NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We have not the heart to wish our readers a Happy New Year; for not only are the immediate circumstances in which we are all placed gloomy in the extreme, but the immediate future is even blacker. What has become of the fine spiritual resolutions made during the New Year; for not only are the immediate circumstances in which we are all placed gloomy in the extreme, but the immediate future is even blacker. What has become of the fine spiritual resolutions made during the New Year? Where has been squandered the tide of goodwill that then indubitably flowed as it has never flowed before or since? For months and years we have been warning our little world that the trial was approaching; and we have been appealing without regard to good manners for our readers’ support in making known the worst of the unemployed, bribes to the trade unions, and lavish promises to everybody, all out of a Treasury which simultaneously declares itself to be nearly bankrupt. And it was in impertinence that he recommended emigration as a means of disposing of our “surplus” labour. Where and how, in God’s name, does Mr. Lloyd George expect a million men to emigrate? The problem of surplus labour is exactly comparable with that of surplus goods; and if the world-market for goods is so congested that in a year or two the leading industrial nations will have to go to war to decide which of them shall trade abroad, the congestion of labour is equally or more pronounced. There is literally not an industrial country in the world that has not already its own unemployed problem. America with its hundred million of people has four millions of unemployed; but Australia with its six or seven million of population has its tens of thousands of unemployed. Even if passages could be provided for our “surplus,” and even if they could be given a little capital for a start, the welcome of the latter. The crisis is beginning and when events come in at the door an Englishman’s thought flies out of the window. It is a solemn fact that these “piping days of peace” contrast so comparatively instantaneous effect within the short space of a few weeks. Without failing in gratitude to the handful of our readers who have done their best, we have no hesitation in saying that the racial, biological, and social consequences of the coming period of “unemployment” will prove to be far worse than those of the Great Civil War.

The Government’s proposals for dealing with the situation lack nothing in the way of insult to intelligence. If our governing classes had not the brains to conduct a war in their own defence properly, they have still less competence to deal with the even more complicated problems of economics. And with as much frankness as they can command they have frankly given up the problem as insoluble. Mr. Lloyd George’s speeches during the week have been marked alternately by desperation and impertinence. It was in desperation that he recommended additions to the doles on behalf of the unemployed, bribes to the trade unions, and lavish
absolutely impracticable; he knows that millions of unemployed simply cannot ‘go into the workhouse’ and, still less, command £2 a week in the absence of employment. Why does he then dangle before the eyes of starving men promises and prospects on the realisation of which he would not himself trust for a single meal? It is a mercy, perhaps, that the unemployed do not think and have as little judgment of men and measures as dumb cattle; or they would hold people like Mr. Lansbury to his word and treat him, when he broke it, as he deserved. Next to the spectacle of the unemployed and destitute in a country bulging with the means of production, the spectacle of prosperous people like Mr. Lansbury talking coldly about the situation is abhorrent to the humane intelligence. With starved ignorance on one side, and full-fed pretence on the other, the psychological situation is really one of nightmare.

In his speech to the Municipal deputation on Thursday Mr. Lloyd George asserted that not only was the Cabinet “alive to the gravity of the situation,” and had devoted endless committees to the discussion of ways and means, but, he added, “if anybody comes forward with any fresh suggestion, believe me, we will consider it.” This cannot be said to coincide with our own experience, either in the case of the Cabinet (whose attention we have tried to call to a ‘fresh suggestion’), or in the case of any of our authorities appointed or self-appointed to responsibility. Our readers will acquit us of any desire for personal reclame than disinclination to advertise THE NEW AGE or even was delivered; but it has never been published. All other Labour and Socialist journals, with hardly notice the admission), and, in the case of any of our authorities to consider a fresh suggestion may be estimated by the reception accorded to the explicit proposals of Major Douglas and THE NEW AGE. There may be an excuse for the failure of every Labour and Socialist journal to “review” “Credit-Power and Democracy,” which was only published a few months ago; but what excuse have the editors of these journals (including ‘The New Statesman’) for failing to notice “Economic Democracy,” which was first published over a year ago? The “Daily Herald” went so far as to commission a review; and we chance to know that it was delivered; but it has never been published. All the other Labour and Socialist journals, with hardly an exception, received a copy of the book for review, and have ignored it ever since. We cannot help thinking that there is more in this attitude of silent hostility than disinclination to advertise THE NEW AGE or even than resentment against the occasional vivacity of our comments upon Labour leaders. It must be remembered that the Financial Dictatorship is at once the most subtle and powerful in the world, and that its methods are psychological when it is not policy to make them obvious. We definitely suspect the Labour Press of being unconscious victims of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street; and we naturally do not entertain such a suspicion without evidence, however intangible.

The “Times’ recently set itself to reply to a correspondent who had inquired whether there is any connection between credit-stringency and unemployment. The reply was, of course, in the affirmative; “a very close connection” of the “Times’ own.” But this is scarcely a full enough answer to satisfy minds desirous of the truth, the fact being that the “close connection” is the connection of cause and effect. That the prevalent unemployment has taken the public by surprise, we must suppose, on the evidence of the banks in restricting credit. We are not, it is to be understood, blaming the banks for attributing more criminality to the financial class than to any other class in the community. Mr. Lansbury would make as good or bad a banker as most of the actual directors. Nor, again, do we deny that a restriction of credit was one of the possible means of reducing the level of prices; the worst, perhaps, but not necessarily criminal. Our assertion is simply that the banks have the power and exercise it without any public supervision whatever of regulating and determining the amount and direction of financial credit, with full knowledge that restriction of credit spells unemployment as its expansion means employment. That there are other ways of making employment to be taken into account we agree; and under the existing system of the private control of public credit we can well believe that the banks have sacrificed employment to these other considerations. But the fact remains that all the existing unemployment and the worse to follow are the foreseen and calculated consequences of the policy pursued by the banking monopoly, paramountly in its interests.

The “New Statesman,” with its usual fatuousness, “does not anticipate war at all.” “We do not believe that there will ever be another first class naval conflict,” it says, and then adds as if the alternative were a mere trifle, “and if it should come it may well mean the end of our civilisation.” The prognostics of war, however, are not so in calculable that there is more than an intangible mystery or a matter of “belief” of them. The data are to be found chiefly in economic facts of an eminently calculable nature, and which are likely to succumb only to counter-facts and not in the least to mere persuasion. Taking our own situation at this moment, what do we find? An increasing amount of unemployment side by side with an increasing ability to produce which cannot be exercised because of the failure of foreign demand. And what is the proposed remedy, in the absence of the sensible remedy of better distribution at home? It is, we are told on every side, by Coalitionists, Little Liberals and Labour leaders alike, the stimulation of foreign demand. Open up Russia, re-establish the Continent, and unemployment in this country will begin at once to decline. Very well; now let us turn to America. Mr. Schwab has just been tracing America’s unemployment, which is more serious at present than our own, to the self-same causes to which our own swabs attribute British unemployment. The world cannot buy from us, he says; it hasn’t the money. In order, therefore, “to relieve America of its surplus stocks of all kinds” (let the super-producer notice the admission), and, in consequence, to provide employment in the replacement of those stocks, it is necessary to extend credits to foreign countries so as to enable them to consume our goods. Happy foreign countries that are about to receive the offer of goods from two such super-producing countries as America and England! But what of the rival philanthropists? The hungriest of foreign countries cannot absorb economically a tithe of the potential surplus even of England, still less of America. May we take it as evident that they cannot absorb the potential surplus of both? Even in the midst of this merry season of the year, we must therefore conclude that one or other of these super-producing nations must “go without” foreign trade, even at the cost of enlarging its unemployment problem. Which is it to be? And what is the means of determining the decision?

The “Times” obviously does not share the “New Statesman’s” view of the future. On the contrary, to those who realise the methods of philosophic propaganda, the fact is evident that the influences behind the “Times’ are not preparing for war, but that unemployment will not go so far as to say that the plans are all cut and dried or that war is even yet regarded as being beyond all
exertion inevitable. But that the contingency of a second world-war is threatening and immediate in the apprehension of our secret government the “Times” takes little pains to conceal. For the preceding title of “Great Ships or War?” the “Times” has now passed to the title of “World Naval Rivalry,” and two days before Christmas, the heading appeared as the “Rivalry that Leads to War.” Is anything further necessary to convince the people of this country that we are drifting in the rapids to the last cataclysm of civilisation? Will they not shake themselves to face facts until we reach the actual cataract? All the phenomena that preceded the recent war are being unfolded before us even down to the ridiculous corroboree of Lord Northcliffe. The appeal for a “naval holiday” is there, the threat of our desperate days before Christmas, the heading appeared as the title of “World Naval Rivalry,”* and two broken reeds upon which to rest the cause of peace; so long as there is international necessity for sea-power is there, there is the same talk of friendship and world-peace, and the same silent manoeuving for positions of advantage. Nothing, in fact, is wanting in the reproduction of the historic preliminaries of the first world-war save the single circumstance that the whole world may now be conscious of what is coming and, therefore, in a position to avert it. But it will not be enough to “appeal” to America, or even to appeal to the conscience of humanity. As we have seen, America like ourselves and humanity in general is economic in her economic point of view that has been allowed to fall under private control; and infallibly that machine will grind out war, be the disposition of humanity what it may be, unless the machine itself is brought under responsible social control. We do not believe for one moment that there is any sane citizen either in America or in the British Empire who desires war or can even conceive the existence of a sufficient excuse. It would be hard for either party to convert its opponents into Huns even by the most philosophic propaganda. Nevertheless, as the best of friends may with tears in their eyes drift into conflict from some imagined necessity, the economic necessity of modern industry, expressed in the need for export as a condition of employment, may easily involve the world in the worst and last of the White Civil Wars.

It is assuredly the case that the League of Nations is a broken reed upon which to rest the cause of peace; and Mr. Lloyd George’s disingenuous and wholly inexcusable fencing with the matter only, confirms our complete scepticism of him. He is well aware of the gravity of the situation, for he said quite explicitly that “there could be no real peace between the nations, nor was it any use pretending that there could be, so long as there is any competition in armaments.” On the other hand, he did not say, nor did he suggest that it was useless to pretend otherwise, that so long as there is international commercial competition of a vital character, so long would there be competition in armaments, and the League of Nations a Liberal phantasy. That, however, is the plain truth, and it makes of the League of Nations the mockery of the Secretary of the American Navy, was for his part equally disingenuous. It is the American rôle for the moment to pretend that if only the League were complete—but for America! America would then come in. At the same time he announces that America will only enter a League when she possesses a navy “as strong as the strongest in the world.” Mr. Daniels knows that his words are a challenge or, perhaps, the answer to a challenge; he knows as Mr. Lloyd George does that neither his nation nor ours has at bottom “any use” for the League of Nations. The conflict of naval rivalry and League of Nations talk, is the interest uppermost in thought and lowermost in words in the minds of all parties. But it is too scandalous for international discussion. Thus between euphemism as regards economic realities and pretence as regards the League of Nations the rivalry in armaments continues unchecked.

The evolutionary organs of Man, which are those races of mankind which in their development and history rather follow the guidance of anthropogenetic plan of Providence and Destiny than the guidance of great men and the general omnipotentiality of human freedom—these evolutionary organs of Man-the-Race are, we assume, governed more by their unconscious than by their conscious. Modern Japan and modern Germany, for instance, are racial entities governed preponderantly by the consciousness of their rulers and by their military and educational systems. Both Japan and Germany are typically representative as historical organs of Man. Chinese humanity, as we have emphasised previously, and find it worthy to reiterate, is, on the contrary, a humanity of a more evolutionary significance, though its function may not be one essentially to be discharged in the future. The Empire of the British race, unlike that of China, may be a world-function to be discharged even in the future; but in any event it is certainly the chief world-function of an evolutionary character in our present dispensation. Let us observe, however, that all the guidance and conduct of the highest organic world—the world of the—synthesis of Life is polar or absolute, double, both unconscious and conscious, at once, evolutionary and historical at the same time, though here chiefly the one, there chiefly the other. For Humanity is present in all humanities and the one Psyche underlies every soul; so that the evolutionary racial organs of Man-the-Race participate in the nature of historical organs as well. Thus they have not only to perform their evolutionary mission, but also some historical one. And contrariwise. That, for instance, the rise of Japan in its ultimate historical consequences, which may involve an entire re-orientation of the world’s economy, may have anthropogenetic or evolutionary results must not be doubted, though the present guidance of Japan is utterly and splendidly historical and conscious. Nippon’s declaration of war against Russia was forced upon the Government and upon the nation by wholesale hari-kari among the military, Japan’s conscious utilisation of capitalism to-day and the preparation and organisation both of her race and of her State for a desired and expected world-convulsion is sinister and clear. Yet the historical guidance of nations is more fallible than the unconscious evolutionary obedience to the non-human dominance of Things. The Empire of Germany collapsed cataclysmically because the Government and the consciousness of the German nation were too historically minded and all too well aware of what they wished to accomplish by the world-catastrophe which they organised and precipitated. Thus in her supreme historical act, in her supreme self-realisation, both in evolution and in history, Germany failed. She did not, however, fail in what Destiny intended her to accomplish: to execute the judgment of the Wrath of the Father against the Western Hemisphere turned traitor, and what Providence chose to permit. Thus even the most self-created and Luciferic race, by fulfilling its own human will, ultimately worked for a result unplanned, and greater than History; and for a guidance more abstruse; for Evolution.

The state of Awareness, of the unqualified consciousness as well as of Self-consciousness, is a result of the primordial and inherent self-separation of the Spirit. Let this be stated, although the truth of mysticism is obvious and perennially true. It is this fact which is not in need of any support; this fact universal which is the basis of every comprehensibility and every incomprehensibility of human and of universal life. The Sin Primordial and Eternal which is the Fall of Man is nothing else than the birth of Consciousness and Reason and Self-existence.
Consciousness separates spirits within the Spirits. The Logos of the Father is nevertheless the supreme value of existence, or better, the ground and instrument of every value. The Eternal Son is eternally in process of birth and in His sacred apostasy, which is the unity of the One Spirit and thus creates Worlds. Through His Promethean sin and fall the perpetual tragedy of all souls is born, which is also the perpetual triumph of the self-realisation of the Spirit. More than any other race the Aryan is conscious of himself, who, living in the super-conscious kingdoms of the Spirit or in its subconscious kingdoms,Anthropos and his evolution and history is this Eternal Son; He Himself; for Thought by the Word is the utterance of all humanities. Language is Reasoning itself; and logical Consciousness separates spirits within the Spirits. Aryan Man has given birth to the most logical utterance of Mankind both in his speech and in his thought. And He it was who of all the Anthropos took up radically and perfected the Religion of the Logos; though he took up his own religion only in its philosophical aspect and not yet in its pan-human and God-fulfilling Pleroma. What has been the help super-consciously given under the guidance of the Father to the Aryan Stock, the unconscious and unerring guidance which must have been the reason of the great spreading of Northern mankind? After all, it is an illusive thing which we believe ourselves to be wholly within the obvious truth, which Humanity as a kingdom subconsciously and also consciously recognises, when we define Aryan mankind as that central organ of the Race of the Eternal Son which is the organ proper of the Logos of God; of Reason, that is to say by Reason. Reason, however, separates. The positive and beneficial fruit of Reason is Personality, and Affirmation of Personality is Freedom. Unity by free agreement and separation by personal existence are the ideas and tendencies of the Aryan soul. It is, however, in the Northern mind than this will to independent self-existence, the desire for final and logical Consciousness. This tendency, then, must have been the unconscious guidance of the Father which we give to Northern mankind; for even the Sonhood of the Son is a gift of the Creator to the Son. To speak explicitly, though the West is too conscious to-day and has turned against its own deepest self, the West, derived as it is from the North, even the West, we believe, has been created by the unconscious and by evolution more than by the Son’s own Self. It is by the Unconscious, and consciously so, that the Northern Race has spread itself and laid down the foundations for the White Imperium. The depth and the solidity of the physical power of the British Empire forbids the assumption that the origin of the White Imperium lay in Imperial greed or in the deep cunning of consciousness and of historical instincts. It is, we affirm, in the strength and severity of the particularist Family of the Northern peoples that the general predominance of the White peoples, and especially the power of the British Empire, is grounded. The West, through the North, created the Individualist order of life on the basis of the particularist and emigrating family. This Logico Order of Life is destined, however, to become the foundation for the ultimate, socialist, man-human order of life; community of an ordered Mankind, a community of free members, free and conscious. This transcendental purpose of realising the Power of the Logos in order to reach the Kingdom of the Holy Ghost, which the Socialism of Humanity will be, this purpose was great enough to permit the existence of a whole Hemisphere.

The inward and temperamental cult of the East, whether ancient or modern, is essentially the cult of the Past, of the Race, of the Universal; that of the West, speaking in a general way, is the cult of the Future, of the Individual of the Particular. Ancestor-worship in the Far East is an expression of the same tendency of Eastern Mankind which, more in China than elsewhere, has produced and preserved the communist type of family and the patriarchal character of society. Nothing accounts more satisfactorily for the fact of the racial and geographical spread of the Chinese spirit than the gravitational strength of the paternal authority and the assimilation of the offspring to their stocks. The Chinese race has remained in its home and reconneced the making of a history, the dimensions of which might have been proportionate to the immensity of its power; and even the Ural-Altaic invasions of the West or the Mongolian wanderings both throughout Europe and Asia were caused more by external needs of geography and economics than by purely racial, temperamental, inherent needs of expansion. It was the Western Man, Japheth’s seed as he is, who was sociologically impelled to emigrate from his home, to separate himself from his parent stock and to create new centres of his racial life. Northern Fathers loved their sons and their families in the sense that they esteemed them, had faith in them, and cut them off from their family to carve out an independent destiny. This has been, we surmise, the cause of the Northern man’s expansion, much more than the simple drive of want and of the climate. The Roman Empire was ultimately undermined and displaced as a system of civilisation by the establishment of the particularist law of the individualist law of the Northern barbarians. The British Empire, as well as the general sway of peoples from the north-western corner of Europe, is ultimately rooted in the successive and flooding emigrations of adventurers and the hard Sons of the North displaced and thrown out into the far world by their cold and imperialist parents. A similar method of producing racial congestion and causing waves of emigration to overflow the borders of the homeland is to-day being cultivated by the Japanese Empire; but it is being consciously cultivated. There must be work and merit, consciously cultivated by the Japanese Empire; but it is being undermined and displaced as an idea of the Far East is an expression of the same tendency of the Northern peoples that the general predominance of the White peoples, and especially the power of the British Empire, is grounded. The West, through the North, created the Individualist order of life on the basis of the particularist and emigrating family. This Logico Order of Life is destined, however, to become the foundation for the ultimate, socialist, man-human order of life; community of an ordered Mankind, a community of free members, free and conscious. This transcendental purpose of realising the Power of the Logos in order to reach the Kingdom of the Holy Ghost, which the Socialism of Humanity will be, this purpose was great enough to permit the existence of a whole Hemisphere.

Our Generation.

It must be pleasing to liberal people to note how Christians have advanced during the last millennium and especially during last week. The first Christian, it is well known, drove the moneylenders out of the Temple with a scourge; what must be, one presumes, the last Christian has brought them safely back again. "The Chapter House of St. Paul's," we are told by the Press, "has now passed into the hands of Lloyds Bank for a period of 21 years. The rent is to be devoted towards the upkeep of the Cathedral staff and services." This piece of business disproves once and for all the superstition, uttered, strangely enough, by the first Christian that you cannot worship God and Mammon; for how can it be true when we see arrangements being made for worshipping them both in the same building? Under this scheme, the position of the servants of God, rightly called "the staff," is simple, and defensible by reference to all the current moral standards. From God they derive their spiritual
power, and from Lloyds Bank they draw their wages. How much better they have solved their problem than poor Heine did! Speaking of his French master, he wrote: "I remember still, as though it happened yesterday, the scrapes I got into through la religion. Six times came the question, 'Henry, what is the meaning for "the faith"?' And six times, ever more tearfully, I replied, 'It is called le crédit!' And at the seventh question, with a deep cherry-red face, my furious examiner cried, 'It is called la religion'—and there was meaning of the Faith that Heine did; but this will appear even in the corrupt Press for which he writes. The Church has made the same mistake about the realisation of its corruption, it can sell out to Anti-Church with an untroubled conscience. To rent a living shrine to moneymediators, mostly of another religion, would offend even the most degraded, but to rent a Church to the same tribe is merely a business transaction. It is one, however, which will only postpone for a little longer the time when the dead must bury their dead: but meantime the spectacle of corruption is hard to bear.

I did not know that Mr. Bottomley could be surpassed in ignorance until I read that other week an article in the "Sunday Herald" by Mr. Gilbert Frankau, who calls himself "one of this world's lucky novelists." England, he says in effect, is corrupt; but surely nothing more corrupt than his own vocabulary has appeared even in the corrupt Press for which he writes. Read these few extracts, holding your nose: "Mad dogs are abroad in England! Who shall deliver us from their poisoned fangs?" "Foul men from Ethiopia, black bullies, vendors of dope and damnation, are doing their best to corrupt our citizens." "Foul little emasculates—the 'conchies' of better days—preach foul little creeds at every street corner." How this prophet loves filthy words: "mad dogs," "poisoned fangs," "emasculates," and "foul," "foul," "foul," until you would welcome as a relief a little normal obscenity. There is no law by which men who write in this style can be charged with obscene language; nevertheless the common expressions which the law makes notifiable as obscene are infinitely less pernicious. Legal interference with journalism even at its worst is, of course, bad in principle; but surely something could be done by the existing public authorities whose attitude is far too disdainful and aloof—to stop this corruption of national sentiment and speech. It is not "mad dogs" who are accomplishing the degradation of England; it is jackals, or rather a breed who seem to be derived from a cross between jackals and nonconformists, who enjoy making a noise about the filth which they affect to condemn.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" is beginning to give away the superstition that the upper classes of this country are the most self-conscious aesthete. It is a masterpiece of cant for them to exult in their "manly science" after the manner of the "Daily Graphic" and other newspapers that are the organs of a noble and beneficent scientific and philanthropic society which has a "rise I often used to pray." "If for the love of God and country I only knew what I'm drawing more than twelve and six a day. About the ills that come when quids accrue?" "Where wealth accumulates and men decay." Will someone tell me how to spend my screw? Will someone tell me how to spend my screw? The thought of all this money makes me blue. My sober wishes never learned to stay When I had not enough to see me through; I kept the even tenor of my way. "'Till fares the land to hastening ills a prey." The poet puts me in a perfect stew. I've thought I'd keep a motor—and I may. Will someone tell me how to spend my screw? I used to be as tight as any—(Who?). But now I spend my money like a jay. I've spent as much as sixpence on a brew Of tea, and half-a-crown to see a play.Cannot think I'm earning all this pay, And yet my path with Fishers Fate will strew. Talk about luck! It's roses all the way! Will someone tell me how to spend my screw?
The Mechanism of Consumer Control.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

III.

If you have followed me so far you will see that there are two main and increasing defects in the present system—it makes the wrong things and so is colossally wasteful, and it does not satisfactorily distribute what it does make. The key to both of these is the control of credit.

I should like to direct your attention to the meaning which can be attached to the word "control." We talk about the "public" control of this, that, or the other. Is there any person in this room who has ever met the public, or knows, in any clear-cut, tangible fashion, this alleged entity, the public, or really—if he or she is honest, in the use of words—cares a broken rush about the public? Is it the public which wants better houses, better food, a wider life? I think not. When there is "unemployment" it is John Smith, Jane Smith, and the Little Smiths who experiment with rationing. When there is a war it is Private, Lieutenant or Colonel Smith who loses an arm or whose wife places a wreath on the Cenotaph. I have not noticed that the name of the Public appears in the casualty lists of any of the nations engaged in the late war.

I do not suggest for a moment that there is not a real group-consciousness—I think that there is such a consciousness. But the ills from which we are suffering do not take effect on that plane of consciousness, they take effect on individuals; and if, as I have tried to indicate, the key to the solution of those ills is to be found in a modified control of credit, then that modification must be in favour of individuals. We can, I think, safely leave the group-consciousness to look after itself.

The problem, then, is to give to individuals such personal control of credit as will enable each of them, for himself or herself, to get from the machine of civilisation those things, now lacking, to the extent that the machine is capable of meeting the demand, and the answer is almost childishly simple—it is contained in the proposition that he ought to be able to buy those things with his money at his disposal, and that if he does not want to buy them, then he should not be made to pay for them.

If you will consider this matter in the light of everyday conditions in the world of business, you will find that the practical steps necessary to embody these principles in a practical mechanism to production, though not concerned with the processes by which his policy is materialised; and, secondly, that the credit, or purchasing power, in the hands of the consumer shall be adequate to enable him, if necessary, to draw on the maximum resources of the productive organisation; otherwise, it is clear, a part of those resources is ineffective.

As we have previously noticed, individuals in the modern world obtain their purchasing power through three sources—wages, salaries, and dividends. This purchasing power is taken away from them through the medium of what we call prices, and it will be quite obvious to you that the first thing necessary is to make total purchasing power equal to total prices, a proposition which has no other known solution than by the addition of a credit issue to purchasing power. That is to say, we must give the consumer purchasing power which does not appear in prices.

Please remember that prices contain not only production costs, but capital costs, and these latter are the increasing factor in both costs and prices. If we take them out of prices and distribute them as purchasing power, then prices bear the same relation to costs as does consumption. You will see that this is so if you remember that capital charges represent sums based on the credit value of tools, etc.

But, of course, this results in speedy bankruptcy to the producer who is selling under cost, unless we go a good deal further.

It must be borne in mind that, though we find that we require to eliminate these credit-capital charges from prices, the credit-capital is a real if intangible thing, and can be drawn upon, because tools, processes, solar power, etc., represent a real capacity to deliver goods and services. Therefore there must be something somewhere which stands in the position of trustee for the collective credit, and should administer it in the interests of the individuals. There is such an organ—it is the Treasury.

But the Treasury does not in normal times deal with manufacturers, it deals with the banks, and the banks are so-called private institutions which administer this collective credit for their own ends, and those ends are by no means similar to the ends of the community of individuals from whom the credit takes its rise.

If, therefore, we wish to solve the first half of the problem, that of the control, in the interest of the consumer, of the credit issued to manufacturers, we have to put control of the policy of the banks at the disposal of the consumer interest.

If, at the same time, we wish to ensure that the goods, when they are produced, are distributed amongst the individuals in whose interest, ex hypothesi, they were made, we have to get the credit purchasing power which attends the capacity to make and deliver them into the hands of those individuals. We can deal with this latter problem in two possible ways—either by a gift of Treasury "money" obtained by a creation of credit, or by reducing prices below cost to the individual consumer, and then making up this difference between price and cost by a Treasury issue to the producer. I hope you realise that the only basis for such a credit issue is the difference between what the productive organisation is called upon to deliver and what it could deliver if its capacity were stretched to the utmost.

The latter of the two foregoing alternatives is, I think, by far the more practicable, because it not only delivers the purchasing power at the moment that it is wanted—at the moment of purchase—but it is also far better adapted to the psychology of the present time. It is the method which has been embodied in the suggestions which Mr. A. R. Orage and I have been endeavouring to bring to the notice of the public in the Draft Scheme for the Mining Industry.

This scheme has been fairly widely discussed, both here and in America, but there is one feature of it which will perhaps bear a little elaboration—the obvious traversing of all accepted Socialist policy in the provision not only for the continuance of dividends to present shareholders, but the wide extension of those dividends to still more shareholders. I will not take up your time with the philosophic basis of the proposal, although it has such a basis; but would merely draw your attention once again to the quite undeniable fact that there is simply not room in economic industry—by which I mean industry financed from public credit—for more than a small and decreasing fraction of the available labour. The attempt to cram all this human energy into a function of society which has no need of it is neither more nor less than lunacy. But we have to recognise, as a matter of common sense, that to throw a large and inexperienced section of the population out of its usual pursuits suddenly, and without preparation, and with more spending power than it has the training to use, might have
a number of unpleasant consequences. I do not believe for one moment in all the nonsense talked about work and drink being the only alternatives of the British working man. It is common knowledge that a smooth and rapid transition is desirable, and that is provided in the scheme by the increasing substitution of wages by dividends. When this process has proceeded far enough we should have defeated also one of the worst features of the present system, which is unable to distribute goods made and stored, without making more goods, whether these are required or not, merely for the purpose of distributing purchasing power. You will no doubt ask what are the prospects of such a scheme as we are considering.

Well, in the first place, it has to be observed that the unco-ordinated parts of it are coming into being with tremendous rapidity and, to those who have eyes to see, with irresistible momentum. In this country it is quite obvious that not only cannot the public debt (all issues of securities, whether to so-called private companies, local authorities, or Governmental bodies, are public debt fundamentally) be reduced, but the business of the country cannot be carried on for a month without a continuous increase in it. The immediate effect of an attempt to restrict the flow is a slump in trade and an avalanche of business crises, which is only just beginning, but which will, unless I am very much mistaken, or war provides an alternative, proceed to lengths quite sufficient to establish the principle.

The mechanism is being forged. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in America has, on the first of this month, opened the doors of the first of a series of banks whose credit rests fundamentally on the railway services of the American Continent, not on the cash in the vaults of the bank. The Confederation General de Travail is about to inaugurate a bank with a nominal capital of 25,000,000 francs on the same lines. These are the beginnings of the shifting of control.

The operations of these organisations will, in the first place, assist in raising prices—in fact, by enormously enhancing the economic power of Labour, will tend to raise them considerably. But as the toothache is the only agency which will drive the majority of people to a dentist, there will be posed thereby a plain issue—and to that issue I do not know any other reply than that I have endeavoured, so far as time has allowed, to put before you. (The End.)

Readers and Writers.

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found, I believe, the concluding prose-stanzas of Book V of Mr. Bernard Gilbert's 'Old England.' There are five Books more to complete the series; but they will not be published in these pages, for I am glad to be able to announce that the whole work will shortly be published in book-form by a well-known publisher. Mr. Gilbert informs me that he intends to "dedicate" the book to the Editor of The New Age, both as a fellow-countryman and as, at any rate, part suggestor of the idea; and the Editor likewise informs me that he is pleased to accept both the tribute and a share in the responsibility. During the course of five cantos of the work in these pages, an extraordinary amount of interest has, I understand, been taken in it by our readers. Quite half a dozen references, all laudatory, have been made to it; and this number, I may say without exaggeration, is really astonishing. In my opinion, the series of articles pass in The New Age without any manifest attention whatever. I am not complaining of this, mind. Telepathy is sufficiently developed among our readers and writers to make mechanical communication by signs and symbols for the most part superfluous. I only remark that "Old England" did, in fact, inspire several letters and that all of them were appreciative.

Not everybody, however, I gather out of the air, has realised either the "idea" of the series or the character of the form. Some have supposed that Mr. Gilbert's intention was to describe a village, others that he intended to satirise village-life. Neither of these objects, I am sure, was in Mr. Gilbert's mind. If the work is examined as a whole, it will be found to represent what may be called a cross-section of village-sociology at a particular moment or, rather, day of time. By means of the "open confession," each of them spoken in character, the lid is taken off the minds of various representative villagers and we are enabled to see their thoughts as they were on the day of Mr. Gilbert's judgment. At midnight on such a night; such a village; and in such were the thoughts passing through the minds of the principal villagers of a village in Lincolnshire—that is what Mr. Gilbert, I believe, has aimed at presenting; and that is what, I believe, Mr. Gilbert has succeeded in presenting. For there can be no doubt, to anybody who has really lived in a village, that the representation is veracious. Other cross-sections might be chosen to show a different result; on selected occasions, a perfectly ideal picture of village-psychology might be formed. But as a cross-section taken to speak, by chance, Mr. Gilbert's version is both typical and truthful. "He has got a village summed up," is the confirmatory conclusion in various terms of our several correspondents...

As for the form, it is obvious that Mr. Gilbert owes a little, but only a little, to Lee Masters' "Spoon River Anthology." The latter, however, was rather epigrammatic in style, and did not even purport to write in character. The "Manchester Guardian," in a note on "free verse," describes "Old England" as representative of vers libre and complains that it is only "imprisoned prose," prose trying but failing to become poetry. But this, surely, is the very crown of irrelevant criticism; for nothing is more obvious than that Mr. Gilbert has made no attempt to write in free or any other sort of verse-rhythm, but only to write down, in their respective natural styles, the confessions of his various speakers. Suppose the prose passages of Shakespeare were collected, and printed in the typographical form of Mr. Gilbert's paragraphs—would the "Manchester Guardian" condemn them as bad vers libre or "imprisoned prose"? Our critic has been misled by the compositors. Mr. Gilbert's intention would have been equally answered, at the cost of a little inconvenience to his readers, had the soliloquies been printed in the usual prose-form. They do not claim to be even vers libre.

Without predicting a popular sale for "Old England," I confess I do not see why it should not circulate over the whole English-speaking world. It is a veritable document, much more authentic in my judgment than, let us say, Miss Mitfogd or Crabt or Galt or Colhert. Furthermore, I doubt whether the psychology there represented will ever change so long as an English village exists. It is a piece of the genuine racial soil, and English through and through; it is "Old England." Readers here, however, will probably be fewer than readers in America, where they still cherish a regard for old England. Here, we fall into two classes: town and village, of whom the former rather "cultivate" a village, if they happen to be familiar with one, and would resent Mr. Gilbert's realistic truthfulness; while the latter prefer to read about high-life in towns. For similar reasons the British Dominions, I fancy, will prove to be more congenial to Mr. Gilbert's work. Domination populations are extremely heterogeneous in psychology; and little of Old England has been transplanted in masses among them. America is the appointed place for the greatest circulation of Mr. Gilbert's vision; and perhaps his English publishers are arranging for an American edition at once.
Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

The Stage Society gave itself a very dismal two hours recently when it produced “Fororunners,” by H. O. Meredith. Even if the play had been better acted (and it was about the worst performance I have ever seen given by professional actors), its subject matter lacked all interest except for those who like mere brutality. It was called “a tragedy of the abstract past,” whatever that may be; and it provided at least one physical horror in every scene. In scene one, two men wrestled, with a third doing his best to injure one of the combatants; they rolled over and over one another in what was intended to be a bestial fury, and the arm of one was broken. The second scene opened with the moans of a woman who had been flogged by her mother for unchastity; later, she was flogged by her father, and I must admit that Miss Mary Merrall’s screams were harrowing. She died on the stage, after a long, rambling and unintelligible monologue which, cutting out tongues, and the curtain descended as other women shrieked at their captors. Mr. Meredith has assumed that prehistoric woman had the same sensitiveness to pain, and the same sentimental values, as modern women—very a doubtful assumption when we remember how savage peoples, even within living memory, have regarded these matters. Love, the exclusive preference for one person over all others, is a rare thing even in modern times; it is practically meaningless in the “abstract past.” The conflict, as everybody knows, was between the lover and the father; the old man owned his women until he was dispossessed by the superior strength and cunning of his younger rivals.

The play has neither period nor place, unless its continual reference to The Tribe indicates The Tribal Period. In that case, we should expect much more regard for the “taboo”; the seduction with which the play opened would not have taken place within the sacred circle of The Council’s meeting place. Even if the lovers had been, as he was represented, contemptuous of these sacred things, the woman would have died of fright at the thought of intrusion into the men’s place. It is only perfect love that casteth out fear; and even at the present time often over-ride the taboo. These women mixed far too freely with the men, and in the men’s places; they were far too fluent in the expression of the modern woman’s point of view to convey any sense of their period. There is, apparently, no other purpose in the play than to show us that the “abstract past” had the same values, was animated by the same motives, as the present. When the second daughter put forward as a reason why she should not go with the villain of the play the statement: “I don’t like you!” the thing became ludicrous. There was, in addition to this love interest, a tribal feud between the valley men and the mountain men, of which I could make nothing. The villain turned it to his own advantage; he, a valley man, was supposed to know more about the mountains than the mountain men did, and leading the valley men up by an unguarded path, he trapped and annihilated the mountain men, and had cows and women in plenty—to say nothing of his revenge on his enemies within the tribe. Mr. Cronin Wilson played this part with a good sense of character, but absolutely none of period; and Mr. Baliol Holloway made a romantic figure of Wolf, a mountain man. But all such plays fail because of a lack of sense of period; it does not matter much whether the representation is accurate or not, but it must be in keeping with itself, and convey the impression that we are observing another mode of life. Forms of speech, salutations particularly, modes of approach, symbolic gestures, all these things have to be invented; Mr. Baliol Holloway showed some sense of this when he as the envoy bidden to go in peace, he shouldered his spear with the head towards the back. There we had the simple and obvious expression of the idea of safe-conduct; and if the others had used similar reasoning, the performance would not have been the fiasco that it was.

Fortunately, Shaw’s “O’Flaherty, V.C.” followed this dreary drivel of prehistoric women; and the lively wit of the sketch triumphed in spite of the inadequacy of the acting. It seems to be assumed here that Irish players can give better performances of plays about Ireland than English players can and perhaps they can with characteristically Irish plays. But Shaw has no more nationalism than the weather; and his O’Flaherty was really an Irishman expatriated by the war. He was certainly a critic of the English (I believe it is admitted that we are not above criticism), but he was also a critic of the Irish; and his expressed intention of marrying a French woman and having a French farm indicates such a severance from the Irish tradition that the conventional mannerisms of the Irish players do not exasperate him. Mr. Baliol Holloway has developed a style of delivery that is not always appropriate to his material; he has a trick of waiting for the laugh which, in such a part as O’Flaherty, breaks up the sense and structure of the sentence. Take, for instance, this passage:

Mrs. O’Flaherty (threatening): Is that a way to speak to your mother, you young spalpeen?

O’Flaherty (stoutly): It is so, if you won’t talk sense to me. It’s a nice thing for a poor boy to be made much of by kings and queens, and shsh hands with by the heighth of his country’s nobility in the capital cities of the world. Why should men come home and be scolded and insulted by his own mother. I’ll fight for who I like; and I’ll shake hands with what kings I like; and if your own son is not good enough for you, you can go and look for another. Do you mind me now?

The simple sense of the passage is that of a growing temper of defiance; the man will not be stopped until he has said his say; and the audience ought not to be allowed to laugh heartily until the end of it. But Mr. Sinclair made a pause after “and queeens,” and got a laugh, another pause after “the country’s nobility,” and another laugh, another pause after “his own mother” and he chopped up the next sentence, which above all demands a continuous and tempestuous delivery, into three separate sentences with a laugh between each. The consequence was that O’Flaherty, instead of talking like “the ready lir” that he declared he was, talked like a solemn and sententious humbug who was painfully thinking his next line.

To some extent, Shaw is responsible for the possibility of tedium in delivery; for he has limited movement much in the same way that he did in “Over-Ruled,” I think. He will pin people down to furniture, and not everyone can be as lively with furniture as Miss Athene Seyler was in “The New Morality.” Mr. Arthur Sinclair simply sat on a seat, or stood to attention, and talked in a metre and tempo different from that of the envoy. Miss Maire O’Neill had her own admission, was sixty-two; she was also a tyrannous old woman browbeaten by a rebellious son into an admission of incompetence to judge the world by patriotic catchwords. If Miss Maire O’Neill had played the part, it would more probably have been adequately rendered by Mrs. Byford, giving a perfectly conceived rendering of the “brass hat,” General
Sir Pearce Madigan, which would have been even more effective if Mr. Sinclair had more obviously played Impudence to his Dignity. "O'Flaherty, V.C." is worth a better performance, but even as it was, it made an instant appeal to the audience.

A New Venture.

The book with which we are concerned here,* and which I have called a new venture, is Mr. Lavrin's "Dostoevsky and His Creation." Neither Mr. Lavrin nor this book needs any introduction to The New Age, so we can straightway into our subject without further preliminaries. There have been several reductive analyses, all, I think, made by Freudians, of various books and writers. These have been of value more as examples of the method and technique of purely reductive analysis than for any positive psychological values to be found in them. They either furnish explanations for an artist's idiosyncrasies, as, for instance, does Freud's "Leonardo da Vinci," or they are just examples of some usual complex, drawn not from a patient, but from some literary character. They are mildly interesting, and some have been useful in proving psycho-analytic points. But the experimental days of purely reductive analysis are past, so that this is the most that can now be said of them. Mr. Lavrin, on the other hand, takes his subject synthetically, and the name he has found for this method is psycho-criticism. And, after having ploughed through the too arid wastes of the analysers, it is most refreshing to meet such a book as Mr. Lavrin's, a book that gives us a synthetic picture of Dostoevsky and the Russia of his time. Instead of an analysis of his pleasure-pain principle in the Freudian fashion. Yet, even though we permit ourselves to say this, we must not fall into the error of neglecting reductive analysis; we must simply put it into its place as the means to the end of synthesis. The "lunar body," the "beloved ego," must be slain, which is to say dissected, but not so much for the sake of dissection as to submit its manifestations to discrimination, synthesis, transmutation. And such is also the method to be employed with books and writers; and such is, in essence, Mr. Lavrin's psycho-criticism.

To consider the particular psycho-critical study in question, Mr. Lavrin shows, it will be remembered, how Dostoevsky traces in his heroes the struggle for an absolute value, for God, in fact; and gives us a series of struggle of men who, unable to find God, feel themselves falling into the antibacterial void. And the deduction is that such men find themselves unable to make that act of faith which, when made, is the awakening of gnosis. And to this type of man Mr. Lavrin applies the name "God-struggler," the essential component in him being not so much a disbelief in God as the negation of any absolute objective value in favour of his own individual value—a demoniacal self-assertion. We may note in passing that this theme is also to be found in the Hindu psychology. In the "Ramayana" Ravana the ten-headed titan decides to attain to Vishnu by a struggle against an incarnation of Vishnu, Rama. Well, this individual self-assertion is nothing more nor less than the Nietzschean will to power, and Mr. Lavrin in a chapter on "The Bankrupty of Superman" uses it with especial reference to the psychological fate of Raskolnikov in "Crime and Punishment." Whence this bankruptcy? Because, as Mr. Lavrin shows very plainly, self-assertion is an assertion of self, not only against the so-called objective world, but likewise against that doppelganger, the unconscious. In reductive analytic terms the God-struggler is the Adorier striving to enhance his ego-consciousness, ahamkara. But the unconscious, whether as demon or deus, brooks assertion against itself with rather less tolerance than does the objective world. And in the unconscious dwells that eternal something not ourselves, of which Matthew Arnold wrote. It is just because this something not himself is the God-struggler fights against it, represses it, in psycho-analytic terms, will not serve it; and by this action he comes to experience not the Love of God, but the Wrath of God, with its concomitant fear of the void.

Mr. Lavrin demonstrates this lucidly, and in an English style that does him credit. "In Raskolnikov, Stavrogin, Kirillov, and Ivan Karamazov, Dostoevsky exhausted all the forms and possibilities of a self-assertion based on self-will. Each of these courses proved illusory, leading to self-destruction and the void. By means of them he also demonstrates that man cannot create an Absolute Value . . . . What remains, then?" This also Mr. Lavrin demonstrates for us. There remains that act of faith in the Eternal that Mr. Lavrin defines as "Religious self-assertion of Individuality." And he defines Dostoevsky's problem, saying, "After having examined the question of Value to the end, he finally was forced to choose either Ivan's (Karamazov's) fate and the path to self-destruction, or God and the immortality of the soul as an Imperative of our consciousness." And so arises the conclusion: "Is it possible, after weighing the watchword of Nietzsche, "God is dead—long live the Super-man!" the psychologist Dostoevsky could express his attitude towards the problem in a formula like this; "God must exist, for otherwise man has no right to exist!" God must exist, he said; never, God does exist; so he remained—a God-struggler. "He was a true poet, and of the Devil's party without knowing it," as was said of another no less titanic than Dostoevsky.

That is the sum of Dostoevsky's problem as posited by Mr. Lavrin. He saw the crusad against which Nietzsche was later to break, and strove mightily to will himself beyond it. It is not done by will, but by faith. I think we may profitably attempt to view the problem from the psycho-analytic angle. At any rate, by doing so, we may perhaps be enabled to throw a little more light on the picture as painted by Mr. Lavrin. The unconscious consists of everything of which we are not conscious, a fact that too many psychologists have not yet grasped. There are within it sub-conscious and super-conscious, Satan and God, and to find this plain, and the smallest experience of unprejudiced dream-analysis shows the same thing. Man's progress consists of a transvaluation of sub-conscious into super-conscious values. There is first the Satanist, the criminal whom Dostoevsky met in Siberia, and who will express the titan in his sub-conscious, commit his crimes, with good conscience and an easy mind. Then there is the God-struggler, who is the individual becoming aware of the super-conscious; and next in succession there comes, not the super-man, but the super-God-struggler, Man. Each and every God-struggler, from Dostoevsky himself to the most unhappy neurotic, is in some stage of the transition from Titan to Man—a titanic transmutation, indeed!

The archetype for to-day, the norm, is to be found, I think, in the "Mahabharata," in the figure of that hero Karna with his natural coat of mail and his flag with the emblem of an elephant noose; the purely formal mind with its strangulation of the titanic unconscious. We may note that he met his end when the left wheel of his chariot sank into the earth; when the mother that neglected, betrayed him. As opposed to this crude, cruel, school-boy, Roman mind, we are now beholding the norm of the new generation coming amongst us. The titans have lain buried beneath Aetna, it is true, but her forest-clad frame heaves fiercely. The God-struggler, is coming once more. We have remarked upon his titanic inner struggle. What of his battle with Karna? The
super-conscious stings him to religion, and what has the "school-boy philosophy" of to-day to offer him? A debased and vicious utilitarianism on the one hand, the pedantic mumblings of the comatose churches on the other. When the promptings of the super-conscious, the intuitions, are neglected, or arrested in their expression, distortion takes hold upon them and they sink into the demoniacal. To-day, and ever since Christ, it has been demanded of man that he shall become aware of, and follow, the super-conscious. And the hindrance is Philistia. We have seen what has happened in Russia, where the demoniacal man, the so-called normal, is at last to be seen. We are going to see what is coming from Asia. And we see that the irritant that is distorting the divine into the demoniacal is the gross, philistine immaturity of Europe, or, rather, of her leaders, England and America. We have seen the tragedy of Russia, and we shall see that tragedy the whole world over, unless this irritant be expunged. The old bottles will not contain the new wine, and unless England and America become aware of this their doom will descend upon them. And the essence of what they must see in this, that the philistine, the so-called normal, is at last to be considered as abnormal, while the God-struggler is becoming the norm. For he is the sinner called to repentance, and woe upon those that impede him.

J. A. M. ALOCK.

Views and Reviews.

IN SEARCH OF THE SOUL.*

Dr. Bernard Hollander has apparently determined to leave no channel unexplored in his search for that elusive entity, the soul. These two volumes, containing nearly nine hundred pages, outline briefly but comprehensively the history of philosophical speculation and scientific research from ancient times to the present day; they contain what is practically a Life and Works of that much maligned, misrepresented, and unread genius, Francis Joseph Gall, a man who shared with Hahnemann and Mesmer (neither of whom he agreed with) the glory of having originated new methods of research, as well as having, by his positive discoveries, established a new science. I know, from what I have read of Gall in other works (and Dr. Hollander's numerous citations confirm the view), that this is not the usual view of Gall; but as Dr. Hollander is the only writer known to me who has quite obviously made an exhaustive study of Gall's work, and supports his statements with an extraordinary wealth of quotation, both of Gall's works and those of his enemies, I accept the view of him that this work presents instead of the view that his enemies promulgated. He was an experimental genius whose chief discoveries have been credited to other men. Following on this section is a history of modern brain research, which leads up to an analysis of man's psychical nature, a statement of his mental functions, a conclusion section on the unexplored powers of the mind. As a storehouse of evidence in support of the theory of the localisation of the mental functions of the brain, the book is extraordinarily complete; Dr. Hollander's citation of cases frequently runs into hundreds; but of even more value, perhaps, is the historical and forensic treatment of the many disputed theories of the origin and nature of mental functions. Fortunately, Dr. Hollander does not aim at publishing a notebook of psychology; history is crowded with the wrecks of such systems; but he has made an attempt to lay the foundations of a science of character and conduct, to which he attaches the name Ethology proposed by John Stuart Mill. So far as the first section of this work is concerned, I think that Dr. Hollander would have been well advised to add a chapter summarising and criticising the main theories of the soul held by the ancients. It is quite clear from this summary that, side by side with religious assertion and philosophical speculation, there was a considerable body of medical evidence for the old soul theories did nothing to explain. The "helleborism" of the ancients, for example, was based on facts that did not accord with the soul theory; Hippocrates anticipated the homeopathic principle with his observation that hellebore can cause madness and sometimes cure it. This reversal of process can in no way be reconciled with the theory of the soul as a simple unity, of a different nature from the body and merely inhabitant of it. Indeed, the theories of insanity that are held afford a test of complete simplicity and cogency; the soul-theory logically issues in the obsession or possession theory of insanity, and the cruelties that were practised on the insane up to the first quarter of the nineteenth century were the necessary outcome of the belief that insanity was demoniacal possession. Curiously enough, the treatment by flogging assumed that the soul could be affected either from the body; the intention was to make the demon howl and depart, and casting out devils with a whip was a popular pastime. It does not seem to have been more efficacious than the method of exorcism, or the other method, practised by pre-historic man, of trephining the skull of epileptics to allow the evil spirits to escape. The astonishing fact of ancient history is that men had complete theories of man and the universe, of life, death, and the hereafter, long before they had any exact knowledge of the constitution of the very things they were pretending to explain. When they knew nothing of the constitution of man, and interdicted all inquiry (the Talmud, for example, "is absolutely devoid of anatomical knowledge," says Dr. Hollander), they knew all about God and His intentions, all about the soul and its nature. The evolution of knowledge has been from this ignorant presumption to the humility that makes the modern scientist look for his theory at the end of his researches; and as we get to know more of man our knowledge of God seems irrelevant. God and the soul are hypotheses that explain nothing. Yet, as I have said, side by side with these absurdities of presumptuous speculation there was a wealth of knowledge obtained by experiment and observation. Science is at least as old as religion; it is admitted, for example, that astronomical observations and calculations are hypotheses that explain nothing.

* "In Search of the Soul, and the Mechanism of Thought, Emotion and Conduct." By Bernard Hollander, M.D. (2 vols. £2 2s. net. Kegan Paul.)
better to be dead, the stagnation of the experimental practi-
cally unchanged from vegetable drugs, but they also used mineral substances among them is explicable. It was the Arabians who really established the experimental method as a means to knowledge, and made such brilliant discoveries both internally and externally. But as their acquirements seemed to have been the first to attempt to localise the brain is at once the seat of the voluntary division of simple unity into trinity of function would have inspired some less absurd theory than that of the soul; but until the eighteenth century, the search for he opened the way to the discovery of another theory of the soul than that of a simple unity. Posidonius seems to have been the first to attempt to localise mental functions; but his "functions" are simply those of the metaphysical psychologist, imagination, reason, memory, which cannot be localised because they are not faculties, or powers, but attributes of the faculties or powers. One would have thought that even this translation of the brain into trinity of function would not faculties, or powers, but attributes of the faculties or powers. One would have thought that even this division of simple unity into trinity of function would have inspired some less absurd theory than that of the soul; but until the eighteenth century, the search for the seat of the soul, or the sensorium commune, per-
A. E. R.

Review.

The Great Leviathan. By D. A. Barker. (The Bodley Head. 7s. net.)

This is a very unsatisfactory first novel: Mr. Barker seems able to write episodes, but fails to give them any intelligible connection—while his characters are as meaningless to us as to themselves. All that we know about Tom Seton is that he believed in free love and disarmament, experimented in free love (at Cambridge) and lectured on disarmament all over the country. What he said in its favour is not clear; the only lecture scene in the book is one at Cambridge, where he lost his temper and made a fool of himself. His experiment in free love was a failure, we are told, because the girl ceased to love him as a consequence of what she suffered. What she suffered, we are not told—except that a drunken woman abused her for "living with a man." Anyhow, she got tired of freedom, and married his tutor. His lectures on disarmament, apparently, were no more successful, and he stopped them on the outbreak of the European war. After that, he had a nervous breakdown, and went to India—and the story concludes with another affair altogether. The Great Leviathan is, apparently, the State, but it seems to be unaware of Tom Seton's existence and rebellion against it; certainly, he never came into conflict with it, even in argument, and his activities were, if not legitimate, at least not yet declared illegitimate. What he was driving at, and where he has got to, we have been unable to discover.


AMELIA LOWE.

To-day's my ninety-sixth birthday; but I don't feel it, I may have to stop in my bedroom through the winter by Dr. Berry's orders, But when the fine weather comes I get about in my bath-
And so long as Lottie Burrows is here I don't mind. That Nurse from London is always fussing round, But I don't hold with foreigners. She's very fond of me, is Lottie— And I'm sorry I can't leave her anything but these bits of sticks.

Father willed all the property to my humbugging half-

Fred Dobney— Providing he paid me three pounds a week as long as I live. It was a grand old business, but Fred's wife has spent all; And only the fear of Lawyer Ferrett has made him pay up lately (Cousin Jeremiah warns me even that won't avail much longer, But he was always gloomy). if the weather's damp and my chest not so good, Fred sends his girl round to ask, "How I am?": Hoping to hear the worst! When she comes into the bedroom I shut my eyes and don't speak: Just to aggravate him! I'm not going before my time! There's only two now in Fletton older than me, And George Jenkins isn't likely to last out long, Then it will be a race between me and Sarah Jackson: She comes of a poor stock and I shall beat her easy.

MRS. THOMAS BOWLES.

I was a fool to take Thomas! He's as dry as a codfish and as mean as dirt, Always contriving it's my money to be spent and not his: I'm sick to death of his thin lips and eyes drawn up with wrinkles. I ought to have had his brother, who is twice the man; but he got taken in by a servant girl, more's the pity; Men are such ninnyes! As for Thomas—he's hankering after his old sweetheart Who makes eyes at him through their shop window; He never dared marry her because she hadn't a penny. And now he's sorry! I wish he'd bolt to Australia with her; But he hasn't the pluck! It's a good thing for her he hasn't! The only thing I got by marrying again Was being able to cut away that tribe of Creaseys and Dobneys: Susan ought to have made him go to Church.

MERCY CULLEN.

He was a little wrong in his head at times— Poor child— Perhaps it was something to do with Grandmother Dorrien, the Frenchwoman: He would a got over that if he'd married and reared a family.

Brother Albert was the same when he was young, But thirteen bairns gave him enough to think about, Without shouldering other people's troubles: There's nothing like a bedmate to cure a boy of idle Alas, I'm sorry I didn't overpersuade Alfred, And let him have a go at the Civil Service; Alfred is strong-willed and wanted him in the slaughter-house, Which he hated worse'n poison. He wished to get out of Fletton because it was "too hard":— The world was too hard for him, poor child! The Vicar was very nice about it, And raised no objection to him lying in the Cemetery:

There's nothing like a bedmate to cure a boy of idle
Everybody knew he wasn't responsible when he had those headaches!
That horrible witch in High Street offered to cure him for a couple of fat ducks,
As if I should have let her touch him!
She ought to be ranted at, only she's all scared of her.
Young Tharp had a bad influence on Guy;
And would play his fiddle till I was nearly crazed.
I couldn't tell him not to come
Seeing his father was my brother:
He came to grief himself, however:
You can't outrace Providence!
After that day I found a lot of exercise books in his box,
All scribbled over in pencil, with poetry and stuff that wasn't sense;
I burnt it lest anyone should bring it up against him.

PETER TODD.

Now I've come to an understanding with Smithson.
I feel as if there was nothing else to try for:
The Todds will stand first in Fletton.
There's times when I've wished I'd set up in Bly
But women doctors are the limit;
And help 'em along till they're afloat,
I had a good run and no competition to mention.
That Colonial snob had better "analyse" her brother,
Whose dreams would make her hair curl, if he told 'em.
They say she gives the schoolchildren pennies to "bob"
in her to her in the street:
I should think now the Feast's as she'll do quite a good trade!
If I had my time over I should be a Veterinary:
Hicks gets more for curing pigs than I ever get for caring babies;
Whilst—if it comes to that—Betty Williamson's fees are miles ahead of either of us.

WALLACE RUSTON (II).

Song often sung in the "Mill Inn" by Mr. Ruston.
(Authorship unknown.) The last line of each verse was given by the company in a mysterious whisper.

-As day is done and night draws on
We gather near the fire,
What's rounded up with turfy peat
And as we sit and warm our feet,
The wind roars down the chimney.
It's been a freezing hard all day
With gusts of rain and hail,
And now the snow is whizzling down;
The window's turning pale:
Old Mother Goose has shook her gown:
The wind roars down the chimney.
The firelight is red and free,
The kitchen's snug and warm,
We're resting here contentedly
And wish nobody harm:
God help poor sailors out at sea!
The wind roars down the chimney.
The winter threatens to be hard
'Cox berries all is red,
And every morning in the yard,
A waiting to be fed
Comes robins, larks and scores of birds:
The wind roars down the chimney.
The rabbits and the hares about
Get bolder every day,
There ain't a deal of food to share
Among the lot, I lay;
Our orchard trees is gnawed quite bare:
The wind roars down the chimney.
The fields is raked and scoured clear,
The harvest's finished now,
Our yard is nearly full of stacks,
So you must all allow
As we've a right to gather here:
The wind roars down the chimney.
The eighty stone of pork we've killed
Should stand us for a time,
Our ceiling-baulks is almost filled
With bacon, fat and prime,
And elf the winter wheat is drilled:
The wind roars down the chimney.
There's hard in bladders, and a clump
Of Christmas puddings round and plump,
Whilst best of all, the home-made beer
Comes from the barrel, bright and clear;
We are the boys for right good cheer:
The wind roars down the chimney.
So light your pipe and fill your glass,
And settle down again,
The night full pleasantly will pass,
In spite of snow or rain;
Forget your troubles one and all,
Forget your grief and pain;
We're happy now, no matter how
The wind roars down the chimney.