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## CONTENTS.



## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We are getting on. Hunting is in full swing, as many as a dozen foxes being reported run to ground daily. The South of France and the North of Africa are full of English visitors. Big-game expeditions are being sent off weekly, and the Royal Geographical Society has procured the Government's consent to an attempt to climb Mount Everest. We do not in the least blame the individuals and classes who are enjoying themselves in these ways, more particularly as the spectacle of Labour and the nation at home is depressing enough to drive even intelligent people to distraction. All and far worse than we predicted from the conclusion of the Armistice has come true, with the important addition that so far as can be judged from their speech and actions the Labour leaders, if not satisfied with the situation, are at any rate complacent enough to continue to refrain from thinking about it. Nemesis, however, will surely follow upon the abdication of responsibility by all classes of the "leading nation" of the world. This winter of unemployment alone will, in a racial sense, do more to weaken the "man-power" of the nation than the recent war; and if Mr. Lloyd George could truthfully say that the statistics of recruiting demonstrated England to be physiologically the rottenest nation in Europe, the next war may be expected to find half the population willing but unfit for the smallest service. It is incredible what a game of ducks and drakes our governing classes are content to play with a magnificent material such as the British stock; and in face of what world-perils. That there are going to be wars, and in the near future, may be taken for granted, since there is nothing to prevent them. And that they will involve the fate of civilisation is a platitude in our barbarian Press. But the idea of preparing for the ordeal by ensuring a healthy population in these critically placed islands seems too remote from practicality to be entertained even as a minor item of public policy. We prefer to drift and rot.

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The forecast we made last week of the probable procedure of the Labour Conference on Unemployment might serve this week as a correct report of the actual facts, even down to the detail of the appointment of Mr. Arthur Greenwood as the Secretary of the forthcoming Inquiry. Mr. Greenwood, it may be recalled, was the Secretary of the recent Labour Inquiry into the effect of Finance upon high prices; and as certainly as he then succeeded in burking investigation into radical issues he may be expected to repeat his success in the present instance. Without knowing anything more of the gentleman than his public record, we cannot restrain the suspicion that there is something more in his Labour appointments than the desire of Labour leaders for an efficient secretariat. We should like to know who nominated and supported him for his present post, and what judgment was passed upon his conduct of the recent financial Inquiry. Has he been appointed just because, and not merely in spite of, the fact that he made a fiasco of the late Inquiry; and is he confidently expected by his nominees to make a fiasco of the Unemployment Inquiry? Whatever may be the answers to these questions, there is one thing certain, that under Mr. Greenwood's skilled guidance no proposal of the smallest possible real importance can emerge from the Committee now sitting to devise means of saving millions of the population from semi-starvation. Impracticable demands colourably "revolutionary" in character will, no doubt, be forthcoming; they provide excellent material with which to frighten the middle-classes into hostility to Labour and defence of Finance. Again, no doubt, we shall have absurd and contradictory declarations in favour of Work for Everybody and Maintenance without Work of which the Press and the financial agents will make pre-arranged use. But of practical suggestions, revolutionary in idea but not in action, in intelligence but not in bloodshed, not one, we are certain, will be allowed to see the light if Mr. Greenwood knows it. We should advise the unemployed to continue to rattle their boxes and bones in the streets and to tax the charitable. For no help is visible from official Labour leaders; and the rest of the community can scarcely be expected to be more concerned than the oiled and curled "representatives" of the unemployed.

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It must be a source of satisfaction to us all to know that one industry at least is flourishing. The "Big Five" banks, the digits of a single hand, have just published their annual balance-sheets, from which we learn that the profits made by trading in public credit have "materially expanded," concurrently with the contraction of their public service. Three millions is roughly the aggregate profit acknowledged by the Financial Hand, and this allows for dividends on the capital ranging from 14 to 20 per cent. But this beggarly return is only a fraction of the total profits, for

considerable profits have been hidden away in the form of "secret reserves" by the process of "writing down" the value of investments. "It is the practice of British banks," the "Times" says, "never to write up securities," but only to write them down; with the consequence that "the depreciation allowances possess the character of secret reserves." This accumulation of fold upon fold of reserve credit is perfectly laudable as a business precaution; but the question "Who provides it?" like the question "Can we afford it?" is never raised. The answer, however, is extremely simple. Banks trade upon public credit—for there is no other—and, consequently, all the profit and dividends and secret reserves are nothing more than appropriations of public credit to private account. The astonishing fact is that so few people see any incongruity, still less the relation of cause and effect, between the prosperity of private finance and the impoverishment of the masses of the community. Nevertheless it is a strange coincidence that bank profits accumulate while men decay; and perhaps Macaulay's New Zealander, pondering on the ruins of European civilisation, will remark upon it.

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Delicate feelers are being put about by the Old Hag of Threadneedle Street to discover whether the time is ripe for a reduction in the Bank rate. Mr. Emil Davies in the "New Statesmen" is one of them, and the "Financial Correspondent" of the "Daily Herald" is another. To those unfamiliar or over-familiar with the processes set in motion by a change in the Bank rate it must seem or be said to seem mere crankiness on our part to affirm, as we do, that there is a close connection between the Bank rate and unemployment. By dint of uncommon exertions it has now been made clear that Price is a relation between Money and Goods; and, hence, that an increase in the amount of Money in circulation raises prices, while a decrease reduces prices, so long, of course, as the amount of Goods in existence remains unaffected. But what is a "rise in the Bank rate" but a means of contracting the amount of credit in circulation; and what a "fall" but the corresponding means of increasing the quantity of money? And since, as we know, production in general depends upon the supply of credit, a contraction of credit has the effect of decreasing production, while an expansion of credit stimulates production. That is all very satisfactory as far as it goes; but we have not yet reached the bottom of the present financial plot. Contracted credit, by slowing down production and distribution, forces down wages, at the cost of widespread unemployment; and the further consequence of the depression of wages is the institution of reduced costs for Labour in general. Now if at the critical moment, when wages are down and men are prepared to accept anything, the Bank rate can be lowered and money for Production be made more easy, what is to prevent Production being resumed on a permanently degraded wage-level? That, if our reasoning has been followed, is the true explanation of the sequence of events beginning with the restriction of Credit, passing through the calculated phase of Unemployment and Wage-reduction, and winding up with a fresh expansion of Credit. Privately exercised financial control has been deliberately at work to reduce wages permanently, and it hardly needed the confession of Mr. Oswald Falk in the "Times" to confirm it.

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The "Daily News" has been the first daily paper in London to refer to the control of Credit as the primary means of bringing about a peaceful social revolution; and with our habitual acerbity (vide the whispers of the ladylike Labour Press) we hasten to express our gratitude. The "Daily News" report (on Monday) of the resolutions and recommendations of the High Prices Committee of the Scottish Council of the Labour Party was not complete enough to include the fact that both Major Douglas and the Mining Scheme with which our readers are familiar were before the Scottish Committee, and were, in fact, specified in its Report; but the text of the "main finding" of the Committee was printed in black-letter type, so that there should be no doubt of its importance. It runs as follows: "We are satisfied that the credit system as manipulated by the banks is one of the principal causes of high prices; and we are convinced that community control of banking and the credit system is an essential part of any effort to have prices reduced." And this resolution was followed by an "invitation" to the Miners' Federation to investigate "a Scheme for introducing credit reform via the Mining industry." It is too much to hope, we fear, that either the resolution or the recommendation will be carried into effect without considerable assistance and support from other bodies of weight with Labour leaders. Nevertheless it is by Scotland that the initiative has been taken; and Scotland is always a principal in English affairs. It may be that after a few more months of unemployment and the regularisation of low wages, crowned, as they are certain ultimately to be, by the prospect of a new war, the British Labour Party may consider the remedy we have offered on the recommendation of its Scottish Council, and invite Mr. Greenwood to return home.

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There was no difficulty in obtaining credit and capital with which to equip our fishermen-minesweepers during the war. What stock-in-trade they required for rendering the service of clearing the seas of mines they had only to ask to receive. But in their efforts to obtain credit and capital for equipping themselves with trawlers for the purpose of supplying the public with fish, it appears that they have been completely unsuccessful. After the unparalleled exertion of everything but his mind, Mr. Clynes, who has unfortunately been acting on behalf of the ex-minesweepers, has reported that "it was found impossible to secure the working capital, because the men had not the money," and since neither the Government nor the banks would finance the service, the men have been told to shift for themselves. It is not to be expected that the Government should have a different conception of the nature and use of Money from the Banks whose nominees they are; nor do we expect much more from Mr. Clynes, who is too busy setting the world to rights to distinguish between a hawk and a handsaw at home. But both the problem and the solution should be apparent to anybody who has followed our recent discussions. The problem is to relate the "real credit" inherent in an ability to deliver, in this case, fish, as and when and where required, with the "financial credit" or money, convertible into "capital," which is the prerogative of the community, though now monopolised by the private Banks. And the solution is for the community to empower with financial credit the real credit of, let us say, the ex-minesweepers, in return for services rendered in the form of fish and the means to fish. We should have had little difficulty in devising a workable scheme for these men had they come to us, to their own and the community's profit.

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The Miners' Federation, however, is not out of the pit yet; and we are still of opinion that the plan under secret discussion for basing wages upon output and prices will prove unworkable even in theory. The public should know by this time that, if not before March, immediately after March, the inland price of coal will require to be considerably raised. Three-and-six per ton has been cautiously mentioned, but the actual increase is more likely to be double that sum. With the abolition of control and guaranteed profits, based on distribution from a central pool, every mining area must thereafter stand upon its own bottom; and since there are at least five areas, chiefly inland coal areas, that cannot carry on at the present price of coal,

either they must be subsidised by the ratepayer or the price of coal to the direct consumer must be raised. When the inevitable jump in prices takes place—to the astonishment of the public—an outcry against the miners' high wages will immediately be raised; and Messrs. Hodges and Smillie will once more become anything but the heroes of the hour. We cannot see, however, that either the coalowners or the Government should be expected to act differently. It is their trade. For the alternative to charging the consumer the full cost, not only of output, but of development, is the communalisation of Credit; and since private Credit is the very breath of life of High Finance, its directors and agents may well say in respect of an attack upon the system: Let Labour and the consumer begin it—why should we? The servility of Labour is exemplified in no more vivid way than this, that with a world to gain for itself and the community, the Miners' Federation persists in alternately trying to bully and cajole the very powers that are its and the community's open and secret enemies.

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The queue of two hundred and more people that recently waited outside a house to let in the hope of getting it was misinformed. There is no shortage of houses or, at least, none to matter much. The half-million said by Mr. Lloyd George to be urgent have been reduced to a quarter of that number, and of these, by a strange coincidence, every one is already "planned," though only 20.000 have been actually built. There is little doubt that, with the aid of philosophic propaganda, the British public can be got to believe anything; and it is perfectly possible that though one in three of the population is unable to obtain a house of the kind he wants, the rent he can pay, and where he wants it, "everybody" will agree that the problem has been solved and that there are now houses for everybody. But another consequence arises from the discovery that if we build any more houses we shall be "overbuilt." What becomes of the demand for the dilution of building labour and of the assurances to the building unions that there is full-time work in prospect for the next ten years? The point need not be laboured; and, at worst, it is only one of the score or so of contradictions into which the Government has led a willing Press. What is of slightly more importance is whether the house-hunter is satisfied and how he is going to express and make effective his dissatisfaction. He knows, if everybody does not, that houses at a possible price are not to be had; and even the Building Guild's offer to build houses at a saving of 15 to 25 per cent. leaves a prospective rental of £1 a week a trifle beyond the ordinary citizen's spending-power. If the Guild would take up credit-control as an integral part of the Guild plan, we, who ought to know, could promise them a means of reducing prices not by 15, but by 75, per cent.

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Everybody remembers the objections that were raised against Labour when it demanded increased wages to cover its increased cost of production (cost of living); the echo is still with us, more substantial than the original sound. It was said, quite truly, that the effect of increased wages would be increased prices, of which the further consequence would be a diminution in the demand for labour. In other words, increased wages, taken by themselves, would result in a very little while in decreased wages. Once again, however, the authorities who gave the advice to Labour to refrain from raising prices in order to meet increased costs have failed to profit by their own precept; and in the proposed general increase of telephone and other public service charges we have a repetition of Labour's blunder and are likely to have an intensified repetition of its consequences. With a conviction that nothing can shake, and an argument that cannot fail to appeal even to the business men who are up in arms against the new tariff, the Postmaster-General states as an unquestionable axiom that "the charges must be fixed so as to make the service self-supporting . . . it must not become a burden on the general taxpayer." What is to be said in reply by the people to whom he addresses himself? Will they contend that the telephone service should be subsidised out of taxation? Are they in favour of the State selling its services "below cost"? Demanding "economy" and the rescission of subsidies, do they make an exception of a subsidy for the telephone service? Our own reply to the Postmaster-General is naturally not upon these lines, nor upon lines that have yet occurred to the business community. The business community is in a cleft-stick, and we are content to leave them there, in the meantime putting to the Government and the public the following considerations. The telephone service, like the post office, telegraph and railway services (in short, like all public services, great and small) is, ex hypothesi, a real service: that is, it adds to the real credit of the community as measured in ability to satisfy our needs and wants; and in so far as it does this, the increment of wealth it brings about is the real fund out of which its cost can be defrayed; and there is no other. Now the question is: Should that cost be met by the direct users of the service, who are, generally speaking, only intermediaries between the telephone system and the whole social system of production—the means, in fact, by which the telephones are employed to enhance the general wealth—or should it be met out of the source to which it contributes, namely, public Credit? Incidentally, under the existing financial system, which charges all costs to the ultimate consumer, the question is somewhat academic since the consumer pays and will continue to pay, be the telephone charges to business what they may be. The question is not academic, however, in a broad sense; and in a few months the nation will have to face the Credit problem or prepare to retire from existence as well as from business.

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In the "Review of Reviews" for January Mr. Belloc recommends the nation to adhere to this resolution during the New Year: "Not to talk of 'command of the sea' with a prospect of the second Navy instead of the first." The resolution would be honest, but we are afraid it is not practical, since the truth is that nothing will or can or should reconcile this country to surrender of its premier place on the world's waters. Mr. Illingworth has been saying (at Haywood) that America is building "to beat creation," and that the outlook for ourselves and the world is "terrifying." "We must concentrate our energies," he said," in order to combat what is in front of us." In America and in confirmation of his fears, so open has naval rivalry become that an association has been formed in Massachusetts to oppose the "cardinal object of the great revolutionary movement"—"the promotion of a breach and a possible war between Britain and America." We have more than once expressed our opinion of the prospects of disarmament by consent; and the conditions imposed by America for the discussion of disarmament may be said to support it. "World-agreement or a Navy second to none" is the first slogan of American publicists; but next to that comes this: "No agreement until America is second to none." It will be seen that in either event the "supremacy" of the British Navy is in question; and the possible solace of disarmament is no longer available even for our Liberals. What is going to be done about it? Time is pressing. Proportional disarmament by consent, leaving the British Navy in its present relative superiority, being out of the discussion, two courses only are open to us: to announce to America, quietly but publicly, that we propose at all costs to maintain sea-supremacy—a declaration that would either precipitate or put an end to rivalry; and to examine the underlying economic causes that necessitate naval rivalry be-

cause they necessitate commercial rivalry. There are no other alternatives open, but War and Peace; and there is no way to Peace while world-competition demands war, if only as a means of sabotaging the surplus production of the poverty-stricken "leading industrial nations."

## World Affairs.

THE second and negative dominant of human and cosmic history is Fate or destiny. This dominant of Necessity and inherent Impossibility is translimited, that is to say, more than merely unlimited, in its power. Destiny being, as it is, nothing else than the frame of necessity within which creation or manifestation can alone take place, is the instrumental cause, and the very modality, of all existence. The three dominants of the world and man are the Providence of God, the Destiny of Things, and the Free-will of Man himself. And they are equally universal, and equally all-mighty in their respective aspects, the Absolute alone being more universal and final. Destiny, incomprehensible, implacable, blasphemous and infinitely though not transfinitely evil, may be said to have been created in order to offer a worthy resistance to God and Man in their attempt to realise the universal values in themselves.

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The enemies of God are infinitely many: and of their high and essential function in cosmic economy they ought to be and are worthy. Equally the defenders of human faith and free will, and equally the lovers of the Providence and Sophia of God, should be infinitely many and worthy of their function. We make no apology to our enemies, therefore, for initiating the long-overdue struggle for the Aryanisation, Christianisation and Socialisation of the world. The work is for Man to do, as a means to the duty of Man, which is to become self-conscious. Organisation must, if necessary, be imposed upon the world; and never, truly, was it more urgent. The great sea of the races, the mass of mankind, Sophian by instinct, but not yet intelligently pan-human, is more restless and turbulent to-day than it has ever been either in evolution or in history. The reverberations of its unconscious but cosmic currents, unawakened but transrational (for races are superconscious in proportion to their potential pan-humanity) speak, it is true, more of need and desire than of will and command. Nevertheless, unconsciously and essentially, the *idea* of Universal Humanity is contained within normal Man, since the very unity of man is only a meta-type of the pleromic unity that is and is to be. Manifestation, however, is the eternal trinity; and, hence, within the collective consciousness of the world, the three primary and divine hypostases are reflected. The ideal of the Will is revealed and reflected in the Aryan race of India, Iran and Europe. The divine attainment of Reason by Man has been revealed and reflected in the metaphysics of Christianity. And the seraphic and beatific ideal of Universal Humanity, conjoined in a functional synthesis, if it has not yet been fully revealed and reflected, is at any rate in process of unfolding in the Socialism of Humanity. Misfortunately for mankind, the synthesis of these three in one, universal as they each are and utterly worthy of being universal, is made impossible; and not, as it might be supposed, by the imperviousness of the mass of mankind, but by those who alone could make it possible—the very upholders of those ideals themselves. Aryan power and creation are being primarily nullified and destroyed by Aryandom. The revelation and gnosis of Christian metaphysics are being obscured and soiled by professional Christianity and its Churches. And Socialism is being dishonoured and mortally endangered, primarily and principally, by Socialists. It is this usurping or defaulting trinity of the ideal functional unity that is the cause of the world's present chaos, and of the profound humiliation and misery which now disfigure human existence.

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Of these three universal human ideals, the Religion of the Aryan Will, the Science of the Incarnate Logos, and the Life Universal of seraphic Socialism, none is before or after another, none higher, none lower. The whole world and realm of Man may be and will be ordered and fulfilled ad gloriam through the instrumentality of these irrefragable ideals, for the excellent reason that they are the fundamental modes and plans of the world's very existence. Being the dream of God, His infinite and holy wish and need, this trinity of Human Realisation, Universal Truth and World-Synthesis, ought to be, must be, and already unconsciously is, the norm of world-conduct. But, on the other hand, the human race itself can achieve its own self-revelation in a world-synthesis, the proof being that Aryan Christianity and the Socialist ideal have, in fact, come into human consciousness. The ultimate victory of the divine plan is, therefore, assured to the conscious members of mankind, since the union of two dominants, God and Man, is mightier than the third, Destiny, alone. The needs of Man are the will of God; and since Man's needs are pleromic, that is, individually universal, the victory of synthesis to men of synthesis is assured and inevitable. But this must not be taken to imply the absence of the duty of endeavour. If we have affirmed the inherent necessity of ultimate victory, it is only because for the present the dark forces of Destiny, particularly as embodied in the spectres of Albion and Muscovy, are incredibly powerful, and a reminder is timely of the infinite resources of the divine economy. The human race, moreover, though never so much torn and rent in mutual pain and hatred, is nevertheless one, even in its humiliation. Unfortunately its saviours are many and fragmentary; but they must become one and pleromic, united and integrated; for the one and only universal Saviour of Mankind from the hard fate of Destiny is the Logos himself, whose body is Sophia. Sophia is Mankind in its physical aspect while the Logos is Mankind in its reason and consciousness; and Mankind itself is therefore the end, the cause and the field of the pleromic struggle now throbbing in every fibre of the world.

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Our enemies are those principles, things and persons whose existence or action is destructive or inimical to the synthesis of the world and man. *Not* the mass of mankind constitutes the great and ugly force opposing the realisation of the constructive outline of the divine plan, but precisely the three systems of salvation as propounded and represented by their respective mutually warring authors and abettors. For by the Aryan Will we do *not* mean the Teutonic brutality of Germany and Albion, but the religion of Krishna, Zoroaster and Buddha. By Christian Metaphysics, we do *not* mean the sweet-smelling caves and unprophetic clergy of Christian churches, but the religion of the Logos as revealed in Christ and Sophia. And by Socialism we do *not* mean any particular system of organisation, dictatorial or anarchist, but a self-ordering of man, based on the nature of the individual and collective soul of mankind. We may say, perhaps, that these existing movements, the Teutonic desire to govern, the Churches' desire to govern and the Socialist desire to govern, are the first and negative attempts of the world's unconscious to order the world. But their character, being negative, is not only to conflict with each other, but equally to conflict with the universal purpose. What is needed is the positive of each of them, synthesised in a unity that reveals while it conceals their threefold diversity.

M. M. COSMOI.

# Caste To-Day.

**By Adam Scot.**

WRONG and retribution follow one another in a series of vicious circles. Centuries ago, thousands of miles away, the early Aryan conquerors of India introduced the Caste system to maintain themselves in power and their subjects in slavery. There, deep-rooted, it has remained to this day, practically unaltered in character. Centuries later, from thousands of miles away, caste returned in different guise to India. Again it came in the train of an Aryan invasion. In their turn the authors of caste themselves feel the power of another caste, that of the white man. These more recent Aryan conquerors are now paying their penalty, in the shape of the "white man's burden." Caste remains as it was, intolerant, exclusive, and impervious to the logic of fact, and unaltered and unalterable in its purpose. It is a racial epidemic of which the "divine right of kings" was merely a mild and local case.

But not only has the ancient caste returned to India in another form. It has spread like a noxious weed wherever civilisation has penetrated and has reached its most luxuriant and offensive development wherever civilisation and culture have attained their highest levels.

There were three classes of caste in the early Aryan system; those of the soldiers, the priests, and the merchants. In England to-day, rankest wherever civilisation is highest, these three castes still hold sway.

There are no classes in England so snobbishly exclusive, so dishonestly monopolist, so closely corporate, so cankered by caste as the military, clerical and learned professions, and none so vitiated by economic slavery as that of the capitalist.

Of the three that of the military profession has perhaps the worst history. From time immemorial the commissioned ranks of the Army and Navy have been most exclusively filled from the privileged classes. Not only were "rankers" as such debarred from commissions, except as quartermasters or in the rarest cases of distinction in the field, but the normal life of an officer was deliberately made so expensive that none save the privileged few could afford to serve their country, especially in the crack regiments of the Army. It took the greatest war in history to open the commissioned ranks of the Army, even temporarily, to leaders of men not born to the purple, and the removal of the immediate need for these men was the signal for their dismissal. Even when the need was at its greatest the "temporary" officers were debarred from equality of opportunity for service in the highest capacities. A search of the "Army List" of, say, March, 1918, will reveal very few "temporary" generals, apart from a few technical specialists, such as surgeons and engineers.

The ancient Aryan priests find their modern counterpart in the ranks of our clerical and learned professions. There again one finds, but to a lesser degree, the hall-mark of caste, exclusiveness. Not even the greatest need in history could open the ranks of the surgical profession to admit a bonesetter, admittedly capable of achieving results beyond the capacity of the profession, and of the utmost value alike to the State and to suffering humanity. He had not a degree; and he was in effect classed accordingly, despite his work, with the "quacks" and other pretenders to a share in the monopoly of curative skill.

A somewhat similar state of affairs exists in the Civil Service. There again the highest posts are reserved exclusively for those whose privilege it has been to receive a University education, another case of caste monopoly. The syllabus of the examination for higher grade posts has been so framed as to make it practically impossible for anyone not so privileged to compete with success. Not even proved capacity on the part of a lower grade Civil Servant to do the work of one of the higher grade will earn him promotion to that grade, except in the rarest cases. The utmost he can hope for is a post as a "Staff Officer" with a degree of authority and responsibility, and status, similar to that of an Army Quartermaster, and that only after long years of service. In fact by the time he reaches that rank and begins to approach the status of a higher grade official his vitality has been so sapped by years of service in a strictly subordinate capacity that he can safely be allowed near the sacred portals of the higher grade, like a eunuch in a harem.

In the Church, too, one finds the same class distinction. The bulk of the real work is done by underpaid curates, but the bishoprics and vicarages are occupied exclusively by men of money, birth and breeding. The Church, however, has its own justification. To him that hath shall be given.

The early Aryan merchant has been replaced by the capitalist of to-day. Less exclusive than his caste cousins (for money is the only shibboleth of his caste) he is not compelled by tradition to be so delicate or so subtle in his methods of keeping down the under dog. The means he adopts to this end are too well known to need comment. The strength of his position is evidenced by the fact that he has not yet found it necessary to close up his own ranks to any great extent to meet the attacks of Trade Unionism. Up to now the power of the long purse has overwhelmed that of the hardly gathered strike fund. Beyond this is the credit of the banks which he can command, but which the Trade Union cannot invoke. And yet capital is only the accumulated difference between the price and the value of labour. Truly the sins of omission on the part of the fathers of labour are being visited upon the sons even beyond the third and fourth generation.

The results of the caste system in England to-day are what they might be expected to be. The laws of cause and effect, at any rate, are just.

The Staffs of our Armies during the European war had the reputation of being the stupidest, slowest, most costly and least economical, alike in men, money and material, of all those engaged. Its field of selection had been limited within artificial bounds of caste, which proved to be too narrow. The old "regular" officers had themselves been drawn from a small class in the community and as the Staff increased in numbers it in turn was recruited almost exclusively from the ranks of these "regular" officers. Inbreeding in animals produces results similar to those obtained from this system of doubly limited selection.

Our Civil Service is seething with discontent and resentment, most acute in those departments which employ most men, against the administration by a restricted ruling class. Competent men, barred from posts for which they are qualified alike by long experience and ability, are kept in subordinate positions devilling for youngsters straight from the Universities, whose sole function for some considerable time is to initial and pass forward, for the signature of authority, work done by the men under them. This wasteful farce is justified as "training," but it is galling to the men who suffer untold humiliation at the hands of these youngsters and see them promoted to the posts which they themselves ought to fill. Small wonde that some of the lower grade men get into grooves and succumb to that atmosphere of routine and precedent and general detachment from the affairs of the outer world of business which has made the Home Civil Service a by-word for procrastination, circumlocution and wooden stupidity. On every hand there is evidence of failure to get fair value out of the man-power employed, largely through lack of equality of opportunity to undertake responsibility, and partly on account of the degrading results of the system. But the waste does not end there. Money is spent needlessly to provide unnecessary so-called "supervising" posts for the control of men whose irresponsible work neither needs nor justifies such supervision, simply to provide them with some sort of "prospects" and with artificial "avenues of promotion" to take the place of the natural

lines to the best posts in the service which are the barred monopoly of the heaven-sent administrators, the higher-grade supermen. Another result is the fact that the lowest classes in the services are working discontentedly in spite of substantial increases of wages, very largely on account of the heartless autocratic maladministration in the past, devoid of any spark of human sympathy or understanding; for caste and common humanity are mutually contradictory terms.

The condition of the Church to-day is another crying scandal, and for much the same reasons. It has lost its hold on the hearts of the people, who mostly shed their religion with their Sunday suits and practically forget it during the work of the week. For this state of affairs neither the clergy nor the laity can be held blameless. The higher grades of the priesthood, drawn far too exclusively from one class, have been too much concerned with the maintenance of the dignity and respectability of their caste and cloth to enter into the weekday life and the workaday interests of their people. Here again one can trace the baneful influence of a caste system, under which yet another monopolist class has neglected its duties and abused its privileges.

The state of affairs in the industrial and labour market needs little comment. Employers as a class have not hesitated to take full advantage of fluctuations in the supply and demand of labour to cheapen work, without reducing prices. Monopoly and ring prices have been exacted alike from the consumers and the actual producers. The capitalist caste have abused the questionable right which they claim to fix and control price, refusing to share their swollen profits either with the consumer on whom they batten or with the labour which they fleece and on which they depend in the long run for the production of their wares. At the first threat on the part of labour to attack that stronghold of their position, the alleged right to fix and control selling price, the capitalists pawned it to the Government, deeming it safer in their keeping until the danger was over; and to their everlasting discredit the general tax and price paying public, the employers of that Government, trembling before the threat of a miners' strike, of which they never noticed the effect when it did come, supported the capitalists and the Government and had not the discernment to discover the true inwardness of the dodge. If and when convenient that "right" will be redeemed from pledge, and the operation will be camouflaged as "decontrol of the coal industry." Thereafter any inquiry from the general public as to the present position of that elusive "right," whether in the hands of the Government or of the owners, will be countered with the old dodge of Box and Cox, an artifice that can be met only by simultaneous attack from both sides, consumers and actual producers, on both the partners in that nefarious firm.

One looks in vain for specific remedies for these evils. "Free" education of the masses has helped, but has been met, fairly enough, perhaps, by higher education on the part of the privileged classes which is as a rule beyond the means of the lower orders. Extension of the franchise has resulted, so far, merely in swelling the voting power of the principal political parties without appreciably altering the balance of power between them. The outlook of the Labour Party has been too narrow to attract the suffrage of many beyond the normal scope of the party itself, or to capture the whole of the working class vote. Socialism is at present, as Christianity and other great movements have been in the past, a dog with a bad name, and for the time being powerless to effect material improvement.

An open-eyed open-handed justice, which would provide for opportunity in proportion to ability and efficiency, irrespective of conditions of caste, as such, and in so far as they are extrinsic, is the only remedy for these evils, and the power that will bring it, or the means to obtain it, is not yet in sight.

Wrong and retribution still follow one another in a series of vicious circles.

# Readers and Writers.

SIR,—The reply of "R. H. C." to my letter in the NEW AGE (December 23) furnishes distinctly new and important material, from the negative point of view, respecting the bearing of Oxford's poetry upon the question of Shakespearean authorship. For the first time this issue has been moved from the realm of literary empiricism and placed upon a basis of measurable fact. As this is precisely what has long been wanted I am naturally anxious that the matter should be taken up seriously and thoroughly tested. The line, "Till weary of their wiles *ourselves we ease*" is quoted as a typical example of "de Vere's characteristic habit of inversion," and is contrasted with "Shakespeare's profound respect for the natural or spoken order of words. . . . Shakespeare would have written :—

"Till weary of their wiles *we ease ourselves.*"

Here, then, we have a clearly defined issue.

First, we notice that it is at the end of a rhymed line that Oxford's inversion occurs. In other positions he never inverts a reflexive clause; in this case the obvious purpose is to place the verb "ease" at the end of the line to rhyme with "please." Is this un-Shakespearean?

I have most carefully examined many thousands of Shakespeare's line terminations, rhymed and blank verse alike, and in the recognised Shakespeare work *I have not found a single example of a rhymed line ending in a reflexive pronoun*—single examples in the non-Shakespearean work of "Pericles" and "Timon" only serve to emphasise the Shakespeare rule.

Whenever the spoken order of words would have placed a reflexive pronoun at the end of the line, and so hampered the rhyme, Shakespeare invariably inverts the natural order. He does, that is, precisely what "R. H. C." charges against Oxford; he adapts his words to poetic form instead of adapting the form to natural rhythm.

De Vere has two such inversions in the 520 lines of his recognised work; in Shakespeare's "Venus" I have counted five such inversions in the 1,200 lines; in "Lucrece" 11 inversions in the 1,855 lines; in the "Sonnets" 13 clear inversions and two others modified in the 2,156 lines. In addition, there are two examples in the "Sonnets" of inversions at the *beginnings* of lines (S. 87 and 89); so that "Shakespeare" is, in this, more un-Shakespearean than Oxford.

*Venus* (st. 189) : "Two glasses where herself herself beheld."

*Lucrece* (st. 23) : "For himself he must himself forsake."

*Sonnet* 47 : "(The heart in love, with sighs himself doth smother."

From the figures I have given it will be seen that the proportion is fairly even throughout.

I have similarly examined the other forms of inversion employed by de Vere. Nearly all are due to the exigencies of rhyme, and all are adequately represented in the lyric work of Shakespeare: particularly in "Lucrece" and the "Sonnets." They are very unevenly distributed; but the general frequency is about equal in the two sets. Contrary to expectation, "Venus" has fewer in proportion than "Lucrece," and the "Sonnets" have most. The proportion in the de Vere poems is about that in "Lucrece." It is impossible to represent things adequately by quotations; but if the reader will devote an hour or two to the study specially of the Verb endings in the middle section of "Lucrece" (from st. 16 onwards) and count those verbs that are preceded by their Accusatives, he will probably come to feel that Oxford's habit of inversion has a value even for the positive side of the question.

I give but one example because of its interest from other points of view.

*Oxford* : "If care or skill could conquer vain desire,
Or Reason's reins *my strong affection stay.*"

*Lucrece* (st. 72) : "But nothing can *affection's course control,*
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed."

The whole conception, imagery, and workmanship are so similar that they might easily have been taken for two parts of one poem; and in this case the parallel is actually strengthened by a common inversion of the natural or spoken order of words.

"R. H. C.'s" objection to de Vere's expression "go, go, go," as being weaker than Shakespeare's "be gone," in the parallel passage, is due to the disadvantage of his having only my quotation by him at the time of writing. For Oxford's "go, go, go" occurs as part of a refrain of a type not uncommon in Shakespeare's songs. Moreover, in an earlier part of the play in which the parallel passage occurs (Two Gent.) there actually occurs the expression, "Go, go, be gone."

The natural directness and strength of Shakespeare's expression belong in a peculiar degree to his dramatic blank verse; and the contrast it presents to the inversions of his rhymed verse only emphasises the insufficiency of evidence resting upon literary style alone. Literary structure is subject to the influence of fashion; and in the work of several contemporary poets I find a larger proportion of inversions than in the de Vere and Shakespeare lyrics. It is of first importance, therefore, to get beneath verbal forms to underlying mental correspondences; and it is here that the de Vere case is specially strong. There is nothing rarer in poetry, or more indicative of mental constitution; and nothing more distinctive of "Shakespeare," than what Professor Courthope calls, in Edward de Vere, his "studied concinnity of style." No better example of how ideas all hang on to one another could be suggested than the poem on Women in the "Golden Treasury"; nor can I find in the whole of Elizabethan poetry another lyric which, if freed from the limitations of lyric, and presented as blank verse, as "R. H. C." has dealt with one of its lines, would have been more readily "accepted as Shakespeare's without a qualm."

J. THOMAS LOONEY.

* * *

The preceding letter from Mr. J. T. Looney, the author of "Shakespeare Identified" (Cecil Palmer, 21s. net), is in continuation of our pleasant controversy concerning his claim that Edward de Vere, the 17th Earl of Oxford, wrote the works of Shakespeare. For want of space I shall postpone to next week my conclusive reply, based on a thorough literary criticism of the art and artlessness of de Vere and Shakespeare respectively, and, for the present, confine myself to what can be disposed of in a margin. "Measurable fact" is all to my liking in the settlement of literary values, but I must forewarn Mr. Looney that the measurement of æsthetic values is not according to number. We shall need another canon than arithmetic to determine whether de Vere could have written a true Shakespearean line. Again, Mr. Looney must be cautioned against the over-zealousness of the advocate exemplified already in his comparison of Oxford at his poor best and most characteristic with Shakespeare at his most doubtful and least characteristic. I never suggested or intended to suggest that the Shakespearean line: "Till weary of their wiles we ease ourselves," could have appeared in rhymed verse. Our reflexive pronouns do not lend themselves to rhyme. I simply said that it was characteristic of Oxford to invert the natural order, and characteristic of Shakespeare to obey it, each, of course, when writing freely. The fact that Shakespeare, supposing him to be the author of Venus, Lucrece, and the Sonnets, inverted his reflexive pronouns for the sake of rhyme exactly as Oxford did, would only be relevant if either these were his characteristic work, or Oxford, like Shakespeare, had escaped from the necessity of inversion into the freedom of blank verse. But, as it is, the real comparison must be made between Oxford who was, I contend, only a rhymster (and a poor one), and Shakespeare, who was not only a superlative rhymster, inversions and all, but a master of blank verse without inversions. I do not intend, however, in my examination of Mr. Looney's case, to rest my defence on these present criticisms; I will not question the Shakespearean authorship of the rhymed verse, but accept them as within the Shakespearean canon; and, above all, I propose to leave aside, as incomparable with anything attributed to Oxford, the whole of the Shakespearean blank verse, in short, Shakespeare at his most Shakespearean. It will be more than sufficient for my purpose to compare the rhymed verse of Shakespeare with the rhymed verse of Oxford and to prove, by measurable fact, that the author of the one could not possibly have been the author of the other.

R. H. C.

# Our Generation.

THE Press attack upon psycho-analysis has at last begun; and where the "Pall Mall Gazette" leads we may expect no paper will fear to follow. It is true that Mr. Chesterton has been writing against psycho-analysis for several weeks in the "Daily Express"; but then he is a man, and not a machine, and it is when machinery is set a-going that, in this age, we feel something is about to happen. The surprising thing is that the Press has not scented danger in psycho-analysis ere this, for psycho-analysis is an agent of culture; in other words, it will change our conceptions, and far more fundamentally than the Darwinian theory, for instance, changed them; and that *anything* should happen except an increased circulation or a war is intolerable to the Press. Observe how much of its animus against psycho-analysis the "Pall Mall Gazette" derives from its dependence on the status quo. "The unwholesomeness of morbid introspection," it says, "has always been recognised by healthy-minded men and women, and we hope that parents and all who have the control of the young will set their faces sternly against experiments which, in the name of science, may ruin a generation." It must be said that a thing more hopeless than the hope of the "Pall Mall Gazette" does not exist. The world is in dangerous straits; its state has been brought about by our own generation, which has suffered tragically, and by those which preceded it; and the culture which moulded these generations, and the defects of which have led them into the greatest failure in the history of the world, the "Pall Mall Gazette" desires to perpetuate—and it asks what is to become of us if human knowledge and power are increased! Has it, before ordering the human race back to its immemorial treadmill, studied the theory which it condemns? Does it know anything more than Mr. Chesterton about psycho-analysis? The article does not reveal it; but, on the contrary, wherever it is explicit it is wrong. What motive, then, can the "Pall Mall Gazette" have for condemning psycho-analysis without apparently knowing anything about it? This is one of the problems of evil with which all pioneers of thought have had to wrestle. Something we do know about it. Part of all blind opposition to ideas is caused by the inertia of men who do not *want* to see the light, and part, as every propagandist of ideas knows, by some concealed interest. The character of great interests, however, is that without reflection they speak for one another. If one interest is threatened, all interests defend it. The "Pall Mall Gazette," except in so far as it is obscurantist, is not directly threatened by psycho-analysis, but the sway of the Roman Catholic Church and of the medical profession is. For the Church was the spiritual healer of men, the medical profession their earthly healer; and to both, therefore, it appears, falsely, to be advantageous to discourage a new competitor. As for the "Pall Mall Gazette," it is an interest; so is the Church; so is medicine. Voilà tout.

"Punch," which instead of dying daily sins weekly, accomplished in a cartoon published in its latest issue the miracle of adding infinitely to the infinity of its sin. An open boat is portrayed in a rough sea among rocks. The boat is called symbolically, "British Trade"; it

is loaded heavily with sacks containing wages, and a working man, sitting at the oars, strives vainly to row the craft into safe waters. He is represented as saying, "I don't like the idea, but I'm afraid I shall have to sacrifice some of this stuff if I'm to get through." This is the nectar of truth upon which the squires and commercial travellers of England get complacently intoxicated! The manufacture of such dope is spiritually contemptible. Whether the cartoonist fell through sycophancy or through ignorance matters only to himself; but if he does not know that the suggestion behind the cartoon is grotesquely false and despicable in its injustice, he has no right to express any opinion in public. The raison d'être of "Punch," however, is clear enough to those who are not its dupes. It exists to give the comfortable classes a good conscience, to keep them complacently blind lest they should at some agonising moment see the truth and be convicted of sin: a task which is at once mean and unnecessary: and meanness which is supererogatory is a matter for laughter among the lackeys of devils. "Punch" is the fly on the wheel of English obscurantism. But sometimes even a fly buzzes too loudly, and if "Punch" is not more adroit, its very patrons, blind though they are, will begin to see through it.

The indecision into which the financial scheme outlined in these pages has thrown the minds of some of its readers is significant spiritually as well as practically. The majority of these students are in what seems to be a unique state, though it is simply typical: they remain non-committal, neither deciding for nor against, although they have a good working knowledge of the subject. They grasp the theory, they admit its truth, but—they seem to be waiting for something outside themselves to *convince* them. In this country the process of conviction appears to be as follows: first, you explain your theory, then you get your auditor to admit that it is true, and *then* you convince him! Unfortunately conviction is in most cases outside the power of the propagandist. Intellectually, and this is the root of the matter, most men who read cannot stand on their own legs; they do not trust their own minds, and they will not positively accept a theory which their mind endorses unless they have the herd behind them. This failing was referred to by Matthew Arnold more than half a century ago in his essay on "The Function of Criticism." In this country, he said, "the pursuit of truth is really a social, practical, pleasurable affair, almost requiring a chairman, a secretary, and advertisements; with the excitement of a little resistance, an occasional scandal, to give the happy sense of difficulty overcome; but, in general, plenty of bustle and very little thought." And he quotes the saying of Goethe: "To act is so easy; to think is so hard!" In its attitude to intellectual things England remains what it was in Arnold's time. We are impressed not by ideas, but by movements. In other words, our dynamic thought is not individual, but ruled by the herd instinct.

The spiritual squalor of the Press surely touched bottom last Friday when the "Daily Graphic" printed on its bills, "Woman's Fall from Campanile: *Picture*" (the italics are mine). The relation between the Press and the public must already be entirely shameless when an appeal of such a kind can be made confidently in public. The fact is that the Press relies upon certain desires and appetites, generally asleep but easily roused, which all of us try to keep in reasonable subordination; and, by appealing to these, it makes the task of remaining human more and more difficult. There is hardly a newspaper poster, except those which indicate news, which would not appeal as infallibly to a cave man, if he could read, as it does to the presumably civilised inhabitants of London. And it is doubtful if the Press knows this, and if it does, whether it would consider it relevant.

EDWARD MOORE.

# Art.

NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB. The New English Art Club seems to be steadily declining, and the present exhibition is no exception to the rule in being worse than the last. It is chaotic in the extreme; some exhibitors evidently think, like Marinetti, that the value of a picture depends on its unusualness, and their works certainly outscream the careful studies from life which hang in such surprisingly large numbers on the same walls. There is indeed some good craftsmanship here, but it is uninspired; and the pictures which at first excite interest lack depth and technique. Only one exhibit can be found which is both well painted and well conceived. It is one of the smallest in the room and is quite without affectation or mistaken "mysticism," hence it can be easily overlooked in the general welter—"Summer Flowers" (88), by John Wheatley. It is a striking contrast to the big canvas, "Signs of the Zodiac" (74), by Alvaro Guevara. This is as bombastic and vulgar in design as a curtain for a third-rate provincial theatre in Italy; it consists of nudes on a romantic background, standing, lying, floating, or sitting in positions supposed to imitate the said signs. Is this all Señor Guevara can see in the Zodiac, and will he give us next year "The Letters of the Alphabet"? Of the two other paintings by the same artist, (113) is happily coloured, and so successfully arranged that it ranks as one of the best pictures present, but "Splits" (120) would be more in place as a circus poster. The most suggestive picture in the room is certainly "The Shepherds Amazed," by Gilbert Spencer; his work has that curiously intimate quality of mediæval art which is entirely suitable to the subject he has chosen. There are three drawings here worthy of attention—"Rhino" (24), by Rupert Lee, "White Swan" (173), by T. T. Baxter, and "Nude" (192), by E. Greenwood.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT SOCIETY. The Society this year has regained its old size but not its old quality. It has an air of exclusiveness, due perhaps to the absence of such former contributors as Roger Fry, Walter Sickert, and their followers. There are six oils by Augustus John; "A Glass of Wine" (49) shows to the full his spontaneity and gift of characterisation, and "Sir Archibald Sinclair, Bt." (52) is powerfully executed. Alvaro Guevara shows a portrait of "The Author of Modern Sculptures" (6), which scores heavily over the surrounding pictures by its solidarity and quaintness—so much so that the artist might almost be accused of Cubism. There are, of course, several of Strang's wax images much in evidence, notably "Lucien Pissara" (35); a great display of silk and lace by Sir John Lavery (17); and an array of evening dresses in morning mist by Ambrose McEvoy, of which (66) is the most notorious example. Any candid critic not of the fashionable world must own that more than half of the pictures shown might have been left unhung without great loss to the exhibition, even if they were awarded Second Medal at the Pittsburg International Exhibition, and he will undoubtedly find that the exhibits which give him the most pleasure are the "Works of an Unknown Victorian Artist" lent by Mr. Augustus John. Whether this is another of the Society's jokes or not is immaterial; whoever the artist was, or is, he has produced the six most interesting pictures in the show. These faded coloured drawings are as naïve as if done by a child and as well arranged as Persian manuscript paintings, as in (199). They are deliciously humorous and solemn, as in (197); and "A Rural Fête" (200) beats anything painted by Rousseau. "Portrait of the Rev. Rowland Hill and Highwaymen" (201) is so characteristic of the Victorians that we earnestly hope it is a genuine product of that greatly underrated era.

R. A. STEPHENS

# Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

IT must be ten years since Mr. Ashley Dukes published "European Dramatists," a book that Miss Storm Jameson does not mention. At that time the repertory theatre movement promised to be a means of reviving drama as an art, and it was, if I remember rightly, in a somewhat optimistic mood that Mr. Dukes indicated the cultural sources from which the drama could renew itself. The subsequent history of the repertory theatre movement has not fulfilled its promise; many of the works of the Continental dramatists have been performed (usually very badly), and the drama, as Miss Storm Jameson concludes after a survey of European drama from before Ibsen, is in a parlous condition. There is a very interesting chapter, or perhaps two chapters, to be added to Miss Storm Jameson's book; she says, truly enough, in her "Summary": "The truth is that there is no great drama because there are no great dramatists"; but why there are no great dramatists she does not inquire or explain. I suppose that during the last decade or generation we have all talked more of "greatness" in art than was ever talked in any corresponding period of time—but this same period is the period of the Little Theatre. The repertory theatre specialised in cheap (and sometimes nasty) production of what were called "masterpieces," usually because they were written by foreigners and had been censored somewhere. I begin to wonder whether our talk of greatness (and I have done a good deal of it myself) is only the cant of discontent—and discontent, in spite of the proverb, is not the soul of progress but of degeneration. Creation is the soul of progress, and we really are only what we make; if we only make a clamour ——?

Let us first consider the credentials of criticism, because Einstein's demonstration of relativity has restored subjectivism to philosophy, perhaps even solipsism. Miss Storm Jameson takes her stand with Nietzsche; she says, in a foreward: "It is impossible not to be struck by the uncanny aptness of his artistic discourse to the tendencies of modern drama. This is not the place for a dissertation on Nietzsche's æsthetic faith; it must suffice to recall that for him art was the glorifier of life, dramatic art as every other; bringing order out of disorder, interpreting and intensifying man's desire to master life. The artist, by virtue of his creative need, seeks in the universe a human significance. He stamps on it his conception of truth and interprets it for the rest of men, so that where before was confusion and dread of the unknown is order and the joy of having subdued life to the spirit of man. The artist's love of the beautiful is an expression of his creative will. 'The love of adjusting and reforming—a primeval love! We can only take cognisance of a world which we ourselves have made' ('Will to Power'). The facts of life are plain to all men; the work of the artist is to form a vision of life in which all these naked facts and truths can be given a meaning for humanity. He interprets, simplifies, and thereby inspires."

This is the doctrine of Sich Imponiren applied to æsthetics; it is, I believe, the spirit of religion, for although the religious man always imposes "the will of God," by some happy concurrence the will of God is always that with which his own will is in complete accord. In imposing God he imposes himself; Ibsen, in "Emperor and Galilean" (a play not mentioned by Miss Storm Jameson), played with this idea of a world-will with which we could identify ourselves, and against which we could do nothing. At the end, I remember, Julian declared: "The world-will has laid an ambush for me, Maximus"; and if ever an artist tried to impose himself, that artist was Julian. But the contrary doctrine which has arisen during the period surveyed by Miss Jameson is the scientific doctrine: "Adapt yourself": adaptation itself being, physiologically and in other respects, a process of creation and repair. The development of the flying buttress in Gothic architecture, for example, was not a simple "expression of the artist's creative will"; it proceeded by definite adaptation and response to definite stresses and strains, a fact which Mr. Morley Roberts, in his recent book, "Warfare in the Human Body," uses as an analogy for the evolution of the human heart. With the rise of the scientific doctrine (to say nothing of psychoanalysis) our whole conception of the artist's activity has been modified; it is impossible to regard him as this Divinely inspired re-maker and interpreter of reality, he is just a poor devil like ourselves, reacting to definite stimuli and stresses and strains in a peculiar manner. He is trying to "adapt himself" to reality by imaginative compensations for his own deficiencies; he achieves in the abstract what he has failed to achieve in the concrete. As Browning's "Bishop Blougram" said:—

> We want the same things, Shakespeare and myself,
> And what I want, I have; he, gifted more,
> Could fancy he too had it when he liked,
> But not so thoroughly that if fate allowed
> He would not have it also, in my sense.

I submit that the question which arises is: Has art outlived its usefulness? By the nature of the case it can only talk shorthand about reality, "interpreting and simplifying it" out of recognition. I dissent entirely from the assertion that to "interpret, and to simplify, is thereby to inspire"; it was a shrewder psychologist who said:—

> Read the text right, emancipate the world—
> The emancipated world enjoys itself
> With scarce a thank-you.

It is true that art selects, and exalts above all others, a set of values, in the main, emotional values; it "glorifies life" by not living it. Its reality is the reality of reverie, far on the way to insanity; and it ignores the most obvious aspect of reality, the practical wisdom of common people. To the artist, war (to take one example) is an opportunity for the exhibition of certain emotions appropriately expressed; but to those who fought in the last war, who had to "adapt themselves" to the horrors of life, it was simply a dirty job of which the less that was said the better. For most of the English, at any rate, the watchword was not Sich Imponiren, but "Stick it, Jerry." The exalted mood of man is not the mood of action; we do not live among generalities beautifully expressed, but literally from hand to mouth, in a complex of stresses and strains, of chemical, physical, and perhaps psychological stimuli (if only one knew what a psychological stimulus really was), and it is always the next step that is important in adaptation, and not the far-off meaning that may be discerned when "the whole has fallen into a shape."

It behoves us, I think, not to regard drama from some lofty pinnacle of art, but, at best, as a simple phenomenon of life. We may determine from its successes and failures the nature of the "compensations" that our generation needs; we may base upon our judgment, if we like, a railing criticism of the people of the period in which we live. But the fact that remains is that the emotional values expressed by the artist are not relevant to life; and this is not mere Philistinism, but classic art. For art, above all, has taught us the economy of means, the value of the mot juste, the modulated expression of emotion; "suit the action to the word, the word to the action," etc. And really, when we look at people, and see by their faces, as Stevenson said, that they "were never in love, or

* "Modern Drama In Europe." By Storm Jameson. (Collins. 10s. 6d. net.)

hate, or any other high passion," it would seem that drama had done its work and purged them not only of pity and terror, but of all extreme emotion. If the problem is, as Bishop Blougram stated it: "How we may lead a comfortable life," then the processes of civilisation and art are mutually opposed, and greatness in art is not to be expected from a people which has made life almost too easy to be lived, except in economics.

# Views and Reviews.

## GALL ON INSANITY.*

I WISH that I had space to deal in detail with the controversy that Gall's discoveries aroused in his lifetime, and subsequently; his controversy with Flourens (for the purpose of which he repeated all Flourens' experiments) is a classic of scientific controversy. But the details of it must be read in Dr. Hollander's book, as well as the subsequent references to Gall by most of the "authorities" on the subject, references which betray the fact that they have never read Gall's works, and are imperfectiy informed concerning the historical order of events. The prime value of Gall's work derives from the fact that he began with observation, not with theory; he did not ask himself where the "soul" or the "pneuma" had its seat, or where the various "faculties" of the psychologists were located. He asked himself: "What are the fundamental powers?" and turned to the observation of Nature for the answer. The inference that a more or less specialised power will have a more or less specialised organ, or location, cannot be resisted by anyone acquainted with physiology, or with the general phenomena of Nature. Structure and function are indissolubly allied; and that differentiation of function is accompanied by differentiation of structure is an inference that certainly cannot be resisted by those who have plotted out the brain in a mosaic of sensory and motor centres. Gall lays down the principle: "The inquiry into the contents and the operations of the mind must be conducted upon the same principles as a physical investigation—that is, on natural philosophy lines." Dr. Hollander tells us that "psychologists are only just starting to make this inquiry, and they have not got very far yet." Certainly not so far as Gall, the list of whose localisations covers nearly two pages of this book.

Dr. Hollander admits that Gall's terminology is frequently atrocious; he named powers "in the terms of their highest activity, and frequently of their abuse." Thus he called the "hoarding" instinct the instinct of "theft," the instinct of self-defence he called "murder," and so on. But he located "theft" at the superior anterior part of the temporal lobe, a localisation that Dr. Hollander supports by the citation of many cases. Gall modified this terminology later, but his modifications and explanations were ignored. There is no pretence that Gall was always right; Dr. Hollander says himself that "apparently Gall was wrong with his localisation of his colour centre," for example; nor is there any pretence that Gall's work was finished and final. He said himself: "I do not as yet know the functions of all the cerebral parts, consequently further discoveries have yet to be made. I have also more than once avowed that it is impossible for me to circumscribe exactly the extent of each centre, and have urged this consideration with those who believed that in removing such and such parts of the brain they would be enabled to learn its functions." But there can be no doubt that Gall demonstrated that the brain is not a single organ, but a multiplicity of organs; that the "mind" is not a simple unity, as Flourens taught, but "a whole by coalition." It must not be forgotten (although all his critics do forget it) that Gall sought to prove his localisations by clinical and pathological evidence; he was the first to recognise the lesion of aphasia, for example, and his localisation of the speech centre was made, first, by the observation of injuries and, second, by the observation of cases of apoplexy, accompanied by loss of articulate speech.

The practical importance of this theory of the localisation of mental functions in the brain cannot be overestimated. In education, in criminology, and in the treatment of insanity its importance is obvious; and on all these subjects Gall had something wise to say. The records of the treatment of the insane before Gall, and in his time, are sickening to read; one is never quite certain who was the more mad, the patient or his gaoler. Hack Tuke tells us, for example, that, in addition to whips and fetters, "chairs were employed, so constructed that all movement of the limbs was prevented, and others were devised to whirl round the patient at a furious speed in order to produce extreme vertigo and sickness." It was not until the decade 1790-1800 that Pinel in France and William Tuke in England abolished the use of fetters; Tuke, a Quaker, went further than the Frenchman and permitted no instrument of punishment. This treatment of the insane is, in my opinion, one of those historical facts that discredits the whole of philosophy and religion; the world was full of theories of the "soul," of the "nature of man," and here, in insanity, was one of the most fruitful fields of inquiry. As Boris Sidis says: "We cannot possibly learn about the nature of a process unless we disturb it artificially, or unless we try to study cases in which we can find the process in different stages or degrees of perturbation; here one factor is missing, there another is exaggerated, and so on." The facts of insanity, idiocy, imbecility, were there refuting the metaphysical psychologists in all ages, but they were ignored; and the patients were treated worse than the criminals of their own time. I say nothing of "common humanity" in this connection, as most, if not all, of these institutions were works of Christian charity. But the fact that the brain is the organ of the mind, and that many forms of insanity are localised affections of the brain, opened a prospect of cure for many cases—a prospect which has not yet been adequately explored. The possibility of beneficial surgical interference rests entirely on the theory of the localisation of mental functions; and Dr. Hollander's practice abounds with examples. How complete the change of attitude towards insanity was may best be indicated by a quotation from a contemporary of Gall. J. C. A. Heinroth, in his text-book, "Lehrbuch der Störungen des Seelenlebens," published in 1818, explained: "Whatever one may say, there is no mental disease, except where there is complete defection from God. Where God is, there is strength, light, love, and life; where Satan is, weakness, darkness, hatred, and destruction everywhere. An evil spirit abides, therefore, in the mentally deranged: they are the truly possessed. It is nó more absurd to hold that the insane are the children of the devil than that the righteous are the children of God. In short, we find the essence of mental disease in the partnership of the human soul with the evil principle—and not merely in partnership, but rather in its entire subjection to the latter. This is the complete explanation of the lack of freedom or unreason in which all the mentally disturbed are involved." I know of no more complete demonstration than this of the absurdity to which theological reasoning applied to matters of fact may lead; and it is to the everlasting credit of experimental science that it excludes God, or good and evil, from the field of proximate causes. Compare the passage with Gall's statement, and the contrast is obvious: "Mental disorders are simply a derangement of the functions of the brain, in the same manner as other diseases are merely a derangement of the functions of other parts of the body. An individual may be affected with alienation, whatever be the form

* "In Search of the Soul, and the Mechanism of Thought, Emotion, and Conduct." By Bernard Hollander, M.D. (2 vols. £2 2s. net. Kegan Paul.)

of the brain, just as anyone, with the best constitution, may become sick. However, in such persons in whom a certain configuration indicates certain very active faculties, it is possible that these form the subject of delusions, should the person have become insane; and that is as far as we can go." This was in reply to Pinel's absurd idea of measuring "the size of heads to determine whether or not a form of head existed from which a disposition to insanity can be adduced"; but it obviously differs, by the whole of civilisation, from Heinroth's simple "league with the Devil" etiology of insanity. Such a theory not only does not explain the facts, but it interdicts inquiry—as religion seems to have done throughout recorded history. Gall, of course, was denounced as a "Materialist" (which he was not), but the "Spiritualist" absurdity of Heinroth could commend itself to no sane man.

A. E. R.

# Reviews.

**The Rescue.** By Joseph Conrad. (Dent. 9s. net.)

We conclude this book with a sense of disappointment. It has all Mr. Conrad's enchantment; the man and the brig, the scenery and the weather still retain their uncanny power in his hands—and we have formed a very clear picture, probably quite inaccurate, of the lagoon wherein so much of the action passes. But the sense of mystery has become in this novel a mere verbal trickery; "come soon—lest what perhaps is written should come to pass. The brig shot ahead. 'What?' yelled Lingard in a puzzled tone, 'what's written?' He listened. And floating over the water came faintly the words: 'No one knows!'" The insincerity of such a passage is obvious, and it derives, we think, from the fact that the psychological habit is growing on him and threatens to overwhelm his sense of romance with an interest in abnormal states of mind. He is in two minds practically throughout this book after the first section; his Captain Lingard, for example, is supposed to be a simple, passionate, straightforward man of action, but he spends most of his time musing in this book—but what he muses is never revealed to us. He is supposed to have put all his eggs in one basket, the organisation of civil war among the Malays for the purpose of restoring his friend to his throne; the whole man—body, soul, and spirit—is committed to the venture—and he falls in love with a society lady who, with her husband and another, is wrecked just in the place and at the time that the political proceedings are to begin. The problem really becomes one of internal conflict, which Mr. Conrad handles only as an observer. He tells us what Lingard did, what Lingard failed to do because he was musing at the moment—but what the man was thinking, or why he was thinking it, is never clear. Nor, on the other hand, are we compensated by a treatment of the love affair in the romantic convention; it seems as though Mr. Conrad were determined to project a character in the grip of two passions of equal strength, the conflict between them reducing him to inaction and a state of reverie. But Mr. Conrad's peculiar gift of aloofness in spirit from his characters, coupled with the literary skill that enables him to make a secret of quite ordinary events, prevents us from being illuminated by a conflict that is kept in the region of the subconscious, and we are bewildered at every turn because we are kept in as much ignorance of the real state of mind of Lingard and his lover as they are. Nor is the conflict resolved at the end; apparently she wanted to throw in her lot with him in his political venture, but it was for her sake that he forsook his Malay friends, and when all his fortune, all the labour of years, had gone up in smoke he said good-bye to her on the sandbank, and steered north as she steered south. Apparently he was not a broken but an emptied man, deprived of love and ambition at one swoop—and we do not know why. Mr. Conrad tries, but fails, to preserve the sense of mystery in this dénouement; he wants us to believe that it was Fate, or some such thing; but it was Mr. Conrad who kept us in the dark. He set his stage and played out his play with the intention of preserving the incomprehensibility of his characters; he never let us go behind the scenes to see what really moved them, nor did he permit us to see anything more of his characters than their shadows. It is really the technique of the legend; he could write a "Flying Dutchman" story to perfection; his creatures are naturally wraiths who are pretending to be common human nature, but do not respond to any of the common promptings of human nature. Mr. Conrad, supposed to be a romantic, is really specialising in the psychology of failure; and the sooner he realises the fact the sooner will his style become not only mysterious but significant.

**The Joy of Education.** By William Platt. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)
**A Second Book of School Celebrations.** By Dr. F. H. Hayward. (P. S. King and Son. 5s. net.)
**The Classroom Republic.** By A. E. Craddock. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)
**The Child Vision.** By Dorothy Tudor Owen. (Manchester Univer. Press. 6s. 6d. net.)
**Hands Off the Schools.** (National Education Association. 6d.)

The elementary school is becoming, through the joint activities of the Welfare Committees and the Labour Exchanges, more and more the preparatory department to the factory. It is therefore necessary untiringly to repeat that the business of education is the culture of loyalty to civic and social principles, not of dumb acquiescence in the discipline of any industrial system.

"The Joy of Education" (*sic* in sincerity) describes such a worthy effort in the work (the truer word would be "play") of Mr. Platt's own private school. The author has found his proper niche, his school has every advantage (it has an open-air swimming bath where mixed bathing is the rule), and there seems to be no reason why he should not attain his ends, every reason why he should find joy in doing so. An earlier review has said all that is needful of Dr. Hayward's "Celebration Scheme." We can imagine no other result from these mixed dishes of symbol, music and recitation but mental indigestion. Dr. Hayward gives the whole pedantic letter, only the spirit is wanting.

The case for self-government in schools stands proved; it begins its business of making men fit for democracy with the child. Where experiments have failed we must think the teacher has been at fault: either he misunderstands the term (the prefect system is not self-government), or he has not trusted his boys sufficiently. If for no other reason than this that by the granting of a charter of self-government to a class the teacher is relieved of the burden of routine which absorbs so much of his time and energy, especially with the large classes of elementary schools, the method would be of great worth. Mr. Craddock's book describes his own successful experiment with convincing detail.

"Hands Off the Schools!" reports a London meeting "to protest against Mr. Fisher's proposals of March, 1920, attended by all the 'Progressive Educationists'" (the N.U.T. was not represented), among whom was the ever righteously indignant Dr. Clifford. The report is a réchauffé of the 1902 controversy.

Miss Owen's "Child Vision" is a painstaking inquiry into a method of teaching composition based on the child's power of imagery. The book is a thesis presented for an Education degree, and has the usual thetic characteristics. It is pleasing to know that, though it treats composition as an art, lays no stress on punctuation, correct spelling and capital letters, and looks upon English as a mother and not a mummied tongue, it found favour with the authorities.

# Pastiche.

## THE MISSEL-THRUSH.

Each purple eve he stands, a speckled heap,
And sings his prayers before he goes to sleep.
Last night the moon had flung around his head
Her silver noose before he went to bed.

There is a woman wan against a pane
Who drinks of anguish night by night again,
Yet locks her lips to listen to his song
Lest morrow be too late and death too long.

There is a man unbends his wrinkled bones
And drives a plough home o'er the jingling stones
Among the paling flocks and twilight herds. . . .
There is a fool would snare long-captive words.

For this and that a speckled heap he stands,
And sings to her who touches Death's white hands . . .
To that old man who ploughs where she shall be . . .
To God . . . and to one other . . . and to me.

A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE.

## THE MODERNISTS.

Here sit the chosen few;
  They hold the key
To all that is,
  And all that yet shall be;
And with their little scalpels they dissect
  The lifeless form they miscall symmetry;
All Art is one—why then divorce
  The interwoven strands of life and death?
Humour, and Farce, and Classic Grace,
  Exotic Song and Jazz Band Melody?
The gaudy parrot on his perch shall mock
  The Profiteering Jew at his high tea;
The mongrel hunt with fearful zest,
  In vain, the tantalising flea;
And modern humour shall enhance
  Gethsemane.
Shakespeare, and Keats, Swinburne, and Poe,
  Forgot this rule,
And beauty passed them by;
  They did not know
The Modern School.

PERCY ALLOTT.

## HOPE.

Hope sat upon a bank and smiled
  Though rain filled all the air,
She was a ragged gipsy child,
  Her legs were brown and bare.

She played upon a pipe that she
  Had from a willow made,
But winds, a-roaring lustily,
  Took every note she played.

She sang a song; my spirit heard
  Of that sweet song each sound,
Though storm among the tree-tops stirred
  And rain beat on the ground.

Clouds broke, the sun all sudden flung
  Her rainbow o'er the sky.
Larks took the notes that Hope had sung
  And trilled in ecstasy.

The trees stood all empearled with rain,
  The grass bediamonded,
I turned to hear that song again—
  The gipsy maid had fled.

But there above the bank, where she
  Had sat in rags arrayed,
A thrush took for his minstrelsy
  The song that Hope had made.

D. R. GUTTERY.

## THE BEGGAR.

I can be kind!
I—
For whom no brand is lighted, no board spread,
Who in November rains have stood,
Craving,
Beyond the door; and, when at eve
The bolts are shot
Have prowled, a shadow, in the night.

The ploughman's hire
Builds him a shelter, the old dog
Creeps to the hearth; but for the vagabond
Singing the little songs of love?

At fall o' day
The housewife draws her curtain lest I peer
Through the red pane!
Good gold for songs?
Who toils not, neither shall he eat. . . . .

I, who have lacked—
Knowing the needs of men,
I can be kind.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

## SIN.

He dares to say he never sinned,
That hollow, inquisitive wind:

Why yesterday I saw him blow
Where other knaves have fear to go,

And all the time a-tearing down
My costly filigrees of brown;

He tapped the bells to jingle chimes,
Adown the long arcade of limes.

I saw him turn the grass to weed
And puff a flower to dust and seed,

And sweep the sky of all its blue,
A most unseemly thing to do,

With busy hands and curious eyes
To bare all earth's fair secrecies;

Urging at last his clouds to rain
Against my trembling window-pane,

And drop upon the sill a pool
Of tears, poor penitential fool.

. . . . . .

Ah, dare not say you never sinned,
Mad, inconsequential wind!

EGERTON CLARKE.

## THE DESERT LOVES.

Phillis went into the wildernesses
Where are no apples nor watercresses,
She lookt for God in the stones and boulders
And saw but Corydon's head and shoulders.

Corydon went by the rocky passes
Where are no sheep for the lack of grasses,
And saw her face in the desert blossom,
And her gray gown folded over her bosom.

Now since in rocky and ashy places
They found these many and loving graces,
God send there arose no sandy smother
To make the innocents miss each other.

RUTH PITTER.

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