NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The meeting of the Miners' Federation this week to hear the Report of the Committee that has been trying during the last five months to square a circle will be anything but cheerful. Unprecedented unemployment already exists in the mining industry, and more appears imminent; wages are or are about to be threatened with breakdown of the pre-war system.

It ought to be evident, even or, rather, especially, to the Miners' leaders, that the new situation presented by the irremediable collapse of the old structure must be met by new ideas. To attempt to apply the phrases and proposals of yesterday to the present unparalleled situation is to incur the fate of those who pour new wine into old bottles. A complete change of both attitude and policy is necessary; and as the first condition of this, a new idea is indispensable. Where is it to be found? Even Mr. Hodges, we are sure, will not try to pretend any longer that nationalisation is "inevitable" or even possible. Labour, we are glad to say, has at last arrived at the conclusion that nationalisation, either of the Mines or the Railways, is not "on the political map." Equally, we have little doubt, Mr. Hodges and his colleagues will now disclaim the possession of other plans of a practical character designed to transform the Mining system nearer the heart's desire. What, then, is left that offers even a hope of betterment but the new idea which we have so long urged and urged in vain—the control of Credit by the Miners' Federation in the interest of the general consumer? That scarcely a single member of the Miners' Executive has so much as heard of the idea is not, we agree, an encouraging fact to begin upon; nor is it of happy augury for the speedy adoption of the idea. Nevertheless, the situation being desperate, and the orthodox remedies being plainly inadequate, we do not yet despair that the Miners' Federation may feel themselves before long driven at least to investigate our proposals. We suggest that during the month of March, by the last day of which "decontrol" may be completed, the Miners' Federation be instructed to inquire into the possibilities of founding a new policy upon the new ideas of Credit. We offer our services to the fullest extent for the purpose, and without any other motive than that of extricating both the Miners' Federation and the nation at large from the present desperate and highly dangerous situation. We are absolutely convinced, for our own part, that the solution is to be found where we have indicated—namely, in the distribution of development or credit-values over and above the distribution of mere output-values; and we are no less convinced that a practical scheme for dealing with credit exists and is ready for adoption. But even as to this we are ready to accept the decision of the Miners' Federation after full and fair consideration; and once more, therefore, we publicly invite the Federation to consider the proposals we have made.

The shipping situation that was the occasion of so much self-congratulation on the part of the capitalist classes a few months ago is now described as gloomy in the extreme. Production has done its best for ships; despite war losses the world's supply of shipping is far greater to-day than it was in 1914. But alas, what is the use of ships if there are no consumers to purchase the goods they carry? Row upon row of empty and idle vessels are lying in our ports, we are told; and unemployment of ships keeps pace with the unemployment of men. In a few more months the percentage of ships laid up will be greater than the number of ships in commission. We have so often drawn attention to and explained the common economic phenomenon presented by this spectacle, that our readers must be weary of listening to it. It cannot, however,
be too often repeated while there remains a single mind that is unconvinced; for the explanation goes to the root, not only of the particular problem presented by shipping, but of the whole of our industrial system. Our industrial system alone that we have a superiority of the means of service side by side with an increasing, inability to employ those means; but in every industry, with scarcely an exception, the same spectacle is presented: a tremendous increase in the potential of production, and a tremendous decline in actual production. By all the alleged rules of the game, exactly the contrary effects of those experienced ought to accrue from this undeniable increment of capital values. Every additional ship, every additional machine, every additional factory, being, as it is, in addition to the means of production, ought, according to the rules, to increase production, that is to say, output; and, furthermore, ought to reduce prices. What is the common justification of an issue of credit (or purchasing power) for capital production if not its prospective multiplication and cheapening of consumable commodities? Where is this justification to be found in the fact that we have increased our means of production and simultaneously raised prices and diminished output? Once more we offer the true explanation of the simple puzzle. It lies in the fact that we do not distribute purchasing power at the same rate at which we develop producing power. On the contrary, we diminish the general purchasing power concurrently with our development of producing power; with the natural, inevitable and arithmetical consequence that the greater our productive ability the less our consumptive ability. The reasoning is too obvious to be missed by anybody desirous of understanding it. Capital production by issue raises prices immediately; that is to say, it is at the immediate expense of the consumer. Unless therefore the consumer is recouped for his loss (either by receiving a share in the increased productivity or by a reduction of prices) he is unable to purchase the goods which his capital expenditure has made possible. In short, "capital" lies idle.

Mr. Geoffrey Drage has calculated that 28 of our 48 millions of population are in receipt of "public assistance" in one form or another; and the extension of unemployment doles last week, both in respect of their amount and duration, will certainly bring the country still nearer to the pattern of the Roman Empire in its decline and fall. Let us say at once that we have no objection to the distribution of purchasing power among the population to the utmost limit of our productive ability. Our productive ability, indeed, has no other raison d'être than to be employed in delivering goods where they are needed; and a distribution of purchasing tokens equivalent to our productive ability is obviously simple and proper means of effecting the purpose of industry and of society. The arbitration of such a distribution merely to the "unemployed," however, is a course utterly wanting in frankness as well as in justice. There is no more reason why the registered "unemployed" should receive a "dividend" on the social product than any other class, notwithstanding the encouragement to its cultivation in the root, not only of the particular problem presented by shipping, but of the whole of our industrial system.

Mr. Geoffrey Drage does not see it, but the fact that our industrial system naturally fails to provide directly for half the nation; and similarly, that the present doles should be confined to the "unemployed" is a proof that the system means to maintain the fiction that work or willingness or ability to work is the only proper title to a share in the communal wealth. We demand the institution of doles or dividends for everybody, for everybody born into society and "called to be" co-heirs with us of the social inheritance. Quite 99 per cent. of our productive ability is the work, not of the present and living generation at all, but of our predecessors; and that fraction of the present generation that chances to be in control of the social inheritance has absolutely no right to exclude from the enjoyment of it any member of the community to whom, equally with so-called "producers," the common inheritance has been transmitted. The "right" of every individual to a dividend from the social inheritance is absolute; and it should not be made conditional upon "unemployment" or any other arbitrary qualification.

It must be admitted, however, that we have a long way to go before the servile superstitions of Labour as well as of Capital permit this conception to pass unquestioned. Mr. Clynes, for instance, was so misguided last week as to introduce a Bill, which was fortunately withdrawn without discussion, to "penalise" the recipients of the unemployed dole by requiring them to accept any work offered them by one of the competent local authorities. If an unemployed watchmaker, for example, being out of work for a week as a "dole" with which to bring up his family in fitness for the next war, should decline an offer to do navvy's work (possibly on the ground that his hands would be spoiled), Mr. Clynes would starve him into surrender. And, in general, unless every "worker" should be willing to do as he was told, the Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party would proceed to force him by the usual capitalist means. The misunderstanding clearly arises—since Mr. Clynes is not a brute—from a defect of knowledge. Like most other people who take the trouble to think for granted, Mr. Clynes is under the impression, first, that we are a poor country requiring uncommon exertions of labour to make both ends meet; and, second, that "work" or willingness to work, is not only morally essential to an income, but that work either does or ought to exist for everybody. The very reverse, however, of these assumptions is the truth. We are a fabulously rich country, reckoning riches as the means to production; and the number of people who can conceivably be usefully employed is constantly diminishing and ought to continue to diminish. Not only have we the means, if they were properly employed, of giving every family a minimum income of £500 a year; but this could only be effected by ruthlessly turning out of industry enormous numbers of the unfit, unskilled and unwilling. Their presence in industry is not only not required; it is a source of friction ad poor production. One-tenth of the population could happily and contentedly produce sufficient for the whole population with less exertion than is required to-day to "make work" for the unfit. Mr. Clynes will arrive at this conception in eternity if not in time.
nothing is more obvious in our own country than the prosperity of the banking concerns as demonstrated by a multiplication of new bank-buildings, and "forests of scaffolding" testifying to the extension of business premises, factories, and the like. Are we, then, like Germany, "shamming dead," pretending to be too poor to pay our debts, and at the same time "seeking to keep pace with the swift upward trend of business"? Without answering this question, we may remark that Germany is witnessing the consequences of the same distributive system that prevails here and, in fact, in all modern industrial communities: that we are too weights the scales heavily in favour of capital development and against mere consumable output. We have already remarked upon it; and we invite our readers who travel about the country to confirm our observations. Everywhere, from John o' Groats to Land's End, even at this moment and from the conclusion of the armistice continuously, capital production is, and has been, taking place on a scale never before witnessed in the whole of our industrial history. The calculation that our productive ability has increased 50 per cent since 1914 is the most conservative of experts with less propagandist philosophy have estimated the increase at three or four hundred per cent. And this is the mechanical outcome of distributing purchasing-power in such proportions that while less and less goes into the pocket of the ultimate consumer, more and more goes into the credit-account of the financier and the capitalist. Germany, in our judgment, is no more and no less shaming dead than we are ourselves; but the same system is at work in both countries. "Development" in both countries is proceeding at the same pace; and, at the same time. Output is decreasing, because the masses have less and less effective purchasing power.

It does not require exceptional intelligence to forecast the consequences of this common phenomenon of our industrial communities. America, England, Japan, Germany, and other countries are all alike heaping up the means of production and simultaneously diminishing their domestic means of consumption. All alike, in other words, they are charging themselves with a potential for which there is no actual demand at home. The consequent pressure upon "foreign markets" must in any event be intensified; and when it is remembered that "foreign markets" of the legitimate kind are undergoing a contraction rather than expansion, the absolute necessity of "illegal" relief will be seen to be almost axiomatic. The "Times" and other journals express the hope rather than the belief that "the days of active commerce will come again." A boom will follow the present slump merely because reaction follows action; so we are told. But the fact is that the only possible "boom" to follow the present "slump" is the boom of guns, since War is the only customer conceivably capable of actualising the world's potential production, in the absence of a distribution of purchasing-power which nobody is disposed to attempt. Once, again, and at the risk of wearisome repetition, let us ask what is to be done by the world with the myriads of ships, factories, mechanical appliances, and all the other thousand and one instruments of production that are now, so to say, eating their heads off with overhand chafe, and are ready to come from and in sufficient numbers and with sufficient purchasing power to keep them busy? The only effective demand for "output" from all this capital! "development" is chiefly measurable by the amount of wages and salaries distributed; and since, in the prevalent state of unemployment, this amount and percentage of a revival of trade by ordinary means are declining in the same ratio. We affirm, in fact, that war and war only is likely to produce a revival of trade; and the chances of war within months rather than years are now greater than ever.

Our Age.

The British Empire is the leading world-power of the present Aeon, which is the era of the Coming of Age of Humanity, an era of crises incommensurable, of revolutions in every stratum of the Geon and of Man. One of the causes of this tremendous confusion, which both Man and his cosmic abode are traversing, must be the effort of the Race to raise the entire level of consciousness to the heights of Aryan; which can be accomplished only by raising the soul of the First Born, of the First Truly Born, to the heights of Universal Humanity. So far as it may be given to Aryan consciousness and to pan-human conscience to know the causes of the world's throes to-day, we believe that, by supposing what we are driven to suppose, we know the truth. Our age is the Aeon of the Incarnation of Sophia, the dawn of this greatest of aeons, the crisis before the dawn. Europe, Christendom and Aryanmond, to make clear our identification, are witnesses of the Central Incarnation, of the Word, of the Christ. The passage of humanity from the individual consciousness to the awareness of the Infinite, and the passage of the Geon from a planetary into a solar state, demand and indicate, in both infinite mysteries, the incarnation of the Son of God by the grace of the Father of Worlds, and the incarnation of Sophia herself, of Man as a Kingdom, by the will and omnipotence of all the Sons of the Father. Aryanmond it was of the organic Aryan Man, of the revelation, Christianity; for the Aryan Man is himself the representative of reason and personality among mankind. Europe and Aryanmond are the first, the central, the essential Christendom. Christendom is the kernel of Pan-Humanity. This Universal Christendom, or Pan-Humanity, however, must be and will be super-Aryan spiritually, and it will be non-Aryan anthropologically. Universal Humanity in its life and order will be the very incarnation of Sophia; the consciousness and the logic of Man during the Kingdom, in the Kingdom, will be super-logical, super-conscious. Each man will become a logical cell of the Race. The Race, however, will transmute and lift up the power-body, the physicality of the planet. The Earth therefore will become glorified and Sophia in a superdegree, radiating, divine, and creating consciousness. Universal Humanity will become super-logical, super-personal; the Earth correspondingly, being the abode and the body of the Logos, will become a Sun. The crisis we are traversing is the spasm of Humanity to concentrate itself, to become Sophiaian conscious. Geon is the name of the human globe in its Christ aspect. Our crisis is the effort of Humanity to become conscious of its cosmic destiny.

TheSophian or glorified state of humanity in the ultimate dispensation of the world is determined by the need of the Earth as a material ball, and as a ball of pain, of anger, of desire, of stuff, of unconsciousness, to be a solar, a liberated, resurrected state. The incarnation of the solar Reason of the Logos of the Father into Jesus of Nazareth is a prophecy and a condition of the apotheosis of Man and of his world, of the incarnation—imperial and omnipersonal—of the Third Hypostasis of God. The need of the Creator Eternal is the realisation of divine or absolute Values; the end of Creation is Sophia, of God, or Pleroma of Values; the instrument and basis of values, however, is awareness of values, consciousness. The eternal need of the Father is the World, the supreme Value; the ground of the Value and of the World is consciousness. The Solar or Sophian state of Man is the change in the sphere of existence; the telluric or Logistic state of matter, the earth, is the pain, the travail of existence. It was the Aryan race which inherited the cult ofthe solar reason and of logical, articulatw consciousness from the pan-human guidance; in Bharata Varsha and in ancient
Iran, Aryan mankind produced solar and logical religions. That the Christian religion is destined to become the foundation for the one religion of the world we have seen; Christianity is a passionate, religious, spiritual, intellectually, symbolically; we repeat, however, that Christianity in its essential message, essentially, is an Aryan religion. Brahmanism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, and Christianity are Aryan religions in the sense that the genius of the solar or logical Aryan race is expressed in them. It is their own revelation and self-expression to the world—Aryandom and Christendom represent the evolutionary and historical dispensation of Personality, of Reason, and of Liberation in the world. Europe, the continent and the power-body of Christendom, is the world-centre of organisation, of Sophian organisation of the world. For in Europe all the three deific ideals, deific forces, are contained, actually or potentially, which are entelechies of the organisation of humanity. Aryandom, Christendom, and Socialism, these are the three holy ideals and the three immense entelechies; for these three, each and all, refer to Logos and Sophia; to God; to Power, Reason, and Love. For Europe is destined to give birth to Socialism, through the awakening of the Slav peoples; her modern history and culture can be identified with Christendom; her system of life, her civilisation are Nordic. Europe appears to be the heart of Western Man and the awareness of Humanity, whatever dark appearances may indicate.

The White race of Man, to tell the verihood of the acral truth of the Sophian order of Mankind, the White race of Man and not any coloured one has become already and providentially—and must remain so—the basis of power and presence, the instrument of power, of will in the Kingdom. The will of Western Man, the will of Prometheus, must be—and it alone can be—the strength of the many arm that will sustain the titanic work of world building. It is the West and its mechanics that must be the engineer of the Kingdom; and its architect, the religion of the Kingdom, to say unmistakably a pan-human conviction, the Religion, the reflex of the Propator in human life, must for the whole of humanity be the Aryan, Promethean, Solar religion. The science of the Kingdom, the understanding of mankind, on the contrary, has never been inherent in Aryan materialism. Aryandom, in the sense of the Pan-Humanity of that realm of life which includes the womanhood and the childhood of the world as well as its manhood, has never been, and never can be, materialistic, logical in its awareness. Aryandom and the Universal Humanity, its Gnosis, can be only a Gnosis of Truth Absolute, truth complete; this truth, however, is infinite and divine, complex and not dead, mysterious and self-evident. This truth is the revelation of Christian metaphysics. Paradoxical as it may seem, the scientific ideal of the Sophian order will be not a Western, Logic ideal, but a mystical, spiritual one. The Art of divine Humanity, of the coming race of spirits, will be, as Tolstoi knew, a socialistic communion of spirits, a weaving of the web of Sophia. Far from being a life plebeian and vulgar, Socialism is the dispensation of a life elevated, life seraphic and resurrected. These three Sophian ideals of the world, Aryandom, Christianity and Socialism, are the ideals of Europe; her modern history and providitional ideals. Aryandom, or Self-created, Self-guidance, is the pan-humanly worthy ideal of the will of the Race. Christian metaphysics, or the doctrine of the Sonhood of the Awareness, and the Fatherhood of the Creator and the Divinity of the Life, is a gnosti capable of helping the Race to become Sophia; and the providential ideals. Aryandom, or Self-creation, Self-guidance, is the pan-humanly worthy ideal of the will of the Race. Christian metaphysics, or the doctrine of the Sonhood of the Awareness, and the Fatherhood of the Creator and the Divinity of the Life, is a gnosti capable of helping the Race to become Sophia; and the providential ideals. Aryandom, or Self-creation, Self-guidance, is the pan-humanly worthy ideal of the will of the Race. Christian metaphysics, or the doctrine of the Sonhood of the Awareness, and the Fatherhood of the Creator and the Divinity of the Life, is a gnosti capable of helping the Race to become Sophia; and the providential ideals. Aryandom, or Self-creation, Self-guidance, is the pan-humanly worthy ideal of the will of the Race. Christian metaphysics, or the doctrine of the Sonhood of the Awareness, and the Fatherhood of the Creator and the Divinity of the Life, is a gnosti capable of helping the Race to become Sophia; and the providential ideals. Aryandom, or Self-creation, Self-guidance, is the pan-humanly worthy ideal of the will of the Race. Christian metaphysics, or the doctrine of the Sonhood of the Awareness, and the Fatherhood of the Creator and the Divinity of the Life, is a gnosti capable of helping the Race to become Sophia; and the providential ideals.

The Empire of British mankind is, however, that realm of the world, where the tragedy and the treason of Europe, where the Crisis Incommensurable, the crisis of our dispensation, is most truly seen.

M. M. COSMOI.

Our Generation.

Dr. Blomfield's use of the word "nature," referred to last week, is worth a little further comment. He wished to see the children of tuberculous and neurasthenic ex-soldiers removed, it will be remembered; and the method of their extermination was to be to "leave them to Nature." My objection to this description of an inhuman action was that it was hypocritical; it put upon Nature the guilt for a crime which was born in the wills of men. But the more closely this conception of Nature is regarded the more clearly it will be seen to be an evil superstition and nothing more. Either human society is a part of Nature, or it is something more. If society is a part of Nature it is clear that it cannot leave certain things to Nature, it must leave everything; if, on the other hand, it is something more than "Nature," then again it cannot leave a part of its necessary functions to Nature: that would be simple human failure, a breaking of society's own law; a lie and a betrayal; a scuttling of the ark of civilisation which floats on the face of the elements, and whose preservation is the common task of humanity. The function of human society is different from that of Nature; this is a truism, a fact so simple that it is unconsciously accepted by all men, although Dr. Blomfield does not seem to know it. Society is in its essential idea an ark, and its bond is to preserve and nurture all human life, just as it is that of Nature to preserve life itself, life in its generic form and only secondarily in its specific manifestations. Society differs from Nature, then, in this—that it desires to preserve individuals as well as race; that it seeks to give to every individual the opportunity of expressing his unique essence. Society exists for this. It is true that in as far as it is important, in so far as it is not society but a mere congeries of classes, each greedily aggrandising its own, the unfeeling nature of things, they must fight for their bread; that they must "fail" or succeed at the expense of their brothers; and this gives birth to a more of Nature's, but that it should be so. This superstitious has done infinitely more to increase human misery than the fear, now obsolete, of an old-fashioned hell. Men cling to the belief that, by a necessity in the nature of things, they must fight for their bread; that they must "fail" or succeed at the expense of their brothers; and this belief gives birth to a legion of terrible passions, to anxiety, suspicion, fear, envy and hatred. The way to freedom lies open to them, but they cling to their superstitions, preferring them when they are hideous to the truth when it is fair. The most pressing need for humanity to-day is the same as it was in the time of Lucretius: intellectual emancipation, the power to realise that in every sphere two and two make four; the knowledge that they have created mysteries.
most of them malignant, where everything is perfectly simple.

The recent discussions which have been going on in the Press on the subject of divorce show how deeply rooted is the human desire to be miserable. The man who, after imposing an unnecessary bond upon himself, calls it necessity, and then draws attention to his sufferings and to his fortitude beneath them, has been known in all times and in the light of the new psychology is known now perhaps better than ever before. It takes the most complete and untramelled exercise of the mind to cease to become his image; and even then the mind invents miseries of its own, it imports tragedy into the simplest statement that two and two make four; it invests with glamour the miseries from which it has by its own efforts escaped. Thus Mr. Chesterton finds something sublime in incompatibility of temperament considered wedded, the marriage state would be nothing has been so disastrous to the common estimate of marriage superstition itself. If had marriages could be dissolved with more dispatch, and if only those who freely choose to live together were considered wedded, the marriage state would be accorded some place where it commands esteem.

This is the simple truth; but what men want is not truth, but sublime irrationality, mystery where there is no mystery, or, at any rate, quite another mystery, and diabolical suffering, endured either vicariously or in person. At a time when so many loathesome superstitions are alive even the ugliest truth should appear beautiful. For we live and move in superstition; our law is a superstition, our religion, our literature, as it conceives of marriage as the marriage superstition itself. If the right to the الجنوب of society against this man is more valuable than those whose superstitious conservation of bad laws have sent him into revolt, because he is more real. 

Edward Moore.

Towards National Guilds.

"The mechanism of exchange is the life-blood of civilisation."—Major Douglas in "Credit, Power and Democracy."

The analogy between life-blood and credit drawn by Major Douglas is full of significance. From earliest times blood has been invested with a certain sanctity. Poured out upon the altar, it was a most acceptable offering to the gods of primitive peoples, including the Jahveh of the Jewish nation. Blood relationship was the earliest connecting link between human groups, and blood feuds maintained solidarity against a common enemy. But the Greeks, "our young light-hearted masters," with their insatiable curiosity, sought to gain exact knowledge concerning this. Their efforts culminated in the genius of Galen, who asserted that his work on the use of the parts of the human body was nothing less than a hymn to the Creator. For over thirteen centuries the conclusions at which he arrived were unquestioned. To such a new intellectual the human body, that it gave birth to no mind sufficiently independent and original to shake off the trammels of authority and freely examine facts. Galen's teaching embodied serious errors regarding the blood, of which he considered there were two kinds flowing respectively from the liver and the heart, this error was blindly accepted down, through the ages, as the way the key for research leading to true physiological conclusions. The long torpor was at last broken in the sixteenth century by two young friends—Vesalius, the creator of modern anatomy, and Servetus, who discovered the pulmonary transit of the blood. They were followed by William Harvey, who revolutionised the whole of the study of medicine by his discovery that the blood circulated continually through the body.

Locke has remarked that "Truth scarce ever yet carried it by vote anywhere on its first appearance," and the new truth announced by Harvey was no exception to the rule. The great physician had delayed its publication for twelve years, as "it is of so novel and unheard-of character, that I not only fear injury to myself from the envy of a few, but I tremble lest I have mankind at large for my enemies, so much doth want and custom that has become as another nature, and doctrine once sound and that hath struck deep root and rested from antiquity influence all men." When he finally resolved on giving it to the world he said, "The die is cast, and my trust is in the love of truth and the candour that inheres in cultivated minds; and I am not so much afraid Harvey was not alone in hesitating to disturb the tyranny of custom over thought. It was thirty years before Copernicus allowed his "Treatise of Revolutions" to see the light; Bacon put off publishing his "Novum Organum" for twelve years; Sir Isaac Newton gave his "Principia" to the public only after twenty years, and Darwin had worked out the idea of the "Origin of Species" seventeen years before it appeared.

According to Plato, there are three states of knowledge—acquisition, latent possession, and conscious possession. But after the individual has thus obtained mastery over his idea, there is still the struggle for general acceptance. In Harvey's case the novel theory he put forward at once arrested the attention of the medical fraternity throughout Europe, but by those in authority it was regarded as an idle dream and the propounder as a mild crank. Only the young and unprejudiced doctors gave it serious consideration. It is said that no medical man who had attained the age of forty years adopted the doctrine of the circulation of the blood. Aubrey relates that when Harvey's book appeared the practice of the author "fell mightily, and appeared the practice of the author "fell mightily, and the envy of a few, but I tremble lest I have mankind at large for my enemies, so much doth want and custom that has become as another nature, and doctrine once sound and that hath struck deep root and rested from antiquity influence all men." When he finally resolved on giving it to the world he said, "The die is cast, and my trust is in the love of truth and the candour that inheres in cultivated minds; and I am not so much afraid Harvey was not alone in hesitating to disturb the tyranny of custom over thought. It was thirty years before Copernicus allowed his "Treatise of Revolutions" to see the light; Bacon put off publishing his "Novum Organum" for twelve years; Sir Isaac Newton gave his "Principia" to the public only after twenty years, and Darwin had worked out the idea of the "Origin of Species" seventeen years before it appeared.

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According to Plato, there are three states of knowledge—acquisition, latent possession, and conscious possession. But after the individual has thus obtained mastery over his idea, there is still the struggle for general acceptance. In Harvey's case the novel theory he put forward at once arrested the attention of the medical fraternity throughout Europe, but by those in authority it was regarded as an idle dream and the propounder as a mild crank. Only the young and unprejudiced doctors gave it serious consideration. It is said that no medical man who had attained the age of forty years adopted the doctrine of the circulation of the blood. Aubrey relates that when Harvey's book appeared the practice of the author "fell mightily, and he was believed by the vulgar to be crack-brained." But truth must ultimately win, and in half a century the whole educated world had accepted the truth he taught.
The record of Harvey's work as a pioneer in physiology is doubly fascinating to those who are watching with anxious interest the efforts to present new conceptions to the present world. Major Douglas has compared the workings of credit in the body politic to the circulation of blood in the physical body. Abundant parallels may be indicated. In the individual it is essential to life that the blood should be kept in motion. Stagnation means suspension of life, if not death itself. Similarly, in the individual physical body, trade and unemployment are inevitable accompaniments of restrictions of credit, as we have recently had only too good cause to know.

Should the even flow of the blood be disturbed, and one part of the body receive an excessive quantity, it will develop out of all proportion to the other part of the body. Thus the abnormally developed, while his weak spindle-shanks of circulation of blood in the physical body. Abundant essential to life that the blood should be kept in motion. The financial brigands, who control credit, divert its cause to know.

When the blood is diseased or impoverished, the ill effects invade the whole body, breaking out now in one symptom and then in another. In like manner, the fluctuations of credit affect every individual in the community or group of communities and their results cannot be located or confined to a restricted space.

The practice of transfusion by the medical faculty bears witness to the vitalising influence of blood, "which is the life." That credit possesses a similar potency in the economic world received striking confirmation in the history of the recent metallurgy strike in Italy. The workers had seized the factories, and found that they held but the lifeless skeleton of industry, since it was in their masters' power to withhold the vivifying stream of credit.

In propounding his theory, Harvey found his chief opponents among those who were steeped in the wisdom of the ancients. The greatest enemy of a new idea is an old idea. It is probable that the bitterest opposition Major Douglas will have to encounter will proceed not from the camp of the old order (whose economic conceptions are much bewildered by recent events), but from those who have imbibed the Marxist doctrines of surplus value and the class war. May not this explain the chilling reception accorded to the Mining scheme by certain Labour leaders? It is exhausting to continually revise and rearrange one's mental furniture. But there is hope in the young generation, where Harvey found his adherents. Fortunately for progress, the natural term of man's life is limited, and crabbed age has to yield place to youth.

In one all important respect the comparison between life-blood and credit does not hold good. Man might hold erroneous notions about his own condition, but without his will or knowledge the life-blood circulated through his body, and life proceeded normally. It was only in pathological states that any danger might be apprehended from his inaccurate conceptions concerning himself. It is true that Harvey's discovery revolutionised the doctors' outlook, but healthy humanity has little to do with medicine. It is quite otherwise with Major Douglas's analysis of the hidden workings of finance. His conclusions affect every man, woman, and child.

Without entering into details, my view that Shakespeare was a supreme editor has this advantage over every other theory put forward: it covers the facts and it does not necessarily exclude any other partial hypothesis. For instance, I am quite prepared to believe on sufficient evidence that Mr. Looney's candidate, Edward de Vere, did not write any of the Shakespearean lines; but Edward de Vere did not write any of the Shakespearean lines, they were the work of the editor. M. Lefranc, again, makes out a very good case, a case which "Le Temps" thinks is conclusive, for William Stanley's authorship of "Midsummer Night's Dream." Very well; but William Stanley did not write the Shakespearean lines in the "Dream"; they were the work of the editor. Similarly, the score or so of affiliations commonly admitted for individual plays even by Sir Sidney Lee are recorded; in fact, they are required in my theory. My Shakespeare never wrote a play in his life, I should say; but he took all that inspired him and edited them, transforming them more or less as they appealed to his geniuses. The question to be settled, I contend, is not therefore the authorship of any one of the plays, but the character of their editor: not who wrote Shakespeare, but who was Shakespeare. And the settlement, I affirm, is for literary and not historical criticism. Allow me the "canon" of Shakespeare, and turn it towards their own enrichment. Hence society is never in a healthy normal state. Only by Major Douglas's proposals of communalising credit and thus controlling prices can health be maintained. To produce the beneficial effect which would ensue from the adoption of the New Age scheme, Harvey should not only have passively described how the blood circulates, but should have actively turned it on in the right direction. That, in very deed, would have been doing for the community when the scheme is brought into operation.

FRANCES PREWETT.
A home correspondent has made the admirable suggestion that a new "Don Quixote" be written to slay the dragon of Capitalism with the pen of satire. The suggestion is not a new one, for it is to be found in Poulet-Malassis's "In a Word..."; but the present is to be made as a weapon, and at the crack of the dragon's source need be made; but anybody is at liberty to begin on the work at once. Some excellent arguments are adduced why the work should be undertaken. Capitalism has long trespassed the land, and its evils are generally admitted. Reason has failed to make any impression on the beast, and sentiment appears almost to be its favourite food. Satire, therefore, is plainly indicated as the appropriate weapon, and at its crack, my correspondent suggests, the beast would dissolve into nothing amidst universal laughter. What more need be said but "Cervantes, forward!"

I have not invented the letter reproduced below; it is really genuine, although it is not intended for any particular teacher. Here it is: "I should be grateful if you could tell me just why you find so much to admire in the Small Gallery at Whitechapel. The reason I am asking is this: Some time ago I took my boys—a set of 40 'young hopefuls'—to an exhibition and tried to show them how to look at pictures. Of themselves, and by themselves, they went to this gallery and I was besieged with questions. Part of the dialogue ran like this: 'Is it fourteenth century work?' 'No, it's modern.' 'Have we gone back as far as that?' was the really shocked reply. I had no answer that I cared to give, because if there is anything in the picture which my boys call 'The lady with the pink eye I can't see it.'"

Is there any special way of looking at the picture? Somebody told us that the best way of looking at modern painting is to look sideways and so long that one's neck positively aches. As far as we are concerned we do not know of any particular way of looking at paintings, except that one is not supposed to appreciate the picture by gazing at the back of the canvas. I am glad to be able to say that the question "Is it fourteenth century work?" is an excellent one, and if our teachers knew more about art—we do not blame them for not doing so—the boy should have had a right answer, which we will try to give him now. What impressed the boy as fourteenth century in these works? Certainly not their similarity to the pictures of that time, for no boy could be a connoisseur, able to distinguish all the schools in art. No: but the fourteenth century was the century which saw the creation of a new art and we are now in a similar position. The fourteenth century Italians got Cezaann, Picasso, Matisse, etc. The unlimited effort to create, the general push forward in our whole modern life, naturally reflects itself also as it is always done, and there is a necessary similarity with corresponding epochs in the past which a boy can see, but which the Royal Academy and sophisticated people in general cannot. We are living in a great period in history, we are arriving at a new art just as we now arrive at a new social order, not because of our love or hatred of it, but because it is an historical necessity and we cannot help it. For let no one imagine that any honest artist is "modern" deliberately; he is modern because he cannot be otherwise; for the same reason that the Russian Revolution is not the work of Lenin and Trotsky, but an inevitable result of the development of a social order.

It must be borne in mind that there are some permanent values in art which do not change and which may be obtained in different ways. The trouble is that people are inclined to mistake "the finish" for art; for them there is nothing in art but clever brush work and a suitable story, which might be much better written. The reason for the greatness of the old masters is not in the subjects painted, but in the way in which the things are conceived and put together so that they really achieve that which the artist intended. It was always so, and so it is now, that every great thing is new and has to fight for its existence by fighting the young because they are bearers of new things, new values, which aestheticians cannot see or appreciate for a simple reason: they have never seen it before, and it is not written in their text books.
Dream Consciousness.

Mrs. ARNOLD-FORSTER has written a book* which, she says, is intended largely as a record of personal experiences with dreams and dream mechanisms; the contention being that such a record is of value in these days of exploration, and a "fascinating path of inquiry." She begins by rejecting the expression "unconscious mind" as a contradiction in terms, and suggests the substitution of the phrase "dream mind." Unconscious mind is not, as a matter of fact, any contradiction in terms, being simply an admission that there are various psychological processes that work outside the focus of awareness, before their appearance in awareness. These words is definitely a proven psychological concept, and as such we should not abandon it. "Dream mind," however, is a valuable term in that it is descriptive of those psychological states of which we are aware in dream consciousness. It is a good expression for one of the two ways of thought that Jung describes at the opening of "Psychology of the Unconscious," for the symbolic manifestations of thought, in fact. And it also equates with the Mahabharta's description of mind as the sixth sense. In the opening he is expected to be a great deal, I feel disposed to suggest that psychologists, or at any rate psycho-analysts, should speak of the mind with this connotation only attached to it. They will find a resultant clarification of their concepts, if they can overcome a prejudice against returning to such an ancient source. Modern psychologists are too timid of what they curiously call the primitive. Let them regard it as primal, and they will find that they may be rewarded.

Mrs. Arnold-Forster continues with good descriptions of the manner in which the dream mind functions in symbols, and of the border-states between sleeping and waking. At the same time she raises an objection to the interpretation of these symbols especially to the Freudian method of dealing with them. She points out justly enough that the Freudian method is inadequate. But she offers no alternative hypothesis on the meaning or significance of dreams. She appears to regard dreams as phenomena to be watched and, if possible, to be enjoyed. Beyond giving examples of how various symbol formations may be woven from various memories and how a concept may be transformed into a visual symbolisation, she does not venture; being content with a somewhat passive attitude towards the dream as an aesthetic experience. She suggests methods of remembering and recording dreams that may compare with the methods taught by the Æsculapian priests, and also with certain instructions to be found in Paracelsus—"we should not leave the room after rising, and speak to nobody, but remain alone and undisturbed, and eat nothing until after a while we remember that dream." And this is comparable to Baudouin's "collection." After this Mrs. Arnold-Forster goes on to discuss what she calls a method of dream control. This is to ensure the banishment of nightmares and any dream with disagreeable effects and consists in teaching oneself in such a dream to affirm that it is only a dream, and wake up. That this can be done there is no doubt whatever, though most individuals do not train themselves to it, but do it accidentally, if at all. It is one of Freud's dream mechanisms, and he calls it "regard for presentability." Mrs. Arnold-Forster, in discussing it, says that she is aware that from the Freudian point of view "repression or control, leading to the abolition of bad dreams, is no unmixed blessing, but is in all likelihood a mistake." . . . . . "The effect of controlling the content of our dreams is to force them to hide their true significance, so that the problems which they symbolise are only able to appear under still more complete disguise; bad dreams are looked upon by him [the Freudian] as warnings." As a matter of fact I think the Freudian is chiefly concerned with the repressing power added to his censor by such an enhancement of the "regard for presentability" as is advocated by Mrs. Arnold-Forster, while it is the Jungist who will make the statement that the nightmare is sometimes a beneficial warning. However, Mrs. Arnold-Forster counters with the contention that "until our conviction as to the reliability of their [the psycho-analysts'] analysis is more assured, there will probably be a majority of people who would gladly make the exchange that I have suggested, and rid themselves of their bad dreams, even if these be fraught with possible instruction, in return for a dream life peaceful and unsullied"—for which argument there is at present certainly a great deal to be said.

But now, let us discriminate a little. As I was saying a few weeks ago, psycho-analysis is no longer entirely in the experimental stage. There are now certain definite landmarks, as it were, in the study of the unconscious. And we may even say that one of them is rather like a verification of that portion of that dreams go by contraries. In the dream state of consciousness we indubitably become aware, among other things, of the functioning of the sixth sense. If the reader will, we can stop for a moment to equate this sixth sense with the daimon that Socrates described; we shall be perfectly justified in doing so, for the daimon speaks to us in symbol and analogy, and when that language is equated with the concepts and forms of conscious thought, we find our dream to be a statement of our position with reference to every circumstance by which we happen at that given moment to be affected. These circumstances are both internal, subjective that is to say, and external. There are functions inherent in every individual which it is his dharma (or nature) to fulfil, functions that appertain to the harmonious and right orientation of himself and the world. He may fulfill them, or, on the other hand, for various reasons, such as the pull of some complex, infantile attachments, fixations of libido, current conflict, or whatnot, he may not fulfill them. If he does not then he does the other thing, which is to repress them. Now a function is an embodiment of energy, and no man can deny an active outflow to his energies, no man can refuse to fulfill his functions, or find himself in such a position as impedes the fulfillment of his functions, without enduring a certain amount of psychic dislocation, or splitting, in the experience of incoherence in waking consciousness as various symptoms of neurosis, and in the dream-state as warning and starting dreams. Hence, strictly of course from the psychoanalytic standpoint, arises the value of "bad" dreams. They are an indication that the dreamer needs to reorientate himself in such and such a manner. Now he may, if he wishes, do this by the development of what Freud calls the "regard for presentability" mechanism. If he does, then psychologically he is performing a valuable exercise in Baudouin's "collection." And he may by such means certainly reorientate himself to his self sufficiently once more to perform his functions and become re-harmonised. But it seems to me that there is no sure guarantee that such a thing will happen by this means, and I would turn Mrs. Arnold-Forster's argument against the analysts equally against her advocacy of universal dream-control. As auto-suggestion without analysis is a putting the cart before the horse, so also is indiscriminate dream-control without analysis; and the proof is that in any serious psychological storm both methods are a complete failure, when applied alone, which is to say, without discrimination. When and where, however, dreams are undergoing analysis and are running in a definite, progressive series, there both auto-suggestion and dream-control

* "Studies in Dreams." By Mrs. H. O. Arnold-Forster. (Allen and Unwin. 6s. ed.)
are of the first value, are, in fact, one and the same thing. That, at any rate, is a part of the contentions of psycho-analysis, and I have kept well within the limits of concepts that are no longer experimental.

There is a foreword to this book by Dr. Morton Prince. Of this all that need be said is that the Sally Beauchamp case has coloured the whole of his psychological outlook, and he shows no signs of recovering from it.

J. A. M. Atcock.

Drama,
By John France Hope.

Falstaff's sin of gluttony is infectious; after seeing Mr. Alfred Clark play the part in the revival of King Henry IV (Part II) at the Court Theatre, I want more Falstaff. I wish that it were possible (although I know that it is not) to play Part I one night, and Part II the next, so that we might see Falstaff and Mistress Quickly at full length. But, alas, playing is a more complex art than reading; and we have to be satisfied with the massive dose of Falstaff given in each of the plays separately. Let there be no mistake about it; the King and the nobles and their quarrels mattered little or nothing to Shakespeare when writing these plays. His stuff, they have said, was all "poetry" and not a reference to a literary tradition. He is not "blasted with antiquity"; he retains considerable physical nimbleness, which accords well with his mental dexterity, and the fact that he does not rely on any elaborate "business" for his effects makes Mr. Clark's Falstaff the more convincing. He is a mind which accords well with his physical nimbleness, and the fact that he does not rely on any elaborate "business" for his effects makes Mr. Clark's Falstaff the more convincing. He is a mind which accords well with his physical nimbleness, and the fact that he does not rely on any elaborate "business" for his effects makes Mr. Clark's Falstaff the more convincing. He is a mind which accords well with his physical nimbleness, and the fact that he does not rely on any elaborate "business" for his effects makes Mr. Clark's Falstaff the more convincing. He is a mind which accords well with his physical nimbleness, and the fact that he does not rely on any elaborate "business" for his effects makes Mr. Clark's Falstaff the more convincing. He is a mind which accords well with his physical nimbleness, and the fact that he does not rely on any elaborate "business" for his effects makes Mr. Clark's Falstaff the more convincing. 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What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now should be the father of some stratagem; the times are wild: contention, like a horse bears down all before him.

Shall we see Falstaff and Mistress Quickly? One night, and Part II. The stuff that they have to deliver is no more poetry than is a Laureate's Ode. When a dramatist speak, not as men, being, doing, suffering, feeling men speaking from the fullness of the heart, but in a convention of poetic drama as rigid as that of official language to-day, Lord Bardolph talking of the economics of war in the terms of house-building is neither poetry, politics, nor character; it is just padding, pumped-up rodomontade that means nothing into polite English. All creative literature has the quality ascribed to Jesus in the Gospels; "He spoke as one having authority, and not as the scribes": Shakespeare's nobles speak as they were expected to speak, not as men, being, doing, suffering, feeling men speaking from the fullness of the heart, but in a convention of poetic drama as rigid as that of official language to-day. Lord Bardolph talking of the economics of war in the terms of house-building is neither poetry, politics, nor character; it is just padding, pumped-up rodomontade that means nothing because Shakespeare's creative genius was working on other material.

But with Falstaff all is changed; he is a character, and not a reference to a literary tradition. He is concerned with his own affairs, and with other things only as they affect his affairs; he speaks directly from experience, begins with "Sirrah, you giant, what says thee?" as though a reference to urology were too inmodest for modern ears; curiously, he retains: "Empty the Jordan"; in sc. iv, act II, the omission does not disguise the fact that Falstaff is a live man from his entrance. When Shakespeare's dramatist genius was working at any character effect with his first line; see how "Othello" opens, for instance, with Roderigo's peevish weakness revealed at once: "Tush, never tell me. I take it much unhappily, that thou, Iago—who hast had my purse as well as my best hearts—should talk of this." Falstaff, similarly, reveals himself in his very first line; there is a whole history of implication in it. Compare it with Northumberland's entrance in the same play:

What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now should be the father of some stratagem.

The times are wild: contention, like a horse bears down all before him.
character. The modern woman is perhaps handicapped in the expression of lewdness of character; and Miss Leah Bateman’s rendering of Doll Tearsheet was, I suppose, as near to it as we shall get. But this skipping over the sensual passages, the attempt to render them with the least possible suggestiveness of their real intention, gives a different weight to the character than Shakespeare designed. Passion, of course, is easier for an artist to express than sensuality; and Miss Bateman succeeded in making the heroine’s conscience, and trying to brazen out the possible reproof of Doll Tearsheet’s character. She was best in her reviling scenes; but for the rest, played too like a gentlewoman, and not enough like the one “in hell already, and burning, poor soul.” I can only mention Mr. H. O. Nicholson’s Justice Shallow as a joy in itself. Altogether it is a very enjoyable performance.

Views and Reviews.

UNEXPLORED FORCES OF THE BODY

One of the chief difficulties of psychology is to establish the reality of what is called “mind”; indeed, the only apparent proof of its reality known to me is to be found in what are called the super-normal phenomena of hypnotism and mesmerism. The more cautious psychologists speak of “mentation” or “intellection,” implying the activity of an organism instead of an abstract entity exercising power; and even Dr. Hollander’s suggestion that “mind” is a force does not relieve us from the physical difficulty. How is the force generated, how does it act? are questions that instantly spring to the lips. There must be some mode of interaction between “minds,” if “minds” do interact; even the poet, with his “Soul to soul strikes through a finer element of its own” had to postulate a physical basis of interaction, although he did not describe the modus operandi. The discovery of the forces emanating from the human body offers a possible explanation of communication between human beings, without the invention of a metaphysical entity or an unknown “force.” As Dr. Haldane says: “We neither need, nor will have, any ghosts in physiology.” The first important discoveries concerning human beings were, of course, those made by Reichenbach; and some of his experiments have been repeated successfully by Dr. Hollander. Reichenbach conducted his experiments with natural “sensitives” or those rendered sensitive by hypnosis; and he found that while it was possible to photograph the aura, as Blondlot observed, and I will deal with his book next week. It should be noted, however, that the N-rays will act on a photographic plate; but up to date Dr. Kilner has not succeeded in photographing the aura.

The invention of the sthenometer by Dr. Paul Joire enabled him to measure a force emanating from the human hand. In this case, the hand acts as a conductor of the force, which, however, extends over an arc of from fifteen to fifty degrees. All possible sources of error were eliminated, and he concluded that the force exerted was nerve-force. He found that some substances which had been held in the hand would produce movement of the needle, while others did not. He also found that tinfoil, iron, and cotton, would not store this force, but that wood, water, linen, and card-board would store it in different degrees. He also showed, although Dr. Hollander does not mention it, that the force differed slightly in both hands, and was considerably less when the person was in ill-health.

Dr. Hollander concludes: “By this brief summary of Blondlot’s, Charpentier’s, and Joire’s researches it will be seen how remarkably they are in accordance with many of Reichenbach’s observations. Whether the N-rays of Blondlot and the nerve force of Joire coincide with Reichenbach’s Odic force, or are only part of the radiations studied under that name, is not yet ascertained. At first sight, the alleged observation, if it is a fact, that Od presents luminosity would appear to contradict its being simply N radiation, but as before suggested, it would appear that these radiations may be faintly luminous, but too slightly so for ordinary perception. If, however, we go down the scale of animal life, we shall find examples of luminous phenomena apparently of nervous origin. For instance, amongst the beetles, we find two sub-orders containing insects which have the power of emitting light—the
glow-worm and the fire-fly. Other examples of luminous phenomena in connection with nervous tissues are to be observed in the light which proceeds from the eyes of some animals and insects, especially when seen in the darkness. In the case of some moths, the light emitted is distinctly violet; cats and dogs give out green, whereas the light from the human eye is orange or red. Certain magnetic phenomena are also attended with luminosity, such as the glow in the Crookes tube in the production of X-rays and the Aurora Borealis.  

Dr. Walter Kidder’s researches into the aura indicate either that the rays emanating from the human body do not maintain the analogy with magnetic or Odic force, or that we are in the presence of still another phenomenon of the human organism. However, we may take it as proven that there are forces emanating from the human body which are normally invisible, but are capable of becoming visible under certain conditions, and are measurable by such instruments as the sthenometer.  

D. A. E. R.

Reviews.

Direct Action. By William Mellor. The New Era Series. (Leonard Parsons. 4s. 6d. net.)

There is a deceptive simplicity about Mr. Mellor’s methods. He is not concerned with ideas that require any such laborious process as thinking. As a “practical” man he finds them easier to handle when through use they have acquired definition and a familiar philosophy. He draws everything in black or white, and lets fall no hint of possible complexities. One alternative is set against the other, and, as he somewhere remarks, “You pays your money and you takes your choice.” Either the so-called “contending economic powers,” or it is “a gradually unfolding ‘organism’ whose parts are indissolubly linked.” “If one takes the first point of view, then naturally and inevitably direct action becomes not only one of the weapons to be employed in the struggle, but actually the primary one; if one takes the latter . . . .”—anyone can fill in the sentence. It is as simple as a conjurer’s trick. Mr. Mellor may claim that his business is with action, not with thought. But in that case he would be organising the red army or making bombs—not writing books. Our pressmen of action take for granted that all the necessary thinking has already been done, and this is the rock on which they split. For while they are drafting their propagandist literature (whence emanating is not stated), and we were unaware that it had ever been made) that “the Government might fix prices at every stage of manufacture and distribution.” So stated, “this course honestly admits the Socialist principle that the State has a right to appropriate as much as it requires of the increment from land and capital. All that is to be done is to make sure that it is done.” Much equity, however, is required from thought than to be logical. Caged in obsolete assumptions, argument, however logical or ingenious, will not extend by a hair’s breadth the area of truth. “The Coming Revolution” is a contribution to journalism, not to thought.

A Policy for the Labour Party. By J. Ramsay MacDonald. (Collins. 6s. net.)

This plea for the right of the Labour Party to represent the nation only serves to bring out more clearly the Party’s hybrid nature. Its leaders may from the start have aimed at “a catholic party founded on ideas,” but all its strength was drawn from the industrial organisations which exist to increase the economic power of labour; and though its constitution has been altered, its name remains to show which element it was that prevailed. Mr. MacDonald may chide the trade unionists, and admit that “the stout joint purse of associated workmen may produce the same species of evil political results as that of the plutocrat,” but he has no thought on this account of relinquishing the alliance. Yet it will take more than his assurances to convince the middle class that a “Labour” party does not exist primarily to advance the interests of the great labour organisations. Mr. MacDonald recognises that “whether one sees progress as the struggle between vested and unvested interests for power, or the effort of the whole life of Society for freedom, is of fundamental importance,” but is content with a party which takes the one as its ideal and the other as its working hypothesis. And the ideas which are to inspire this effort of Society turn out, when examined, to consist, apart from the usual reformist and liberal platitude, of nothing more than a little “direct action” with a little modified by the unacknowledged influence of the Guild idea. “The production of wealth will be controlled by the community, or by functioning associations of the community.” “So far as we have had nationalisation it has been, with all its faults, a success.” For this ideal Labour is to sacrifice its immediate advantage, the Middle Class to lay aside its mistrust of Labour, and both to unite in their common interest. In one field or another such a union is not only desirable: it is indispensable to progress. But Mr. MacDonald gives further evidence, if any were needed, that the failure of the Labour Party to bring it about is due less to the incubus of its name than to its poverty of ideas.

When Labour Rules. By the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P. (Collins. 10s. net.)

Promises are like piecrust, but Mr. Thomas’s are not even baked. He evades definition, and gives assurance only of the impossible. “I want to tell the middle-class man that if we can largely obliterates strikes . . . and if we can reduce to absurdity the possibility of great wars, we are, in those two things alone, giving him security and limiting the cost of all commodities.” “I do assert, with all the vehemence at my command, that Labour Rule” (i.e., the Labour Party in office) “will be entirely beneficent, and that its dealings with high and low, rich and poor, will be marked with broad-minded toleration and equity.” The prospect will hardly fill the “poor” with rapture. But let them take heart. “The cost of living will more closely approximate (sic.) its pre-war scale, wages will tend to increase and the hours of labour to decrease within, of course, “All we claim is a first charge on industry to the point of a reasonable share in the decencies and comforts—not luxury, note—of life.” The promises are in fact addressed to the middle class and the capitalist, in whose interest, it would seem, “Labour” will rule, and, for the rest, Mr. Thomas indulges in a bromide of good intentions.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Drama.

Sir,—Mr. F. B. J. Sharp's defence of a performance of "You Never Can Tell" that he admits he has not seen does not affect my point. If Philip Clandon is to be played as a young man of 1921 instead of 1896, he must still be dressed distinctly; and Mr. Sharp's point that "nobody now wears a frock coat, and a brown one least of all" is irrelevant. Mr. Dennis Bradley would probably dress him in a lounge suit of crimson lake, or something like that; but the point is that, however he is dressed, Philip Clandon must not be dressed like any ordinary young man—the text of the play forbids it. But "You Never Can Tell" cannot be dressed in the style of 1921 without falsifying all its values; it is a period play, and to be addressed, with a view to arranging a meeting.

Her quiet step will be mournfully attuned to the murmur up to the ears in Syndicalism or Bolshevism, and so on. You cannot play tricks with a work of art without introducing incongruity—which is inartistic.

John Francis Hope.

PROPAGANDA.

Sir,—May I invite all readers of THE NEW AGE living in the Glasgow neighbourhood who are interested in the reform of the credit system to send me their names and addresses, with a view to arranging a meeting.

73, Ingleby Drive,
Dennistoun,
Glasgow.

Pastiche.

[Three Poems, from the Serbian of Jovan Ducic. Translated by Helen Rootham.]

THE RETURN.

She will come again in the time of falling leaves. When cold winds begin to lament along the shore. Like a memory of days long dead she will appear to us, pale, and robed in black.

Her quiet step will be mournfully attuned to the murmur of autumn waters; but no one will know whence falls that shadow across her white face, nor read its meaning.

When she moves towards us like the soul of Autumn, her quiet grief will fill us with fear—us, and the cold gardens, and nature in agony.

And when with her gentle hand she touches the old piano, the sound will be black—it will be as if the dust of night were falling in the room.

THE WILLOW BY THE SEA.

On the cliff above the sea, lonely stands the willow.

She has loosed her long green hair, and let it free. Like a nymph upon whom a curse has fallen, she stands there a tree, and murmurs sorrow.

She listens to the song of the mountains when the dawn reddens; she listens to the agony of the waters through the dumb evenings; immovable she stands, there where all things wander—clouds and winds, waves and time.

And there she murmurs with them while she slowly gives a branch to the sea—her leafy hair to the wind. And she murmurs mournfully of life, like a heart that is breaking. Lonely stands the willow.

THE CLOCK.

The day was siling and gloomy, the sky opaque; evening stillness brooded over the colourless waters; an invisible clock struck softly in the distance—the last roses died slowly at that hour.

When it struck again the last dead leaves of the poplars were scattered. Stillness lay on all sides. It struck again, and that moment a nest fell to earth from the topmost branches of a tree.

Once more beneath the icy vault the hidden bell was heard—it was heard again from the ancient poplar tree; and the whole valley shook with a tremor, and was filled with a deadly fear—the panic fear of things.

ADVENTURE.

She steals downstairs on tip-toe, her heart beating wildly, and, after a hasty glance round, creeps to the door and with trembling fingers draws back the bolts. She hesitates for a moment on the threshold and then pulls the door to behind her. It is a dense fog and nothing but vague shadows and a few gleaming lights are distinguishable.

Surely this is the very night they will choose—shall she play the coward and turn back? But no, that is impossible. There is that before her which must be done, whatever happens.

She hurries on, quivering at the thought of the steps she knows will shortly be audible behind her, following her—tracking her down—and there she finds what is that sinister shadow with something gleaming across it? Surely it must be? No, all is well. On, on, will she ever get there in time? She is almost running now, for behind her is the distinct thud, thud of measured steps. Thank Heaven—there, in front, is a lighted window.

Will that spell safety? Panic seizes her and, forgetful of everything, she dashes towards it, only to be met with a violent blow which flings her back into the road.

No, the spiked railings are guarding that refuge from her.

Besides, is she mad to have forgotten the goal towards which she is striving? Gaining her remaining strength together and panting, almost sobbing, she again sets forth on her perilous way.

Thud—thud—thud—the steps are gaining and it only seems to be a question of minutes before they will be upon her. No, it is too much—she will not die without a struggle—and wrapping her long black cloak round her, she runs—faster and yet faster, her breath coming in great sobs, until, at last, in front of her, she sees a familiar door into which she flies, and, pulling herself together for a last effort, rushes up several flights of stairs and lets herself in at a door, when—

She shuts it quietly and goes into the next room, takes a milk-jug off the shelf, scalds it out, and places it outside the door in readiness for the milkman's morning visit. Having done which, she goes to bed and proceeds to sleep the sleep of the just after an evening spent playing patience with her great aunt.

The panic? But for what are a spirit of adventure, a sense of imagination and the cinema given us if not to brighten our daily lives? 

M. S. J.

VILLANETTE.

(From the French of Jean Passerat.)

Now my turtle-dove is flown;
Is it not her voice I hear?
I would fain go seek mine own.

For regret thou makest moan,
And I weep what was so dear
Now my turtle-dove is flown.

Love, art thou a faithful one?
No less strong the faith I bear;
I would fain go seek mine own.

Still thou wepest all alone,
And I mourn from year to year
Now my turtle-dove is flown.

Since the only Fair be gone
Beauty dwells not anywhere;
I would fain go seek mine own.

Long—invoked Death, come down;
Strike, I yield withouten fear;
Now my turtle-dove is flown.
I would fain go seek mine own.

Ruth Patter.