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 proposes to reduce costs in the expectation of being able to sell more for the same amount of money. The second 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 philanthropic 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 things are, but under the prevalent mistaken idea 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, 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 offered by the “Times” last week to propagate the curse of Adam will be nothing to the curse of “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 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 “perfect solution” 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 processes of transferring 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 income) 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 “When Toil is No More,” Mr. Edgar Crammond, the Managing Director of the British Shareholders Trust, in a speech last week to the “Times” Inquiry, already referred to, states that the increment of 50 per cent. of plant (or income) 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 “When Toil is No More,” 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 result, however, be determined 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: • • •

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 what 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 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 “perfect solution” 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 processes of transferring 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 income) 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 “When Toil is No More,” 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 result, however, be determined 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 funds available for the distribution of a certain 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.

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 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 ways and means; but the financial control is that which determines the policy to be administered. The Union might 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 combative 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 pass along what a generation ago would have been, and, may be, more than it ever will be, by 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 any case, the amenity of the Pilgrim dinner last week, American Admiral Niblack did not omit to mention the fact.

**World Affairs.**

This 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 utmost to be 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 thesis 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 away 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 Aryanism 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-away into the kingdom, and this duty none of the nations of the Northern stock may disobey.

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. This 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
of the sinister treachery of the Empire of Albion and its rulers which impel England to send a Jewish Vice-
roy 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. COSMOL

Our Generation.

The same issue of the "Daily Graphic" which contained a "picture" of the late Countess de Rebeke 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 super-
erogatory to cast a stone from outside—there is no tar-
get 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 wash and reveal its true expression. What can be more clear at the beginning, then, than that the "Daily Graphic" is ex-
posing 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 con-
demning it would, of course, be vicious; but, as it is, everything is perfectly respectable, the demands of moralitity are satisfied, and the circulation is certainly not impaired. Consciously this is really the naive 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 rate, must appear disagreeable. We do not desire to regard it; it is obscene, and because at the same time it is sup-
posed 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 comple-
mentary 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 stopped 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 women, or 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 dis-
carded 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
Towards National Guilds.

One of these days one of us writers or readers hopes to write a book on our own 'Douglas with Tears'; we pre-empt for him the title herewith. The following notes, to be continued in our next, are, however, only material for that consumption of new ages. In these notes we shall collect and publish contributions towards the elucidation and understanding of the Scheme, discussions bearing on its possibilities and limitations, and financial and programme notes. We shall take 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 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 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 for 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 shillingsworth of eggs or marmalade is so much of these Goods. A yard of cloth—

Edward Moore.
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 amounts of Goods to go 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 come either (a) a number of new customers, arriving at the meaning of Price, for Price is the answer to the original question. But what is the answer to our original question? It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell. "It is: I felt like Shaw's Don Juan in Hell.

Drum, January 27, 1921

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 it was appropriately acclaimed by review 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 such an instance before."

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 in one. The audience . . . . sat spellbound by John Murray Anderson's beautiful production."

The audience I saw could not spell bound, except in the nu 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 revue that has to offer. I can suggest only one improvement of the programme—an index to it, and Professor Karl Pearson might make it. 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 guidebook 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 cannot be struck senseless, in other words, it is a knock-out. But the not just 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: they 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 the best of the opera world. 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 admire it; it does not produce the illusion of reality to the temporary exclusion of everything else. Nothing in the show "goes"; 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." It is a definite appeal to disorderly minds (so far as it is commendable)."

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 dishonourable 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 tackers McDougall's "typical mental process," consisting of conception. That is, apparently, 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 it's "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 becoming aware of this. If we like the terms, there are just some references to Freud and Jung, 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 are not, then we are like Mr. Tansley's, and call ourselves psychologists. If we do, then we become aware of certain phenomena. The first phenomenon that is 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 primeval. 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, and the unconscious is an expanse of it, and in which are insinuated things that previously were not. 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.

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

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 fessorial 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 "unnixed 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, so many 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 remember 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 are not, then we are like Mr. Tansley's, and call ourselves psychologists. If we do, then we become aware of certain phenomena. The first phenomenon that is 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 primeval. 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, and the unconscious is an expanse of it, and in which are insinuated things that previously were not. 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.
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. Viviani's attempts to show that Fleuron's 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 have abandoned the classical 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 Hollander's "Kritik der mentalphysiologischen Methoden an" (Vol. III, p. 379 et seq.)."

Dr. Hollander truly says: "It is surprising with what promptitude of the majority of ordinary men by its promptitude and visible results. The whole passage should be read in Hollander's "Kritik der mentalphysiologischen Methoden an" (Vol. III, p. 379 et seq.)."

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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 delirious. 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 the 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 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 conviction fits; though six men cannot hold him then." When we look back and remember the time that anyone who has 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 Folk songs," 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 convinced of the moral value of "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 transcribed in the form 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 some 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 usual sections, the 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 to divine the 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 manly, 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 time there to "dissolve the 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 gnostics 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 the 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 the least
Readers and Writers.

The "measurable facts" for literary criticism are not quantitative but qualitative; and thus Mr. Looney's inductive method 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 Oxford II 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 numbering as lines only and of de Vere's the only 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 best compared with Shakespeare, if not at his worst, at any rate not at his height; and if such a comparison is unfair 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 poverty-stricken; in fact, 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: disdained 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 common phrase of 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, 143 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, and 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) of filling his blank verse 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 12 "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 of Sonnet II is one 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 copyst with the soul of a copyst. Shakespeare, on the other hand, was, even in these verses, attempting to introduce 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, the 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 transpose 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 ("Luncre"):
Let him have time to tear his curled 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, disdain'd 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 fail?
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, I"): 
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?

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 favours pay,
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:
No; it is an ever-fixed 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.

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