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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

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 overlent"; in other words, they had extended credit for production in a very lavish fashion. "Had they gone on 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. Bad 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.

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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 the 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.

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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 bearings, 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 unemployment by so much as a single worker. 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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The contradictions into which the Press cheerfully falls without the least damage to its prestige are unending. During the war, every man was "wanted"; to-day millions are distinctly "not wanted." Immediately after the Armistice the Press told the nation that to trade with Germany was a crime; to-day the Press is advocating the extension of credits to Germany. The crazy campaign for Increased Production has been followed by an equally crazy campaign for the Limitation of Production; and Lord Weir's demand for longer hours has been interpreted to mean the institution of shorter time in every industry. But all this is scarcely anything in comparison with the volte-face awaiting to be made in the industries of coal and transport respectively. Even the Oxford Professors who write to the "Times" from their caves will, we imagine, stir uneasily in their atavism when they learn that *because* coal output has increased, the price of coal must be raised, and *because* fares and freights on the railways have been doubled, *therefore* the railways are now losing two millions a month. The chain of cause and effect in the production of these paradoxical results has been exposed too many times in these columns to make the repetition necessary at this moment. All that need be said is that there is nothing really contradictory or surprising in the facts. What is allocated to "development" and charged to "output" is so much diminution of the potential purchasing power of the consumer; and so long as all overhead capital and credit expenses are charged to the ultimate consumer, so long will every increase of "output" necessitate an increase of price. We did our best to warn the Miners' Federation that this would be the outcome of their preoccupation with output and wages only. We strove (and, no doubt, our readers did too) to direct their attention to the item of "development" as the chief and expanding factor of Production, and urged them to demand for the public a share in "development" values as well as in "output" values. Not then or since has any impression on the mind of Mr. Hodges or his colleagues been visible.

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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 naïvete, itself: it is that the Government and the taxpayer should "guarantee" our prospective lenders against loss while leaving them in full enjoyment of all the profits they may make. Not a mouse, in fact, but a black rat, has issued from the labour 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 credit for ourselves. Surely, 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? Not in the least, for they emphasise the necessity of "long credits," that 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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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 infallibly either break it or expose to public view the rotten mechanism upon which it rests. Taking things as they are, and without prejudice, the intention appears obvious: it is to alarm the public against any bank outside the ring—and particularly against any other kind of bank than the official few—and, simultaneously, to enhance the power of the Big Five, or, rather, One. It will be observed that within an hour or two of the announcement of the "failure" of Farrow's bank, and the proffered explanation that it was due to Farrow's practice of paying interest on small current accounts, the Big Five announced that they were anxious to receive small deposits, and to pay interest on them. How interest payable on small deposits, on the same terms of withdrawal as prevail in the Post Office, differs from Farrow's practice of paying interest on current accounts, neither we nor anybody else knows; and why, if it ruined Farrow's it should pay the Big Five, we can only guess. More, in short, is behind the series of events than we can wisely indicate; but, for the re-assurance of the timid, we can certainly say that none of the Big Five is

likely to fail so long as they have, as they have, the Government's printing-press behind them. A bank "fails" only when its supply of "legal tender" falls short of its creditors' demands. Since the supply of "legal tender" commanded by the Big Five is equal to their holding of the National Debt, including the Floating Debt of 1,300 millions, no "run" is likely to do more than waste paper.

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Those who have put their faith in disarmament by discussion will have received an unpleasant shock on learning from the "Globe" (the property, by the way, of Sir Basil Zaharoff, a leading director both of Vickers and of the Anglo-French Oil Company) that the prevailing opinion in influential circles in 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 Liberals has produced the expected response, for in Mr. Harding's own journal, the Marion "Daily Star," there appeared last week these striking words: "By 1924 the United States will have by far the most powerful Navy in the world. . . . For over 300 years Britain has held the supremacy over the seas, but now she is rapidly yielding to America." That this is not without some warrant, "Brassey's Annual" for 1921 may be called in evidence. By 1924, we are told, America will have 21 first-class battleships to our 14 and Japan's six, and six fast cruisers to our four and Japan's six, with vessels of other classes in the same disproportion. War between England and America for the supremacy of the seas is still, of course, "unthinkable"; and those who wish to continue in that state of mind will doubtless find excuses for doing so. But for us it is not only not "unthinkable," but we affirm with the utmost seriousness that it is only too thinkable, and only too contingent. Let us admit that, in the present circumstances, an Anglo-American war, either with or for or on account of Japan, is as impossible as Lord Northcliffe assures the world it is. We have, however, seen what transformations of national psychology are possible even in a day of only 24 hours. Suppose—but enough of it for the moment. Let it only be added that at the recent meeting of Vickers, Mr. Douglas Vickers announced that not only had Japanese orders cleared the situation as regards the armour plate and gun plant, which otherwise would have been idle, but "the Government had indicated to the directors their wish that the company should retain the plant for eventual use." The "Globe" has information from all sides.

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The "Nation" published last week an article from an American correspondent that interested us greatly. Under the title of a "New Weapon for Labour" an account was rendered of the practical sequel of Major Douglas' recent interviews with American Labour leaders. Realising the "need for some new and effective weapon with which to fight Labour's battle without arousing public hostility," a "few leaders of American Labour believe they have made the great discovery." The discovery is that "the workers' real opponents . . . are not the employers, but the interests able to grant or withhold the credit which even the employers cannot get along without." And the remedy is to create Labour banks, experience of which (for there are now several in operation) has convinced American Labour that the control of Credit is the way out. We can well believe it, strange to say; but why the "Nation" should go all the way to America to discover only half the truth when the whole is here in England we must leave the keepers of Mr. Massingham's Nonconformist Conscience to explain.

World Affairs.

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 vulnerable, 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.

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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 the human will is well known. But while all things are possible, and believed to be possible to the masculine genius of Russia, they are not believed to be so by the great woman, Albion, by the world-sustaining power of the awesome and silent woman of all the waters of the world. The merit and the accomplishment of the British Man in the world is his virile self-discipline and the harmony of his character; this virile and Aryan virtue, however, has been realised by the will of Destiny and according to the needs of the evolution of the Race, on the plane of receptivity to Providence, on the plane of passivity to the influx of inspiration. England is the reincarnation of the Aryan Man; that is, virile, reasonable humanity on the plane of the receptivity of the divine evolutionary influx; a being polar and multiple like all the racial organs of the Race of Man, polar and self-fulfilled and mysterious. While the Russian Man, feminine as he is in his inwardness, has created history from his inception and must always go on creating it for the sake of humanity proper, the woman Britain, masculine and Aryan as she is in her body and power, is the great womb of the future evolution of the Race, the matrix of the great and diabolical and materialistic America. Though born Aryan in the Nordic and solar sense of the superb stock of the First Truly Born, though conceived purely and gloriously Northern, Britain's soul is driven by the transcendental impulse to act in a super-Aryan evolutionary direction, to forsake her historic origin.

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However paradoxical it may appear, the primordial and dire fact that the little land where the Englishman was created is a precarious island may be considered more truthfully as a result, a mystical or inward result, of the English character and function in the physiology of the world than as their physical cause. That the Negro is black is not because he is born in the Tropics, but because only on the Negro continent of the Earth could he find his proper abode and vehicle, the globe of the Logos itself being the body of the Universal Man, his very body. That the race of Imperial Britain should inhabit its precarious island or islands was predetermined by the very tendency of the English Man's soul, which is its most female and evolutionary characteristic: by its desire of absorption and possession, and by its instinct for safety. Physical Britain is the incarnation of mystical Britain; its physical correspondence. And the need of safety, the great English fear,

the æonian presentiment of dangers existing and non-existing, is a correspondence of their necessity of fear, of their duty to be safe in the transcendental realm. England needed to be safe, however, had to be safely based, and must always remain safe, physically speaking, in order to perform her central and sempiternal, because evolutionary, function in the world. Man and Aryan, we believe, are incarnated in the Soul of Albion, which is the fair and honourable land and race of England in England. The bestial body of England, however, is the very giant and the very woman Albion, the body of the great æonian fear and greed of *the Vehicle*. Which is this Vehicle? What greed is this Vehicle? Why is fear the essence of what is feminine in British Aryan Humanity as much as heroism and conscience are the essence of what is masculine in it? For the deep and supra-rational reason that Great Britain and her Aryan Imperium are one of the divine vehicles of the evolutionary Providence of the human race. The abstruse process of the Aryan epigenesis before finding its sequel and fulfilment in the inception of Columbia, had to be accomplished in England, the gentle and mighty Aryan soul of Albion, and in Albion, the blunt and protean, Sphinx-like and pitiless body of England. In its double manifestation, indicating the anthropogenetic crisis of our æon, British Aryandom and Christendom is the problem of all problems, the universal catharsis of the human species, this very problem and this very catharsis, and nothing else, nothing less than this: and that, moreover, on the plane of the evolutionary, passive, female pole of the World's Man. The sub-conscious of England was driven to manifest the levelling, equalising, neutralising Female of all waters, the terrifying woman Albion, quiet and undying in the world. For Albion is the reflex and memento of the power of God and His Eternity in the world of Time, of the Prometheus. Albion is a resistance which Aryan Man must overcome in order to realise his Promethean omnipotence. On the other side, this very insuperable power of the British Commonwealth and England is the guarantee and foundation of the sanity of the world, of the Sophian quality of the Kingdom, of the impressionability of the human race by Providence.

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The constitutional and apparently pathological anxiety and fear of English humanity, her great and infinite fear, her desire of being embalmed in safety and security, to speak explicitly if we can, and definitely, if possible, in these matters, is, we firmly believe, not only *not* caused by biology and geography and economics, but is caused by the sustained devotion of the English racial psyche to the divine guidance of the evolutionary plan. The Mother of Columbia and of Australia is obedient to the incomprehensible urge of Destiny and Providence, passive to the anthropogenetic form of the Framer. Albion is the manifestation and self-documentation of England, the evil and insuperable possessor of the world's waters, because England needs a body of safety in the rebellious, historical, human and fallible realm of men. Her mission is to be the world's drag upon initiative and creation, to be Man's test of strength, the negative inspiration of the movements of humanity. To be such a universal and fatal drag, and such a worthy test, the Vehicle, the Womb, the Solvent, the Foundation had to be more than humanly grim and lasting. From this the mania of fear and self-protection, from this the goddess Efficiency, from this the short memory of the statesmanship of great and anti-Aryan Britain originated. The economy of British mentality, the harmony of British character, the depth of the wisdom of the Englishman, the splendour of the individual's self-continence are only the fruit of the divine and titanic work of creative possivity, of the heroic femininity which, as we believe, is a need of the human future and the apotheosis of Britain's painful and patient past. M. M. COSMOI.

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 make peers. Why, therefore, they did not ennoble the entire Labour Party, which is surely capable of ennoblement, 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 ennoble 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 perhaps Mr. M. L. Vaughan-Davies; he has been ennobled for being Member of Parliament for Cardiganshire for twenty-five years, and because during that time nobody has heard anything of him. His prudence certainly deserved reward. There is one disadvantage, however, in this spectacular evocation of peers and baronets out of the void: we cannot believe in the end that they are real. It is a pity; but we are so sceptical in the present generation that we really cannot understand how Sir William Beardmore can be a peer.

It is being insinuated in some quarters that in running Lord Reading for the Viceroyalty of India, 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 Ribot commented that this number 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. Their tact, ability and character it is impossible not to admire; but as the writers of World Affairs have insisted, they are not members of the Aryan race, and cannot undiluted be made instruments for the Aryanisation of the world. Yet the Press talks of sending Lord Reading to India as the representative of Aryandom, and only a few have made any protest against it. Nevertheless, everyone would feel it was wrong if Lord Reading were called Sir Rufus Isaacs.

There are only two moods in which it is possible to approach the official Press: the one is scorn, and the other amusement. True to the lowest human type, 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 rogueries when one has not the courage to wear them on one's sleeve. 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

alderman suggest something experienced and dignified —one imagines worthy burghers representative of Dublin's great commercial interests; men of position and civic dignity. Not so. One 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 well. And this he can safely do in England, relying upon the most hateful, because the meanest, quality in the English character: the readiness to condemn as worse than the spiritually evil man, and more contemptible than the respectably 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 more than any other thing 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 perfidious 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 pretence of shielding "the real unemployed" by this interpretation will impose, no doubt, upon the public. Nevertheless it does not take much acumen to see that what the Press really designs to do is to impress the unemployed with the idea that it would be outrageous 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 predisposition 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 interest of the Press to do either.

EDWARD MOORE.

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 coagulation 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 instigating it to accept certain propositions. Malevolent dogma is an attempt to gain control over others by persuading them to accept certain propositions.

There is also *nolent,* un-volent 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.

(9) Belief is a cramp, a paralysis, an atrophy of the mind in certain positions.

II.

(1) It is as foolish to try to contain 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.

(2) 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.

III.

(1) This is not to deny that the consciousness may be affected by the theos (remembering that we ascribe to this *theos* neither singular nor plural number).

(2) The theos may affect and may have affected the consciousness of individuals, but the consciousness is incapable of knowing why this occurs, or even in what manner it occurs, or whether it be the *theos*; though the consciousness may experience pleasant and possibly unpleasant sensations, or sensations partaking neither of pleasure or its opposite. Hence mysticism. If the consciousness receives or has received such effects from the theos, or from something not the theos yet which the consciousness has been incapable of understanding or classifying either as theos or a-theos, it is incapable of reducing these sensations to coherent sequence of cause and effect. The effects remain, so far as the consciousness is concerned, in the domain of experi-

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.

(3) 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 register certain results, as sensation, without comprehending their nature. (I, (1).) 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 muddied 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 Moscophorus, 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 incommode anyone else.

(10) The reason why they should not incommode 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. EZRA POUND.

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, music, 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 navvy. 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 straggling 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. Psychoanalysis 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 men 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 possible that the 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, present and future, is implicitly 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, waking 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 professed 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 enmity 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 the 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.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON. "Mystica et Lyrica." (Elkin Mathews, London.)

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 grasp 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 vesture
Is to the eons no more than an Atom is to the Universe. . . . .
Equal are monads, for each is beholden 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 unpleasing. 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, sere 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 grief
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 growing hind no longer seeks 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 is the volume 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 GOOLBAC 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 civilisation, how far we have advanced since 1512 B.C. may be seen from the following two passages:

(1) Woman in 1512 B.C.—

And Rameses just started to force
The girl to let him vile her chastity.
In nick of time for her they just arrived
To still preserve her maiden chastity. . . .

(2) Woman in 1899—

A message-boy brings in a letter lined
In blue, registered cover, for Olivia.
She reads and finds that she has won the prize
Of a medal for the poem on "The Best
Of Steps of True Internationalism." It runs:

But no, it runs too, too far for us to quote it. "The best of steps" is, strangely enough, Esperanto.

Mr. Dubash is equally at home—or, rather, equally at sea—in all ages and in all measures. Observe the originality of these lines:

The state of France was dark quite hideous dark;
The only source of light was Joan of Arc.
This dismal gloom contained a brilliant spark
That suddenly blazed, and this was Joan of Arc;
Above the greed and sin and selfish cark
Was towering high saintly Joan of Arc.

But it is by alliteration that the author gets his most nautical effects, as in this description of a crowd at Epsom:

Some men in flannels find felicity's flash,
Striped suits and straws with strangely streaks on sash
Adorn artistic aims and awkward airs.
Successful some but others fail unawares.
Some lovely ladies lingeringly lounge. . . .

And so on. This hymn to the Nile in the first canto displays the author's lyrical gifts:

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 Victorian 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
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-meaning 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.

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 presently take to writing plays, and be 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 is murdered, 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

the silence of rehearsal, when even a whisper from anyone 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, compelling 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 accomplished a critic as Mr. Hope accuses me of "pinning them down to the furniture" because he misses the accustomed 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 tradition that no noise loud enough to interrupt the performance was allowable. But since the war a new generation 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 playgoers. Within my recollection they have been educated quite easily to listen to Wagner's music-dramas without uttering a sound from the first chord of the act until the last, though they had been accustomed to uproarious encoring, 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 heehaw. 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.

Drama.

IN an adjoining column, Mr. Shaw raises one or two points which are difficult to deal with briefly. I not only share his opinion of the post-war audience, but I have frequently expressed it, notably when I reviewed the Aldwych production of his "Pygmalion," and the production of "The White-Headed Boy." But I recognise that I am in the presence of a new generation of playgoers, of mostly young people untrained in the art of listening, and with a very crude sense of the proper re-action to a work of art. The one cardinal maxim for an audience is: "Don't hang it up"; the problem is to teach an audience to put the maxim into practice. The intolerable habit of applauding performers on their appearances and exits, for example, has appeared again in the West-End theatres; in fact, the post-war audience would be intolerable without its money, and is barely tolerable with it. Something might be done with a notice on the programme, and about the theatre, to the effect: "The audience is requested not to delay the action of the play by excessive laughter or applause." Sir Henry Wood, at the Promenades, has cured the habit of striking matches during the performance by a similar notice, to which he has on certain occasions significantly attracted the attention of the audience. I have heard from old playgoers that Phelps would not take a "call" if the gallery-boys whistled, on the ground that he was not a dog; and I suggest that the remedy lies largely with the actors.

For the art of the actor includes that of playing upon the audience; we ought not to be able to feel or think anything, at the moment, except what he permits. Mrs. Pat Campbell did not invite or permit the audience to laugh her down as Eliza Doolittle; she made them listen, and laugh outright when she had finished. At the Court Theatre, the clowns in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" provoke hysterical laughter; but they do not permit the audience to dominate them. When an audience sees that an actor will talk through the laugh if it does not restrain itself, it will learn restraint, and my objection to Mr. Arthur Sinclair and Miss Sara Allgood is that they indulge the audience in its bad habit, instead of correcting it. Miss Allgood actually looks at the audience to see if it is going to laugh at that line before she proceeds to the next; and Mr. Sinclair, good actor though he is, has the same failing. He could have taken that passage: "I'll fight for who I like; and I'll shake hands with what kings I like; and if your own son is not good enough for you, you can go and look for another. Do you mind me now?" as it was written, straight through in a crescendo of defiance. But it was obvious that he looked for the laugh at every semi-colon; he invited the audience to swamp him, instead of holding off the laugh until he had finished. I am prepared to believe that he has suffered from the laughter of fools; his whole manner of playing suggests it; but what I object to is the fact that he seems resigned to his fate, instead of being determined to overcome it. He lets the audience laugh him down, instead of making the audience laugh when and where he likes. It is a failure of technical power of expression of personality; he keeps the audience more interested in the expression of its feelings than in his expression of his own; he preserves not merely the sense, but the importance, of the spectator, and so far fails as an artist. Let him talk through a few laughs, make the audience miss a few lines, and he will regain the power of prestige suggestion that he has well-nigh lost, and marks the difference between the actor and the mere entertainer.

JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

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 among other subjects 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 centrum ovale; Willis located it in the corpus callosum. Sömmering, in 1796, located the soul in the fluid of the ventricles, believing the ventricular walls to be the centre for all the nerves, their activity beginnng and terminating there, their influence on each other being exerted through the medium of the cerebro-spinal fluid.

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 propoundings 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 the 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 weasel, the cunning fox, the bold wild boar, the singing nightingale, and the imitating mocking-bird. But still my ears resounded 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 beware of writing 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 must say that Gall 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 hypostatised 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 of 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

* "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.)

quite as childish as other children in everything but the talent by which they are particularly distinguished." 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 regarded as 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 as the personal entity is not a unity, but a whole by 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. But what really does appal us is the accumulating evidence of a conspiracy to suppress all the nationalist manifestations of the British Empire. Recruiting among the Nationalists 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 autonomy, achieved or desired, is intolerable 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 propaganda," 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-government 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 Legislature, 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 are filched from them, 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 follows 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 taken by the Government. 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 conspiracy 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, without 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 carriages, or dismount if they were riding, and lower their umbrellas, he had people whipped and fined and otherwise punished for disobedience of this order; and he told the Committee that "the order was good by way of bringing home to the people that they had new 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 imagination 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 Pleydell's experiences 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 an almost human "Boss" of a thieves' kitchen to help her 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 magistrate, scored Miss Boyle's old point about addressing unconvicted persons without the courteous prefix "Miss," and developed almost spontaneously a wonderful gift of cross-examination. Her perpetual innocence is a refutation of the Greek proverb: "Evil communications corrupt good manners"; she who touches pitch is not defiled, but refined and enlightened. There are some sidelights on politics, and political persons, that do not sustain our faith in the wisdom of elected persons, 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 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-moth's still-murmuring hum
Pulses in the silence, with drowsy fall and rise.
So it has grown grey outside. The amber clouds,
That shone from earth to sky in one swift gleaming,
Have passed beyond the hills. And sober shrouds
Of dusk-mist twine the valley in a still strange dreaming.
A burning ash-stem falls upon the hearth in twain.
Upon the leaves outside, quiet dropping of the hesitating rain.
A night-fly taps around the light. I startle with each sound,
And Hope lies bleeding, fancy-tricked, grief-crowned.
So it has grown grey, I creep to rest, and the last daylight dies.
Sleep with her slumber-hope steals down, breathing her phantom lies.

E. LIMEBEER.

THE REALIST.

"I am going to beg people to sing about
Real life, not 'Ballad Life.'"
MR. FREER—*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 down that covers her slender arms;
And the rouge that adds to her youthful charms;
Of the pest that blights the heart of the rose;
And the stagnant pool where the rank weed grows;
I will sing a song to a loaf of bread,
With lettuces green, and tomatoes red,
A feast of joy for epicures spread,
With foaming beer in a tankard cool—
Tangible pleasures unknown to the fool
Who sings of a scented garden of lies,
And the light that shines in his lady's eyes;
For this is the age of the realist,
And the subtle, cold-blooded pessimist.

PERCY ALLOTT.

BEYOND.

O silence of the Night!
When the wind sleeps low on the grass
And no leaf stirs,
Thy hushed breath
Is thunderous voice of might
To the silence of death.

O darkness of the Night!
When the moon with hidden face
Passes unseen,
In thy black cave
Is heaven's sweetest light.
How dark the grave!

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,

On 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 tea-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 Lovelinesses
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 sward 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 so green is ripe,
Full rich but not so dear:
And you, ye Meadows,
Ye floors of shining grass:
Once on a time I learn'd the Rose
And now that life, can pass.

RUTH PITTER.

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