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The curious point about the old Monroe Doctrine, which is not without interest in considering the new variant, is that probably more than anything else it has consistently handicapped the United States in her relations with South America to which it chiefly referred. While not above invoking it when occasion served, the peoples of the Latin Republics regarded it in conversation as a piece of unsolicited impertinence, and visited their resentment on the head of the unfortunate "Norte Americano," both by trade discrimination against him and by direct personal dislike, with the result that at any rate prior to 1914 he was easily the most unpopular national south of Panama. In itself there is, of course, no doubt that the Monroe Doctrine was in the best interests of South America, and incidentally of this country, which always consistently supported it, but it is, nevertheless, that things being as they are, it was one of the ulterior forces concerned in the late war. Germany had acquired predominating influence in Brazil and only the Monroe Doctrine and the British Fleet stood between her and the dean of the Latin Republics—a country that held back as the incompetence and laziness of the Portuguese settlers. Presumably, although we have no information on the point, German interests in Brazil have suffered eclipse; it is certain that the United States have been making the most strenuous efforts to replace her not only in Brazil, but in the Argentine, where she was obtaining large financial power through her banking system; but the sentiment of overlordship excited by the rather crude tactics of Washington is so strong that we may hazard a guess that our exporters are not doing very badly.

When a man is entirely destitute of knowledge and ideas in regard to the industrial situation, one of two pronouncements may safely be expected of him in regard to it. If he is of the traditional type of eating Briton chiefly met with in country districts, who will endure anything if only he is not asked to think, he will probably bark out "Labour? D—d scoundrels! put 'em up against a wall and shoot 'em!" No one with a sense of humour ought to dislike this hearty ruffian, even if driven by uncontrollable impulse to throw a bucket of water over him. In the first place he is no more responsible for his opinion than a terrier howling at Beethoven, and in the second place, however silly his method, his instinct is health—he wants a solution. The other person is in a different and, to us, much more contemptible category—he feels sure that all would be well if "both sides" would only show a little good will. This man may not know it, but he is blasphemous. One of the most amazing of all the present situation is the steady bias towards good will and honest men to fall out in order that thieves may break through and steal. It is particularly noticeable on the railways, where every grade seems anxious to discount the inconvenience it anticipates being forced to inflict on the public. The writer of these Notes has been privileged to address various meetings up and down the country on The New Age Credit Reform proposals, at most of which have been present one or two unhappy looking individuals whose ideals evidently did not agree with their digestions, or, perhaps, proceeded from them; but no one could mistake the isolation of their position. Most of these audiences either of so-called "masters" or "men" consisted of individuals actually grappling with the facts of industry, knowing the virtues, failings, and common humanity of their neighbours and well disposed to agree that a third party, Finance, understood by neither of them, might be the agency which for ages seemed to be impossible. That there are small bodies of irreconcilables we agree; but if the main body of citizen had a sound head, we do not think that these warriors would count for very much.

There may be various opinions about Mr. Lloyd George (known for obvious reasons in political circles as "The Goat") as a Prime Minister, but it is impossible to deny him the very highest honours both as a strategist and as a political acrobat. His method of testing the electioneering temperature by calling out the Reserves and imploving all loyal citizens to enlist in the Volunteer Defence Force is likely to be very expensive to the taxpayer and very bad for the morale of the country, but should give him quite a fair idea of the votes he would get in the election he is doubtless considering. If the response to his appeal is considerable, as we think it will be, we may confidently expect him to go to the country at a very early date on some such issue as "Shall the taxpayer support the Miner," and he returned to power with a substantial, even if slightly diminished, majority. In the unlikely event of his deciding that an election would be inopportune he will no doubt pose as the saviour of the country from the civil war we haven't noticed. Either way, it all seems clear gain to Mr. Lloyd George, and it is very, very clever. Whether a little wisdom would not be worth more to the country, and to Mr. Lloyd George himself, than all this agility is, of course, a matter on which one may hold strong opinions. It has always been incomprehensible to us that anyone could imagine that a body of men of the magnitude of, say, the Triple Alliance, beaten by starvation or force into accepting terms distasteful to them, could fail to renew the struggle at the earliest possible moment; and we can only conclude that the International Financial Groups who precipitate these struggles do not really care how frequent they are, as the cost of them is simply passed on to the public, and the real authors of them not merely go completely untouched by the repeated tragedies, but from villas on the Riviera or elsewhere "glut" their love of power by contemplating the writhings of the world they have enslaved.
thoroughly familiar with Big Business, not only in Europe, but in America, besides being a large and successful manufacturer. It is impossible to estimate the results which may accrue from their publication, but they cannot fail to be very far reaching. When nearly three years ago, the problem of the Industrial Union assumed the sustained attention of its readers to the thorny subject of Finance, Mr. Kitson had already spent much time, work and money—this sort of thing is not done without the expenditure of all three in considerable measure—in destructive criticism of the fraudulent basis of credit, known as the Gold Standard. Without doubt, the fruit of his disinterested labours is to be seen not only in the attention with which his own opinions are now received, but in the ready comprehension which meets the ideas we have advanced in quarters where he has prepared the ground. If any further proof were needed of the fundamental truth we have always endeavoured to emphasise—that it is of the very nature of the modern world that one shall sow that all may reap—the comparatively rapid spread of active interest in The New Age. Promulgated country by country in the world, is an instance of it, for we have no doubt whatever that Mr. Kitson was contributing to that result long before he ever heard of the proposals—indeed, long before they were formulated. We think that most probably the end of the attempt to stifle and boycott all reform is in sight and that the second phase, that of misrepresentation and abuse, may be expected to begin at any time.

Dr. Leighton Parkes, Rector of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, New York, stirred up a hornets' nest by stating that "the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in this country (United States) desires nothing more than to bring about a war with England, not only on account of the ancient grudge, but because England is the great Protestant country of Europe as we are in the Western Hemisphere." We think Dr. Leighton Parkes is to be congratulated on his plain speaking. It is quite certain that the fundamental difference between political Roman Catholicism and political Protestantism (all religions are the basis of political systems) is that the first is essentially authoritarian and the second is individualistic. There are thousands of English Roman Catholics who are such because they are attracted by the beauty and dignity of its ritual and the artistic impact of its code of life. But the simple fact remains that when stripped of its essential and defacing claim is a claim of the surrender of individual judgment, and in any important crisis, of individual action. That is one reason why Roman Catholics are so successful in the Army, and it is the great reason why the Hierarchy of Rome, as apart from the many delightful personages to be found in it, is a danger to peace, freedom, and development, wherever it is entrenched.

As these Notes are written we learn, on the authority of the "Sunday Times," that negotiations are to be resumed between the Government, the House of Commons, and the Mine Owners' Association, and that "the Government are contemplating the idea of giving some temporary financial assistance to the Mining Industry in the form of a loan, free of interest"—in other words, a credit in aid of price. Pending further details we refrain from comment, but we need hardly say to the circles in various parts of the country which have done such magnificent work in applying pressure and disseminating information where it was needed during the last few months, that very much remains to be done. It is true Europe as a whole is in a state of the o-c-day, and the most hatched realm of the Anything. Chaos rules in the British realm. Chance rules. Human freedom and consciousness abate from right interference in the struggle of Light and Darkness. We have not come yet to the conclusion of our reading of the fatality of the Jewish Viceroy in Bharata Varsha. This sinister act of Albion—an act supported powerfully by the Jewish Secretariaship of Bharata Varsha, and by the great finance of Jews in Bharata Varsha—this act has a meaning and must bring its consequences. While we were unravelling the East, another grave deed of Destiny shook the foundations of the world. The city of Constantinople, the predestined metropolis of the World Alliance, has been presented to the Ottoman nation by the Supreme Council of Western Europe; in the interest of murderous and triumphant Darkness.

We decline to give the name of Christianity to that world-element which is, as much for evil as for good, called Christian morality. The essence of Christian morality, as historically known, consists in the non-Aryan and demonic belief and desire that humanity might be transfigured and made perfect not by its own seraphic action and awareness, but by the crucified and universal Saviour Christendom has not inherited the affirmative and ecstatic religion of the Spirit of the Sun and of the Promised Saviour Himself. It has taken up the negative and gloomy Semitic morality of the Founder of Protestantism, of metaphorical Christianity, Paul of Tarsus. The world knows the results of the mortifying and pathetic saintliness and religion of Paul. To this un-Christian and murderous Semitic Christianity the Aryan and solar doctrine of Nietzsche is an inevitable antithesis in our times, while this Jehovahistic Christianity itself is an antithesis to the racial revelations of ancient Aryanism, to the religions of the Sun and of virility, to Zoroaster, Krishna, Of the Son of the Second Person, only a religion of self-creation is worthy; it is upon the Aryan faith of the equality and co-dignity of the Son and the Creator, of Man and God, that the faith of the whole of mankind must be based. Of Universal Humanity it is more worthy to save and to transfigure Creation and itself than to be saved by the Divine Sacrifice; for it is more blessed to give than to receive. The worship of the Messiah is a lunar Worship, a sub-Logic religion. To adore and to imitate the Messiah of the World is a divine duty of the Species; but this not because the Universal Man has taken away the sins of the world of humanity. To the Son of Man was given to regenerate the world, to take hold of the government of the Earth and of its Race; but this only in the sense of the Over-Soul. For the very reason that Jesus of Nazareth held in His being the Universal Man Himself, the holy Over-Soul of the Geon, for this very reason every member of humanity, every soul must become divine and superhuman in its own omnipotent self-existence. The group-soul of all lions is not a person. The Universal Man cannot but be the source of all divine individuality: the source of the human is personality, self-creation, self-existence.

What is in these contemplations called Christianity is that way of life and that life of the Spirit which is, of all religious and historical dispensations of the human race, nearest to the Dispensation of Universal Hu
manity and which has been essentially brought into the world by the Impersonated Oversoul of Humanity itself and by the White race in Europe. It was from the bosom of the white stock that Hegel, Boehme and Eckhart were born. Their doctrine is posterior to the appearance of Christianity and everything else than the eternal doctrine of the threefoldness of existence, the Vedantic dogma of Sut-Chit-Ajna in its pleromic or pan-human presentation. This revelation of the Indo-Aryan genius is not an anticipation of the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, but a presentation of the same prior to the appearance of the universal Chit or Idea in the omnipersonal Human. It was, moreover, from the bosom of the White that the unknown giant was born, the mighty spirit who gave the Western Creed to the world, the Athonasian statement. And evil and satanical as fallen Europe is to-day, she is nevertheless the power-body, the physicality of the Western Creed, of the Filioque Gnosis. Europe stands, the West stands, for absolute, for real, for concrete awareness. Europe is the historic continent of Personality, and Aryanism, as an organ, as the bosom of the East the race of humaneness proper, of individuality, of personality. The physical power of the European continent, the power of Christendom in the world, is an indispensable condition for the achievement of the cultural mission of both Aryan and Christendom in the world. The uniqueness of the Christian dispensation to the earth is Personality, Filioque. Every man is a Son and is himself the Universal Man and the Universal Humanity sub specie aeternitatis. Every son of man is truly and entirely the Anthropos and the Universal Man in the temporal or historic aspect of humanity.

Neither the real nature of the Incarnation nor the historical and evolutionary consequences of the impersonation of the Idea or Over-Soul of the human race is revealed gloriously in what is called Christianity as a religion or ethics. The essence and value of the Christian dispensation of the world of the Incarnation of the Universal Man in the apocalyptic and superhuman person of the God-Man, the essence and the worth of the divine mystery of the Spirit of the Sun becoming the Spirit of the Geon—and the ego of the Geon becoming impersonated in one single human being—the essence and meaning of this Cosmic and pan-human event is greater than all religion and is beyond morality. The essence of Christianity, and what Christianity really is, is the solar mystery, the cosmic ecstasy of Universal Awareness. Only through Universal Humanity can God be known. Only through Universal Humanity can the Creator give birth to His own Eternal Son. What is new and unique in the Christian dispensation is not the divine ethics of its founder. Nor is it the gnosis of the threefoldness of reality. Nor is it the holy communism, the pan-human socialism inherent in all that is Christlike. For the heroism of both the West and the East the race of humaneness proper, of individuality, of personality. The physical power of the European continent, the power of Christendom in the world, is an indispensable condition for the achievement of the cultural mission of both Aryan and Christendom in the world. The uniqueness of the Christian dispensation to the earth is Personality, Filioque. Every man is a Son and is himself the Universal Man and the Universal Humanity sub specie aeternitatis. Every son of man is truly and entirely the Anthropos and the Universal Man in the temporal or historic aspect of humanity.

Our Generation.

I had not time to say last week all I wished to say about the Church. A correspondent, it may be remembered, wrote a few weeks ago saying that to condemn the Church was useless, and, even admitting its betrayal of all things, heavenly and human, unjust, for there is no other organ entitled to be judge. When society itself is wrong, how can the Church be right? he asked. It is conceivable, of course, that under certain circumstances the Church might be right when the world was wrong; indeed, it is not unknown that this is the very rationale of a Church. But the Church is not a quixotically reformed Church in this country cannot be right whether anything else is wrong or not, is nothing else than a foregone conclusion. Anything more casual than the constitution and basis of its Churches not even England has produced. There is, firstly, no principle of selection; anyone who has taken the necessary course at a University may minister. Secondly, there is no discipline, no "way of life"—except undeviating observation of the standards of respectability—by which something distinct, something outside mediocrity, something supernatural, or even unnatural, might becreated out of this undigested mass of mere ordinary men. The Church has neither taste nor a digestive system. The only thing that can be said about the young men who "enter for the ministry" is that they desire to enter it; but that is less than nothing if the Holy Spirit does not desire it. The only thing that can be said of them after they have entered is that they remain what they were before, uninstructed, illiberal, narrow-minded human beings, who are not even compelled to learn anything, far less to create something out of themselves. Why they desire to remain, or pretend, to be servants of God; what sign of a divine or even a human purpose there is in their activity; of what army of the spirit they are the leaders, or even the camp-followers, nobody knows. There is no organisation, there is no purpose, nothing in whose name something must be done: nothing but parish duties! The god of the Church is the parish pump. And no one is entitled to be surprised at this; for the god of the average man is the parish pump. There is no Church in England; there are only Churchmen. No one can judge the Churches of England; they were judged long ago. Why these men should be expected, or should desire it. The only thing that can be said of them after they have entered is that they remain what they were before, uninstructed, illiberal, narrow-minded human beings, who are not even compelled to learn anything, far less to create something out of themselves. Why they desire to remain, or pretend, to be servants of God; what sign of a divine or even a human purpose there is in their activity; of what army of the spirit they are the leaders, or even the camp-followers, nobody knows. There is no organisation, there is no purpose, nothing in whose name something must be done: nothing but parish duties! The god of the Church is the parish pump. And no one is entitled to be surprised at this; for the god of the average man is the parish pump. There is no Church in England; there are only Churchmen. No one can judge the Churches of England; they were judged long ago.

The political and economic issues involved in the Miners' Strike will be discussed elsewhere in these columns, but there is one aspect of the Strike which is more significant humbly than it is politically—which politically may appear almost negligible, but which is humanly a portent, and should be mentioned here. The miners in this strike are not only permitting the mines to be flooded, they are actively resolved that they shall be flooded. The destruction is not confined merely: it is deliberately willed. And, allowing that there may be politic reason for doing so, all we can say is that the position of the mine-owners is injured by it, one must seek still for the source of the inflexible and almost desperate resolution with which the strikers are pursuing the work of destruction. There is something unnatural, something which violates normal instincts,
in the destruction, even the temporary destruction, of a complete system of machinery by which one makes one's livelihood. Even the destruction of it in effigy would appear in normal times an act of blasphemy. And what seems still more monstrous to the instincts of the whole community, is to see an essential source of communal wealth desecrated, stamped out in one gesture of loathing and disdain. This, we may be sure, and nothing merely frivolous, melodramatic or spiteful, no mere local orgy of rowdism, is the real significance of the flooding of the mines. Distrust of all the powers which rule them has reached in the miners a degree of intensity in which it is turned into hatred of the law, of the community, of themselves; and their act of destruction is a symbolical act, whose meaning is not merely "all is vanity!" but "all is falsehood!" Men become destructive—it is their last resource if they are not intelligent—when they can find no power in society whose word can be trusted; when they are convinced that, turn where they may, they will be betrayed. How far the temper of the miners has been fanned by the broken promises of the Government—but who now expects the Government to keep its promises?—and how far by the foolish and vacillating guidance of its leaders, this is not the place to decide. But that, finally, another evil, the terrible and unnatural ugliness of the forlorn villages in which the miners live, helped to generate their present mood—no human being can doubt. We are in the reign of ugliness that we cannot comprehend, except in a sudden and rare intuition, that ugliness too must bear its fruits, gradual or apocalyptic, but in any case terrible to men. Anyone who knows the mining districts in Scotland, where thus far the greatest violence has been attempted, can immediately, and without being conscious of the reason for it, understand the violence. Our unconscious is in this matter more wise than our conscious. For any excess, any orgy, whether terrible or joyous, must sooner or later be embraced as a relief from the sub-human life of these villages, which are like pieces of the landscape of a mean hell. Thus in their protest, more or less blind, but still conscious, against present injustice, the miners have let loose within themselves an unconscious desire, terrible and blighting, for revenge for the injustice of ages. To repress that desire will, except in appearance, do nothing; to understand it, and to acknowledge what gave it birth as worthy of existing, will do everything. Unfortunately it seems to be the policy of every Government to sow the wind, so that it may be left to another Government—the Opposition if possible— to harvest it.

The destructive plebeianism of the Press and of politics is a commonplace of our time; but seldom has it been expressed more completely, more to its own and its enemies' satisfaction, than during the last few days. The conscious thing in the Press and in Parliament has been the absence of discussion on the Miners' Strike. Solely men and newspapers nowadays have "something to say," and having said it, they repeat it, or say something else, next day. Mr. Lloyd George decides that one step must be taken, but no reason is given for the step; reason is always absent in these high matters. But this is not merely plebeian; it is illiterate; it puts statesmen and publicists in the position of the mere ignoramus who says, "I think so-and-so." And the Press is perhaps chiefly responsible for this; it writes as the populace thinks—or, rather, as the populace does not think—and the result is that people have no longer before them any ideal of connected thought: they believe that arbitrary notions are enough, and that, indeed, there is nothing else. In Parliament Mr. Lloyd George has made everything plebeian; and his policy of treating every question from the standpoint of the man in the street, even down to the snivel of complaint, has naturally in this age been disastrously successful. The next age will see only the disaster.

EDWARD MOORE.

Towards National Guilds. Come, let us reason together; and let our text be the theorem that "the sum of the Wages, Salaries and Dividends distributed in respect of the World's production will buy an ever-decreasing fraction of it, and can never control it" ("Economic Democracy," p. 63, of the American edition). And since it is a theorem susceptible of proof, our readers are begged to draw a diagram to illustrate it as follows:

In the top right corner of a sheet of note-paper draw a square, lettered A; and inscribe within it these items:

Factory: overhead charges: £2,500. In the top left-hand corner draw another square B; and write within it the words "Raw Material" and the amount £2,500. In the bottom left-hand corner draw another square C; and write within it "Cost of Living Goods." In the bottom right corner, draw still another square, D; and inscribe within it "Wages, Salaries, Dividends"; and £5,000. Finally, draw a square, E, in the centre of the sheet of paper, and call it the "Bank" and inscribe within it the figure £10,000.

Before setting our diagram in motion by means of a current of loan-credit emanating from the Bank, let us consider each of the squares in turn.

A is a factory containing plant. The running expenses or overhead charges are composed of payments made to other organisations; they are paid chiefly in bulk and in credit—not in cash—and represent a transfer of financial credit from the present factory-owner to other factory-owners.

B consists of raw material already in existence at the moment at which our chapter opens; and the said Raw Material is somebody's property. Wages, Salaries and Dividends have once upon a time been distributed on account of it—that is true; but, since those Wages, Salaries and Dividends did not purchase and could not have purchased the product (or it would not now be the property of its present owner) any payment now to be made for it is pocketed by the owner alone; that is to say, it is not distributed on its present receipt by the present owner, because it was previously distributed and spent on previous goods. The Wages, Salaries and Dividends which were distributed in the course of producing the Raw Material were spent on goods previously produced and which have been consumed; and thus the price of the Raw Material is the sum of dead wages, salaries, and dividends, that is to say, of Wages, Salaries and Dividends which are not available as distributed into the ownership of the Raw Material itself. Payment for it must, therefore, now be in the form of a credit-transfer in bulk, and not in distributed cash.

Of the Cost of Living Goods in Square C, the same can be said as has been said of the Raw Materials in Square B. The Price paid for them is not distributed in fresh wages, salaries and dividends, for the simple reason that that Price already represents Wages, Salaries, and Dividends which were distributed in the course of producing those goods. Wages, Salaries and Dividends spent on goods previously produced and which have been consumed; and thus the price of the Raw Material is the sum of dead wages, salaries, and dividends, that is to say, of Wages, Salaries and Dividends which are not available as distributed into the ownership of the Raw Material itself. Payment for it must, therefore, now be in the form of a credit-transfer in bulk, and not in distributed cash.

D consists of wages, salaries and dividends currently distributed. Unlike the bulk of credit-payments made to B and C, payments to D are made in the distributed form of Cash. Not an organisation or an owner or capitalist receives payments in Square D, but individuals.

E is the Bank,—whose function is the mobilisation and direction of financial Credit or money, in both its forms of loan-credit and cash. We have placed it in the centre, because it is Money that makes the wheels go round.

Proceeding by easy stages, let us now set the diagram in motion. Factory A procures a loan-credit from the Bank E to the amount of £10,000. Being a bank-credit it is susceptible of being utilised in both forms of Money, namely, Credit and Cash.
in other words, can either make payments by cheque or can demand cash from the Bank on the amount of the loan, namely £10,000. We now proceed. Factory A purchases the Raw Material of B and pays by cheque £2,500. A credit-transfer of £2,500 has been made from A to B; which amount is not further distributed; but it now stands as an asset in B's banking account. Factory A has "spends" and transfers by cheque another sum of £2,500 on account of "overhead costs." These likewise are not distributed, but are paid in bulk to other capitalist organisations. Finally, Factory A proceeds now to "employ" workers and to make a profit; and for these payments, this time to individuals (this is also), we have allowed the sum of £5,000. Upon what is the distributed amount chiefly spent? It cannot as yet be spent on the present product of the factory, since the present product is not completed. It must be spent mainly on goods already in existence; and here they are in the Square C. We have, therefore, to assume a current of Cash passing from the individuals in the Square D to the capitalist organisations in Square C. D gets the goods of Square C, and Square C gets the Cash. To complete the diagram it is necessary to connect the Square C with the Square A and B, each indicating the direction of the currents of Credit and Cash, as follows:—A line from the Bank E to Factory A conveying £10,000; a line from A to B conveying £2,500; a line from A to D conveying £5,000; a line from D to C conveying an amount of £5,000, which is not just specified. Finally, if we connect C, B and A by lines representing the return journey of the Credit issued by the Bank, we shall see that the Bank has issued £10,000 credit to A and receives back (in the form of deposits) three-eighths of this amount (i.e., £7,500), which is the purchase of the Raw Material and the Overhead Charges; £2,500 from the owners of the raw material; and a continuous flow of Cash from the capitalist owners of the Cost of Living Goods upon which the Cash distributed to D is expended.

So far the whole process has been considered as taking place outside of time. But time is clearly of the essence of the business; and strange effects will be seen to arise from its introduction. Let us assume, as the simplest conceivable, though scarcely possible, case, that the product under manufacture is completed in a week. The costs incurred are as follows: £2,500 to the capitalist recipients of Overhead Charges; £2,500 to the capitalist owners of the Raw Materials; and £5,000 in Wages, Salaries and Dividends. Both the amounts of £2,500 are, as we have seen, seen, credit payments in the Square C, and are not distributed to individuals consumers in the form of Wages, Salaries and Dividends. The amount of £5,000, on the other hand, is distributed, and at the end of the week, when the hypothetical product comes on the market, £5,000 of distributed producing power is available against it. But will this £5,000 buy the product at the lowest price that can be charged for it? Clearly not, for the cost price of this product must be, not the £5,000 distributed in Wages, Salaries and Dividends; but £5,000 plus £2,500 paid for Overhead Charges; £2,500 paid for Raw Materials; in short, the Price of the product cannot be less than £10,000, though only £5,000 has been distributed to individuals on account of it. It follows that, in the case under discussion, the Wages, Salaries and Dividends can purchase only half of the product, the other half being only purchasable by the capitalist organisations which were already in possession of the Raw Material and the Overhead charges. In short, Cash in this case commands one-half the product, while Credit commands the other half.

Next let us suppose that the product takes two weeks instead of one week to complete. In the first week, Factory A pays out to B £2,500; and in overhead charges another £2,500. (It is of no consequence to the argument whether these payments are made at once or currently, since they are not, in any event distributed, but exist as Credit either in the books of A or B or other capitalists.) Furthermore, Factory A pays out to D in the first week £2,500. Of this amount (£2,500 paid at the end of the first week, however, a considerable fraction is spent by the recipients of Wages, Salaries and Dividends, in the Cost of Living. In other words, at the end of the second week, and after the second week's wages, etc., have been paid, D has not £5,000 with which to purchase half the product at the price (£10,000) which will be charged for it, but only £5,000 minus a week's a week's cost of living. (We have of course assumed that the first week's cost of living has been otherwise met by Wages and Dividends earned.) D cannot therefore purchase even one half of the product now; but only a lesser fraction; for part of his purchasing power has been "spent," and returned to credit via the capitalist proprietors of the Cost of Living Goods. If we assume that the Cost of Living of the recipients of Wages, Salaries and Dividends is four-fifths of their income (£2,000), the amount distributed and available for the purchase of the product when it is completed at the end of the second week and is on the market at the price of £10,000, is only £3,000 plus £2,500 (the latter amount being savings of the second week's wages). Instead of one half the product, in short, the substitution of two weeks for one has reduced the purchasing power of Wages, Salaries and Dividends to three-tenths of the product (£3,000 against £5,000 of the first week). Seven-tenths of the Control of the product is concentrated in the hands of capitalists, and only three-tenths is distributed among individual consumers.

Let us now take a more normal case—the case of a product requiring a year of 50 weeks to complete. Direct payments made to B and other organisations are the same as before—£2,500 each. The Wages, Salaries and Dividends are distributed at the rate of £100 a week for 50 weeks. The product comes on the market, at the price of £10,000, after 50 weeks; and simultaneously there exists against it, in distributed form, £5,000 minus a whole year's Cost of Living of the recipients of Wages, Salaries and Dividends. Assuming, as before, that the Cost of Living has been four-fifths of the income, the amount roughly available for the purchase of the product is that £5,000 minus four-fifths of £2,000, that is to say, it is only £1,000. Of £10,000, £1,000 is a tenth. It therefore follows that of a product requiring a year to complete, Wages, Salaries and Dividends can purchase only one-tenth, leaving nine-tenths to the account of Credit, that is, Capital.

There is no need to elaborate the consequences; most of them have been set out in the two works "Economic Democracy" and "Credit-Power and Democracy" (Cecil Palmer, 35. and 75. 6d. net respectively). It will be seen more clearly than before, however—at least, we hope so—that the crucial points of the theorem are the time factor and the factor of Distribution. That "Money" is "in the country" to the amount of "Money" exists in two forms — in the concentrated form of Credit and the distributed form of Cash. In the form of Credit, it is under the exclusive control of the financial system, operating through Banks and capitalists. Only in the form of Cash (predominantly at least), it is under the control of individual consumers. And since, in the case last cited, available Cash after a year's expenditure on Consumption is one-tenth of Price, while nine-tenths of the Price exists only as Credit, it clearly appears that Cash can purchase, at most, only one-tenth of the product, leaving nine-tenths to the controllers of Credit. Nobody ought to be surprised after this that Capital goods so far exceed consumable goods; for consumable goods are distributed to Cash, whereas Capital goods are allocated to Credit; and since Cash is to Credit (taking the above case as exemplary) as one is to ten, capital goods are produced at nine times the rate of Consumable Goods. National Guildsmen.
Why has the miners' strike come to pass, a certain evil, instead of a trial of the Douglas-New Age Scheme, a by no means uncertain good? At first sight we might as well ask why wars happen, why men quarrel, why in short, we are such fools as we are. To this general question we could only elaborate a general answer; but to the particular question, about our blindness to the potentialities of credit-control, I think there is a particular answer to be worked out.

To put the issue bluntly, credit-control could be an attack on Mammon: and while we despise Mammon in our lives, is also, as a matter of subjective fact, authority in economics; it fills the authoritative role by no means uncertain good? At first sight we might to the particular question, about our blindness to the childish nucleus of our mind.

When I, for example, first read Major Douglas's articles I found real difficulty in understanding them. I think I can trace two reasons for this. In the first place, I have a small balance with one of the Big Five banks. That bank, collectively, and the manager of my branch individually, are parental authority-images to me—especially when I think of appealing for an overdraft. I had a psychological resistance against any Scheme that would put me in variance with my Bank.

In the second place, I do not think I alone in having felt that Major Douglas's earlier articles in The New Age were somewhat obscure. I have gathered since that his thought was clear enough, all the time; it was only his expression that was tangled. Why? Major Douglas is, and was, perfectly capable of direct and lucid statement; but he needed the help which he has fortunately received before he could be lucid and convincing about the control of Credit. I can only infer that Major Douglas, also, had a psychological resistance to overcome before he could crystallise his statement. Perhaps he, also, has a bank balance. I should add, perhaps, that I have not the honour of his acquaintance, and that I am only guessing.

The image of Authority, in our individual minds and in the collective mind, has a dual aspect; and the two sides of it are in conflict.

We cannot serve God and Mammon. Now, most of us do not serve Mammon intentionally; but we all serve it unconsciously, in a greater or less degree. And as we do not like to see ourselves as Mammon-worshippers, we repress the vision of ourselves in this attitude of worship and servitude; and for that reason we have a blind eye for our real economic enemy, Mammon, and for the bankers and financiers who have come to represent it—for the banking system individually, and for the bankers and financiers who have come to represent it—for the most part innocently, through the influence of inheritance and circumstance.

This is one of our major difficulties: for it is much easier to hate a bad man than a bad system, although it is, as a matter of psychological fact, worse than useless to hate any person as a person. The only useful function of hate is its direction against mistaken ideas and systems. I have myself been misled by the fact that the few money-lords whom I have come across are, in themselves, very decent fellows.)

The chief suggestion that I have to make, then, is that we are blind to our common enemy. We hate something which is hostile to us all, because it means ruin for us and ruin for them. Most of us project this hatred towards the grouping: of men called "Capital" or "Labour," with a certain amount to spare for "the Government." All this is psychological play, not solid work—though the play easily becomes that Great Game which Kipling has extolled: the ultimate, irresponsible gamble of war.

What are we to do, we poor humans who have so terrible a fear of the pains of thought? Must we play out our childish personal hates into tragedy? Perhaps we might realise that there is a point at which mental play, the play of our hate-fantasies, becomes a much harder and more painful business, and any mental work. It hurts us to think, because thought is the most recently evolved and the least practised of our powers; it is much easier to absolve ourselves from thinking, and to fall back upon crude feeling and primitive instinct; it is also much easier to let your teeth decay than to go to a dentist. But it is not worth while if you consider the subsequent suffering.

The question is whether we, as individuals or as a race, can bring ourselves to take account of prospective suffering, and to think how we may avoid it. And here, I suddenly realise, I am appealing to the low motive to which would-be reformers are always appealing, bound by the fallacy that human nature responds more easily to a low motive than to a high one. My metaphor from dentistry gives me away: I neglected my own teeth abominably, in my earlier years, and suffered the consequences, but I have noticed the less found myself responsive, more or less, to higher impulses than the fear of painful consequences.

It is hope, the pull from in front, not fear, the goad behind, that makes men advance with their attention, and their intelligence, directed forwards and not backwards.

My argument has come to anchor in a truism, but it is also a truth. I wonder whether the truism, and the truth, are worth introducing into the complicated mixture of passions and prejudices that control our world to-day. Perhaps it is worth while to make the suggestion, for those who may have power to negotiate between contending forces, that an offer of hope breeds nothing but new hopes, while there is nothing to be taught through fear except Fear itself—which is the instinct of the jungle, and the instinct that will lead Europe back to barbarism, unless we learn to think, and to hope, and to see ahead.

HER INSTRUMENTS THE GREAT.

Knives, pistols, lances, spears and pikes all your throats
And bawl it from Land's End to John o'Groats.
Pray, lip it glibly, too, and turn the lie
To seem more specious to a work-dimmed eye:
"O toil, we sing thy praise, O anodyne,
Dearer to us than sense, cheaper than wine!
Better to war or starve than lose our right
To toil from early morning until night!"
In dreams, there's choice of Rothachild and de Vere
Stacpoole, who bleats of islands far from here.
"Death is the end of life," and all our days
A preparation for an empty phrase.
In eldest time, before the wheel or plough,
Man won his bread more easily than now.
Throughout this blackened country, sweated hell—
Where tales of outer heavens sell quite well—
The daily round we claw to understand.
But precious little else, within this foggy land;
Whose wits are married to the trivial round
Whose wits are married to the trivial round
Will find truth strange and sanity unsound.
God save us, we must work (on smaller rations)
Intent on making things for other nations,
In rivalry with every other race;
Back to your posts, bent slaves, we'll set the pace,
And as a Christian country, rather sore
Because a world in travail can't take more.
(Please, not charity, but work is our aim;)
And as a Christian country, rather sore
Because a world in travail can't take more.
Blessed are you, who work with your own hands,
And Universal Darkness buries All.

R. HARRISON.
Recent Verse.

WHEELS, 1920 (FIFTH CYCLE). Miss Edith Sitwell's latest anthology is remarkable for a successful essay in verses libre by Mr. Aldous Huxley, one or two fine passages by Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, and a number of felicitous single lines by herself. Mr. Osbert Sitwell attempts satirical and decorative verse, but in the former he rarely attains more than smartness, and sometimes not even that:

But after, in the night, we dream
Of Heaven as a marbled bank. . . .
Where each Saint, standing like a sentry,
Explains a mystic double-entry.

which sounds very like the middle-class calling to the middle-class—to be good. Here is Mr. Sitwell's decorative work:

Now music fills the night with moving shades;
Its velvet darkness, veined like a grape,
Obscures and falls round many a moving shape—
Figures that steal through cool tall colonnades,
Vast minotaurian corridors of sleep.

That is clever—the last line perhaps typically clever—but it is without a gleam of imagination; it is constructed and not evoked; there is a great deal of the conscience of the craftsman in it, but nothing at all of conscience and follows it unconditionally, but he has only a tittle of the conscience of the craftsman. And once, at least, in every poem he writes, he makes a point of throwing his conscience overboard altogether. But writing simply as a poet he can create delightful things. Listen to this from a poem on Zarathustra:

Young flowers open for the bees;
A roadway for the yellow sun
Climbs from the hills into the fallow sea.
The scented belfs hold golden sound;
And the strong lion drinks the salted waves,
Cooling his mane within the sudden foam.

This early morning there may lie some gold
Forgotten when the light was fled;
And like the lovely light gazelles
Walking by deep water-wells,
Shadows past her mirrors fleet
And almost terrifying:

And that which sounds very like the middle-class calling to the middle-class—to be good. Here is Mr. Sitwell's decorative work:

Young flowers open for the bees;
A roadway for the yellow sun
Climbs from the hills into the fallow sea.
The scented belfs hold golden sound;
And the strong lion drinks the salted waves,
Cooling his mane within the sudden foam.

The bee skirts tremblingly the shining dew
Looking for honey in the golden belfs,
While the lion shakes the loud hills again.

This early morning there may lie some gold
Forgotten when the light was fled;
To-day the great beams may shine
On opened caves where run swift rivers,
Shooting their arrows at the swordless sea,
And blind to the sun whose shining armour
Shows in the sky among the clouds he charges—
Driving them across a wind-walled field
Into the shelter of the towering hills.

There is hardly anything but imagination in that, and the modesty and ingenuousness of the expression give it the grace of nature itself. But the author soon loses naturalness, and with naturalness everything. Zarathustra comes to the town; he is in the sphere of stratagems, and he must invent a trick to draw the attention of the mob, enthralled to tight-rope dancers. This is Mr. Sitwell's description:

Without a cry, without a word,
He started running down the square. . . .
Soon Zarathustra showed in front;
Just behind were the men on stilts,
After them the able-bodied ran
Followed by the cripples and the bounding dwarfs;
Half of them were running from right to left
While Zarathustra showed from left to right.

And after this astonishing display of ineptitude—whatever the stuff is intended to be irony or impressionism we neither know nor care—Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell still more astonishingly comes back to himself and adopting one of Nietzsche's most famous metaphors, individualises it and makes it his own:

I must look at the sun
Who sinks to die
And pours his treasures to the sea to keep,
Guarding them with tempests and a change of tide,
So that in sinking to the sunless caves
Where they lie to light the darkness till he comes again,
The poorest fisherman has golden ears
To row with over the echoing waves
Suddenly shaking their yellow manes
To sound new music to the gods below.

But in the middle of another fine poem the author introduces a passage beginning:

The poorest even have their hour of pleasure
When the daylight fades
And the more advanced young women
Play the piano.

If the bad passages were even good bad passages! As it is, the best thing is to skip them. Miss Edith Sitwell is more tantalising and more prolific in good lines than ever. Her apparent perversity of expression is really a form of wit; a cross between Meredith and the Queen of Spades. She appears to be writing more and more a sort of "Alice in Hell." This is pure Alice:

Siesta time is hot in Hell!
In this rather overcharged atmosphere it is a pleasure for us damned to encounter lines such as these:

And like the lovely light gazelles
Walking by deep water-wells,
Shadows past her mirrors fleet
And almost terrifying:

like a gold-barred tiger, shade
Leaps in the darkness.

Moreover, she is capable of calling the sun "a ripened apricot."

Mr. Aldous Huxley's "Théatre of Varieties" has technique, finesse, and irony. He realises the artistic possibilities of verse libre perhaps better than anyone else who uses it in England. So much depends on the tout ensemble of his exercise that I shall not quote. Mr. Huxley's chief quality is a boldness and freedom of thought. His chief danger is a bourgeois cynicism.

W. ROBERT HALL. The Heart of a Mystic. (Elkin, Matthews. 3s. 6d. net.)

When we think Mr. Hall is really going to say something he treats us to a cliché. We forgive his first lines, thinking they are leading up to something, but his last line is generally the feeblest of the lot:

His Heart our Home, His tender Father-Grace
Our vital atmosphere

Goodness!

GLADYS MARY HAZEL. The House. (Blackwell: Oxford. 2s. 6d. net.)

Sentimental pantheism:

My blood is up with the racing wind,
I am earth to my finger tips—
Stung with life, with its flood in my veins
And its drift of rain on my lips.

There is an occasional passable line or two, as in:

Where the massed clouds have run
Before the gale with edges glittering white.

but in almost everything no observation, no vision, no distinction: everything comfortably shrouded in pious vagueness.

E. M.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Or the theatrical effectiveness of "A Bill of Divorcement" there can be no two opinions; I did not go on the first night, but the audience was quite as enthusiastic as a first-night audience, and I imagine that it will be just as enthusiastic six months hence. For the play is a skilfully constructed appeal to the emotions; it is acted with sincerity and some power, and after some of the acting in the West—well, I watched the actors walking through “Love?” only the night before, and wanted to bomb them. Miss Clemence Dane produces a curious impression of freshness, of suppleness and vitality; most of the critics were impressed by it, and only on second thoughts did they discover that she is not a new influence in drama. “A Bill of Divorcement” is a typical drawing-room drama, postdated 1913; Miss Dane has taken the trouble to master the technique of the three-act play, she gets her people on and off the stage effectively, she provides them with smoothly running dialogue, which seems both witty and dramatic in the theatre. Best of all, she has chosen a critical moment, and the whole action transpires in a few hours; the interest is never permitted to flag until the immediate problem is solved.

Then what is the matter with the play; why is it that, on second thoughts, we see that the play is a theatrical, not a dramatic success? I had to spend a few days in bed after seeing the play (no fault of the play), and the question perplexed me. I read again Shaw’s vaude mecum, “Getting Married,” and enjoyed it; and the reason was clear. Miss Clemence Dane, like the Bishop in “Getting Married,” is only concerned to make “divorce reasonable and decent”; she assumes that marriage for love “answereth all things.” Her Gray Meredith she describes as “a man who never has room in his head for more than one idea at a time, and as for the last five years that idea has been Margaret, the rest of the world doesn’t get much out of him.” The other monomanic, Margaret, aged thirty-five, who has denied him for these five years, says: “I love you. I ache and faint for you. I starve— I’m withering every breath, and his emotional sensitiveness and temper. The point is important; her mother says: “That’s it. It’s not natural.” But as self-control happens to be one sure distinction between sanity and insanity, there is no ground whatever for supposing that Sydney is tainted with insanity. The fact that the father developed insanity as a consequence of shell-shock proves nothing regarding her heredity; many men with no previous neurotic history, men from the bush of Australia, non-coms who had been through other wars without collapsing, suffered from it. If we are only going to permit our sexual maniacs to marry, and doom to sterility those who can and do exercise self-control, then “Doctor be damned!” is the proper thing to say.

I am not denying that Sydney was tainted with insanity; I think she must have been, as she acted on eugenic principles. But in this case there is no doubt that she is more insane than her mother, the “healthy woman” who must be preserved at all costs. Margaret Fairfield was under the thumb of Aunt Hester; she was under the thumb of her daughter, Sydney; she was in most things under the thumb of her lover, Gray; and when the divorced husband returned, and appealed to her, she succumbed to him. She could not resist anything but love; she could not deny anyone but “her mate”; a more helpless person cannot be imagined. At the very least, she was feeble-minded; and I am of opinion that, unlike most feeble-minded people, she had not strong passions. The lines I have quoted are a mere convention of Miss Dane; they do not belong to Margaret Fairfield. A woman who can say “No!” to her inclinations for five years because of “Aunt Hester and her prayer-book!” is not typical of a grand passion. Whatever her miserable carcass may be good for, it is not for love; she says “No!” too easily. “I want to come now, this moment. I want to be forced to come. . . . But I mustn’t! Don’t you see that I mustn’t?”

It is just wanted to try to tell Hilary herself that she could not take him back—and took him back. This is the woman who is supposed to be useful, whole, healthy, whose children ought to be born. But the part suited Miss Lillian Braithwaite.

Miss Meggie Alanesi plays Sydney for charm, not as Miss Clemence Dane drew her. Miss Dane describes her as “very sure of herself, but when she loses her aplomb and control,” replies Sydney; to which the aunt retorts: “Then what is the matter with the play; why is it that, on second thoughts, we see that the play is a theatrical, not a dramatic success? I had to spend a few days in bed after seeing the play (no fault of the play), and the question perplexed me. I read again Shaw’s vaude mecum, “Getting Married,” and enjoyed it; and the reason was clear. Miss Clemence Dane, like the Bishop in “Getting Married,” is only concerned to make “divorce reasonable and decent”; she assumes that marriage for love “answereth all things.” Her Gray Meredith she describes as “a man who never has room in his head for more than one idea at a time, and as for the last five years that idea has been Margaret, the rest of the world doesn’t get much out of him.” The other monomanic, Margaret, aged thirty-five, who has denied him for these five years, says: “I love you. I ache and faint for you. I starve—I’m withering every breath, and his emotional sensitiveness and temper. The point is important; her mother says: “That’s it. It’s not natural.” But as self-control happens to be one sure distinction between sanity and insanity, there is no ground whatever for supposing that Sydney is tainted with insanity. The fact that the father developed insanity as a consequence of shell-shock proves nothing regarding her heredity; many men with no previous neurotic history, men from the bush of Australia, non-coms who had been through other wars without collapsing, suffered from it. If we are only going to permit our sexual maniacs to marry, and doom to sterility those who can and do exercise self-control, then “Doctor be damned!” is the proper thing to say.

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Paintings, lose heavily after a closer study. Their perspective, but, unlike them, does not give them their chorus. Gerald Brockhurst, whose pictures at first artist is John, although some of his works have gone back to Rembrandt[13], and in his most advanced works he does not give us more than a broad and decorative treatment of a landscape, or pleasing sketches of figures as (80) and (16). So much has been written about John Curry, is an ALPINE CLUB: AN EXHIBITION OF MODERN PAINTING. works he does not give us more than a broad and decorative credit for the moderns. Manet is modern and Rothenstein is not. It is a great surprise to come into an exhibition growth of American painting during the past fifty years.” (From the preface to the catalogue by Mr. Forbes Watson.) I do hope Mr. Forbes Watson has said more than he intended, because it is sad to think that this is all, with the exception of Whistler, Sargent, and Mary Cassatt, that American artists have to say. It is difficult to believe that there is no more originality, no higher standard of Art in America than that shown at this exhibition, which is far below the average London shows. The name of Rockwell Kent reached us some time ago, but his works shown here do not justify in the slightest degree the praise he is given. Landscape, Alaska I (13) is too romantic, and the whole arrangement of design and colouring reminds one very much of the Russian painter Nicolas R. Roerich, never attaining the same simplicity and decorativeness which is so fascinating in Roerich’s works. In this particular landscape and in the “House of Dread”[13] the artist appeals to the lowest physical sensations in such a way that he loses every contact with painting and loses himself also in literature of a not very high standard. The texture of all his exhibits is dull and the colour has no local quality. One may say that his art is physiological, i.e., hieroglyphic transcription of certain ideas, but by no means an arrangement of colours and forms dominated by design and underlying sentiment for a picture, not a story. The story is the chief trouble in this show. There is a “Mural of Edith Cavell,” and there is an “Angled Sphinx” by A. B. Davies[130], and a great many other stories, but not one single personality. What a difference between a good still-life by Marchand and his innumerable stories! How much of art in the first and how little in the latter!

There is no purpose in tracing all the influences of the artists exhibiting in this show, but we may say that whatever these influences may be they have lost a great deal in their crossing to America. R. A. Stephens.

**Views and Reviews.**

THE ELECTRICAL CONSTITUTION OF MAN.*

II.

It is obvious that if Mr. Baines and his collaborator can maintain successfully their thesis, it constitutes a revolution. It gives unity to all the biological sciences; and so far as they are known it reveals quite simply the nature of its task. It is common knowledge that a problem properly stated is more than half solved; and it is equally well known that the chief difficulty of all doctors is to know what must be done successfully to effect a cure. That is why all theories are worked to death; they simplify practice so much that, for a time, doctors find it impossible to think about anything except in the terms of the current theory. When microorganisms were discovered, and were supposed to be the cause of various diseases, the theory that the proper way to treat diseases was to kill the micro-organism carried everything before it. Lister, as I have said, had shown that no bacterial invasion occurred except in the presence of inflammation; but instead of pursuing his researches into inflammation, and other bodily mechanisms, he took over the Pasteurian theory of the causation of disease, and developed a technique of anti-sepsis. But further research demonstrated that the body had its own way of dealing with bacterial invasions, that the phagocytes ate the bacteria when they were nicely buttered with opsonin; and that the proper thing to do was to ‘stimulate the phagocytes,’ as “B. B.” put it, or increase the output of the specific opsonin. A development of this theory led to the discovery of the hormones, of the functions of the endocrine glands, of the importance of catalysis, particularly enzyme-catalysis, in the maintenance of life. But when we talk about enzymes, as when we talk about bacteria, we are talking about mysteries like mystics; it may be true that, in mitosis, “the idiosphaerosome differentiates into an idicrytosome and an idiclyptosome, both surrounded by the idiosphaeroteca,” but need it be put quite in that way? Bacteriology does not explain why mitosis occurs; and when it does offer an explanation, it makes it unintelligible by inventing a cloud of new words to express, as Moore said, a type of reaction well known in colloidal chemistry. Mr. Morley Roberts says it will be found that a dictionary containing the common terms of chemistry and bio-chemistry is fully sufficient for the reactions even of complicated colloids.” The work of Mr. Baines and Dr. White Robertson suggests that a few electrical terms will suffice to explain all the phenomena.

The fact remains that Mr. Baines can demonstrate the electrical constitution not only of the body as a whole, but of practically every cell and structure in it; as a practical electrician, he looks for electrical structure and finds it, and he advocates in all physiological research the collaboration of a specialist electrician with the specialist physiologist. Certainly, if it is true, as he has shown, that the human body emits a force that affects a sensitive galvanometer, the possibility of error in physiological research in which the electrical conditions are not considered is obvious. His two experiments to test the personal neuro-electricity, and showing a 200 mm. positive and a 400 mm. negative

* "Studies in Electro-Physiology." By A. E. Baines.
"Studies in Electro-Pathology." By A. White Robertson, L.R.C.P.
"Germination In Its Electrical Aspect." By A. E. Baines. (Routledge. 12s. 6d. net.)
deflection of the galvanometer. The air would become negatively charged to 200 mm., increasing in tension or pressure with time or varying with any alteration in the insulation and the head's two or three minutes "we have been experimenting with a piece of excised muscle in a moist condition. Their results would always check, because the muscle would invariably have a charge equal to 200 mm. negative. Two other persons, C and D, question the accuracy of the published results of A and B, and proceed to verify or disprove them. C, lengthily say, equals 200 mm. positive and D 150 mm. negative. The resultant charge would, of course, be representative of 150 mm. positive, the muscle would be differently electrified, and the data obtained could not agree with the results of A and B. In the same manner, E and F may prove to be ground off and C and D to have been hopelessly incompetent, and in their turn be subjected to similar criticism at the hands of others." "The personal equation" counts for as much in physiology as in astronomy.

But one of the chief advantages of the electrical theory is that it provides a means of diagnosis much more reliable than the statements of the patient. Mr. Baines has elaborated a means of galvanometric diagnosis, of which full details are given; and he gives some results of which I quote only one, on epilepsy. I quote it in full not only for its importance, but because it shows how fruitful in practice the theory and method may become.

"It follows, as a matter of course, that anyone engaged in electro-pathological research would bestow a maximum of attention upon this awful scourge of humanity (epilepsy), and I have been fortunate enough to have had many opportunities of studying it. My observations, however, are strictly confined to the neuro-electrical problem presented by the disorder, and even from this comparatively narrow point of view it exhibits so many complex features that I am quite at a loss for a satisfactory opinion of its origin, or of the predisposing cause or causes. I know what happens, but how or why it happens is hidden from me, though it will certainly be revealed to some other student.

The principal neuro-electrical phenomena common to grand-mal are low body deflections, combined with sub-normal body temperature, excessively high head deflections and temperature, and a point of least resistance at some part of the skull, from which, during an aura or during or directly after a fit, an abnormally high deflection is obtained.

The direct cause of the fit is in fact a species of neuro-electrical brain storm, and this storm is unquestionably due to the nerve-force supplied to the brain not being able to find its proper outlets from the brain to the nervous system—the afferent nerves, conductive from without but not receptive from within, possibly adding to the pressure—with the inevitable consequence that the pressure in the brain becomes unbearable, and produces a fit. Were this pressure not relieved, death or insanity would probably ensue; but Nature provides for this contingency by creating in the skull a path of least resistance, and this path is known as the "safety-valve." Whatever the cure may eventually prove to be, it must, as one of the curative measures, have the effect of preventing the brain from becoming neuro-electrically congested and the body neuro-electrically starved. It has only recently been suggested to me by Dr. E. W. Martin, and I have had no opportunity of putting the hypothesis to the test, that a careful galvanometric examination of the spinal cord may reveal such high resistance in some anterior part of it as to suggest a temporary break of continuity. If that feature is exhibited in a number of cases, it will be worth while to try to remedy the condition—i.e., restore conductivity—by local ionic medication. . . . . In the meantime, no one suspected of a tendency to epilepsy should be permitted the use of hair pomades or oils, or, above all, of peroxide of hydrogen. The electrical theory is, at least, suggestive.

A. E. R.

Review.

A Little Guide Through Life. By Henri Kropveld, LL.D. (Routledge. 6s. 6d. net.)

This is a series of essays dealing briefly and sententiously with many subjects of interest; Dr. Kropveld, indeed, frequently drops into the hortatory style, and begs us to assent to some well-known generalities. For example, "the great object of all education should be to help the child to develop itself into a man or a woman with a healthy and beautiful body, a pure, deep, and loving soul, a high sense of duty and a strong will-power to fulfil it, an infinite love of truth, sincerity, honesty, and noble-mindedness, a clear, well-informed, free, and fearless mind; capable, when away from masters and parents, to roam about in the world, to fight life's battle, and to begin and pursue alone that second and higher education which leads to wisdom and never ends." Quite unexceptionable sentiments; and when we breed children capable of such development we may be able to educate them with this object. As things stand, it would be wiser to say simply that the object of education should be to train those faculties that the child has, and not to waste time trying for an ideal built up of vague clichés. We are not much better informed by being told that "genius is inspiration," "inspiration of what? What is inspiration?" It would be truer to say that genius does not inspire, but expire, its peculiar power; it is the expression of a hyper-active personal endowment, and is usually limited to one faculty, or one group of faculties. In this vein Dr. Kropveld ranges over art, philosophy, and literature, discusses free-will, good and evil, the superior man, the choice of books, the fine arts, etc., and concludes with a long, philosophical dialogue on "War and Patriotism," in which he reaches the conclusion that war will end when the people realise that no country has the right to take territory or power by force, that nations ought not to assist their governments in such nefarious enterprises, and that a declaration of war ought not to give either to a government or its nationals a right to kill the nationals of the other government. But as all modern war is (no contradiction declares an aggressive war), we imagine that it will be a long time before people realise these three notions. Dr. Kropveld really leaves the problem where it was; and if it is true that "only co-operation between the nations will enable them to reach the highest goal," we may reflect that co-operation is frequently to be enforced. The Swiss, for example, did not learn co-operation until after the war of the Sonderbund.
LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

PROPRAGANDA.

SIR,—I invite readers of The New Age in this district who are interested in Credit Reform to communicate with me.

A. DUDLEY SHORT,
13, Cardigan Road,
Richmond, Surrey.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

The most important question for the existing generation is—What sort of system is to take the place of the old and decaying one? Are we to change it, or is it and has been for ever unchanged? For let us admit that with all its fallacies, follies, and injustices, there are and have been systems far worse—Bolshevism, for example, and the Socialism of the German Jew, Karl Marx. There is some danger that much more vigorous efforts will yet be made to establish one or other of these systems in this and other countries than any yet attempted. Unless another and better system is provided by the more intelligent and diligent classes it is quite certain that something of a far worse character may be established by the ignorant masses. The pity of it all is that our present system, short of its fallacies, its financial restrictions and credit monopoly, and improved in one or two other features, might have developed into a scheme as efficient and as conducive to human welfare as it is possible to conceive. Eliminate those evils which are almost entirely confined to the financial side, and our industrial, and consequently most of our international and social troubles, will disappear.

Now, it is towards the accomplishment of this end and to save civilisation from bankruptcy that Major C. H. Douglas and his colleague have evidently directed their efforts in the two books previously mentioned—"Econo-
mic Democracy" and "Credit-Power and Democracy." It was, I understand, whilst engaged in costings for the Government during the war that Major Douglas, a member of the House convinced because of the present economic system was inherently defective and could not survive the extraordinary strains imposed upon it by the war, and particularly by the supreme folly of our war debt. Apart from the intrinsic merit of these works, to me the most interesting feature connected with them is the fact that their authors arrive at the same general conclusion that I and one or two other investiga-
tors have done, although we have all reached it by different routes. This conclusion is, that the root cause of the world's economic evils is the irrationat and fraudu-
ent financial systems which the monetary and banking laws of all nations have established.

Major Douglas sets out with the statement that the object of a nation's industrial system is to produce goods for the benefit of the people comprising that nation, and not to provide employment for workmen or to "make money" for any particular class. Employment may be a necessary condition for producing goods, but it is merely a means and not the end. Further, the distribution of goods ought not to be based merely upon a system of rewards for labour done. For this spells starvation to the experiences, the efforts, and labours of the past generations. About 95 per cent. of all production is the result of tools and processes which form the cultural inheritance of the community—not as workers, but as a generations. About 95 per cent. of all production is the result of tools and processes which form the cultural inheritance of the community—not as workers, but as a community. Every person born into such a community—a community should, by right of birth, be entitled to a share in this great legacy. Major Douglas proposes that the wage system shall be gradually replaced by the dividend system. He divides credit into two classes, viz., real (productive) credit and financial (money) credit. Real credit is the correct estimate of ability to deliver goods as, when, and where required. Financial credit is the correct estimate of ability to deliver money as, when, and where required. Real credit is concerned with the supply of goods, whilst financial credit is based upon money (legal tender).

The real credit of Great Britain can be increased almost indefinitely and is already so enormous that at no time—nот even during the war—has it ever been employed to its full capacity. Yet although financial credit is based upon money and demands only money in return for its use, it depends ultimately upon the productive credit of the nation both for its existence and for its growth. This growth, however, is purely arbitrary and depends upon the sanction of the bankers and financiers who have acquired a monopoly of the use of the nation's financial credit. Indeed, this monopoly is so flagrant and so powerful that the rate at which money may be loaned to the public (to whom it rightfully belongs) is actually dic-
tated week by week by half-a-dozen men representing a private trading company called the Bank of England—over whose deliberations and actions the Government and the public have no more control than over those of any private business concern in Great Britain! Production, and therefore employment, are made dependent upon in-
dustry's ability to satisfy the arbitrary demands of the numerically insignificant class who hold this control, and as there is no law by which these credit controllers can be compelled to issue credit or assist trade, both labour and capital are entirely at their mercy.—Mr. Arthur Kitson in the "Times" Trade Supplement," April 2, 1921.

This book, which also contains a draft scheme for the mining industry (with a commentary on the scheme by Mr. A. R. Orage), is a very closely reasoned argument, on both purely economic basis, again because of the great monopoly of the capitalistic system. In the preface the author, who designately does not get beyond the sphere of prices and commodities, indicates the point of view which governs (perhaps necessarily) his thesis when he says "that is moral which works best." The opening chapter is de-
 voted to an exposition—lucid and powerful—of the fal-
cacies of Marxism, and postulates that to "democratise the policy of production we have to democratise the con-
trol of credit." He criticises the definition of democracy as the rule of the majority as "a mere trap set by knaves to catch simpletons, but emphasises that the Government (and of course, is on the rule) of the majority never has existed, and, fortunately, never will exist." While to the lay reader, who regards economics, not without reason, as a very dry study, the book can scarcely be said to be of interest, it is of considerable value to all who would understand the economic ramifications of to-day. For, whether for good or ill, we cannot escape the conclusion that a great deal of human unhappiness is inseparably bound up with economics. The author knows his subject, and is not afraid to dogmatise. "The essential nature of a satisfactory modern co-operative State may be broadly expressed as consisting of a functionally aristocratic hier-
archy of producers, accredited by and serving a democracy of consumers." It certainly sounds well! The book is a trenchant criticism of the present system, and an equally formidable argument, the intention of which is to prove the urgent universal importance of credit and credit-
power—credit (as the author says) "which has moved mountains, without which the Panama Canal would never have been cut or the St. Lawrence spanned." The book is a reminder that we may have our ideals, but without credit we are wanderers in the desert.—"South Wales Argus."

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