did not prepare us for her advent as a novelist; but so long as she writes such good melodrama as "Out of the Frying-Pan," we shall not worry about her history. Her acquaintance with, or imagi-
nation of, criminals is extensive and deep-searching; she has so disturbed our faith in human nature that if we had a butler we should suspect him. We have never before realised so clearly the dangers that beset a young girl setting out to earn her living; but Maisie Pley-
well's experience in the hotel, in the gambling-hell kept by her mother, in the criminal conspiracy devised by her father, have enlightened us. The rather complex sexual relations of the characters only add interest to the other intrigues that are woven around the heroine; and there is "D'Ardenne" of a thieves' kitchen to help when danger becomes too pressing. She resented the fact that she seemed to inspire love in every man she met, but only so did she escape from the dangers that beset her—and she stood up well to the perils that beset her and her friends. But the story, as may be imagined, has plenty of thrills; it is really good

exercise her undoubted powers as a popular novelist, or the good faith of Government servants; we have never before been so convinced that men are mostly fools preyed upon by knaves, with a stray good man to marry the heroine at last. There is not

even a good detective in the story, although there are mostly fools preyed upon by knaves, with a stray good man to marry the heroine at last. There is not

even a good detective in the story, although there are

some kind policemen. But the story, as may be imagined, has plenty of thrills; it is really good melodrama which has plenty of justification in criminal records. All that we wonder is why Miss Boyle chose to exercise her undoubted powers as a popular novelist on such a subject. Is it that crime is "popular"? Her

Sefton is very like Raffles, and there is no reason why

"Out of the Frying-Pan" should not have a circulation equal to that classic of crime.
Pastiche.

DISCORD.

Your voice jarred like a clock's tick on my ears,
As, without pause, you talked on petty things....
Magnificent, the night clouds stormed the sky,
A homing bird sailed by on rhythmic wings,
And painted shadows lengthened on the grass.

Something imprisoned fretted at its bars,
Broke from my power, became a thing that grieves—
A little lonely thing that cried and ran
And hid itself 'mid darkness and damp leaves....
Obsessed with words, you did not feel it pass.

MARGUERITE SANDERS.

WAITING.

So it has grown grey, and you have never come.
So the firelight flickers into red and dies.
Only the night-nymph's still-murmuring hum
Pulses in the silence, with drowsey fall and rise.
So it has grown grey outside. The amber cluds,
That shone from earth to sky in one swift gleaming,
Have passed beyond the hills. And sober shrouds
Upon the leaves outside, quiet dropping of the hesitating
That shone from earth to sky in one swift gleaming.

And Hope lies bleeding, fancy-tricked, grief-crowned.
Pulses in the silence,
Something imprisoned fretted at its bars,
So it has grown grey, I creep to rest, and the last day-
Magnificent, the night clouds stormed the sky,
A burning ash-stem falls upon the hearth in twain.

E. LIMEBEER.

THE REALIST.

"I am going to beg people to sing about
Real life, not 'Ballad Life.'"

Mr. F.R.E.E.R—Vide Press.

The languorous grace of my lady fair,
Inspired the poet of old;
He wrote of her dainty lily-white hands,
And her tresses of shimmering gold;
He sang of a world that did not exist,
Where beauty and youth held eternal tryst;
But I will sing of her painted lips;
And the nicotine on her finger tips;
Of the dawn that covered her slender arms;
And the rouge that adds to her youthful charms;
Of the pest that blights the heart of the rose;
The stagnant pool where the rank weed grows;
I will sing a song to a loaf of bread,
For this is the age of the realist,
And the subtle, cold-blooded pessimist.

PERCY ALLOTT.

BEYOND.

O emptiness of Night!
O'er windswept moor and sea
So desolate,
Yet my sad heart
More empty of delight
Dwelleth apart.

Noiseless the clustered stars
Unseen in the garish day
People infinity.
So silent wait
Our souls after Life's wars
Without the Gate.

T. A. COLLINS.

LETTER TO HIS WIFE,

Oon Seeing the End of the World announced in the papers,
What if the end of the world should come
And catch us in mid-career,
With you in Surrey and me in town?—
You'd better come home, my dear.

It might come slowly, beam after beam,
As the dawn grows over the roofs,
Or we might go out like a filament lamp
In the midst of correcting proofs.

The man hasn't called from Barker's yet,
To paper your little room;
And I'm sure you'd like it tidied up
And nice for the crack of doom.

It threatens rain, and May is concerned
For her ten-cloths on the line,
So even if it is the end of the world
I hope we shall have it fine.

Send me a card and I'll meet your train.
I think you ought to come home.
Suppose the end of the world should come
And find me here alone.

H. CALDWELL COOK.

MELANCHOLY.

I would by long lethe
For ever lay me down,
Never again a face to see,
Never again a voice to hear.
In the cote or the town
From spring unto the eld of the year:
Home, home, good Beauty,
Sweet Love go far from hence;
I have no mind to think on ye
Or do you diligence.

Both merry and wan Lovelesses
Here abide no more;
How may you keep your tresses
So sheen upon this shore?
I know not your bravery,
But to be faint myself I know;
Cover you not with greenery
Your award and tree,
But make the north to blow
And mantle me with snow.

Farewell to the loved shepherd's pipe
That did delight mine ear;
The corn that was green is ripe,
And now that life, can pass.
Ye floors of shining grass;
Once on a time I learn'd the Rose
Covered not with greenery,
And now that life, can pass.

RUTH PITTER.