

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. GREENWOOD'S Committee has concluded its momentous labours on the problem of Unemployment and the result will be presented to the special Conference that meets to-day. Of the main recommendations of the Committee, there is not one that will not raise prices by the simple operation of increasing the amount of spending power without concurrently increasing the amount of goods, with the ultimate consequence that the very evil of Unemployment against which they are misdirected will be intensified. Our wonder never ceases that so few people (including, we are disappointed to learn, some of our own readers) are able to follow the elementary chain of reasoning that establishes the foregoing conclusion. If prices are fixed, as everybody says they are, by the relation between the quantity of Money at market and the quantity of purchasable Goods in the market, then a course of higher mathematics is scarcely necessary to the deduction that an issue of Money by the Banks or by the Government, unless it *immediately* results in a proportionate increase in the amount of purchasable Goods, will have the effect of raising the price of the purchasable Goods already in the market. Applying this to the main recommendations of Mr. Greenwood's Committee, what do we find? The first advocates the extension of credits (or Money) to impoverished foreign countries to enable them to come and buy in our market: in other words, it increases the quantity of Money at market in this country without increasing the quantity of goods available for purchase here in England. The second recommendation is for the issue of credit (or Money) by Government and local authorities for the provision of "work" for the unemployed in making roads and reclaiming foreshores. As nobody can eat roads or wear a suit of reclaimed foreshores, the effect of this measure would again be to increase the quantity of money at market without increasing the available quantity of consumable or purchasable Goods; in short, to raise the cost of living. And the third recommendation is like unto the other two, only rather more so; since "Maintenance for the unemployed" involves the distribution of Money without even the pretence that the quantity of purchasable Goods will be thereby increased immediately or ever; and its effect is, therefore, equivalent to a successful act of wholesale forgery. We are not saying, it must

be understood, that none of these recommendations deserves to be carried out. On the contrary, we agree with all of them. Our argument is that if they are carried out *without* simultaneously counteracting their effect upon prices, they will be worse than useless.

* * *

With the nominal object of reducing costs of production, a philosophic propaganda is being directed to reducing the item of Wages; and quite a number of short-sighted manufacturers have enthusiastically engaged themselves in it, without having considered the effect of their success upon their market. To dispose of a minor consideration, why, we may ask, should Wages be reduced before Prices, when it is within the recollection of everybody that Prices rose before Wages? But if Prices rose in advance of Wages, then Prices clearly did not rise in consequence of the rise in Wages, but independently; and it would appear to follow that since Prices and Wages could move independently of each other on that occasion, they can do the same again: in other words, a fall in Wages would not necessarily have the effect of bringing down Prices; and, in fact, we have good reasons for denying that it would. The more important consideration, however, may be stated as follows. Manufacturers produce for an effective market, that is to say, upon an estimate of the spending-power available for the purchase of their output. Now Wages in general represent the amount of spending-power distributed weekly to the 30 millions or so of our working-class population. In other words, the effective home market for our manufacturers of consumable commodities is roughly equal to the aggregate wages bill. Our manufacturers complain that they are suffering from a shortage of demand, and they propose to reduce costs in the expectation of being able thereby to reduce selling price and in the further hope that the effective demand will be stimulated by this means. But if at the same time that they reduce prices (even assuming that this is possible) they reduce the effective demand by reducing Wages, how will the reduced Wages be able to stimulate the demand for more Goods? The proposal appears to be extraordinarily like accelerated suicide on the part of our manufacturers. Suffering from a shortage of effective demand due, they tell us, to the impoverishment of the foreign market, their remedy is to impoverish their only remaining market, namely, the home market, by reducing Wages. We have only to suppose that they succeed beyond Mr. Brunner's wildest dreams and *reduce Wages to nothing*, to realise that every reduction of

Wages results in a contraction of effective demand, until at last there is absolutely no effective demand left.

Unemployment, unfortunately, is a fact that will not yield to fallacies however plausible; and we have no doubt whatever that its dimensions will continue to increase until the right means are taken to deal with it. The current fall in the price-level of certain articles is a purely temporary phenomenon, due to obvious and special causes, and we should advise our readers to take every possible private advantage of it, but to beware of regarding it as of public significance. For the general level of Prices, on the contrary, is certain to begin to rise again before very long, and unemployment with it, with the result that far from considering the present general depression as the culmination of the post-war period, we shall find, months and years hence, that it is only the beginning of it. It is commonly agreed that the only two means of setting our factories to work again (setting them, that is, to the development of their Real Credit) are to reduce prices or to raise wages. Either, by itself, would result in increasing effective demand. But, as things are, and under the prevalent mistaken method of allowing Prices to fix themselves in the mechanical ratio of Money to Goods, it is impossible to reduce prices without previously simultaneously or immediately reducing wages, thereby cancelling the effect of reducing prices; and it is equally impossible to raise wages without raising prices, thereby again defeating the presumed intention of our operation. It ought to be clear, in fact, to everybody who concerns himself with the problem, that even the beginnings of a solution must follow one of these two lines: reducing prices *without* reducing wages; or raising wages *without* raising prices; and that the perfect solution would be to reduce prices and raise wages (or income) simultaneously. But is such a procedure possible? Can prices be reduced and wages increased at one and the same time? We affirm that it is possible, provided that the present mechanical method of regulating prices to the advantage of nobody but a small handful of financiers be exchanged for the intelligent method of regulating prices by the relation between Consumption and Production. That we have not succeeded in making the demonstration simple enough to be understood by everybody is a national misfortune. The truth is nevertheless contained in it; and it will ultimately be realised or the nation will perish.

There is a good deal of wilful misunderstanding about, however; and we cannot profess, any more than the Catholics, to be able to deal with the "invincibly ignorant." Let us take the case of a man like Sir Josiah Stamp, for instance, whose statistics were employed by the "Times" last week to propagate the invincible ignorance that as a nation "we are much poorer than we were before the war." In the current issue of the "Times" Engineering Supplement the report happens to be published of a comparative inquiry into our present and pre-war wealth as embodied in the means of production; and the result of this Inquiry is given in the following words: "After making allowance for all deterioration that has occurred, none of the firms reports that it has less plant than it had before the war, while four-fifths of them state that they have more, in some cases up to four times as much." Mr. Edgar Crammond, the Managing Director of the British Shareholders Trust, in a speech last week, confirmed from his expert knowledge the conclusion arrived at by the "Times" intelligence department. "Our industries," he said, "had enormously developed on the lines of standardisation and mass production, and the productive capacity of Great Britain was now at least 50 per cent. above the pre-war standard." These statements do not depend for their weight upon our testimony. We should be inclined, indeed, to

reckon the increment of real Credit at a considerably larger figure than 50 per cent. They are the conservative statements of orthodox experts; and they should serve to restrict the currency of the lie that the war has left us a poor country.

It is a pity that Mr. Tom Mann is retiring from active participation in the Labour movement; for he appears, from his recent speech at Plymouth, to be capable of taking a long view. We might safely look forward in the very near future, he said, to such an extension of man's control over nature's forces that "human toil would be comparatively unnecessary"; and the "Daily Herald," with a grotesque sense of the appropriate, entitled its report of Mr. Mann's speech: "When Toil is No More." While the outlook, however, cannot fail to be stimulating to the imagination of men who would be free of Adam's curse and Paul's detestable doctrine that he that will not work neither shall he eat—it must, we imagine, be positively alarming to the servile members of the Labour movement. What, no work! Purchasing-power for Nothing! No further possible abuse of the "idle rich" or objection "on principle" to our proposal to distribute dividends freely to every citizen! Without anticipating what is undoubtedly possible, and in a much nearer future than most people dream, it ought to be plain that the days of wage-labour are numbered, and that the process of transferring the masses of the community from the system of Payment for individual work to a universal system of Dividends on socially accomplished production should be deliberately begun. Even the "Times" Inquiry, already referred to, states that the increment of 50 per cent. of plant (or power) has not increased the number of workers in demand. Potential output, in other words, has increased without the addition of human "toil." Multiply this 50 per cent. by a figure well within the margin of the possible, and it will be seen that society has at its command an ever-increasing capacity for output with the prospect, under the existing arrangements, of an ever increasing incapacity of the mass of its citizens to "earn" the means of consuming it. Taking up Mr. Mann's prophetic robes, we can safely look forward in the very near future to such a transfer of work from men to the Sun, from "toil" to solar energy, that of the 30 odd million of our people who now live by doing work for wages, only a small fraction will be "wanted"; and if Labour is going to insist that only those who work shall eat, the curse of Adam will be nothing to the curse of Lansbury.

Four of the six months which the Coalowners and Miners were given in which to find a mutually satisfactory settlement of their differences have been spent without visible results; and from the little news that is allowed to leak from the "secret diplomacy" of Mr. Hodges and his colleagues, nothing satisfactory to either party, still less to both, is likely to come of it. The agreement to increase output immediately has indeed been kept, and so well that the miners are now being laid off, owing to over-production, or, shall we say, under-consumption; but the more important object of the discussion, namely, a national agreement as regards wages and profits, is as far away as ever from accomplishment. There is not the least to wonder at in this interim conclusion or, rather, inconclusiveness; nor will the result, we believe, be altered by the discussions of the remaining two months. A definite impasse has been reached; and there is no other outlet than a return by one of the three tracks that led to it. Either, that is to say, profits must be reduced to admit of the continuance of the present wages and prices, or wages must be reduced or prices raised. Once grant that the selling price of "output" is the sole fund for distribution, and the simplest arithmetic is sufficient to prove that the share of both the owners and workers

can only be maintained or increased by the maintenance or increase of the selling price to the public. And if, owing to the decline in the price of exported coal, the total fund available for distribution is less by the amount of that decline, the absolute necessity for the reduction of profits or wages or a considerable rise in the selling price of inland coal is manifest. How the Miners are going to circumvent the laws of arithmetic we do not know. It is probable that the owners will not consent to a reduction of profits, since they have the power to refuse. And this will leave the Miners in their usual strategic position of having to raise prices in order to maintain their wages.

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The Manifesto of two of the three Railway Unions in reply to the challenge of the Railway Report would have been well up to date about ten years ago; but to-day it is already obsolete. There is no reasonable possibility of the Nationalisation of the Railways within a period measurable by human lives; and equally, we are certain, it will prove to be impossible to persuade the men to strike on the issue of sending a few Mr. Thomases to "serve" on the railway directorates. The rank and file, we know from the private conversation of their leaders, are fools, but even the rank and file cannot be fooled all the time. And the question is being everywhere asked among them what advantage they can expect from having a few "representatives" on the railway directorate, when all that Labour has obtained from the representation of Labour in Parliament has been the most menacing state of unemployment ever known in this country. It may seem strange that professing Guildsmen should deprecate the attempt of the Railway Unions to obtain a "share in the control" of their industry by representation on the administrative committees of management; but it will appear less strange when the distinction between the credit-control and the administrative control of an industry is grasped. Administrative control is concerned with technical ways and means; but the financial control is that which determines the policy to be administered. Let us ask what would be likely to occur if a few Mr. Thomases were on a railway directorate, all of whom, with the exception of the Labour representatives, were shareholders in the financial capital of the concern. Labour's representatives would be discrete elements without an equal title with their colleagues to spend so much as a single penny; the latter would exercise alone and exclusively the controlling power of the purse. The Scheme we have proposed for the Miners might, however, be adapted to the conditions of the Railwaymen with comparatively immediate effects upon all the matters now in contention. The Union would obtain representation not only, if it so desired, on the administrative committees, but on the supreme financial management that pays the piper; and it would do so by the simple straightforward means of capitalising its share of the Credit of the industry.

* * *

We doubt whether the following passage from a "Daily News" leader of last Tuesday expresses any large body of opinion in the British Commonwealth. "At the present moment," we are told, "there is one thing that very much needs saying, preferably by the Prime Minister himself. It is that if the United States is bent on having the biggest navy in the world, and considers she has the money to lavish on it, Great Britain will strain no nerve to rob her of her primacy. Our naval policy is based on provision against all reasonable contingencies. A war with America is not a reasonable contingency. . . . If America thinks she needs more ships to meet her special requirements than we need to meet ours, well and good. That is her affair, not ours." In practice this doctrine is likely as break down as any other policy founded upon weakness. For the relative combatant strengths of rival commercial nations are not determined by sentiment, but by grim

facts of which unemployment is one of the chief; and when America is driven by her home situation to look for "a permanent outlet abroad for her surplus production," and proposes to "become a maritime people" with the "biggest navy in the world" to expedite her search, the alternatives before Great Britain are not the amiable surrender of naval primacy with a continuance of world-trade dependent on America's goodwill—or something else; but surrender of naval and commercial supremacy—or something else. In spite of the amenities of the Pilgrim dinner last week, American Admiral Niblack did not omit to mention the fact.

World Affairs.

THE sombre fact that no other man than Lord Reading has been found by the heart of England to be worthy and appropriate to become the Viceroy of India is one of world-importance. This fact is of greater reality than may appear at first; for the essential discrepancy between the human heart of England and the brain of Albion, the evolutionary and trans-historical brain of Albion, is here revealed in its entirety and its terrible force. This fact, that a man of non-Aryan blood, a Semite, has been chosen to represent the throne of an Aryan and Christian dynasty in an Imperial dependency which, though far from being exclusively Aryan as to its human content in a purely racial sense, is essentially and sacredly Aryan by the impress of the Aryan founders of its civilisation,—this fact is an example of the mischievous and evil work of the Second Dominant of which we have spoken; that is, of Destiny. It is Destiny which obstructs both the Providence of God and the Free Will of mankind, though being their antithesis and complement, it makes their action justifiable. The awful presence of Destiny, indeed, is the factor which makes their action possible. Destiny, the terrible dominant, is at its work in the great continental Imperium of Aryan Man, in Russia; and its dark sway is actually confounding the heart and the brain of England, Aryan Man's equally great oceanic Imperium. At this particular moment, when the whole function of White mankind in the world, its organising and shaping function, is endangered more than it has ever been, and, may be, more than it ever will be, by the dubious rise of Japan as a world-power, and by the collision of the Far Eastern and African blocks of humanity with the Aryandom of America and ultimately with the whole of Western civilisation—a collision which the insanity of mankind invokes and demands from insane and all-mighty Destiny—at this moment the collapse of Russia and the madness of England, the prostration of England before her own body Albion, are the problems of central significance for Aryan and, therefore, for pan-human conscience. For every new dispensation includes, fulfils, supersedes the dispensations previous to itself. New stages in Universal Evolution include and fulfil their own ancestral stages. It is, therefore, Aryan humanity, the First Truly Born, which must lead the world. The first truly born race of Man has been called by God to bring self-consciousness into the kingdom, and this duty none of the nations of the Northern stock may disobey.

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Just as every race, and nation, and tribe in the world has a double aspect, organic and dis-organic in relation to the world, Britain, as we have indicated, has also a double aspect; only that in the abstruse and central case of Britain the twofoldness and polarity of this aspect is more profound and real than in the case of any other race or nation in the world. England is the soul of Albion, and is an historical or truly human group-spirit. Albion is the body of England; must be considered to be so; and this great and imperial Body is a creation of necessity, of chance, of sin, of destiny; a body of the earth; more than historical in its weight and importance, supra-human, and material. It is

a material and bestial body. It is stronger than human love and reason. For power, power is the foundation of existence in the material and incarnated world; upon the body of power, upon the negative aspect of love, that is, not upon providence and love, which are the positive and real bases of existence, every manifestation of spirit, every action of God, and Man, must be based. Albion, therefore, must be the basis of power and manifestation for England, just as every Imperium must be grounded in the materiality and brutality of force. The human organism is the symbol and proof that even the holy kingdom of the soul possesses an empire and a manifestation based upon evil and upon force; modern Nippon is the body of the Yamato Spirit, a majestic human group-spirit; Holy Russia was the Albion of another glorious group-spirit of humanity. For within the greatness of life there is place for evil and force as there is for love and weakness. The law is, however, that evil, force, matter, limitation, self-existence are instrumental only, negative values; while love, unity, universality are values in the absolute and positive sense. There is therefore a limit to the consecration and sanction of power. Albion must be the instrument of England, her body and materiality, in the sense in which the body of a human spirit is its materiality, its physical basis and vehicle. Albion, as we have defined the giant and the emanation, is a Vehicle of Universal Evolution; a vehicle of that divine Imperium which is England and which contained and contains the wealth of the English language; and in which the character of Englishmen was given to the Race. While England is historical and also evolutionary in her mission in the world, Albion is evolutionary, supremely evolutionary, deep, indefinable, but not historical. Albion is cosmopolitan, commercial, international, neutral, but not European, not Aryan. Not being Aryan and solar, however, while it ought to be so, Albion the body is also not a Christian, a baptised, a human, a pure human racial body.

The tragedy of the prostration of England, of the absorption, that is, of Nordic, European, Aryan England by her own body is the greatest calamity of the human race to-day. The catharsis of the British people to-day consists in the grave and fateful choice which it must now make between the service it owes to the history of humanity as a kingdom and its service to mankind as an anthropogenetic stage of planetary evolution. This catharsis, however, is grave chiefly because of the criminal absence of the free will of the conscious leaders of the British nation in the constellation of the dominants which determine the fateful moment; for though Destiny is present and entirely murderous as it ought to be, Providence also is present and minimises the sloth and sin of men and the activity and evil omnipotence of Destiny. The hesitation and the choice, however, ought to be short. The evolutionary mission of England, the creation of the basic language of future evolution and of the present language of Columbia, this creation is completed. The future essential development of the English speech will not take place in England. One creation is created once. The temper and character of the English race, the perfection of human normality in our dispensation, is also an accomplished contribution to Man, and not further perfectible. The whole duty of England, therefore, must be from now onwards historic and conscious creation; for the over-doing of proper functions in the racial organism of the world is equally mortally dangerous both to Humanity as a whole and to the particular racial organ of Humanity which thus over-reaches itself. The clumsy and maniacal fear of Albion, in other words, the bad and ugly fear of Albion lest she become too Aryan, too European, too Christian, too organically and properly human, i.e., *pan-human*, this unworthy and humiliating fear is the cause of the great cunning,

of the sinister treachery of the Empire of Albion and its rulers which impel England to send a Jewish Viceroy to govern Bharata Varsha in the name of Europe and Christendom. To this betrayal by England of her own majesty and mission we shall return.

M. M. COSMOS.

Our Generation.

THE same issue of the "Daily Graphic" which contained a "picture" of the late Countess de Rebeira Grande falling to her death from the tower of Westminster Cathedral, contained as well an "exposure" of psycho-analysis. When a paper smashes all the panes in its glass house so thoroughly as this it is supererogatory to cast a stone from outside—there is no target left! But we forget the unique quality of modern glass: it can be seen through—oh, so easily—but it remains nevertheless impenetrable. Nietzsche said that the thinker must sometimes wash in dirty water to keep himself clean; and, to change the metaphor in its honour, the Press appears to be the seventh wonder of the world in philosophy; the only thing that can make it look dirty is the application of a little clean water. Let us try and give its face a wash and reveal its true expression. What can be more clear at the beginning, then, than that the "Daily Graphic" is exposing psycho-analysis not to educate its readers, but to amuse them? The alleged "disagreeable" elements in psycho-analysis, which authentic students, by the fact of their resolve to heal the sick, are justified in investigating, are being used by the "Daily Graphic" simply to stimulate the public's nose. Public opinion compels it, we admit, to condemn the stench while it inhales it. To draw attention to the evil without condemning it would, of course, be vicious; but, as it is, everything is perfectly respectable, the demands of morality are satisfied, and the circulation is certainly not impaired. Consciously this is really the naïve attitude implied in the "Daily Graphic's" exposure of psycho-analysis. The "unconscious" explanation is more fundamental, and it is perhaps this: for every step forward which the conscious mind takes there must be something taken out of the unconscious, and that fraction of the unconscious, seeing that it is foreign to our conscious as it exists at any moment, must needs appear disagreeable. We do not desire to regard it; it is obscene, and because at the same time it is supposed to reside in us, it is ridiculous, unbelievable; and so we expose its exposure. Thus not psycho-analysis merely, but all new ideas have about them in their inception an atmosphere of blasphemy and even of criminality: the conscious is violated by the complementary fact of that which transcends it. Not much good, it is true, can be done by pointing this out to a mere resistance like the "Daily Graphic." One thing is clear, however, that its present occupation cannot help but give birth to some good results; in exposing psycho-analysis it is a power

Which essays evil, and does good.

For morbid curiosity may very well incite people to study psycho-analysis, but the study itself will soon kill the morbidity.

If during the last six years we had not supped on horrors, surely a walk at present through any of the streets of London would be enough to appal everyone except the absolutely hopeless or the entirely insensible. One cannot go half a dozen yards without meeting a group of unemployed men or passing a discharged soldier working a barrel-organ. It cannot be suggested—except by lunatics—that the unemployed enjoy the indignity of having to beg in the streets or that discarded heroes, some of them on crutches, would rather trundle a hurdy-gurdy in Oxford Street than live in comfort, if they could, on the pensions which the Government allows them. We know that it is not with

their goodwill that they are on the streets; and meanwhile there is nothing for us but to harden our nerves and cultivate a shamelessness which at least keeps a permanent blush from our own cheeks. As a people we appear to be singularly competent in this art. Certainly a stranger from another planet, no matter how detached he might be, would be more deeply moved by the spectacle of the daily misery of London than its inhabitants seem to be. Such a capacity for taking *anything* for granted as there is in London surely exists nowhere else on the earth or off it. The very victims themselves take their condition for granted: they are "playing the game"; and neither themselves nor the enforced spectators of their misery seem to have the *will* to draw the conclusion that a society which produces these symptoms is an offence to humanity. Even in hell they would uphold the status quo. If the present intensity of misery continues, however, it will strike a blow which may be mortal at the spiritual sense of community which binds society together. For society can reach a degree of shame at which the idea of human solidarity no longer appears to have any value, and when, out of an abysmal disgust, it will deny itself. And if England has not reached this stage it is because its conviction of solidarity is not so intensely held as to provoke a noticeable reaction.

If one is to believe one's eyes the greatest question facing England at present is whether eleven Englishmen will beat eleven Colonials in a game played with two bats and a ball which is taking place at the other side of the earth. Whole pages of the papers are given to it; special editions are run off the printing press; weighty editorials are written and explicit posters are displayed in the streets so that even the unemployed may know that England does not stand—in cricket, of course, and in nothing else—where she did. The obsession is outrageous. By the free consent of the nation interest in sport was a little abated during the war; but that it should now be as ridiculously unrestrained as ever in a state of affairs almost as grievous in the suffering it inflicts as the war itself shows how little our imagination does for us if it is not reinforced by outward compulsion. During the war our liberties were curtailed, but in the present wretchedness it is only our consciences that are touched—those of us who do not happen to be unemployed. The spectacle of England watching a cricket match thousands of miles away while her own house is burning is enough to rouse the wonder rather than the indignation of any observant foreigner.

"At the present time," General Sir Frederick Maurice is reported to have said recently, "there are more than 7,000 wounded men in hospital, and many of them have been there for three or four years. Now nobody looks at them." Forgetfulness may not be one of the major sins, but that it should be almost universal in a nation numbering forty millions is, to say the least of it, a sign of frailty. Even if we had a thousand men with good memories the outlook would not be impossibly black. Have all the orators—there must have been thousands—who made recruiting speeches at the beginning of the war forgotten about the war already? But this particular example is only an instance of a current weakening of the memory which expresses itself in all forms of activity. It is a habit of statesmen to forget their own remedies for evils before they have been applied; and the newspapers have lost even the power of remembering that they forget. A procession of the unemployed which I saw the other day carried a banner with the words: "Wanted 1914, Forgotten 1920." This forgetfulness is a natural feeling, a pardonable weariness! Yet the New Testament does not condone the sin of the disciples who, while Jesus endured his agony in Gethsemane, went to sleep.

EDWARD MOORE.

Towards National Guilds.

ONE of these days one of us writers or readers hopes to write a book: "Douglas without Tears"; we preempt for him the title herewith. The following notes, to be continued in our next, are, however, only material for that consummation of new ages. In these notes we shall collect and publish contributions towards the elucidation and understanding of the Scheme, discussions bearing on the relations between it and the wittily designated "Old Testament" version of National Guilds, explanations in tinkers' and other English of the mysteries of Money, Credit, and so forth, criticisms of criticisms, replies to questions, illustrative passages from old and new texts, directions for and against propaganda, in short, the armoury of the enviable author, whoever he or she may be, of "Douglas without Tears." Order, in these notes, we are afraid, is impossible: The material will be published as it happens. Even our readers—or, let us say, particularly our readers—may find themselves moved by the spirit to contribute a brick. We shall welcome anything in the form of notes and cuttings that can conceivably assist in wiping away those tears. And now to begin.

What is the difference between Money saved up in an old stocking and money put into a bank? Those who can answer that question correctly without consulting the crib have little need to read these Notes; for the difference goes to *one* of the roots of the financial system. To understand both the question and the answer, it is necessary to define one or two terms. In the first place: What is Money? The form in which it is "saved up" in the old stocking may be gold, silver, nickel or bronze coins, or it may be Bank of England or treasury notes. As the latter clearly have no intrinsic value, and yet constitute Money equally with gold, silver, nickel or bronze, it cannot be said that the value of Money depends on the value of the material of which it is composed. No, it depends on the fact that it is a recognised and legal token of purchasing-power; in short, that its possessor can "buy" with it. Money is thus an instrument of purchase. Whatever enables us to "buy" goods is Money, whether it be metal or paper.

Next we must consider the meaning of Price. In 1914 we could "buy," let us say, six eggs for a shilling. Supposing, therefore, that we had a shilling in our stocking on New Year's Day, 1914, we had the means of obtaining six eggs. Any dairyman would have accepted our shilling and given us six eggs for it, in the confidence that he himself, by becoming possessed of our shilling, would be able to buy, let us say, a collar or a half-pound of tea or some such article with it. To-day, however, the self-same shilling that in 1914 could go to market and "buy" six eggs can buy only two, and those of doubtful quality. In other words, though our shilling looks the same, weighs the same, and, in fact, may be a 1914 shilling, its present purchasing-power in eggs is only a third of what it was in 1914. Whence comes this shrinkage in the purchasing-power of a perfectly good shilling? How does it come about that the "money" in our stocking changes its value from year to year and even from day to day? Why doesn't its value in eggs and other things stay where it is put?

This statement is equal to saying that *Prices* change. The price of eggs in 1914 was six a shilling: to-day it is two a shilling. What, then, is Price? Clearly it is the relation between Money and Goods. Price is Goods expressed in terms of Money; or the Money-measure of Goods. We speak of a yard of cloth or a pound of ham, meaning a specified length of cloth or a specified weight of ham; and these are measures of goods. The Money-measure of Goods is of the same nature; and as a yard of cloth is so much cloth, and a pound of ham is so much ham, so a shillingworth of eggs or marmalade is so much of one of these Goods. A yard of cloth

or a pound of ham, however, is always just a yard or just a pound. We should think it strange if a yard were on one day a yard and a half and on another only 10 inches; or if a pound of ham to-day were 30 ounces and to-morrow 10. Why is it that the Money-measure of value, unlike length and weight measures, changes constantly, so that on one day the shilling will buy six eggs and on another only two?

The answer is that neither the amount of Money going to market nor the amount of Goods in the market is constant. They vary from day to day, sometimes one way, sometimes another; and Price, as arrived at to-day, is only the register of the quantitative relation between the Money at market and the Goods in the market. Let us suppose, in the first instance, a closed market containing just so many and no more Goods for sale; and suppose that the customers number just so many and no more and that all they have to spend is a certain fixed amount. Then, if the Goods are to be sold, they will be sold for the Money present—just as, at an auction, the Goods sell for the Money offered for them. The Price, it will be seen, is just a relation between the Money and the Goods, the Goods being *divided*, as it were, among the Money, a larger amount of goods going to the sovereigns, and smaller amounts to the shillings and pence. Now let us suppose, as a second instance, that into this market there suddenly came either (a) a number of new customers, each with money to spend; or (b) some additional goods—what would be the effect upon Prices? The effect of the first invasion would clearly be to add to the amount of Money among which the Goods were to be divided; and equally clearly, as there would be more sovereigns and shillings and pence to carry away the goods, the amount of Goods each could obtain would be less than before. To put it briefly, the Price of the Goods would rise. The effect of the second invasion (a sudden access of Goods) would, on the other hand, be a *fall* in Price. Since there would be more Goods for the Money to carry away, each unit of Money would be given an additional burden. The old and the new Goods together would have to be divided between the Money, with the result that since the latter, in this case, had not increased, its purchasing or carrying power would have to be enlarged. That, as we have said, is only another way of saying that Prices would fall.

Without considering further possible variations, it ought to be clear now that Prices depend on, not one, but two, things: Money and Goods. It is perfectly useless to consider one without the other as a means of arriving at the meaning of Price, for Price is the resultant of two factors, quantity of Money and quantity of Goods. We have seen further that Price varies with the quantities involved. If the quantity of Money is increased, while the quantity of Goods remains the same, the amount of Goods allottable to every unit of Money is diminished; in other words, prices rise. If, on the other hand, the quantity of Goods is increased, while the quantity of Money remains the same, the Goods each unit of Money must carry or purchase is increased; in other words, prices fall.

Before returning to our stocking to contrast it with a bank, there is one other necessary preliminary: to distinguish between Money that, like the little pig, goes to market, and Money that doesn't. Prices at an auction are not affected by the people, absent or present, who do not bid and have no intention of buying. Their Money carries away nothing, purchases nothing, does no work, is idle, unemployed. It does not, that is to say, affect prices at all. The Money that affects Prices is the Money that is at market with the need or intention to "buy" Goods; and its object is not to go home and save itself, but to carry away Goods. This difference between Money at market and Money not at market—the one affecting and the other not affecting Price—is *almost* the answer to our original question. But there is more in it than that. NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

It has often been suggested to me that I should go to a revue. I have been! I chose one that had been extensively advertised before production, and rapturously acclaimed by revue experts after production—I mean "The League of Notions." Hear Mr. Hannen Swaffer: "Mr. C. B. Cochran's gift of imagination and power to evoke and utilise the imaginations of others has never been demonstrated in a more convincing manner." Hear Mr. Randall Charlton: "Mr. Cochran . . . produced . . . a new and delightful entertainment—without precedent or tradition—which gives us a new art in which all the various idealisms and senses of beauty and native humour may blend in one perfect pageant of varied talents." What "new art," we are not told; and I observe that we are only told that "all the various idealisms," etc., *may* blend, not that they are blended. Mr. Randall Charlton was cautious or prophetic. Even Mr. E. A. Baughan, of the "Daily News," was apparently startled into appreciation: "Mr. Charles Cochran's new revue is the climax of all his productions. The audience . . . sat spellbound by John Murray Anderson's beautiful production." The audience I saw could not spell bound, except in the spelling. Miss Iris Tree declared: "I am overwhelmed": which might be true without being significant. I hope that it is not true, because no lady can be overwhelmed and retain her dignity. All these, and many more expressions of opinion, may be found in the advertisement columns of the "Times" for January 19.

"The League of Notions" is apparently the best that revue has to offer. I can suggest only one improvement of the programme—an index to it, and Professor Karl Pearson might make a statistical analysis of it. The entertainment is described as "an inconsequential process of music, dance, and dramatic interlude"—in revenge, I suppose, for the musical interludes that sometimes occur in drama. But there is no doubt about the inconsequence; the programme is neatly arranged and numbered up to eighteen, but the order on the stage is not the same. Number eleven appeared in the place of number one, number four appeared in the place of number thirteen, and so on; and most of the time I was trying to identify the various items by their numbers, as I could not identify them by anything else. I expect that revue critics go through a special course of vocational training; I felt like a visitor whose guide-book was carefully contrived to mislead him. "The League of Notions" begins "In the Fog," and I confess that I never got out of it.

One critic declared that it was "a gorgeous production in which sensation was heaped upon sensation"; another declared: "Beautiful effect followed beautiful effect in bewildering contrast and variety." The thing is frankly impossible; beautiful effect cannot follow beautiful effect, for beauty induces contemplation in which the sense of beauty itself is for the time being inactive. If we want to know what thoughts were aroused by the contemplation of this lavish production, let Mr. Cochran's brother-managers tell us. Mr. Edward Laurillard said: "It must have cost a lot of money: I know what dresses cost." Mr. J. L. Sacks became prophetic: "It may have a run." M. Georges Carpentier, the prize-fighter, was moved to utter the one word: "Stupendous": which really means to be struck senseless, in other words, it is a knock-out. But the mot juste came from a lady who did not know what she meant: Lady Diana Duff Cooper said: "Really too beautiful to be true."

It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "I live, like a hairdresser, in the continual contemplation of beauty, toying with silken tresses. I breathe an atmosphere of sweetness, like a confectioner's shop-boy." Any one of these scenes would have declared John Murray Anderson to be a scenic artist; all of them de-

clare him to be a simple fool who mistakes lavishness for beauty. He intends to produce an effect, to keep on producing an effect, not knowing that the effect he has produced prohibits him from producing another. We could only look at his scenes; we could not appreciate them; and as the scenes meant nothing beyond their pictorial beauty, we were fatigued, and not exhilarated. It is significant that the heartiest applause was given to the Sisters Trix singing rag-time songs at a grand piano; as I left the theatre the applause was thundering behind me. But even as a scenic artist John Murray Anderson is not perfection; he procures a very good effect of "In the Fog" by playing a partially obscured "lime" on a gauze curtain, and spoils it by throwing a beam of white light from the wings behind the gauze curtain, so that we see people through the fog perfectly illuminated. It is too beautiful to be true.

Apart from its spectacle, the show persistently fails. The music is beneath contempt: the ensemble singing is unworthy of a working girls' club, the solo singing—Mr. George Rasely is the best, and he ranks with a Carl Rosa tenor on tour. The Trix Sisters were forestalled by the Two Bobs, "Housing Bonds," in which A. W. Baskcomb and Bert Coote appeared, was but a pale reflection of the cross-talk of the Two Macs. The dancing was clever, without being extraordinary, the best thing a grotesque dance by Miss Grace Christie to Sinding's music. But none of these people have real personality; they are best described by the definition of "high-brow" given in the revue: "People who are educated beyond their intellectual capacity." Not one of them, under the old conditions of the music-hall, would be a star artist; they are good, they are efficient, "talented far beyond their geniuses," and the mark they make is the merest scratch. It seems incredible that among such a crowd the only superlatively clever performances should be given by an acrobat and a collie dog—but so it is.

The two sketches by Mr. H. F. Maltby produce that same effect of barren cleverness; they are technically funny, but they have not the spirit of good humour that sets an audience laughing unrestrainedly. They are the sort of trifle that authors contribute to the various Annuals published in the name of charity, the scraps of paper that, in Swift's phrase, would have been fished from the very jakes by biographers. Even the acting produces the same sense of cleverness and lack of spirit; the actors are so obviously doing their best, but their best is not the best. It is passable acting, but it makes one look at it and not be of it; it does not produce the illusion of reality to the temporary exclusion of everything else. Nothing in the show "grips"; it produces on me the same effect as the cinema, a procession of pictures on a screen that never, for one moment, seems real. The whole thing leaves me amazed that so much work, and talent, and money, should have been wasted on a production that is deliberately intended to mean nothing, to produce an effect of "inconsequence." We are told that "it is revue with the stupidity left out"—a negative definition; it is not revue with the wit, and sense, put in. It is a definite appeal to disorderly minds (so far as it is an appeal to mind), to minds rioting on the verge of disassociation. Like every other revue I have seen (they have not been many), it makes a merit of having no "plot"; but the deliberate disorder in which the items appear shows that it also has no plan, no purpose of any kind—unless Carpentier divined its purpose with his word, "Stupendous." Either it is meant to make stupid, or it has no meaning; and in neither case is it commendable.

P.S.—Since the above was written, Mr. Cochran has declared that "The League of Notions" is not a revue, because "revue is a very definite form of French art." Apparently, Mr. Cochran has a conscience in matters of nomenclature.

Music.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever." Kingsley has doubtless had ample cause by now to regret that he ever made that remark; it does, however, convey with a properly flippant lightness of touch the valuelessness of the merely "clever." Anyone who "will" may be clever. We all know that. The most casual glance cast round one's circle of acquaintances reveals the fact that any fool can be clever sometimes, indeed quite often; whereas profound internal evidence proves that even the wisest and most heroic finds it very difficult to be "good" even occasionally.

In the arts, and, it seems, in music especially, "cleverness" is a peculiar danger. Given aptitude and a retentive memory, a composer with a certain amount of technical "cleverness" or skill may arrive without much difficulty at a point where he writes something which "sounds almost as if it were written by"—somebody quite other. But it was not. It was written by somebody who was more or less "clever."

A friend once said, speaking of Chatterton, "Why such a fuss because his poems were forgeries? Let us rather thank God for such forgeries." But, in fact, the poems were not forgeries. They were the genuine utterance of a poet who was forced by circumstances to forge a signature to them. The trouble with a great many musical compositions is that the works themselves are forgeries, and only the signatures genuine. There are innumerable forged Wagners, Debussys, Stravinskys, etc., in circulation, and endless variety in the signatures attached to them, and gradually the sense of discrimination between Debussy and "quite-Debussy's-atmosphere," and Stravinsky and "as-brilliantly-orchestrated-as-Stravinsky," is being lost.

Mr. Holst's "The Planets" evoked a cyclone of applause both in the concert-hall and in the Press, and at least one critic stated that the orchestration was as brilliant as Stravinsky's, and suggested (if one remembers aright) that Stravinsky could now be laid on one side and Mr. Holst reign in his stead.

Apart from the merits or demerits of the respective composers, this seems most pernicious reasoning. When Stravinsky's day of musical reckoning comes the standard applied to him will be his own. He will not be measured by the Ninth Symphony nor by the Mass in B minor, but by certain ballets which he wrote himself; and we think that certain chamber music will cost him dearly.

Equally well—unless Mr. Holst himself confesses that he was trying to go one better than Stravinsky in "The Planets"—he will not be measured by any work of Stravinsky, but by something of his own. Mr. Holst wrote the "Hymn of Jesus." As far as we could judge from a single hearing, it seemed that only once or twice in the whole of the hymn did Mr. Holst get what he was striving for; nevertheless, one came away with a sense of deep gratitude to him for having attempted something great in a great way. The "Hymn of Jesus" impressed us as a notable work and a noble failure.

"The Planets," on the other hand, is an ignoble achievement, and no "brilliant orchestration" or comparison with Stravinsky will make it anything else. It is a mass of meretricious effects, some of them intensely irritating. For instance, on Mercury (or was it on Uranus?) Mr. Holst apparently installed a telephone, and said telephone being apparently very earthly it got out of order and during a great part of the movement our already over-wrought nerves were stimulated nearly to frenzy by its perpetual tinkle-tinkle-tinkle. When the final reckoning comes it will not help Mr. Holst that Stravinsky has done worse things than put a telephone out of order.

H. R.

De Novo.

THERE is such a thing as the platitudinisation of ideas, and it is a phenomenon that in these days is only too common. Its essence consists in clothing in pedestrian language such conceptions as would not be dishonoured by the grand style. Mr. Tansley has produced a book with the splendid title of "The New Psychology,"* and his production is colourless in style, stale in manner, and pedantic in expression. His intention, he says, has been to give a picture of the "structure and working of the normal human mind." He adopts very largely the academic terminology of McDougall, and decides that the "new science of the mind" must accept as its fundamental postulates the "doctrines of psychic determination and the derivation of the springs of all human action from instinctive sources." These instinctive sources he splits into twelve after the example of McDougall, and in a manner that recalls discussions of how many angels can balance on a needle's point. And he borrows Mr. Holt's conception of "specific response," and on to it he tacks McDougall's "typical mental process," consisting of cognition, affect, conation. That is certainly an admirable thing to do, but it is not so much new as the statement of a self-evident fact. Mr. Tansley then goes on to speak of the great primary instincts in the manner of Dr. Bernard Hart, and of herd instinct like a disciple of Trotter. And to these components in man he adds a cognitive self and an ethical self. It would be pertinent here to inquire how he fits these two selves in with his fundamental postulate that all human action springs from instinctive sources. Instinct is simply animal impulse and has no especial relation to ethics. He employs the term libido and uses it, as far as I can make out, in Jung's sense. But where he leaves the academician track of the British Psychological Society and approaches the psycho-analytic wilds, there timidity seems to descend upon him. There are just some references to Freud and Jung, some old, old explanations of regression, conflict, repression—very clear, but not to-day new—and a chapter on dreams that betrays views upon them suspiciously like those of the happily defunct "late supper school." Of a dream example he gives, he says, for instance, that its "structure is clearly a synthesis of two experiences," and that "this interpretation seems both satisfactory and exhaustive." What interpretation? That it associates to a couple of memories? He then gives another dream that it would be a treat to analyse, and all he does with it is to obtain associations between it and various memories. That is really not very creditable in a writer who has obviously read a certain amount of psycho-analytic literature. A dream symbol, we must remember, is a definite entity; the associations thereto are simply an attempt to reduce it to terms of consciousness. Mr. Tansley appears to have the haziest ideas upon dream psychology, which is rather unfortunate in an exponent of the workings of the mind. It betrays at once that he is simply writing as an academician, just like the mediæval scholastics, and without either real experience or true knowledge of his subject. He is what might be called a surface psychologist, dominated by rationalisation; and therefore he writes without inspiration. He is not filled with his subject; he is simply hovering round it. But it cannot be too often emphasised that psychology is life. It is neither theories about life nor even photographs of life; it is just life as it is lived. Our McDougalls and our psychological societies are just so much froth and vanity. Here, for instance, is Mr. Tansley professing to tell us of the

New Psychology and doing it in the language of a spinster. Where is the benefit, except to some paper-merchant?

However, let us return to our review. The substance of Mr. Tansley's theories is that man makes a specific response to primitive instinct, and the nature of this response determines the "structure and working of the normal human mind." That is the sum of his contentions when stripped of their McDougallish professorial wrappings. And we must likewise notice one remark that seems to have crept into his book by accident. Mental instability, he says, is not an "unmixed evil," for it "means the capacity for fresh evolution." Good! Now let us examine this. Man does, or rather is called upon to, make a specific response, not, however, to primitive instinct as such, but to what psycho-analysis calls the unconscious. The unconscious is a bipolar phenomenon, and its objectivity is libido, or kundalini, which may make itself manifest in the waking state as intuition or instinct. It is the old story. Mr. Tansley, like so many other psychologists, offers us the part for the whole, and in this case it is *not* true that half a loaf is better than no bread. There are no half-measures permissible in psychology. In the matter of the mind, a picture of which Mr. Tansley professes to give us, we may remind ourselves that there are five senses and the mind is the sixth. May no academician here arise with intent to split the sense of touch into heat, cold, pain, etc.! The five senses are the inlets through which, in the waking state, instinctual libido, which is desire, is awakened. All instinct is racial or "herd" instinct. What Mr. Tansley and his forerunners call herd instinct is actually response to historical convention. Instinct or desire is of the body of soul or emotion. Intuition is of the spirit or vehicle of intelligence. Libido may become active, objective, in any of what are called in the "Mahabharata" the three worlds, that is to say as intelligence, desire, or bodily activity. And these are not three worlds but one world as far as the waking state of consciousness is concerned. In the dream state we are freed from the physical world and enter the spheres of desire and intelligence, without disturbance from sensual stimuli; and the inlet for these spheres is the sixth sense, which is mind. There are no dreams; there is a dream-state of consciousness, with which we may or may not make ourselves familiar, just as we please. If we do not, then we write books like Mr. Tansley's, and call ourselves psychologists. If we do, then we become aware of certain phenomena. The first phenomenon is that in the dream state we are living in what psycho-analysis in terms of the waking state calls the "unconscious." And the second phenomenon is that the unconscious is not one thing but many things. In it in varying proportions, according to the individual's psychic composition, are all the functions of ourselves and our inheritance. And that inheritance is a great deal more than primitive instinct; it is also primal wisdom. God, man, and animal dwell therein together, and all that dream-analysis consists of is a becoming aware of this. If we like the terms, we can now add in Mr. Tansley's cognitive self and ethical self without the contradiction he permits when postulating that the unconscious consists only of primitive instinct. These "selves" are actually the faculties of reason and discrimination, and are attributes of awareness. And, as I have said, God, man, and animal are not three worlds but one world. The whole aim and end of psycho-analysis is an extension of consciousness to embrace this knowledge. But it will never be embraced by the timid, hesitant vapourings of Mr. Tansley. The crux of the whole matter is to be found in the study of dreams. The so-called dream-state of consciousness is the foundation of the New Psychology, and it is just this foundation of which Mr. Tansley's book is entirely devoid.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

* "The New Psychology." By A. G. Tansley. (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

Views and Reviews.

BRAIN RESEARCH AFTER GALL.

GALL having been dismissed as an ignoramus, a charlatan, a quack, and even "a frivolous person," brain research developed along lines that he had declared unfruitful. Vivisection, which Gall, replying to Flourens, protested could not reveal mental function, became the chief method of research for a time; because, as Gall said, "it is a notorious fact that, in order to discover the functions of different parts of the body, our anatomists and physiologists prefer the employment of mechanical methods to the accumulation of a great number of physiological and pathological facts; to collecting these facts, repeating them or waiting for their repetition, in case of need; to drawing from them slowly and successively the consequences, and to publishing their discoveries with philosophic reserve. The method at present so much in favour with our physiological investigators is more sensational, and gains the approbation of the majority of ordinary men by its promptitude and visible results." The whole passage should be read in Dr. Hollander's book* (Vol. I, pp. 379 et seq.), for it constitutes the most formidable array of physiological reasons why vivisection alone must produce misleading and contradictory results; but this extract I may put on record. "When we read of the experiments of our physiologists on the brain we are almost induced to believe that the whole nervous system, especially the cerebrum, cerebellum, etc., is only composed of pieces of wax applied one over the other. One is removed, and another is removed, and the loss of one or another function instantly takes place. No one thinks of the state of suffering, trouble, and uneasiness of the animal, of the blood that inundates the injured parts, and which it is necessary to staunch at every instant, which very often immediately coagulates, and requires such compression, friction, and searing, that the part operated on rarely presents a smooth and clean surface to enable us to ascertain with exactness how deep and to what extent the lesion or extirpation has been practised. The experimenters always assure us that the experiments have been a thousand times repeated; but, with a few exceptions, it is hardly possible to perform twice absolutely the same operation; which explains why every time, unless the experimenter wishes to impose upon us, the accidents attending the operations vary, which also brings about a variation in the results. This single circumstance is generally sufficient to make this sort of experiment disgusting to all those who seek new truths with candour, without self-love, without the incitements of a fugitive vanity."

Broca localised the lesion of aphasia (and therefore the brain centre of speech) on the basis of two cases. He ignored all the cases put on record by Gall, mostly cases of circumscribed injury, and all the well-observed cases put on record by the despised phrenologists. Dr. Hollander truly says: "It is surprising with what slender evidence inquirers are sometimes satisfied, so long as the meagre testimony harmonises with their beliefs." Wernicke, Kussmaul, Munk, and Wundt divided "aphasia" into various constituents, and tried to localise these; Marie contested them all, and invented a new term, "anarthria," which he located; Déjérine contested Marie, and supported Broca, and called "anarthria" disarthria, and located it elsewhere than Marie had done; Moutier declared that no one had produced a single case of aphasia dependent on the isolated destruction of Broca's localisation, and quoted Burckhardt's extirpation of the convolution in certain demented persons without the operation being followed by loss of speech. Dupuy, as recently as 1914, declared that Marie's localisation does not contain the speech centre, as he found it destroyed when no aphasia

existed. Morton Prince summed up the present position in these words: "Whatever the outcome of the re-investigation of this question shall prove to be, it is evident that the beautifully diagrammatic concepts of the function of language with which our text-books are illustrated, and of the aphasic disturbances of this function in one or other of its many forms as produced by some particularly localised lesion, have been relegated to the scrap-heap of the phantasies of science."

But *experimental* brain physiology began in the same year (1861) that Broca localised the speech centre, when Hughlings Jackson produced convulsions by irritation or "discharging lesions" of certain convolutions near the corpus striatum. These experiments were ignored until David Ferrier quoted them in support of his views. Hitzig, of Halle, definitely began the modern era of investigation by his experiments on dogs in 1870. He and Fritsch discovered "that the stimulation of circumscribed portions of the brain-surface of the living dog produced movements of definite groups of muscles." They drew from these facts the conclusion that Flourens' assertion of the unity of the brain was demonstrably false. "We must rather admit," they said, "that certainly several psychical functions, and probably all, are shown to have their point of entrance into matter or of origin from it at circumscribed centres of the cerebral cortex." This is an assertion that circumscribed centres of the brain are not merely motor, but psycho-motor—which is Gall's doctrine of the plurality of the functions of the brain. But Hitzig followed the fashion of deriding the founder of modern brain physiology, and declared: "I know nothing of Gall's doctrine from my own experience. It is enough for me that Leuret is said to have demonstrated as a consequence of Gall's own statements that the rabbit would have to be a more destructive animal than the wolf, and the donkey immensely more musical than the nightingale." Poor Leuret! Poor Hitzig!

Sir James Crichton-Browne was, in his younger days, as ardent a phrenologist as his father, and he invited Sir David Ferrier, who was then Lecturer on Toxicology at King's College, to repeat Hitzig's experiments at Wakefield. The resources of the Pathological Laboratory of the West Riding Asylum were placed at his disposal, with a liberal supply of pigeons, fowls, guinea-pigs, rabbits, cats and dogs for experimental purposes. His first results were published in the reports of that asylum for 1873, and were later embodied in Ferrier's "The Functions of the Brain." At that time, as Dr. Hollander shows, Ferrier was keen to show the phrenological significance of centres which other experimenters regarded as purely motor; he asked: "Are the ideational centres situated in the same regions as the corresponding motor centres; or does a high development of certain motor centres indicate only, but without localisation, a corresponding development of the ideational centres which manifest themselves outwardly through these?" Dr. Hollander thinks that Ferrier knew very little of Gall's teaching, but his only reference to Gall is complimentary: "To Dr. Gall let us pay the tribute that in his analysis he followed strictly inductive methods, and made many observations of enduring value." His experiments supported Gall's localisations of anger, fear, the social affections, and even of the sexual centre in the cerebellum (which no other experimenter admits); and Sir James Crichton-Browne, at the British Association meeting in 1873, remarked: "I think that the labours of Gall and Spurzheim ought not to be overlooked in a discussion on the localisation of the functions of the brain—a principle which they distinctly enunciated. It was a curious fact that Dr. Ferrier located the memory of words in the very part indicated by phrenologists as the organ of language." But subsequent investigations of the brains of pigeons seems, in Hamlet's phrase, to have made investigators "pigeon-livered, and lack Gall."

A. E. R.

* "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.)

Reviews.

The War Diary of a Square Peg. By Maximilian A. Mügge. (Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Mügge's diary makes very pleasant reading. He is fundamentally so good-tempered, and so interested in his fellow-man, that he retains the dignity of a man of letters amid circumstances that he would have been justified in regarding as deliberate insults. When we come to reckon up what Ireland has meant to England, the fact that Lord Northcliffe is an Irishman should not be forgotten. He, more than any other man in this country, was responsible for the fomenting and focussing of the instinctive English hatred of "foreigners," and not only drove the country mad against "aliens" but effectually deprived the poorer ones of their legal rights. It is a chapter in English history that none of us can afford to forget, or to remember with anything but humiliation. Emerson said that "suspicion will make fools of nations as of citizens"; and the man who condoned the criminal excesses of the mob in the name of "patriotism," who popularised in the phrase: "Once a German always a German": the false racial doctrine that he denied when it was denounced by Germans, not only made fools of us but of himself. His idea of a strong nation has always been that of a frenzied mob; but, as Carlyle put it: "A man is not strong who takes convulsion fits; though six men cannot hold him then." When we look back and remember the looting of the property of anyone who bore an unusual name, when we remember that the protection of English law was denied to English subjects, when, what was worst of all, the abilities of English subjects were refused employment, at the behest of an Irishman in a fit—the only possible prescription for us is sackcloth and ashes.

Mr. Mügge is a well-known man of letters, born and bred an English subject, who, after many refusals, managed to join the Army in March, 1916, as a private. As a linguist, his services would have been valuable as an interpreter, or a censor; his general knowledge of European conditions could have been utilised in innumerable ways. He was the author of at least three books that appeared during the war: "The Parliament of Man": a translation of "Serbian Folksongs," subsidised by the Serbian Government: and "Cleon," an historical study with a modern reference that attracted considerable attention. But as he proved unfit for active service, he was transferred to a Labour battalion, from there to a corps of conscientious objectors (a pure absurdity, as he was a volunteer), and at last to an "Aliens" battalion, another absurdity as he was born and bred an English subject. Here he worked as a scullion, a crossing-sweeper, a policeman, anything that would give no exercise to his real abilities; and the "Diary" is a very frank record of his experiences. It contains, among other matter of interest (such as his observations on the number of times in a minute that the soldier swears, the curious fact that the soldier knows only choruses, not songs, which, with his characteristic passion for documentary evidence, Mr. Mügge transcribes), a number of articles, letters, and legal judgments relative to the question of the naturalised or English-born person of foreign origin which read like reports of cases of morbid psychology. The fact that among his companions in the "Aliens" battalion were men who had won the D.C.M. at Mons, long-service soldiers of the Regular Army, illuminates in a flash the idiocy of the whole "anti-alien" campaign. Mr. Mügge writes of it all with a tolerant acceptance of the absurdity of uninstructed human nature, with, indeed, a placid assurance that, sooner or later, the human race can be sufficiently educated not to make a fool of itself when emotionalised. He had good ground for railing, but he chose instead to interest himself in the work he had to do and the men he had to mix with—and the result is a diary of more than ordinary interest and good humour.

The Inner Meaning of the Four Gospels. By Gilbert Sadler, M.A., LL.B. (Daniel. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is the first of four volumes re-stating "The World Religion" in "the light of modern research, and in relation to spiritual and social needs." The form in which Mr. Sadler presents his conclusions is not the best; although with his index to sections and parallel passages his notes make research easy. His general thesis is that Christianity is a much-misunderstood adaptation of earlier Gnostic ideas and mysteries, the "Christ" being not a man but a process by which "God, the Infinite Life, ever descends or is crucified (self-limited) into this universe in order to evolve here souls as sons, so as to love them and be loved by them for ever. This is the meaning of Reality. This is the World-Religion of the future, greater even than Christianity, though suggested, or pointed to, by Christianity." Religion, of course, is nothing if not teleological, and the words "in order to evolve here souls as sons, so as to love them and be loved by them for ever" are, at present, at least, insusceptible of proof, indeed, seem to be an example of the post hoc, ergo propter hoc fallacy. If we are to adopt the same critical attitude towards Gnosticism that Mr. Sadler adopts towards Christianity, it is clear that we can, at best, only demonstrate the process, not the purpose; and Carlyle's: "Gad, she'd better": when told that a certain young lady had "accepted the Universe" marks, but at the same time, delimits the validity of belief in the Gnostic religion. For, after all, the Universe is more Divine than any conception of it; the Logos is only a logical concept, and universal processes do not always conform to logic. For example, water expands or contracts with an increase or decrease of temperature; but the logical order of the process is broken by the fact that, for a few degrees below freezing-point, water expands again. The alogical is just as much Reality as the logical, and its existence is always fatal to teleological assertion. Even among the planets, some rotate on their axes in a direction contrary to that of others; the mutation theory of the evolution of species suffices to show that there is at least more than one way in which the process of evolution works. To every order there is an anomaly; we might almost say that "this is the meaning of Reality"; and gnosis is probably the antidote even to Gnosticism, as it is of teleological religion generally. For the end is not known from the beginning, it is only known at the end; that is why things that were easily credible two thousand years ago, and are still to people who are mentally contemporary with the Greek and Roman civilisations, are not credible to those who are better acquainted with the facts. Mr. Sadler himself cannot believe in orthodox Christianity, because he knows better; a further advance in thought and knowledge will make him see that it is the religious attitude itself, based on teleology, that prevents religion from becoming gnosis.

This does not alter the fact that the literal interpretation of the Gospels in this country is shown by Mr. Sadler in all its inherent absurdity. Nearly all the so-called "trials of faith" of pious persons are due to their attempts to square a foolish theory with a symbolic representation of facts. That the story of the Passion, for example, is simply a play based on the Gnostic ceremonies of initiation, there seems to be no shadow of doubt; the narrative itself is obviously unhistorical, with its reports of events that had no eye-witnesses (such as the scene in "Gethsemane"), and its trial that the Jews declare was "from beginning to end contrary to Jewish law and custom as in force at the time of Jesus." That the Gospels are not history, but philosophic drama accepted as history when the philosophy was suppressed and forgotten, is the sum of Mr. Sadler's demonstration; and the recovery and re-application of the philosophic ideas behind the drama will engage Mr. Sadler in the next three volumes.

Readers and Writers.

THE "measurable facts" for literary criticism are not quantitative but qualitative; and thus Mr. Looney's industrious counting of line-endings and so forth in the works of Oxford and Shakespeare is irrelevant. Mr. Looney is aware of this himself, since he says that "it is of the first importance to get beneath verbal forms to underlying mental correspondence." But even this, I think, is a little misleading, for mental correspondences are only revealed in the work of literary artists by means of literary qualities; and this, again, Mr. Looney really knows, since, in another place, he attempts his parallels between Oxford and Shakespeare on the ground of "the whole conception, imagery and workmanship" of their respective verses. To effect a comparison which shall be intelligible without too troublesome a reference to the complete texts of these writers, I have forgone the use of the most characteristic work of Shakespeare, that is to say, his lyrical blank verse; and have accepted, for the rest, the parallels and examples cited by Mr. Looney. Such as I shall employ are to be found printed in the "Pastiche" of the present issue—to save my space—and the comments made upon them by Mr. Looney are as follows. Concerning the "parallel" numbered I, Mr. Looney says: "If these are not both from the same pen, never were there two poets living at the same time whose mentality and workmanship bore so striking a resemblance." Of parallel II he says: "It is difficult to read these two sets of lines side by side without a feeling that both are from the same pen." After III, he concludes: "It has become impossible to hesitate any longer in proclaiming Edward de Vere . . . as the real author of Shakespeare's works." And of the poem numbered IV, the only one of de Vere's that is published in the "Golden Treasury," Mr. Looney says that it first set him on the track of his "discovery," that "no better example" of de Vere's work can be found, and that "in the whole of Elizabethan poetry," he has been unable to find "another lyric which . . . would have been 'more readily accepted as Shakespeare's without a question.'" It cannot, after this, I think, be suggested that my illustrations are unfair to Oxford, however unfair they may be to Shakespeare; nor is it probable that the unpublished works of Oxford, which Mr. Looney promises eventually to publish, contain anything better than the examples cited. In short, we have in these illustrations Oxford at his very best compared with Shakespeare, if not at his worst, at any rate not at his height; and if such a comparison is unfavourable to Oxford, the case against his claim to be Shakespeare may be said to have been even more than made out.

Without pretending to exhaust the possible tests for the valuation of literary qualities, we may consider the parallel passages as regards their vocabulary, rhythm, workmanship, and mentality; and, plunging into the subject at once, we must remark that the vocabulary of Oxford, as exhibited in these selected passages (and, I may add, in the rest of his work a fortiori) is thin, bald, almost colloquial, utterly poverty-stricken and without either magnificence or adventurousness. In Oxford I, there is not a single word that is not either colloquial or banal; and the majority of them, it will be observed, are monosyllabic, as if Oxford could not trust his muse out of the nursery. Shakespeare II, has a vocabulary and imagery at once intense and opulent. Tear his curled hair: rave: a loathed slave: beggar's orts: disdain'd scraps—any reader must feel that the author of these phrases was writing originally, from himself, with his mind on life; in contrast with Oxford's imitation, not of life, but of other men's works. In Oxford and Shakespeare II, we have the same qualities repeated in the same striking contrast: again the

monosyllabic poverty of Oxford and the comparatively polysyllabic richness of Shakespeare. And in Oxford and Shakespeare IV, the contrast is raised almost to the absolute in the comparison of such dead phrases as Oxford's "lively lark," "morning bright," "cheerful voice," "blushing red" with Shakespeare's "weary of nest," "moist cabinet" [a marvellous stroke!], "silver breast," "gloriously behold," "cedar tops" and "burnished gold." Reference to Oxford IV will only confirm the conclusion. If Mr. Looney cares to apply his arithmetic he will find that of the 160 words that make up the poem, 141 are colloquial monosyllables, while of the rest not one is longer than two syllables or is not thoroughly pedestrian.

As regards rhythm, comparison will prove that whereas Oxford wrote to a metronome and dared not miss a beat, Shakespeare had, even in these passages, a conscious mastery of natural rhythm, or, at the very least, an inward assurance of rhythm that enabled him to defy the metronome. In Oxford I, for example, there is not a rhythmic phrase; everything falls exactly into bars; in Shakespeare I the seventh line takes a liberty which Oxford dare not allow himself. It is the same case in the parallel II, Oxford trotting strictly to time, Shakespeare, at any rate, trying his wings; and again it is the same in III, when Shakespeare's phrase "weary of nest" can find no parallel for rhythm in the whole of Oxford's work. What Oxford is capable of at his best is seen in the poem IV, his golden treasury masterpiece. In all the eighteen lines there is not a rhythmic phrase; on the contrary, such is Oxford's servility to the beats of the metronome, that in nearly a dozen places he either inverts the natural order of the words (and not for the rhyme only) or fills up his length with padding, solely for the sake of mechanical regularity: in line 2 "still," in line 6 "so far," in line 8 "do," in line 9 "still," in line 11 "scorn," in line 13 "both," in line 14, the phrase, "when nothing else can please," and in line 17, "when we their fancy try" are all either redundant or irrelevant or even meaningless; and as for the inversions, "service long," and "haggards wild," they are simply elementary. What Shakespeare could do with rhythm, even within the confines of rhyme, and presumably while he was yet an apprentice to blank verse, may be seen in the Sonnet V which I have printed. All Oxford's lines, with scarcely an exception, are complete in themselves; his breath is insufficient for a sentence two or more lines long. Look at the Sonnet. Not only do four lines carry on, but the whole is a complete argument with a profound unity. I conclude that Oxford had no ear for rhythm, but only for metre; whereas Shakespeare, in his earliest work, was already bending metre in obedience to natural rhythms.

We come next to what Mr. Looney calls workmanship, the deftness, skill and ease with which Oxford and Shakespeare respectively employ words. (I presume that this is what Mr. Looney means.) We have already seen the differences between the two writers as regards vocabulary and rhythm. Oxford would never have introduced a new word into verse, nor a new rhythm. He was essentially a copyist with the soul of a copyist. Shakespeare, on the other hand, was, even in these early specimens, for ever inventing something new, introducing into poetry words from the common language, and rhythms from the same inexhaustible source. Workmanship, however, may be said to be something different from vocabulary and rhythm; it is concerned with what may be called the "lay out" of the subject, the disposition of the parts and stresses. In this respect Oxford and Shakespeare I are in sharp contrast. Oxford's "and, and, and" compares feebly with Shakespeare's "let, let, let"; and

equally in II, we have Oxford's enumerative "ands" against Shakespeare's decisive "dids." In III, the Oxford sequence of ideas is unworkmanlike to the last degree; the six lines fall almost into three couplets, but for the bond of rhyme; and the last two lines are an obvious afterthought and anti-climax. In the parallel passage, Shakespeare's thought mounts on wings like the lark itself, until the poet sees, like the lark, the cedar tops and hills burnished with gold. In other words, the lark is a convention in Oxford, of which he can make only a conventional use; in Shakespeare, the lark is an image transfused into the mind of the writer himself. Oxford writes of the lark, Shakespeare becomes it. The difference between being outside or inside one's materials is the difference between the day-labourer and the workman. Oxford was a hodman, Shakespeare a workman.

* * *

Comparing the "underlying mental correspondences" of the parallel passages, the characteristic mentality of Oxford appears to me to have no correspondence with that of Shakespeare. It is a question of dynamic, of the force of words, of the rate of velocity (if I may say so) of the thought and feeling contained and conveyed. In Oxford I and II, for example, the reader cannot fail to be as much impressed by the absence of any sign of passion, as in Shakespeare I and II he cannot fail to be impressed by its presence. Passion or dynamic insists upon making a new channel for itself; it will not contain itself in old bottles. The vocabulary of Oxford is as old as Shakespeare's is new, testifying to the tameness, feebleness and static mentality of the one and to the dynamic of the other. Consider the pace of the thought and feeling in the parallel passages, the force of the words respectively employed, the *urge* of the appeal. In Oxford, with his "ands," conventional terms and monosyllables, the passion is unmistakably derivative, the temper assumed; in Shakespeare, a man is speaking from his heart. So far from thinking that the passages must have been from the same pen, I cannot conceive that Mr. Looney himself can doubt their polar differences. If dynamic quality is a fact measurably by Mr. Looney at all, the case against Oxford is now concluded. Oxford had it not in him to write a Shakespearean line, and still less to drive an idea through a whole passage. His force was barely sufficient to keep time to his governess' beat; over and over again he has to invert and pad in order to come in at the end of the line. Shakespeare's force, on the contrary, even in these passages from his juvenile work, was not only sufficient to fuse metre into rhythm, catch up and transfuse common words into poetry, and lay the whole out in workmanlike fashion, but to urge the whole mass, as it were an army with banners, into irresistible motion towards a triumphant climax.

R. H. C.

Pastiche.

I.

OXFORD :

And let her feel the power of all your might,
And let her have her most desire with speed,
And let her pine away both day and night,
And let her moan and none lament her need,
And let all those that shall her see
Despise her state and pity me.

SHAKESPEARE ("Lucrece") :

Let him have time to tear his curlèd hair,
" " " " against himself to rave,
" " " " of Time's help to despair,
" " " " to live a loathed slave,
" " " " a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live,
Disdain to him, disdainèd scraps to give.

II.

OXFORD :

And shall I live on earth to be her thrall?
And shall I live and serve her all in vain?
And shall I kiss the steps that she lets fall?
And shall I pray the gods to keep the pain
From her that is so cruel still?
No, no, on her work all your will.

SHAKESPEARE ("Henry VI," 3) :

Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?

III.

OXFORD :

The lively lark stretched forth her wings
The messenger of morning bright;
And with her cheerful voice did sing
The Day's approach discharging Night.
When that Aurora blushing red
Described the guilt of Thetis' bed.

SHAKESPEARE ("Venus and Adonis") :

Lo! here the lark, weary of nest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar tops and hills seem burnished gold.

IV.

If women could be fair and yet not fond
Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
I would not marvel that they make men bond
By service long to purchase their goodwill:
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I laugh when men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
How oft from Phoebus they do flee to Pan;
Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man;
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist,
And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list?

Yet for our sport we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please,
And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
Till, weary of our wiles, ourselves we ease:
And then we say when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, Oh what a fool was I.

SHAKESPEARE (Sonnet 116) :

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

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