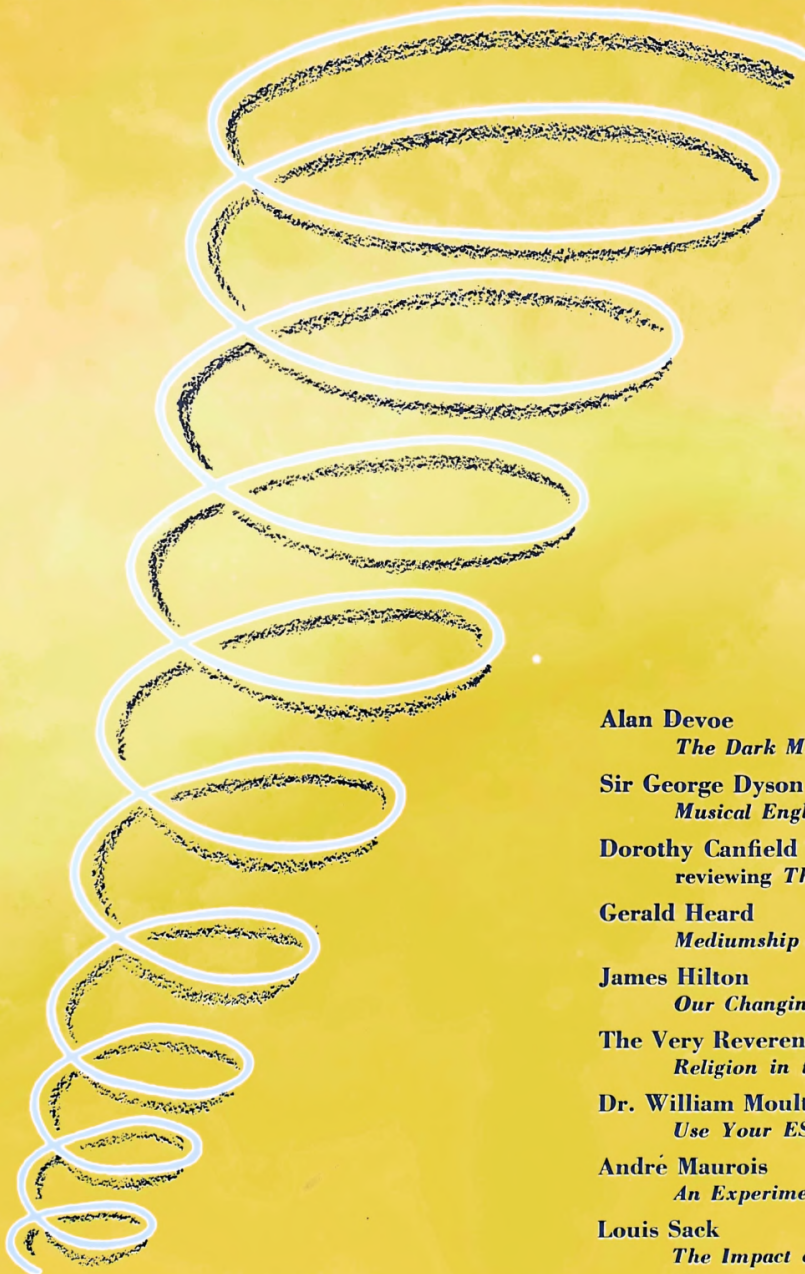


P746-60

SEPTEMBER 1941 25¢

# TOMORROW



- Alan Devoe  
*The Dark Mother*
- Sir George Dyson  
*Musical England and the War*
- Dorothy Canfield Fisher  
reviewing *The House I Knew*
- Gerald Heard  
*Mediumship and Mysticism*
- James Hilton  
*Our Changing Gods*
- The Very Reverend W. R. Inge  
*Religion in the Coming Days*
- Dr. William Moulton Marston  
*Use Your ESP Every Day*
- André Maurois  
*An Experiment in Adversity*
- Louis Sack  
*The Impact of World Events on the Theater*
- And Other Articles, Book Reviews, Poems*

VOLUME 1 NO.1

Just Out

The First and Only Biography in English of

# NOSTRADAMUS

"The Man Who Saw Through Time"

By LEE McCANN

THIS new and complete biography of the mysterious prophet of the Middle Ages is as sparkling in style as a brilliant novel and as readable as bestseller fiction. But it is the authentic life story of Nostradamus, the strange doctor of the Sixteenth Century, who not only went unscathed through the terrible plagues of his period, but who mysteriously cured the stricken where all other doctors failed. He was linguist, scholar, diplomat, writer, teacher and religious devotee.

And he could "see through time." His long-famous *Quatrains* predicted the rise and fall of European rulers for hundreds of years. History has seen his predictions verified. And his prophecies for today are now coming true in our newspaper headlines.

Who was Nostradamus?

What are his Prophecies for the Twentieth Century?

What did he predict about the present war, world leaders and the years to follow?

These and many other questions concerning one of the most interesting figures in history, are all answered in this new book by Lee McCann. Miss McCann has been interested in this Renaissance character for a large part of her life. She is both a French and Latin scholar and, besides having steeped herself in

the history of Provence, where Nostradamus was born, she has done long research on the famous prophetic *Quatrains of the Centuries*, written by this phenomenal man. Lee McCann's translations differ in many instances from the now widely-publicized interpretations because she worked with the original *Centuries*.

In her French descent the author possibly has a direct contact with the times of Nostradamus, through a long-ago ancestor, Guillaume Pettit, chaplain to Margaret of Navarre. Nostradamus made translations of religious textbooks for this brilliant sister of Francis I. Miss McCann has long been drawn to this period of French history and her book on Dr. Michel de Notredame—Nostradamus—is the result of painstaking and loving research. It is the only Nostradamus biography in English, and it is the most comprehensive translation of the prophecies available.

## NOSTRADAMUS

*The Man Who Saw Through Time*

Handsomely bound in cloth of Monaco red, a color which prevailed in the rich decor of the Renaissance. The jacket is a glowing yellow bearing a reproduction of a Sixteenth Century hourglass and the dates 1555 and 1999, the years included in the prophecies.

SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS. 440 PAGES. \$2.50

Table of contents and order blank on page 56

Creative Age Press, Inc.

11 EAST 44TH STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

P746-60

TO



Publisher:  
Editor:  
Manager:  
Associate:  
Advertiser:  
Business

The  
Editor  
of  
the  
writing  
Register





**Publisher:** CREATIVE AGE PRESS, INC.  
**Editor:** EILEEN J. GARRETT  
**Managing Editor:** FLORENCE BROBECK  
**Associate Editor:** CHARLES P. CHADSEY  
**Advertising:** JOHN F. SULLIVAN  
**Business and Circulation:** WILLIAM M. MARTIN

Editorial . . . . . 2

### Articles

An Experiment in Adversity, *by* ANDRÉ MAUROIS . . . . . 3  
 Musical England and the War, *by* SIR GEORGE DYSON . . . . . 5  
 "Working With Life Itself," *by* ANNE PIERCE . . . . . 7  
 The Dark Mother, *by* ALAN DEVOE . . . . . 12  
 The Punic Curse Stone, *by* COUNT BYRON DE PROROK . . . . . 14  
 The Impact of World Events on the Theatre,  
*by* LOUIS SACK . . . . . 15  
 New Techniques Alone Cannot Save Humanity,  
*by* DANE RUDHYAR . . . . . 18  
 Use Your ESP Every Day,  
*by* DR. WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON . . . . . 22  
 Children of the New Age, *by* BARBARA YOUNG . . . . . 26  
 Mediumship and Mysticism, *by* GERALD HEARD . . . . . 30  
 Quotation . . . . . 34  
 The New Vision in Art, *by* EMIL BISTRAM . . . . . 35  
 Religion in the Coming Days,  
*by* THE VERY REVEREND W. R. INGE . . . . . 38

### Poetry

Less Than Sand, *by* MARGARET LATHROP LAW . . . . . 4  
 Song, *by* DAVID MORTON . . . . . 13  
 Hope, *by* DOROTHY MOULTON . . . . . 21  
 The Temple That Is Man, *by* BARBARA YOUNG . . . . . 25  
 There Is the God In Him, *by* PHYLLIS FREDERICK . . . . . 28  
 Undertone, *by* ERICA MAY BROOKS . . . . . 32  
 Song for England, *by* SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN . . . . . 40  
 Confession of Faith, *by* BARBARA YOUNG . . . . . 41

### About Books

Our Changing Gods, *a review article by* JAMES HILTON . . . . . 42  
 "The House I Knew,"  
*reviewed by* DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER . . . . . 44  
 "Mission to the North," *reviewed by* SIGRID UNDSET . . . . . 45  
 The New Book by Kagawa,  
*reviewed by* WILLIAM CUMMINGS . . . . . 46  
 A New Book About the Quakers,  
*reviewed by* DR. RUFUS JONES . . . . . 49  
 Two Science Books, *reviewed by* JOHN J. O'NEILL . . . . . 50

**This Month's Authors** . . . . . 55

### Tomorrow, September 1941. Vol. 1, No. 1

The Magazine, *Tomorrow*, is published by Creative Age Press, Inc., 11 East 44th Street, New York City. Printed in the U. S. A. Editorial and Advertising offices, 11 East 44th Street, N. Y. C. *Subscription Rate:* 12 issues, \$2.50 in U. S. and possessions and countries of the Pan American Union; \$3.00 Canada; elsewhere \$3.50; two years \$4.00 U. S.; single copies in the U. S. 25 cents. Vol. 1, No. 1, for September 1941. The cover and entire contents are copyrighted by Creative Age Press, Inc., 1941, and cannot be reproduced without written permission. Copyright under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Registered in U. S. Patent office. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned to sender unless accompanied by return postage. Application for entry as second-class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879, applied for at the Post Office, New York, New York.

## EDITORIAL

BECAUSE I WAS NOT ALLOWED to read anything but religious books when I was a child, all other books became for me beautiful and mysterious. I longed to know what lay between their covers, but if books were an adventure, magazines represented unknown and unimagined delight. Their lightness and color fascinated me. When I saw them in other people's homes, I seated myself quietly out of sight, so that I might secretly examine them. I heard from the children at school that magazines with yellow covers were baneful to the young mind, and thereafter my deepest need was to find those with yellow covers, and to discover their mystery for myself. I used to tell myself that I would one day own a magazine with a yellow cover.

I do not imply, however, that the wish of my childhood is the only reason for this departure now. I know it has a deeper motive. I have always regretted that the people one admired and read never really said the things in print which they told you with such sheer delight when they knew you well. And it is for this kind of information that I am seeking now. I want to know what each man who writes and dreams and creates, is thinking about, and by what structural process of thought he has arrived at building his own intellectual world.

We are inclined to measure the wealth of other peoples' experience by what we see and feel. We rarely take into consideration the dramas which have taken place in the life of each one of us, and which have made us what we are. It is the expression of this reality that I seek. And I hope that those, with whom I, as the editor of this new journal, shall be in sympathetic touch, will abandon the constraint that so often hides them, and that they will operate with truth and freedom within these pages. I believe that now, as never before, the time is opportune for these sincere and factual statements. There is a necessity abroad in the world today for rich and deep thought. And there are so many amongst us who have already suffered, and who have already adjusted themselves to new countries and new processes of living that their new method of approach to life can stimulate each one of us. It is from these

experiences that a fresh, strong doctrine of life can be born.

New leaders of society will be found. I believe that they are already in our midst, and are ready to express themselves fearlessly. They will be found within the sphere of the creative arts, within the laboratories of physics and psychology, in the universities and colleges, in the factories and the workshops, and within the halls of the countless new industries which this war, with its fast-moving evolutionary methods, is producing. The man in the street looks to these leaders of the future for guidance. It is to these young ones—who are rapidly reaching a spiritual maturity—that I look for a more courageous and peaceful method of living.

This obligation to the young people to build a finer world will always find ready understanding from the editors and owners of *Tomorrow*. It may seem strange to take this time for launching a new magazine, but it is my sincere belief that never in the history of the world have so many people felt free to break through the bonds of tradition and the mental slavery of past attitudes and ideas. I believe this is a moment in time when the inspired ones should come forth and create the new road to a more peaceful relationship between man and his fellow man, man and his country, and man and his gods.

A sincere desire, therefore, to solve a world's need underlies my wish to offer within the pages of *Tomorrow* a brilliant blaze of understanding, where man can warm both hands at the fire of that new and better life which I believe is to be created. The men to whom we turn are no longer the poets and thinkers of any particular country—they are the world's thinkers, and we look to them with enquiring hearts for varied tones and rich discourse. Will they not help to do their share toward the building of a good and joyful tomorrow filled with the magnificent spectacle of happiness?

*Eileen J. Garnett.*

P746-60

AN  
AD  
BY AN

ALL v  
mo:  
destinies  
home is  
lected d  
dren sit  
living c  
The ne  
few ho  
soon yo  
you fin  
unknov  
My  
was pr  
officer  
uated.  
the to  
been  
out s  
wher  
sion  
I l  
last  
to L  
lost  
my  
shir  
V  
Fret  
tha  
exc  
boc  
stu  
wa  
ple  
an  
co  
wh  
m

# AN EXPERIMENT IN ADVERSITY

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

ALL WARS AND REVOLUTIONS bring about the most sudden and dramatic changes in human destinies. One day you live in perfect security; your home is filled with the things you have lovingly collected during your whole life; your wife and children sit with you at the family table; you earn your living easily and have some money in the bank. The next morning a bomb destroys your home; a few hours later, the enemy is on your heels. Very soon your family is scattered over the country, and you find yourself, alone and desperately poor, amidst unknown surroundings.

My own experience, in the month of June, 1940, was painful enough. I had taken part, as a French officer, in the retreat from Belgium. I had been evacuated from Amiens just before the Germans entered the town, and had lost my whole kit there. I had been three days without food and three nights without sleep. Then at last I managed to reach Paris, where I received orders to fly to England, on a mission from the French Government.

I begged my wife to leave Paris at once, took a last look at my home and, in an army plane, flew to London. Of course I had no time to replace my lost luggage and took with me only my gas-mask, my helmet, and a military kit-bag containing two shirts, a pair of pajamas and a toothbrush.

When I landed in England, I learnt that the French disaster had frightened British bankers and that French money was no longer accepted, nor exchanged. That night, in the little room I had booked without knowing how I could pay for it, I studied the situation. My country was invaded; I was without means of communicating with my people. I didn't have a penny. The uniform on my back and the two shirts in my bag were my fortune. Of course I had friends at the French Embassy and elsewhere in London, who would willingly have lent me a few pounds, but I knew it might be a long

time before I was able to repay them, and decided not to borrow from anyone.

What could I do? I could write articles, I could broadcast, I could lecture. Only until anything of this kind could be arranged and paid for, a rather painful length of time was bound to elapse. Also it was not easy to write while I kept on worrying about the country and the people I loved best in the world. However, it had to be done. A friendly editor asked me for an article. Never had money given me the same pleasure as the small check I received a few days later. Then I began to understand the pleasures of adversity.

To a rich man, the most beautiful gifts mean very little. He will buy a motorcar, a piece of furniture, or even a house without real pleasure. But to the man of humble means who has had time to desire the things he could not get, the moment when at last he does acquire them is one of deep and delightful joy. In my case, during those days in London, there were three things I wanted desperately. The first was a fountain pen. I had lost mine in the plane that brought me over, and a writer without his pen is a bird without wings. The second was warm underwear, for the London climate, even in Summer, is sometimes painfully cold. The third was a razor and blades.

At last I got them all and I cannot remember that any purchase in the happy days of peace and plenty, gave me the same childish delight as this fountain pen, this clothing and this razor.

Another trait that struck me, during that period of suspense and grief, was the kindness of all my friends. A Latin poet has written: "As long as thou will be happy, thou will have many friends; if times become cloudy, thou will find thyself alone. . . ." My experience was exactly the opposite. Men and women who, in the days of happiness, had been casual acquaintances suddenly proved themselves



Pr46-60

## TOMORROW

real friends. Everywhere I found a warmth of affection, a charm of intimacy that I had seldom experienced. I realized that many whom I had thought cold and indifferent were capable of the most considerate attentions. I also found out that most people conceal some hidden miseries under their frivolous and cynical talk and feel more at ease with a fellow-sufferer than with that most inhuman of creatures, a thoroughly successful man.

Therefore, whatever happens, be not unduly frightened. There are happy moments in unhappiness. One day in London, a kind woman who is also a great lady told me:

"Now that you have lost everything, do you not feel that, when everything is gone, there is still a great deal left?"

Even then in London, and however miserable I felt, I realized that the Queen was right and that when I had lost everything there was still a great deal left. What was left? First of all, my own self. You can take from a man his worldly belongings, you can take his home, his books, his pictures, you can separate him from his friends, from his family—but there is something no conqueror can take from him: that is his mind. Motorized divisions can crush fortifications; bombs can destroy towns; but as long as you are alive, there is in that frail little skull of yours a fortress no Blitzkrieg can storm.

And since this inner retreat is the only one that will be left us when our home has been destroyed, and our favorite room shattered, it seems to me that the first rule of an Art of Living ought to be: *Decorate and furnish with love and care that inner sanctuary of yours.* We take a lot of trouble buying the right armchairs, the right tables and the right pictures; certainly we should take even more trouble to adorn the invisible walls of our mind. We take a lot of trouble filling our library shelves with the best books, and we are right, but we should take even more trouble to fill our invisible shelves with the best thoughts and the best poetry, because we can lose our pictures, and our books (I have lost mine), but we cannot lose our culture; especially that part of it we acquired in youth. Memory, with old age, or disease, or wars, may fade. What was acquired first is last to be forgotten. Store your mind, when you are young, with beautiful poetry, with noble thoughts. You cannot imagine how helpful, and comforting, and soothing, and exalting, you will find them all, if ever comes for you, as it did

for so many of us, a time of despair and solitude.

And now, after these terrible experiences, what general conclusions do we reach? The first is that, for a great many men and women in each generation, life is no easy job and that even when you might reasonably think: "I worked hard, I did my best; I built my happiness with my own hands, at the cost of my own sweat and toil. . . . At last has come the time of rest and enjoyment," such certitude is never justified. Nothing in life is ever truly possessed, save a steady faith, a clear conscience, and a well-stored mind. The rest is frailty. When, as a child, I used to read the warnings of philosophers to kings on the vanity of human possessions, they did not impress me very much. They sounded like fine and empty words, meant to be translated from the Latin or the Greek, but not connected with real life. I now realize that the philosophers were right, that for each of us comes a time when he believes himself king of a small kingdom, and that each of us can be dethroned in one day.

Do you remember the lines of Christina Rossetti:

- Does the road wind uphill all the way?
- Yes, to the very end.
- Does the day's journey last the whole long day?
- From dawn to night, my friend.

Such is the truth about human life. The struggle never comes to an end, but it is a relief to have found out from this long experiment in adversity that human nature is stronger than we thought, that it can stand terrific punishment without giving up the fight, and that, if Fate these days is hard on Man, experience has proved that Man can take it.

### *Less Than Sand*

Your single word or mine can be  
 Cold as December's lashing sea,  
 Hot as Caribbean noon,  
 Thin as an antiquarian spoon,  
 Light as woodland anemone petal,  
 Hard as hammer thrust on metal,  
 Quiet as kittens lapping milk,  
 Gentle as rain on umbrella silk.  
 "Yes" or "No" can seal a fate,  
 End a love, begin a hate.  
 Dictator-general's indrawn breath  
 Means a million's certain death.  
 Still the unknowing smile and brand  
 A word as less than grain of sand.

Margaret Law

# MUSICAL ENGLAND AND THE WAR

BY SIR GEORGE DYSON, *Director the Royal College of Music, London*

IN THE LAST TWENTY YEARS London has undoubtedly been gaining a paramount place in European musical culture. This is particularly clear in three respects: more and more European and Colonial students have come to London to study; executive artists and conductors have counted success in London as one of the highest endorsements; and British music itself, both executive and creative, has been rapidly developing an activity and standard hardly to be surpassed elsewhere.

At this point came the present war. In 1914 we were able to carry on almost normally for a time; 1939 was totally different. The first night of this war brought a complete blackout, which was of itself enough to make almost every evening event impossible. And no one knew how soon intensive air-raids might begin.

In a few weeks we began to count on comparative physical safety, though it was still very difficult to coax a large public out at night. Some halls and theaters were suitably blacked out, and notices of performances began to appear again. Here at the Royal College we started a series of early evening concerts in our theater. The National Gallery began its lunch-hour concerts which have now become an institution, and all over the country musical societies got their second wind and made plans for music under war conditions. Saturday and Sunday afternoons became, and have remained, a safe draw. Before the end of the first winter London had to some extent adjusted itself to circumstances, and over one hundred and fifty societies in the provinces were functioning.

We were of course on the edge of a volcano all the time, and could only plan from day to day. A specially fine concert for the benefit of Naval charities, under the highest patronage, which would have attracted ten thousand people and large subscriptions, had to be cancelled at very short notice.

Yet a great deal of music went on. Two large

charitable Trusts, both American in origin, helped us greatly. The Andrew Carnegie United Kingdom Trust had for some years devoted much thought and substantial sums to the encouragement of provincial and rural music-making. This Trust has adopted a still more generous policy to assist us during the war years. The Pilgrim (Harkness) Trust evolved a scheme for short concerts in factories, churches, or any other suitable premises, and persuaded the Government to take a share of this responsibility. A large-scale organization for the entertainment of our troops, known under the initials E. N. S. A., worked in France and came back with the army from Dunkirk. E. N. S. A. later took over all the factory, Army, Navy, and Air Force concerts.

This was roughly the situation when the "blitz" of last September (1940) began. The musical side of this story is best shown by the fate of the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts. These concerts have been, for nearly half a century, a unique feature of musical London. They were given nightly from August to October, and covered practically the whole range of the best orchestral music, all the greatest symphonies and concertos, and a thousand other works, old and new. Thanks to a few generous guarantors, Sir Henry Wood, who had conducted them from the first, began his forty-sixth season at Queen's Hall in August, 1940. The public was enthusiastic, faithful, and of capacity size every

Then came the worst air-raids of the war. Night after night, practically from dusk till dawn, London was incessantly and intensively the target of enemy bombs. For some time the Promenades went on. It is an epic story. Neither soloists, nor orchestra, nor public failed. They were often kept in the Hall for hours after the raids began. The orchestra added item after item; the soloists, the orchestral players, and various gifted members of the audience kept up a non-stop programme, grave and gay, till such times as the raids died down

## TOMORROW

sufficiently for people to get home. Finally the rest of the Season had to be cancelled, not because people stayed away, but because it became impossible to permit the appalling risk of three thousand people crowded into one place in a dangerous area.

Our own experience here at the Royal College is equally typical of the amazing spirit of ordinary people. Never once, whatever the night's pandemonium of guns, bombs, fires, casualties, and damage, did our cleaners fail to arrive in the morning, cheerful and indomitable. Professors, students and office staff alike never failed. If they could not find transport they walked. Up to this time of writing, none of our normal activities has ceased through the voluntary failure or absence of anyone. Our young people are all being conscripted as soon as they reach the draft age, but until then they work hard at their music, keen, cheerful and confident.

That is where we are now. A great many short concerts are being given, by small traveling parties, in canteens, factories, village halls, churches, camps and air-raid shelters, with unflinching cheerfulness and heroism.

The charitable Trusts are helping a small touring opera, some half-dozen professional orchestras, and scores of amateur choral and orchestral societies. Naturally, we could do more if our resources were larger; but, be it little or much, we are all exhilarated by the fact that music is proving itself to be one of the most powerful, inspiring, and recreative forces that a working and fighting people can have.

One thing is already clear, and that is the existence of a large new public, of quite small means, who welcome these opportunities of hearing the best music at first hand. One of our finest orchestras, the London Philharmonic, has done a most successful tour of the provinces, giving a programme of classical music "twice nightly" to people who have hitherto considered themselves quite outside the range of the best concerts. The tour was enthusiastically welcomed. This new public must not be lost, if we can possibly contrive to provide music of the highest quality at prices which the average working-man can pay.

And what of the future? Nobody can foresee. We are going to be poorer by far, and we are suffering immense material damage, but the spirit of the public, including the musical public, is not only unbroken, but in some ways positively buoyant.

I asked a girl student who had finished her course why she did not leave London for her home in the country. She told me she had joined a London Aid-post, managed occasionally to get a modest musical engagement, "and I wouldn't miss it all for anything."

There may be worse yet to come, but if music can thus survive the most severe ordeal which any civilized society can suffer, we believe it will survive anything, either in war or peace.

That is at once our hope and faith.

He would be a bold man who would try to forecast the future of the arts, and particularly the art of music, when the conflagration of this war is over. But we have already formed a small "planning" committee, which is endeavoring to survey the problem of musical reconstruction in Britain, in readiness for peace when it comes.

It is clear, for example, that there is going to be a drastic redistribution of incomes and purchasing power after the war, and this in the direction of fewer large fortunes and more incomes of the middle and lower categories. This means that the arts will no longer be able to count on wealthy patronage, but must find a livelihood among men of small means. Musically this will involve fundamental changes in the economics of concert-giving. Concerts will either have to be made to pay their way on what the average democratic audience can afford, or recourse will have to be made to some form of public assistance, direct or indirect.

The professional orchestra of the highest class is a crucial problem. No such orchestra, properly employed and adequately paid, can exist on popular ticket prices alone. Hitherto the private munificence of patrons, or the generosity of institutions, have kept these orchestras in being. If such subsidies are no longer available, what is to happen?

All that can be said now is that we are trying to face these facts and hammer out what appear to be the most practical solutions. We are at least secure in this, that nothing will destroy the universal demand for music, and for good music, both of the smaller formations and of the larger and essentially elaborate high qualities. The war has proved this much beyond possibility of doubt. We are trying to plan, therefore, in the faith that where there is an adequate will, there will eventually be an appropriate way. It will be our most urgent task to find it.



# “WORKING WITH LIFE ITSELF”

BY ANNE PIERCE

A MIRACLE has ever been the imposition of a higher and more subtle law upon a lesser law; never has it been a ruthless breaking of law; this is only the “seeming” to the unknowing ones. And as science makes its way painstakingly further and further into the very core of life, as manifested in the physical world, using the microscope or test tube, moving experimentally from the known to the unknown led by the imaginative mind, it reveals in all departments of life the pattern of its flow, be it in biology or psychology, astronomy, dealing with suns and interstellar spaces, or microscopy, spying out the secrets of the microbe. These scientists “fly” into the unknown and take possession, even as the aviator flies by dead reckoning. And the happy landings grow more and more frequent, expanding our consciousness as well as practically enriching life with their findings.

Fifty years ago the atom was a compact bit of solid matter not to be divided. Today it is energy vibrating between two poles. It is well to be humble and acceptant of what the future may offer and keep an open mind. I asked Dr. William Crocker, the director of the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research, “Would not the scientist of today look like a visionary mystic to his brother of fifty years ago?” And he assented. Not only that, but we need not bog down in the idea that evolution needs must follow the slow tempo of the past. With each gain the rate of speed is quickened and a “cycle of Cathay” may be compressed into a few years of modern life, as we stand on the heritage of the past, use the techniques, equipment and ideas of the present and press forward into the new age.

The occultists state that we are the overlords of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms and responsible for their evolution according to law.

Science confirms this whether it approves the nomenclature or not. The genesis of the Boyce Thompson Institute is in itself arresting. Colonel William Boyce Thompson was a mining engineer in Montana. There he saw the destruction of vegetable life, the barren wastes created by the sulphuric acid fumes from the copper smelters. (Incidentally, science also turned a great liability into a notable asset when it discovered how to catch these gases and condense them into a valuable liquid.) In after life, Colonel Thompson set about making reparation to the vegetable kingdom by endowing the Institute with ten million dollars. There were State experimental stations, the U. S. Department of Agriculture, the many individual botanical gardens and aboretums in various parts of the country, but all were restricted in money and time by specific services and could not throw themselves into long-time researches, expensive, and of uncertain outcome.

Dr. Crocker once speaking of Dr. P. W. Zimmerman of the Institute (of whom more anon) said of one of their new laboratories: “In this greenhouse Zim and I are going to attempt only the impossible.” And over and over again they have been successful with the “impossible.” That sounds like Alice in Wonderland, and passing behind the glass of the Institute’s greenhouses does carry one into a land of wonder, but a very purposeful one. It is interesting that this project, which started out to be primarily a search for fundamental truths, letting the applications fall where they might, has turned out to be practical to a much greater degree than often transpires when one aims directly at a practical result. It is a bit of a shock—after you have walked with mounting awe through ninety-nine thousand and nine hundred square feet of laboratories, offices and an imposing library, peeked into twenty-nine greenhouses, looked out over twenty

## TOMORROW

acres of experimental fields, had a glimpse of weird control rooms where plants are grown speedily, retarded, or modified, under varying conditions of lighting, temperature and humidity, and learned that thirty-five scientists of many varieties are busy "ganging up" on the vegetable kingdom to do it good—to find an enthusiastic chemist, Dr. Norwood Thornton by name, waxing eloquent over such facts as (for instance) that they have been able to tell the makers of potato chips just how to buy and handle potatoes, to get chips of just the right brownness at the temperature needed to prevent greasiness. It is done by "regulating life processes," by temperature in the growing of the potatoes and so controlling the amount of reducing sugars which make the trouble.

You have no idea how temperamental and stubborn a potato can be until you get acquainted with it. It goes to sleep—"period of dormancy" to the scientist—for a certain length of time before it will sprout. But no more do the spuds nap as they desire, for it has been discovered that soaking in certain chemicals or exposing to gases, wakes them up. The potatoes have joined the army now. The reveille is sounded by ethylene chlorohydrin, they wake up, sprout and go to work. And valuable service they render to the nutrition program at small expense. Dr. F. E. Denny, at the Boyce Thompson Institute, orig-

inated and has carried on this phase of the investigations and correlated studies which mean time and money to those who grow the useful tuber.

Not content with this the scientists execute a flank movement and with another chemical prevent the potatoes from sprouting under cellar storage. Potatoes stored for ten months at 50° F. are perfect with no sprouts, while the untreated control tubers are withered and can hardly be seen for the sprouts. Dr. Crocker thinks that the treated potatoes could be stored for a year and a half and still be in perfect condition. Perhaps you can imagine what this means to the farmer, storage man and the commercial chip makers. And for this science, in the person of Dr. John Guthrie, and the ester of alpha-naphthaleneacetic acid is to be thanked.

Many of Dr. Denny's discoveries have been

patented and are of increasing industrial value. Dr. Crocker's discovery of the effects of ethylene, in Chicago, before coming to the Institute, laid the foundation for Dr. Denny's ethylene gas treatment of oranges, to bring bright color to the skins of some types of fruit, which persist in staying green after the oranges themselves are ripe. The patent was granted to Dr. Denny in 1924. Dr. Henry G. Knight, chief of the U. S. Bureau of Agricultural Chemistry and Engineering, on the occasion of receiving the medal of the American Institute of Chem-



*An arrangement of four 10,000 lumen sodium vapor lamps designed especially for plant work*



ists, May 17 last, in commenting on Dr. Denny's discovery said:

"The chemical investigations leading to the development of this treatment cost the taxpayers of the country about four thousand dollars and is estimated to be worth about four million dollars a year to the producers of citrus fruits in Florida alone and about the same amount to the producers in California. And yet some people say that research doesn't pay?"

Since the citrus industry in California is many times larger than in Florida, and this process is in more general use in California, the total annual return from the discovery must be many times four millions. It is also used in other countries, such as Porto Rico, where it was being applied as early as 1927. Truths primarily "abstract and of technical, research origin," may prove to be practical to the tune of millions a year, along a single line.

Scientific "brain trusts" can pay big dividends and large industrial concerns recognize this these days. Grants and fellowships for fundamental investigations leading to practical application of results have been received at the Boyce Thompson Institute from such sources as Corning Glass Works; Texas Gulf Sulphur Company, E. I. duPont de Nemours and Company; General Electric Company, Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Corporation, and the Fleischmann Laboratories. The Institute also cooperates in fellowship support to graduate university students. The scientific findings are published in "Contributions from Boyce Thompson Institute" and other scientific journals, and reports of the practical applications of results also find their way into trade journals.

Perhaps one of the most startling exhibitions of all, and one of the broadest in its implications, is Dr. Zimmerman's and Dr. Hitchcock's work with the rooting of evergreens, especially holly, and the inducing of seedless fruit without pollination, by the use of chemical solutions and vapors of growth substances. Holly has always been rare and difficult to propagate. The grower could not slip it successfully; we took a holly tree where we found it and were grateful. Now all is changed. By soaking the cuttings in a chemical solution and planting in sand under controlled conditions, the holly grows eagerly, and holly hedges are now a gladsome possibility. Not content with this, these plants are

treated with the vapor of another chemical and the berries "set" on tiny plants where they would not otherwise grow without pollination.

But the tomatoes! Plants treated when in flower with solutions or vapors of Beta-naphthoxyacetic acid (the layman must bear up at such names) with no pollination at all, proceed to bear seedless fruit, some five or six in a bunch. And such fruit! A clear red, sweeter-than-usual tomato but with a characteristic spicy flavor, they are almost like a solid jelly such as the Japanese persimmon texture.

When the chemical solution is applied to the soil in which tomatoes are grown, the results are even more pronounced and more lasting. Certain changes in form accompany this unnatural (?) bearing. The flower buds are abnormally long, and the petals, pistils and stamens remain in good condition for twenty-one days, whereas the untreated, control plants withered within three days after opening. The leaves of the plants took on Frenched, or fern-like forms, being deeply serrated. It was all quite fantastic, but true. I ate one of the tomatoes. (As Winston Churchill said of the Hess episode, "The bare facts leave little room for imagination.") This same treatment has been applied to the hibiscus, the Paris daisy, tobacco, the artichoke and the cucumber, and undoubtedly other flowers and fruits and vegetables will respond.

According to Dr. Zimmerman, the implications of this "regulation of life forces" may extend to the human kingdom, for the correlation between such activation and the effects of hormones and glandular extracts on human beings seem obvious. And there may be forthcoming an explanation and a possibility of a more understanding treatment of sexual vagaries such as homosexuality and abnormal sex developments in relation to age. This is of course largely conjecture at the moment—but it partakes of that "wondering inquiry and inquiring wonder" which Plato said were the root of all knowledge. It is sad indeed for the human mind to crystallize at each step of its progress and say "There can be nothing more." There always has been "more." This is not credulity, but a faith based on "the *substance* of things hoped for, the *evidence* of things not seen."

Dr. Zimmerman and Dr. Hitchcock have pointed out in an article on "Hormone-Like Substances in Practice" (*Florists' Telegraph Delivery News* 38(5): 94,1939), "that plants should have their own spe-

## TOMORROW

cial hormones but that the chemistry of these is not known despite sensational claims and none has been synthesized in the laboratory." There are some fifty root-inducing substances (naphthaleneacetic, indolebutyric and indoleacetic acids being the most effective) which act in a similar manner to hormones when applied. Great care is needed in purchasing commercial preparations for these uses, some of which are ineffective. Painstaking working out of details for each plant and standardization of products and methods, as ever mark the scientist's advance, but evidently this is a start up a very new road indeed with long vistas.

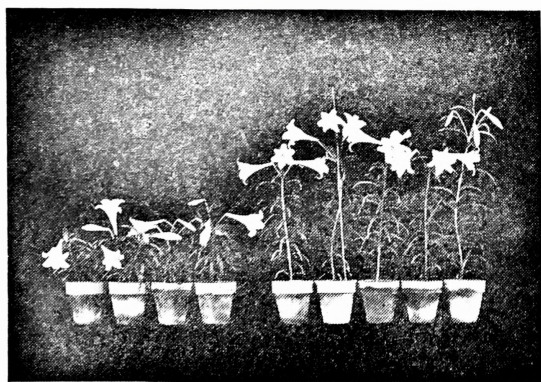
Dr. Crocker himself, while he coördinates the whole program of the Institute, focuses with special interest on seeds, the heart indeed of plant life. The methods evolved in his laboratory for testing and promoting the germination of seeds are of the greatest practical value. Today the buyer purchases seeds of approved vitality. It is not a gamble any more, wasting a season of cultivation and fertilizer on seeds only a fraction of which produce. Many seeds take four to six months to germinate, but no matter how dormant or how hard-coated a seed may be, when the embryo is taken out in the laboratory and put on moist filter paper at room temperature, within ten days an estimate of its life power or viability can be made.

The rose family, the pines, the hawthorn, leading varieties of apples, and Japanese quince are among those that have been tested. As to the "hard-coats" (clover, cherry, wild plum) given by Nature

to preserve the life of the seed under untoward conditions, when cracked or treated with acid, a speedy, even growth is obtained—a comfort that to a farmer wanting a thick stand of clover right off. Dr. Crocker's assistant in this work is Florence Flemion. It requires great delicacy of handling, close watchfulness, and a meticulous care. She is one of a number of women who take part in the scientific work of the Institute.

A few years ago, Dr. Ohga, a visiting Japanese *collaborateur* at the Institute, had some old Indian lotus seeds which had been taken from a peat layer five feet below the surface of a drained lake bed in Manchuria. By calculating the erosion rate of the river, studying tree rings, and tracing the genealogy of a Chinese family which had farmed a portion of the lake bed for generations, it was concluded that the seeds were several centuries old. Despite this honorable age, one hundred per cent of them germinated when the seed coats were broken, so impervious were they to water, and so stable was the protoplasmic life of the embryos. Experiments made by the U. S. Department of Agriculture have shown that the seeds of timothy, several clovers, tobacco, celery and Kentucky blue grass were alive after twenty years in soil.

Seeds have their own individual likes and dislikes, and the practical applications of this knowledge must be worked out for each one, to determine the temperatures at which they will germinate most promptly. Tree peonies, for example, when the seeds with roots already formed, were held at various temperatures for two and one-half months and then transferred to the greenhouse for shoot formation, showed plainly their taste for a temperature of 10° C. (50° F.) neither more nor less. For at 5° C. there was less growth, almost none relatively at 1°, a very spindling production at 15° while the control plant, which had been in the greenhouse the whole time, showed no shoots whatever. (See illustration.) Some seeds, such as the alpines, like very low temperatures, germinating near freezing point. Slow germinating seeds "snap out of it" when "rocked," that is, given intermittent temperatures such as 60° F. for eighteen hours a day and 96° for six hours. Lawn grasses, celery, and lettuce are among these. It needs no comment as to what this means in time, dollars and cents to the greenhouse man and horticulturist.



Easter lilies in flower on December 24th from bulbs planted September 17th. Four plants on left grown with normal winter sunlight at a temperature of 65° F. Five plants on right grown with 2 to 4 hours of additional light at night at a temperature of 55°-60° F.

The work is under the ing the cont tors by varyi (hours of l and greenho vided at ni to the last of the Insti place in the is discover With this i brought int for Christr September, early in Ja The work stage are ing, but tl and marke again are

Some o are most kingdom the spectr are nothi rays injur each one concentra in the gr off only of heat a of operat and so is are heav carbon d capillary stant lig

A wei the plan ment, ac to be sw days gre were us light, in spectru growth, trum, i bush int the gree



The work being done with light at the Institute is under the direction of Dr. John M. Arthur, showing the control of flowering and other growth factors by varying the temperatures and length of day (hours of light). There are constant light rooms and greenhouses where extra hours of light are provided at night. All growth factors are controlled to the last degree (indeed the technical equipment of the Institute is probably unequalled in any other place in the world), and by varying the conditions is discovered to what the plant responds best. With this information summer blooming plants are brought into bloom in winter. Easter lilies bloom for Christmas from bulbs planted in the middle of September, while a second crop from bulbs planted early in January are ready again for Easter itself. The work and apparatus involved in the research stage are extremely complicated and time-consuming, but the practical applications to the problems and marketing necessities of the commercial grower again are obvious.

Some of the factors in these light investigations are most interesting. Unlike humans the vegetable kingdom is not interested in the invisible part of the spectrum. The ultra-violet rays and the infra-red are nothing in the vegetables' lives, in fact these rays injure and burn the leaves. Ten mazda lamps, each one using five hundred watts of current, are concentrated on about thirteen square yards of space in the greenhouse in one arrangement. These give off only ten per cent of light and ninety per cent of heat and are controlled by a thermostat. The cost of operation for a full day is only about fifty cents and so is commercially practicable. As these houses are heavily insulated and there is little ventilation carbon dioxide is run into the house. Sodium and capillary mercury vapor lamps are used in the constant light rooms.

A weird sight is presented in these rooms where the plants flourish or droop in tropical environment, according to their nature, and seem almost to be swimming in an under-the-sea world. In earlier days greenhouses fitted with different colored glass were used, each one filtering out different rays of light, in a way making a physical analysis of the spectrum. The complete spectrum gave normal growth, while the extreme end of the spectrum, infra-red and red, could turn a sturdy bush into a spindling vine that made for the top of the greenhouse. This is merely to give a scanty idea



*Tree Peonies*

*Low temperatures break epicotyl dormancy in tree peonies. Pots, containing seeds with roots already formed, were placed at various temperatures (left to right about 34°, 41°, 50°, and 59° F.) for two and one-half months, then transferred to a greenhouse for shoot production. The control pot remained in the greenhouse for the entire period.*

of the techniques and apparatus employed in understanding light in its relation to plant growth.

It is, of course, impossible to be more than suggestive concerning the eighteen years of work which the Boyce Thompson Institute has covered; and for those specifically interested in any one experiment, the details given will be irritatingly inadequate. But a letter or a visit to the Institute will put more facts at your disposal. Dr. Crocker and his associates are most hospitable, and the great leather guest book carries the names of scientists, laymen, industrialists and educators from around the world.

"Working with life itself" is the description the scientists at the Institute apply to their work; indeed this investigation, study, experimentation and adventuring in the life of the vegetable kingdom is leading to allied work for the animal kingdom and man himself. Its applications and correlations offer limitless opportunities to scientists in many other fields of research.

And if as a layman you find this work heartening in its broader implications; if you find it a stabilizing assurance of order and a beautiful plan innate in the manifested world, in the midst of world disorder and ugliness; and if it suggests a mode of determining universal laws and cooperating with them, which might well be extended to economic, educational and spiritual fields as they environ humanity—then indeed you will find a pilgrimage to this shrine of advanced science, as practically applied to the vegetable world, an unforgettable experience.

# THE DARK MOTHER

BY ALAN DEVOE

ALL CREATURES OF THE EARTH, including man, have certain primary knowledges, certain in-born urgings and warnings and directings, which are called by scientists their "instincts," and have been perhaps better termed, by a philosopher, "the sweet grave guidance of the universe." The instincts are man's elementary life-lore, anterior to instruction or education, just as they are the elementary life-lore of a raccoon or a blacksnake or a butterfly. Way deep down inside him, man is blood-brother to birds and beasts and trees and mud; and the counselling voice of instinct (or, if you like to think of it so, the counselling voice of Mother Earth, or of the Cosmic Consciousness) breathes through them all alike, in the secret utterance of instinct. It is the oldest utterance on earth, adviser to the speckled brook-trout in the pool, informer of the blind earthworm moving eyeless and legless through the night. In the earliest dawn-days of our race it told the primitive man—"pre-logical man"—the things that he must know.

What has this ancient inner voice . . . this primal kind of message from our Source in the enwombing universe . . . to say about the thing that we call Death? It is not easy for us, as civilized men, to relax our long proud preoccupation with that tricky tool, the Intellect, and give simple responsive heed—as a hare does, or a homing hawk—to the original instinctive biddings and restrainings and instructions in our secret blood. But if we could? If we could forget the thousand contradictory conclusions that philosophers, treading mazes of intellection, have reached, and the million acquired terrors and inhibiting fears that we have accumulated through our millenniums of error? What then? The white-tailed deer, browsing in the birchwood with its herd, knows when its time has come. An old, old awareness comes stealing into its unthinking skull. It draws apart now, and is moved to let the life-urge ebb slowly from it, without struggle, and to await quietly in its bed of ferns this new and different adventure that is not life. Even our house-cats, after ten thousand years, are still receptive to the old forewarning; they still can feel the bidding of the

old call to their final sleep. Mysteriously, one day, our pet is gone from our house, and never returns. He has heard the summons, and gone quietly to answer it: gone to answer it as he answers the instinctive summons of hunger or of mating or of exultant playfulness or of drowsiness beside the evening fire.

And we? The great biologist, Ilya Metchnikoff believed that if men lived more simply—more receptively and responsively to their primal instincts, less confused by the myriad errors into which exclusive reliance on the intellect can lead them—they too would have a natural instinct of death, as sure and strong as the life-instincts that are their primal and most basic and ultimately always most reliable guidances. He thought that it was man's basic instinct to respond to death as easily as to all the other great natural rhythms and rituals, to enter into it as he enters into any of the other performances to which instinct urges him: the taking of his mate, the filling of his belly, the leaping and dancing with sheer life-gladness when the sun shines hot upon him and birds are singing. Metchnikoff thought that instinctive man, pre-logical man, before he became confused and frightened by the vagarious theories his proud wits devised, might not only welcome death as quietly and easily as he welcomed sleep, but might even, when the first drowsiness that betokened the coming of the final dark touched his awareness, feel a kind of quiet flooding exultancy as he surrendered himself to this last natural rite as he had gladly and trustingly surrendered himself to so many other instinctual behests.

It is hard for us now . . . civilized, educated, our brains full of teachings and acquired informations that influence us . . . to strip away all these layerings of our psyche and rediscover the natural instinct that may be buried deep within. But there are still living in the world, here and there, handfuls of men who are still so primitive that their lives are shaped, nearly as wholly as animals' are, by the unconscious directings of instinct . . . men in whom intellect is only a crude supplementary faculty and has not yet

become, as it  
the civilized,  
takes to sup  
ignore them  
directly und  
these ones:  
which links  
ing terns ar  
dark mold

Gontran  
such men  
tellects are  
to five, bu  
oneness w  
makes the  
with a ki  
harmony  
in him a  
Guinea b  
far India  
them. A  
these pr  
submissi  
gladnes  
have ta



P746-60

become, as it so perilously sometimes does among the civilized, a proudly dominant power that undertakes to suppress the instincts or thwart them or ignore them or whip them to its will. They are still directly under the primal guidance of the universe, these ones: still tied by the primordial umbilicus which links them close as it links caribou and migrating terns and the mindless bacteria that stir in the dark mold of the leaves.

Gontran de Poncins has written in *Kabloona* about such men . . . remote tribes of Eskimos whose intellects are so undeveloped that they cannot count to five, but who have somehow a deep instinctive oneness with wind and sky and swirling snow that makes them innerly serene, curiously relaxed, filled with a kind of primal exultation and psychic earth-harmony that the civilized Frenchman found roused in him a deep and ancient nostalgia. Explorers of Guinea have found such men; voyagers among the far Indians of our own continent have come to know them. And some of the explorers and observers of these primitive peoples . . . these human beings still submissive to the urgings and lusts, the hungers and gladnesses and tranquilities of inner instinct . . . have taken note of how death comes to them and of

how they respond to this terminal happening that has made civilized Archbishops shiver in their beds and civilized philosophers grow cold with terror and fight furiously against it. And they have found that among these very primitive people . . . these men still acquiescent to the guidance of the universe, and not yet trying to think up better schemes of guidance of their own . . . the bidding of death comes as no more strange or terrible a thing than the bidding of hunger or the bidding, on a weary evening, of brief sleep. To instinctive man, there is no strangeness and no terribleness in death. It is only another rite in which instinct bids him unresistingly participate . . . bids him surrender himself as to thirst, at a flowing brook, or to dancing, when the blood quickens in him in the Spring. It touches him perhaps, sometimes, with a shadowy warning forefinger, beckoning to him as to an old gray-muzzled fox when his bones are weary. It is no queer and alien thing. It is only what the Ojibway Indians of the northern woods have called it: Death, the Dark Mother.

There are tales from far separated regions that are eloquent of instinctive man's response to death and of the way he looks upon its coming. One of them was told some years ago in a book by Ernest Thompson Seton. It was a tale that had been told to Seton by Thomas Anderson, veteran officer of the Hudson's Bay Company and close companion for many years of the far northern primitive Eskimos. It concerned an Eskimo, Omeegi, who was Anderson's guide and intimate:

"Omeegi explained to me that he was to die . . . that he would die 'when the sun rose on that island' (a week ahead). He asked from me a shirt and a new pair of pants, though everyone laughed at him. A week later he put on the new garments and said: 'Today I die when the sun is over that island.' He went out, looking at the sun from time to time, placidly smoking. When the sun got to the right place he came in, lay down by the fire, and in a few minutes he was dead."

Such is the kind of tale told of instinctive man in the far north, and of the way he responds at last to death as he has responded all his life to the biddings in his heart to leap and caper with the whirling snow, to hunt his food, to sleep. The accounts of other primitive men in other regions, of all peoples still close to the rhythms and rituals of earth and

*Song*

From one note  
To the next note,  
Though it be not long,  
Is the deep interval  
When worlds fall  
For lack of song.

All the fair lie  
Stricken, and die,  
And silence weighs  
Heavy upon them, there,  
The sweet, the fair,  
That silence slays. . . .

Between one note  
And the next note—  
Let it not be long,  
Let not Creation fall  
Into that interval  
Of no song.

David Morton

one day,  
returns.  
quietly to  
the in-  
g or of  
side the  
chnikoff  
more re-  
instincts,  
rich ex-  
n—they  
as sure  
primal  
reliable  
asic in-  
e other  
to it as  
which  
filling  
er life-  
m and  
nstin-  
e con-  
ies his  
death  
might  
ed the  
s, feel  
idered  
ly and  
er in-  
d, our  
ations  
erings  
instinct  
e still  
f men  
aped,  
scious  
ect is  
ot yet

still responsive to a more elementary life-directing than the intellect, are very similar. The way of the coming of death in the steaming tropics, among a people whose wisdom is still largely the ancient un-intellectualized wisdom of instinct, has been well and briefly told by Tom Harrison, the English biologist. He lived and explored in the New Hebrides, being initiated into blood-brotherhood in tribes of the most primitive races of that region, and in 1936 published an account of the elementary life he had come to know and share. In his account of the men of Malekula there is this:

"Now there is death in its season. When one feels death come upon him, he tells his son to take out yams and make ready his things, to hold a feast for him. All men and women from the tribe come. Through the night they dance to the music of one small drum and beaten bamboos; at this time also the pan-pipe flutes are to be heard. The old man gathers together the edges of his life on that evening. He dances through the throng, shaking aloft the flaming torch of wild cane that scatters burning sparks widely. He chants his life, crying a new philosophy that comes gaily now: he has reached where he can do no more and there is no use in striving. 'The time is coming when I shall die and be here no more. Now I am alive yet and this is the time to scatter the everything.' In the morning he will kill his pigs. If he has no sons some other may make the feast for him, and inherit his ground. Though he may yet live after the death feast, he will strive no more with pigs or living; he will rest and be ready easily to die, without distress to him or any."

We of the twentieth century are civilized now, our thinking patterned and influenced by innumerable formal knowledges, innumerable acquired notions from the various churches and sciences and other institutions of the mind through many centuries. Now, in this dark and terrible chaos of a warring world, we find ourselves necessarily much confronted by the spectacle of death; and we find, a good many of us, that our civilized and educated minds are greatly frightened of it, and disposed to look upon it as a dreadful enemy thing, and to tense ourselves into a mental attitude of furious fight against the thought of its coming.

We cannot, perhaps, think our way out of this

fright; we cannot by intellect attain to any quiet consenting. But we can, perhaps, relaxing our minds a little, turn to an older, deeper lore than any devisings of the mind. We can think of the way death comes among forest creatures, of the way it comes among very primitive men whose hearts are not yet troubled by the wandering doubts and vagarious suspicions of the intellect. And we can come to realize that if we were simpler people than we are . . . if we could be more relaxedly at oneness with the great, deep-coursing stream that flows through birds and trees and clouds and flowers and the inmost heart of man . . . we might perhaps see death with unblurred eyes and know it for no black and evil thing. We might respond to it as resistlessly as to hunger or to love or to a weariness of body in the evening. We might know, with the deep, forever trustworthy conviction in our secret blood, that as safely as a man may surrender himself to the beckoning of thirst or love or sleep, so may he surrender himself to the Dark Mother.

### *The Punic Curse Stone*

By Count Byron de Prorok

FOR NEARLY a quarter of a century I have lived among the dead. During that time I have explored the tombs of Egyptians, Sabeans, Mayans, Lybians and Carthaginians, and discovered the remains of ancients who date from 80,000 B. C. to the more recent ones of a few centuries ago. One of the questions most frequently asked about my work is: "Aren't you afraid of the curses that were put upon those tombs, haunted by the fact that you've disturbed the eternal peace of thousands?"

The curse put on any who entered the tomb of Tutank-Amen, and the incidental deaths that followed its opening are fairly well known. We found a somewhat similar "Curse Stone" when we were uncovering Carthage. On it was written in old Punic script: "Eternal damnation, misfortune and the curse of the gods of the nether world on whoever touches or removes this stone, dedicated to the spirits of the revengeful Baal, Tanit and Moloch."

The evening of the day that we found that stone our foreman fell from the walls of the Temple of Tanit, split his head open on the stele and covered it with blood. That same night a Tunisian woman was murdered near the stone. A week later my brother-in-law, Prince Edgard de Waldeck, was killed in a motor car accident while transporting the stone to the National Museum of Tunis. Several members of our expedition died mysteriously soon after; and the Arab workmen decided then to strike. Perhaps these were only coincidences.



P746-60

# THE IMPACT OF WORLD EVENTS ON THE THEATRE

BY LOUIS SACK

**T**AKING A LONG-RANGE VIEW in these troubled times seems almost an intellectual luxury. The future is far removed and the past is beyond recall. With the entire world in turmoil, all eyes search eagerly for day-to-day bulletins. And yet if we wish to form judgments that have real value, we must get proper perspective. There is no substitute for a good case history. What is the case history of the theatre? How has it behaved in the past while in the throes of an acute case of world events? How has it behaved during and after convalescence? A knowledge of these facts is indispensable for a proper evaluation of the readings on the current fever chart.

One vital fact stands out and must be borne in mind if we wish to get at the whys and wherefores behind theatrical happenings of today and tomorrow. The fact is that world events alternate between chaos and relative calm. So simple a statement need scarcely be made, but the all-important consideration behind that simple statement is the seemingly unmotivated appearance and disappearance of censorship. Careful scrutiny, however, reveals a distinct pattern. In times of chaos censorship of the theatre disappears. In times of relative calm it comes out of hiding and slips a strait-jacket on the theatre.

Another fact merits mentioning before further probing. Every person's life is divided into three major relationships—the relationship of man to society, man to man, and man to himself. Frequently they will overlap. The hermit tries to telescope all three into one, while many a man disrupts the first two of these relationships in a belated effort to bring balm to the third. He tries to dominate his relationship with society, he tries to browbeat every individual with whom he comes in contact, because

he cannot live in peace with his own personality. Bitter disappointments early in life, merciless ridicule and excessive sensitiveness have distorted more than one man's relationship with himself. But more important than this overlapping and the patterns of activity it creates is the simple human fact that these relationships are geared to different speeds.

The relationship of the individual to society frequently changes violently overnight—states fall and others rise with agonizing suddenness—but the relationship of the individual to other individuals changes very slowly, and the relationship of the individual to himself frequently freezes early in life and does not thaw out or change over half a century of time.

Theatre depicts all of these relationships. It has done so for many centuries.

What has all that to do with 1941 and theatre's case history? Since Helen Hayes, one of America's most gifted actresses, appeared this year in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, thereby reaffirming the bard's place as a contemporary dramatist, let us consider briefly the world conditions of Shakespeare's time. It will provide at once the answer to a bewildering puzzle that has plagued more than one reader of an unexpurgated edition of Shakespearean plays.

Why was Shakespeare able to say things in his time that dramatists dared not say three centuries later? This question is all the more puzzling when we stop to consider that Shakespeare preceded Anglo-Saxon colonization of the Western Hemisphere. During his lifetime European culture was in its swaddling clothes, whereas three centuries later dramatists lived in an age of widely-heralded enlightenment. The answer to the puzzle is quite simple. Shakespeare did not have to contend with

ny quiet  
ir minds  
any de  
ay death  
t comes  
not yet  
garious  
ome to  
we are  
ss with  
hrough  
the in-  
e death  
ck and  
ssly as  
ody in  
forever  
hat as  
eckon-  
render

among  
tombs  
inians,  
from  
rturies  
about  
were  
you've

Tut-  
ed its  
ewhat  
thage.  
amna-  
rether  
dedi-  
t and

e our  
, split  
lood.  
near  
dgard  
while  
unis-  
iously  
trike.

## TOMORROW

the deadly scourge of censorship. Dramatists of the Victorian era were not so fortunate.

Shakespeare lived through the historic times of the Spanish Armada when the freedom of England was in grave peril. Invasion was imminent. No would-be censor had the temerity to tell the people what they should or should not say and think while their lives were at stake.

After the conquest of the Spanish Armada a long period of relative calm ensued and censorship crawled out from under cover and bred more and more censorship, with the result that vigorous creative expression was throttled and the theatre rolled over and died. It remained dormant until after the beginning of the twentieth century with the exception of one healthy flurry during a period that was coincidental with the Napoleonic Era—another period of stress.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, after decades of ridiculous Victorian taboos, the theatre was having a difficult time keeping the mere spark of life aglow. It seems incredible to us today that the New York production in 1905, of George Bernard Shaw's play, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, encountered violent censorship. Would the play have been censored in 1588? One has but to read the play and compare it to Shakespeare's works.

Censorship is at best polite tyranny. Even if it is not corrupt or underhanded, it is presumptuous. It sets up one person or a small group of persons with arbitrary powers to determine what will or will not pollute public thinking. It emasculates creative art. It stifles freedom of expression. It enslaves the mind.

We find that the lingering vestiges of Victorianism were wiped out during the World War of 1914-1918. Prior to the outbreak of hostilities personal freedom was tied up in a welter of corsets, bustles, and hypocrisy. Female characters in almost every play were as ludicrous as the bathing suits of 1913. They were either super-saints drenched with virtue or deadly vampires saturated with sin. How did that gibe with reality? (Ask dad about the hayrides in the moonlight.) Few girls were whiter than the driven snow, as pictured in the theatre, nor as black and venomous as the Theda Bara type of seductress, whose only purpose was to drain the life-blood of well-meaning, virtuous men.

In those days of stringent censorship the American Theatre was a sad, anemic thing. For a robust,

pioneering nation that gave the concept of personal freedom new meaning and new vitality, our dramatists were puny figures.

Theatre helps gratify man's desire to take stock of himself and to re-examine his sense of values under changing conditions. But if it is to serve its fullest purpose, it requires freedom. Denial of freedom poisons and deadens the grandeur and dignity of human life. Those who fear to let man do his own thinking seek to shackle him and hold him captive through bigotry and intolerance. It is no accident that Eugene O'Neill, the father of modern American drama, first came into prominence in 1918. Human life was in great danger. The erstwhile "guardians of the common good" were strangely silent. Could they have feared public disapproval?

O'Neill was a realist and wrote of life as he saw it. He did not sugar-coat or discolor it. He introduced us to real, living human beings whom we might normally meet in the course of our daily lives if we went around a few extra corners.

When the chaos of World War I was succeeded by relative calm, the shacklers of human freedom surpassed themselves. They sired national prohibition. Their view was that Americans could not be depended on to regulate the use of intoxicating liquors—that the democratic process was inadequate in dealing with problems arising from the liquor question. They preferred mandatory restrictions. What those restrictions ushered in is common knowledge. Contempt for the laws of the country fostered a sniveling contempt for the country itself. Cynicism exuded from every speakeasy. The years of prohibition brought forth a warped viewpoint. Constructive effort was derided. Any attempt to improve the fabric of human relationships was howled down. The theatre bristled with plays that were contemptuous of fundamental decency between human beings. Gangsterism was hailed as the new type of virility. The knife in the back became the accepted national caress.

In the midst of the post-war calm of 1926 a play, entitled *The Captive*, was presented in New York. It dealt intelligently, maturely and sensitively with an aspect of the problem of homosexuality. The agitation for the suppression of the play was so strong that the production was voluntarily closed to avoid threatened court action. This play merits special mention because it epitomizes the machina-



tions behind the convenient timing of censorship.

A few years later, when the country was slowly emerging from the depths of the depression, another play on the same subject was presented, *The Children's Hour*. There was little to choose between the two plays in regard to quality of writing or preservation of good taste in handling a ticklish topic. Was there any threat of court action against *The Children's Hour*? The play ran for over six hundred performances without any difficulties. The depression had been so chaotic that censorship decided to remain invisible and inactive.

Did censorship remain out of sight very long? By 1935 the movies were becoming a powerful organ of dramatic expression. They had been wired for dialogue for several years by that time and were beginning to be adult—too adult, it seems. A tremendous censorship drive ensued. A degree of calm had settled on the national landscape and it was considered safe to take out the shears of censorship again. The movie industry, fearing a possible reduction in box-office receipts, offered no fight. They willingly returned to kindergarten and searched for new ways to retell the Cinderella fable. An iron-clad code was accepted and turned all screen characters into papier-mâché figures.

Was censorship limited to the screen as the country pulled itself out of the worst depths of the depression? Censors have enormous appetites. One battle easily won made the next inevitable.

In 1937, on flimsy pretexts, both houses of the New York State Legislature were prevailed upon to pass a drastic censorship measure called the Dunningan Bill. This bill, passed with amazing legislative speed, had no provisions for adequate public hearings. Only the signature of the Governor was required to make this act a law giving the designated censor the arbitrary power of a czar. Every branch of the theatre united in a fight for freedom of expression. Critics, producers, playwrights and actors joined hands with the public in fighting this tyranny. Within four days a quarter of a million theatre-goers signed petitions denouncing this measure, whereupon the chief executive of the State vetoed the bill. In the face of the strong, popular protest, no attempt was made to override the veto. The people had spoken. They wanted their theatre free from dictators.

In this year of 1941 what has happened to the movie censorship of 1935? Is it being enforced?

Since the outbreak of the war in September 1939, the code has gradually been forgotten. Chaos is afoot again and censors aren't censoring. One by one the absurd "don'ts" in the code have been abrogated. I venture the prediction that there will be precious little censoring during the entire length of the war.

What is happening to the stage in 1941? What is likely to happen to it in the near future? We have seen "topical" plays, such as *Flight to the West* and *Watch on the Rhine* which aroused considerable interest because they treated of topics found in newspaper headlines. Last season we saw two other plays of a similar nature—*The Fifth Column* and *There Shall Be No Night*. They are already "dated" as far as immediate interest goes. The wars they depicted are closed issues. That is the danger of all topical plays. Once they are out of date, they are of little interest until they become historic.

Consequently the stage is not likely to rush feverishly to keep too closely abreast of the times. Themes that have topical as well as enduring value are certain to find their way to the New York stage. The faith and courage of the British will ennoble more than one play. The tragedy of the betrayal of France and the resultant repercussions, when dramatized, will reveal to us a great deal about human inter-relationships that we do not know at the present time. Future dramatists will have much to say to us before long.

Apart from the topical plays mentioned above, the past season on Broadway saw two plays of noteworthy interest that bear mentioning in this analysis. They are *Native Son* and *Old Acquaintance*. The themes as well as the treatment of the two plays are far removed from each other and yet both plays stress a kindred element—tolerance, which, of course, has special meaning these days. The first-named play is extremely melodramatic, but in spite of its many obvious defects, it is significant for daring to plead the cause of greater inter-racial harmony. *Old Acquaintance*, a skillfully written play, is a delight to a mature mind. The author, John Van Druten, has chosen as the theme of his play the conflict between feminine friendship and feminine rivalry. The play was filled with a wealth of human understanding. The keynote of the play—tolerance rising above personal passion—will have vital meaning long after many current political is-

Pr46-60

TOMORROW

sues and conflicts have been buried and forgotten. Both of these plays made us more familiar not only with the people depicted on the stage, but what is vastly more important, with ourselves. They encouraged us to examine our own prejudices and to think a little more clearly about our own personal problems. It is not a matter of chance that the hue and cry attending the production of Eugene O'Neill's *All God's Chillun Got Wings* in the 1920's was not in evidence when *Native Son*, which has a similar theme, was presented this year.

It is reasonable to conclude that the theatre in fascist countries at the present time is dead. Considering fascist passion for propaganda, there can

be no doubt that we would have been flooded with plays depicting the lives of fascist subjects if there were any plays of interest. Fascism dares not hold up a mirror to life under its domination. We must not forget that fascism itself is, after all, an over-intensification of censorship.

I am confident that the American theatre will achieve tremendous importance in the cultural re-birth of the post-war world. But if it is to arrive at that standing without too much struggle and delay we will have to fend off the insidious censorship drives that are certain to crop up again once peace is restored and relative calm is with us. Posterity will applaud our vigilance.

the result of the pervaded in the ades and which if not before, h and the domain can be genera a most significat nique.

Philosophica summed up in Actually, the lieve that ever "proper techn applied. That obstinacy and tional methoc vaded the fiel non-orthodox problems thr techniques an or recipes for

There is of that man is : sults from re habits cannot cacy of a ne lems at hand Man is confr new way of a period of cess is reach while.

Actually, : technique wi this go on comes wher genuity bec faculty whic techniques— beyond any man nature apparent pos meaning to mentality of

The step broadly spee functions of the organis of balance. to the fore

# NEW TECHNIQUES ALONE CANNOT SAVE HUMANITY

BY DANE RUDHYAR

THE GREAT REVOLUTION in the daily living of millions of men, which has been brought about by machines during the last hundred years, has been called the "technological revolution." It is evident that such a world-wide transformation of the technique of living, inasmuch as it altered the most basic forms of human relationships, is of far greater significance than the social or political upheavals which have culminated in the present war. These upheavals have indeed been motivated by the new conditions resulting from the technological and industrial revolution. The latter is the cause, the former the effect.

However the technological changes are themselves the results of the spread of a new mentality, of which "modern science" is undoubtedly the most typical product. And back of the technological revolution one should consider as a causal factor the deep transformation of man's outlook to life, of man's understanding of the universe and of his place in it. That transformation—the roots of which have grown below the surface of man's consciousness for centuries—affected at first only a few pio-

neering individuals; then an elite of thinkers, scientists, engineers. Finally the products of the new technique devised by these men developed so rapidly, that almost every man on earth has had his life transformed, directly or indirectly, by these products.

As a result far-reaching problems have been generated; problems of readjustment in matters of human relationships, personal and social, problems arising from the use of the energies released by modern technology; and beyond those, problems concerning the evaluation and interpretation to be given to the new conditions of life altering man's most basic conceptions. Many thinkers have sought for and offered solutions to these crucial problems. But mankind is still very much in the dark about where he is and where he is going.

One of the main reasons for the unconvincing nature of most solutions presented is that these solutions have been sought along the line of new technical devices, of new applications, of new methods; and in order to satisfy man's craving for new "recipes" to be literally followed. This has been



the result of the special approach to life which has pervaded in the scientific mentality for many decades and which, since the beginning of this century, if not before, has conquered the field of philosophy and the domain of higher learning. That approach can be generally called behaviorism, but perhaps a most significant term for it is *the religion of technique*.

Philosophically speaking, this new attitude can be summed up in the slogan "Man is what man does." Actually, the concept has led most people to believe that every problem can be solved if only the "proper technique" is discovered and consistently applied. That belief—often quite "religious" in its obstinacy and vehemence—has colored most educational methods developed of late. It has even invaded the field of orthodox religion and it has led non-orthodox minds to seek solutions to personal problems through *yoga* exercises, "new thought" techniques and a vast variety of "spiritual" practices or recipes for health.

There is obviously much that is true in the belief that man is what man does. The power which results from repeated behavior and the formation of habits cannot be denied. And the belief in the efficacy of a new technique for the solution of problems at hand is often justified by immediate results. Man is confronted with a problem; he thinks out a new way of dealing with the difficulties, and after a period of trial and technical improvement, success is reached. That is, success is reached for a while.

Actually, new problems soon arise. A still newer technique will solve them. Then new problems. Will this go on indefinitely? It goes on until the time comes when technical analysis and technical ingenuity becomes refined *ad absurdum*; when the faculty which has sole charge of building modern techniques—viz., the intellect—becomes emphasized beyond any sense of proportion with the rest of human nature. Then technique develops past any apparent possibility of giving any vital and "organic" meaning to its products. The technique-producing mentality operates in sheer psychological emptiness.

The step which follows is a tragic one. Man, broadly speaking, is an organism; and as one of the functions of that organism becomes over-emphasized, the organism-as-a-whole acts to restore some kind of balance. The submerged functions come violently to the fore and the over-stressed intellect collapses

and is made their slave. This is exactly what is happening to mankind today. The most archaic feelings and the most earthly biological urges are sweeping irrationally over the most technique-conscious peoples; they make of the technicians their slaves. They use technique to destroy the devotees of technique. Thus Germany, perhaps the birthplace of the religion of technique, succumbs to the irrational tide of Nazi fanaticism. Thus the devotee of many modernized Oriental techniques for self-development may lose health or sanity.

Modern man has a lesson to learn. He must realize that technique, in a normally healthy condition of living, is a result and not a starting point. Technique is always conditioned by a fundamental life-orientation or cosmology (*Weltanschauung*) which, in turn, is conditioned by the basic organic structure and the "balance of functions" of the entire organism of man.

Here, however, the need for defining our terms arises. By "organism" we mean a complex whole of mutually related activities of all kinds integrated within some structural framework. Moreover, when we say that man is an organism, we do not refer to man's physical body only, but as well to man's psyche. The human psyche has an organic structure as well as the human body. These two structures are, in a sense, two aspects of the same reality. On the other hand, we must carefully differentiate between *generic structure* and *individual structure*, in both body and psyche.

When C. G. Jung speaks of the "Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious" he speaks of the generic structures of the psyche; of those basic psychological representations and patterns of reactions which are common to all men because they are inherent in the genus *homo sapiens*—just as inherent and fundamental as the general shape of man's skeleton and the general adjustment of circulatory, respiratory, and digestive functions.

Individual structures are the result of the particular variances of the physical constitution and the unique reactions of the individual to heredity and environment. These individual structures are mostly related to the cerebro-spinal nervous system (and above all, to the cortex) which represents those parts of man's body most susceptible of differentiation and individualization. And at the psychological level, individual structure refers not only to conscious endeavors and ideals emerging from

P746-60

### TOMORROW

Man's life as an individual; but also to the sum-total of his own particular complexes and repressions.

As to the term "cosmology": it is used here in its broadest and most vital sense to mean a basic type of ordering of all the data of man's experience and man's knowledge of himself and the world at large. By the term "cosmology" therefore we do not mean a special academic or intellectualistic philosophy. We mean an absolutely fundamental orientation or attitude toward life.

Whence therefore does such a "new basic life-orientation" arise? It is a generic occurrence. It affects the human species as a whole, or at least the most responsive and progressive sections of mankind. It occurs at a level far deeper and more fundamental than that at which the intellect operates and new techniques are devised. It is born out of the compulsive power of evolutionary life. It is the result of a bio-psychological *mutation*.

The term "mutation" has been increasingly used of late. It refers ordinarily to more or less sudden appearances of structural transformations in some specimens of a biological species; transformations which may become slowly generalized. Here when we speak of "bio-psychological mutation" we refer to structural transformation of man's total organism, body *plus* psyche; and at this stage of human evolution the focus of all organic transformation seems to be most definitely on the psychological-mental plane, though the change is probably just as marked in the cerebro-spinal nervous structures of the body.

This term "mutation" needs to be introduced in every thorough discussion of the present crisis, because it alone stresses the fact that this crisis, which began at least some two hundred years ago, is an evolutionary crisis affecting the entire genus, *homo sapiens*. It is a *generic* occurrence and, as such, reaches factors much deeper than individual or group intellectualisms, than merely economic or political systems. Indeed the only change which can approximately convey a picture of the scope of this pan-human transformation is the total change in human behavior and social relationships everywhere brought about by the technological revolution and the generalized use of modern machines.

But that change in behavior and social relationships should be considered as a result, not as a cause. It is a symptom. It is only the *first phase* of

the outer manifestation of the bio-psychological mutation. During that first phase of the mutation, technique has been used essentially *as a destructive factor*; as the means to destroy the old habits of thought and behavior, the old cosmology in which these habits have been rooted for millennia. We speak of "modern civilization"; but we do not yet know what civilization means in terms of universalistic, generic, earth-wide structures of human organization. All that our technological revolution has done so far has been to uproot us all. Science has made old theocratic and philosophical structures topple and analyzed away ancient verbal fetishes. International trade, travel, radio and press communications, have destroyed the only possible validity for nationalistic boundaries and provincialistic bigotry. But *nothing as yet has been put in the place of broken structures, and humanity reels under skies emptied of gods and meaning.*

We have seen only the first phase of the great "mutation"; the restlessness, the criticisms, the form-destroying analysis which has led us to a psychological and spiritual vacuum. A technological revolution; yes. But technique used through the whole of it as a means to break down the old cosmology. Technique cannot build a cosmology. Modern science cannot give birth to a new life-orientation. It cannot do so, because modern science has grown out of the specialized use of a differentiated function; the intellect. It is based on critical, analytical, rigorous thinking. And that type of thinking cannot possibly create a cosmology. The *whole of man's organism* must concur in such a creation. As in the

"Something is plainly wrong in many parts of the world, in the daily way of life. We use neither our hands nor our minds in a way to make us happy. 'Nothing we have in Nature is ours.' One cannot generalize about a country as large as the United States. There is a way of doing things in New Mexico that is as strange and foreign to the native of Brooklyn as Provence is to Chicago, but I can honestly say that there is a Norwegian way of life that breeds strength and happiness in the faces of its people. I do not find sad that look, often far-away, stern and thoughtful, of the people of the northern valleys. They feel and think, and have good consciences. Their daily life is full of art." Florence Jaffray Harriman in "Mission to the North" (Lippincott)

J  
is  
a  
a  
st  
n  
p  
c  
f;  
v  
f;  
o  
t  
p  
o  
o  
a  
h  
ii  
o  
st

of orga  
here it  
ew life-  
must co  
it proce  
not a n  
cal mi  
nd sha  
is yea  
s by n  
s dow  
roots  
he sn  
confla  
r to  
e of  
seers  
funt  
ne t  
volu  
its  
e a  
wil  
re  
y;  
c  
ev  
in  
ec  
c  
should be  
seed. Techn  
but only af  
Men shou  
new recipe



psychological  
the mutation,  
is a destruc-  
the old habits  
ogy in which  
illennia. We  
e do not yet  
s of univer-  
s of human  
al revolution  
s all. Science  
phical struc-  
cient verbal  
lio and press  
only possible  
and provin-  
has been put  
nd humanity  
meaning.

of the great  
ms, the form-  
a psychologi-  
gical revolu-  
the whole of  
d cosmology.  
Modern sci-  
rientation. It  
has grown  
ntiated func-  
l, analytical,  
king cannot  
le of man's  
n. As in the

arts of the  
either our  
us happy.  
ne cannot  
ne United  
in New  
the native  
but I can  
ay of life  
e faces of  
often far-  
le of the  
and have  
of art."  
e North"

of organs especially concerned with gesta- here it is the mind that has to *give form* new life-orientation; but the entire organism must coöperate in, nay must become focused at process of spiritual giving birth.

not a merely rational process; even though ical mind is necessary today to *formulate* und sharply the new cosmology for which is yearning in the despair of meaninglessness by no means entirely a mental operation. is down into the generic roots of man, for roots is locked the mysterious power that the small mental flame into a world-transconflagration. It needs intensity of feeling; r to create images and symbols, the cre- of artistic geniuses and the exaltation seers. And as men arise who can combine functions in a supreme creative effort, they ne the *effective agents* through whom the volutionary power of Life will work the its periodical metamorphoses. They will e *avatars* in and through whom the new will take effect; the impregnators of the

re the men for whom there is desperate y; not technicians, not scientists. The t of the old roots has gone far enough, levulsions have come everywhere; returns sms and to archaic cosmologies which ed to offer marks of solidity and rooted- world frittered away by the technological The Nazi movement is only the most of such "returns to roots." There are in every field of activity.

urns to roots are false and regressive be- offer no new life-orientation. They did control the technology of science and ave led their devotees to triumph over dealists who usually mistake abstract the concrete bio-psychological realities v. One can return to roots in order to er; but one can only do so, safely and y, on the basis of a new life-orienta- hat new life-orientation belongs to the y, realm of the *seed*. It is the seed which should be asked for new roots. Cosmology is the seed. Technique is the new root out of that seed—but only after germination takes place.

Men should not ask today for new techniques and new recipes; for such a quest is sterile and often

dangerous until the time comes when the new vision has become formulated in vital, all-inclusive, powerful, faith-compelling terms. Without a new cosmology, the supposedly new techniques must sooner or later be used by the forces embodying the ancient and regressive life-orientation to bring violence and the more effective destruction of all that is calling for the new mutation. Science has been based for a long time upon universalism, upon a world-brotherhood of altruistic, clear-thinking, dispassionate searchers for enlightenment and truth. Yet science's products and science's technique are being used by neo-barbarians, worshippers of a "blood and soil" life-orientation to enforce tribalism, to enslave by terror and mass-hypnotism. Is this not proof enough that technique is nothing but the servant, conscious or unconscious, of a cosmology?

There must be a cosmology back of every technique. But if the new cosmology is not yet formulated and cannot direct the application of the new technical devices, then it is the old cosmology, which, unbeknown to the technician, guides his path. And such a guidance is always regressive in spirit. Today it has proven itself devastating. Without a new vision all behavior can only be blind, all new techniques confusing or destructive.

### Hope

Is there then nothing new in human life?  
Must still the stupid cycles come and go?  
There alternating wheel of peace and strife.  
Is there no answer?  
Shall we never know another way?  
It seems as though despair were all our portion and  
the hope that rose  
After that earlier conflict of a world more fair,  
Has long seemed lost—gone with the wind that  
blows.

No, let us never yield to that despair  
While we can see the light or hear the sound  
Of music, or the poet's words, which bear within  
them waiting to be found  
The seed of Beauty. Still the soul of man  
Shall struggle upward guided on its way  
Lonely, courageous, toward the coming Day.

Dorothy Moulton

process of organs especially concerned with gestation, so here it is the mind that has to *give form* to the new life-orientation; but the entire organism of man must cooperate in, nay must become focused upon that process of spiritual giving birth.

It is not a merely rational process; even though the logical mind is necessary today to *formulate* clearly and sharply the new cosmology for which mankind is yearning in the despair of meaninglessness. It is by no means entirely a mental operation. It reaches down into the generic roots of man, for in those roots is locked the mysterious power that can fan the small mental flame into a world-transforming conflagration. It needs intensity of feeling; the power to create images and symbols, the creative urge of artistic geniuses and the exaltation of great seers. And as men arise who can combine all these functions in a supreme creative effort, they will become the *effective agents* through whom the creative evolutionary power of Life will work the magic of its periodical metamorphoses. They will become the *avatars* in and through whom the new mutation will take effect; the impregnators of the future.

These are the men for whom there is desperate need today; not technicians, not scientists. The destruction of the old roots has gone far enough, it seems. Revulsions have come everywhere; returns to barbarisms and to archaic cosmologies which alone seemed to offer marks of solidity and rootedness in a world frittered away by the technological revolution. The Nazi movement is only the most spectacular of such "returns to roots." There are many more in every field of activity.

Such returns to roots are false and regressive because they offer no new life-orientation. They did manage to control the technology of science and thus they have led their devotees to triumph over confused idealists who usually mistake abstract ideals for the concrete bio-psychological realities of tomorrow. One can return to roots in order to dig for power; but one can only do so, safely and constructively, on the basis of a new life-orientation. And that new life-orientation belongs to the symbolic realm of the *seed*. It is the seed which should be asked for new roots. Cosmology is the seed. Technique is the new root out of that seed—but only after germination takes place.

Men should not ask today for new techniques and new recipes; for such a quest is sterile and often

dangerous until the time comes when the new vision has become formulated in vital, all-inclusive, powerful, faith-compelling terms. Without a new cosmology, the supposedly new techniques must sooner or later be used by the forces embodying the ancient and regressive life-orientation to bring violence and the more effective destruction of all that is calling for the new mutation. Science has been based for a long time upon universalism, upon a world-brotherhood of altruistic, clear-thinking, dispassionate searchers for enlightenment and truth. Yet science's products and science's technique are being used by neo-barbarians, worshippers of a "blood and soil" life-orientation to enforce tribalism, to enslave by terror and mass-hypnotism. Is this not proof enough that technique is nothing but the servant, conscious or unconscious, of a cosmology?

There must be a cosmology back of every technique. But if the new cosmology is not yet formulated and cannot direct the application of the new technical devices, then it is the old cosmology, which, unbeknown to the technician, guides his path. And such a guidance is always regressive in spirit. Today it has proven itself devastating. Without a new vision all behavior can only be blind, all new techniques confusing or destructive.

---

### Hope

Is there then nothing new in human life?  
Must still the stupid cycles come and go?  
There alternating wheel of peace and strife.  
Is there no answer?

Shall we never know another way?  
It seems as though despair were all our portion and  
the hope that rose  
After that earlier conflict of a world more fair,  
Has long seemed lost—gone with the wind that  
blows.

No, let us never yield to that despair  
While we can see the light or hear the sound  
Of music, or the poet's words, which bear within  
them waiting to be found  
The seed of Beauty. Still the soul of man  
Shall struggle upward guided on its way  
Lonely, courageous, toward the coming Day.

Dorothy Moulton



# USE YOUR ESP EVERY DAY

BY DR. WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

"I'D GIVE ANYTHING IN THE WORLD to know what to do," a young woman said to me in deep distress. "If I take my children and drive to California with my husband—just on a blind chance as he insists on doing—I may injure those two blessed youngsters beyond any hope of remedy! Little Frances is terribly frail and Elery is on a special diet which we can't possibly keep up unless my husband gets this California job. But if I stay here and let Mother support me and the children, I'll lose my husband—Fred's fed up with that sort of thing. Oh, Doctor, *can't* you tell me what to do?"

"No, Mrs. L.," I had to admit, "I can't. Will your husband get the job? He doesn't know. You do not know. This is one of those cases when help from another isn't indicated."

"Then you can't help me!" cried the woman in despair. "And I had counted *so* much on your advice!"

"But I can help you," I said, "to help yourself. You can find out—I hope—whether your husband has the qualifications which will win for him the job in California; whether he has time to get there before the position is filled; whether your youngsters' health will stand the trip. In a word, whether you should go or stay. Why not use your deepest self-help, your intuition—or perhaps you would call it your ESP ability?"

"What's ESP?" she asked curiously.

"Extra sensory perception," I told her, "that strange, yet scientifically proven capacity of the human mind to go out on the ether waves (or on some fourth dimension wave length of mental energy yet to be determined) and perceive truths which are not as yet available to the ordinary recognized senses of sight, hearing, touch, smell—and so on.

Your ESP, if sufficiently developed and practised, will tell you everything you need to know in living—in a situation like this present dilemma of yours."

"But I'm sure mine *isn't* developed," said Mrs. L. "how could it be? I never even heard of ESP until now!"

Then I told her something of the research in this extra sensory perception and I told her that the use of this perception delivers its decisions to the ordinary, untrained mind in the form of "hunches," "impressions," "action impulses," or an "answer to prayer." Impulse is the form of ESP information about the otherwise unknowable which most people readily recognize. When you have a sudden, unaccountable impulse to look up your old pal Tom Jones and you look him up and discover that Tom is looking for you to place a good-sized order with your firm (one of many actual instances I can vouch for), you realize afterward that perhaps some extra sensory faculty of yours must have been operating. If you follow your impulses and they work, nine times out of ten, you begin to realize there is some power of your mind functioning which you haven't yet recognized, consciously.

"I do follow my impulses!" cried Mrs. L. "That is, whenever I dare to. And my impulses *always* work, when I follow them. I have a distinct impulse now to go to California with my husband—only I don't quite dare to follow it!"

I encouraged her to do that very thing and she got the children ready and went to California. Her husband got the job. He did well at it, got a raise in salary within six months and is making more money now than he ever did before. The children, Frances and Elery, are flourishing—the trip didn't hurt them and fruit vitamins available at a reduced price in their new habitat seem to be benefiting

both children's health. Her extra sensory perception rested her desperate dilemma and she lost her husband's job. Her husband is reliable.

Though this mind to perceive familiar five senses as yet but nothing mysterious. B. Rhine, in a demonstrated recorded in a controlled condition also, which person possesses is no magical "magic art" conscious ability rather a natural which all of improves greatly.

Scientific not impotent thing you are doing you add remains the experiment a practical your own power instance, whether anything you personal system to individual mind, as

Twenty Laboratory participated in sender, located presented the received record accepted. R of mental sons, although other physical. We explained the sender a "red"

both children's health immensely. In short, Mrs. L.'s extra sensory perception of the facts upon which rested her desperate decision to go to California or lose her husband, proved one hundred per cent reliable.

Though this extraordinary ability of the human mind to perceive facts without the assistance of the familiar five senses has not been explained satisfactorily as yet by known scientific principles, there is nothing mysterious or supernatural about it. Dr. J. B. Rhine, in the Duke University experiments, has demonstrated that extra sensory perception can be recorded in a psychological laboratory under controlled conditions. And he has published evidence, also, which strongly indicates that every normal person possesses ESP power in some degree. Here is no magical art practised by occultists, mystics, or "magic art" stage performers. Nor is this a precocious ability vested in a few, gifted souls. It is rather a natural faculty, like seeing or hearing, which all of us can utilize if we choose and which improves greatly with practice.

Scientific explanations of ESP, in one way, are not important. As in singing or pitch, which is something you have to learn, whatever theory of hearing you adopt, your practical need for voice control remains the same. But there are certain conclusions experimenters have reached about ESP which have a practical bearing on your method of developing your own powers. ESP ability does not depend, for instance, upon telepathy. It makes no difference whether any other human in the world knows the thing you want to find out, or not. ESP is not a personal system of communication, from individual to individual. It works just as well from *thing to mind*, as from mind to mind.

Twenty years ago, in the Harvard Psychological Laboratory, a number of us graduate students participated in an experiment in which one person, the sender, looked at a spot of color, automatically presented by an electrical control. Another subject, the receiver, tried to catch the sender's thought and record accurately the color which the other was seeing. Results indicated that there was some sort of mental communication between these two persons, although completely separated from one another physically by distance and sound-proof walls. We explained this communication by supposing that the sender's mind broadcast a "green" thought or a "red" thought and the receiver's mind picked it

up like a radio tube. Later experiments wherein a receiver in New York City described a picture which was "broadcast" mentally by a telepathic sender in Paris, across the full breadth of the Atlantic ocean, seemed to bear out our hypothesis. But we were wrong. Not in our conclusion that the power of ESP exists; but in our belief that this human ability depends upon the *sender* of the message, the supposed human broadcasting station which seemed to transmit thought waves powerfully across vast distances.

Rhine performed a simple experiment which disproved our early theory. He put a pack of specially marked cards on a table in one room and discovered that their order could be read by a "receiver" subject in another room. Those cards didn't send a telepathic message. They had no dynamic means of generating "sending" energy or radio-type ether waves, as a human mind might do. The ability of extra sensory perception, therefore, must lie with the receiver, the person who does the long-distance perceiving of physical fact or of thoughts in another individual's mind. This makes an extremely important difference in learning how to cultivate your ESP power. It means that you have to go out and get your own mental information; you cannot depend upon anyone sending it to you, whether you seek it or not. Your attitude must be one of passive reception; but at the same time you must direct your mental receptors toward the thing you want to know about.

The type of dilemma which troubled Mrs. L. is a common one. Nearly everyone has some personal problem to solve which cannot be decided by any possible information available to the senses. No day passes, certainly, in an average life when such a situation fails to arise. Some of these quandaries, naturally, are more crucial than others. Sometimes it is a matter of hell or happiness, psychological life or death. Or again the issues involved may be trifling. But one factor remains always constant in these personal, practical problems: the man or woman who needs ESP information to decide an immediate issue *desires intensely* to obtain it. This motive supplies a necessary element in putting the ESP to work. It stirs into activity that deep-down, information-gathering pull of your mind. So long as the senses suffice you depend upon them; but when the knowledge you need lies beyond the senses you feel a certain desperate seeking which mobilizes your power of extra sensory perception.



## TOMORROW

A man I know—I shall call him Eton—who used his ESP effectively on occasion, had tried for more than a year to locate a former business associate named Timkins. He had made inquiries in the usual way and had "tried to think" where the missing man might be. But neither his physical senses nor his inner mental powers gave him the slightest hint of Timkins' whereabouts. Suddenly, one day, a business situation arose which made the immediate locating of Timkins extremely important. "I *must* find him!" muttered Eton and went into his private office, alone. A few minutes later he came rushing out and took a plane for Washington. He found Timkins that evening at the Washington Hotel which Eton's ESP had impelled him to visit. A keen, immediate desire to locate Timkins had enabled Eton to use his ESP power successfully.

There's another essential ingredient in ESP technique which is very difficult for some people to master. You must banish your wishes and become completely submissive to fact, no matter how much against your previous desires the mentally perceived truth may be. If inner perception had informed Mrs. L. that she must let her husband go and make a new home for her children by her own, unaided efforts, she might have resisted this knowledge. Her desires might have reversed her guiding impulse so that the false appeared true and she did precisely the wrong thing. Or suppose Eton had perceived with his mental television that Timkins was in China and couldn't possibly be reached. If he had refused, in that case, to accept the ESP verdict, he might have spent much money and much valuable time trying to locate Timkins by ordinary physical means, and in so doing would have frittered away all opportunity to solve his business problem.

It is part of the ESP game that you must agree with yourself beforehand to accept your mind's verdict as final. If you perceive that the facts are not as you wish them to be, you must be ready, nevertheless, to accept the verdict of truth and adapt yourself to it.

It is a curious fact that humanity, in its search for new knowledge, forever meets itself coming around a familiar corner. The practice of "inner concentration" to perceive facts which are hidden from the five senses and use the truth thus obtained for self-guidance is in effect a psychological description of prayer. Some religious cults call it "going into the Silence," "communing with the Higher

Self," "concentration," "asking God's advice," "Unity with the Infinite," or "realizing that Mind is supreme over matter."

Every religion in the history of man has taught some form of subjective supplication which places the burden of fact-finding and behavior-directing upon a Power greater than man's material, sensory self. The essential elements of prayer, rename it as you will, are almost identical with the requirements for effective ESP concentration. First, you must acknowledge to yourself that you need help; that you cannot solve your immediate problem without greater knowledge and guidance than your familiar physical senses supply. Next, you must ask for, desire keenly, specific truth, either in the form of factual information or an impulse to act in the right way. Then you must learn to become still and quiet within yourself, wholly passive but at the same time expectant. And finally, you must remain ready to move in whichever direction the super-sensory knowledge dictates.

Moreover, those who pray and those who use their power of extra sensory perception are likely to make a similar error in the kind of help or information they ask for. "Oh, God," prayed Deacon Elmwood at the Sunday evening prayer meeting when I was a boy, "we ask Thee to lead us in the Path of Righteousness. We pray thee, Almighty Father, to guide aright thy beloved people when they go to the polls next Tuesday. We know that Thou will return to power in this coming election that great instrument for truth and equity, the Republican Party!"

The good Deacon began by praying for guidance and then he told God how to guide him. "What made Mr. Elmwood think," I asked my Sunday school teacher the following Sunday, "that God was a Republican?" After the inevitable rebuke for levity on a sacred subject the teacher replied seriously, "It is quite obvious which party stands for the right political principles. The fact that the Democrats won doesn't mean that God favored their cause. It means that there are many voters who did not follow God's guidance." Among these, certainly, was Deacon Elmwood; he tried to guide God.

I know a leader in a Mental Science religion who "concentrated" every Saturday during the football season on victory for his son's team. Last season, to his distress, the team made a very poor showing. But this turned out to be a good thing for the

college. The Board of Trustees, disgusted with the football failure, altered their apportionment of funds in such a way that a first-class educator was obtained as president, a development which the college badly needed. I suggested to the mental scientist that he concentrate, in future, on guiding his son to the *best* result, no matter whether victory or defeat hewed the path. He admitted, then, that I was right. I had discovered by psychological insight, he said, the true interpretation of his own religious doctrine.

Our chief justification for relying upon God, or

### *The Temple That Is Man*

There is no peace forever ever more  
To him who shall despoil the nations,  
To him who shall desecrate  
The timeless tabernacle,  
The mortal tent,  
The temple that is man.

Man is no finite form.  
He is no thin flame burning unto ash.  
He is infinity,  
He is fire and light.  
These elements are man,  
Imperishable.

Body and bone go down,  
Ay, and the brain fails  
And heart gives over  
When the Monster crowds the clay  
With its malevolence,  
For clay is mortal  
Crumbling to dust.

But fire and light  
Forever shall evade  
The ravening Pursuer.  
Light and fire,  
Essence and plenitude  
Of man's estate,  
Shall evermore transcend him  
And live on,  
Boundless and timeless,  
Ageless and immortal.

Barbara Young

Higher Mind, in problems of everyday living, would seem to be the guidance which we may receive from some source or faculty of superior knowledge, not the possibility that God will intervene in our own, special case and arrange everything the way we want it. God doesn't work that way, apparently. If He did, why should a few ungodly leaders be able to plunge the whole world into war against the heart-rending supplications of hundreds of millions of people who desire peace and happiness above all else? From all experience at hand we must conclude that prayers calling for a specific result, prescribed by those who pray, do not always bring the result called for. But prayer or mental concentration, on the contrary, which calls for guidance in *what to do for our best accomplishment* works ten times out of ten when the ability has been cultivated.

Nature, or divine gift bestows upon every normal human being the power to go out with the mind alone and discover truth. If you accept truth thus discovered as final and obey its promptings regardless of your previous wishes and inclinations, you will be able to adapt yourself successfully to reality though you won't be able to alter reality to suit yourself.

Your ESP reports to you most frequently in the form of an impulse to action. Your "top" or fully conscious mind is not equipped to receive an elaborate report of complicated facts, sort out the relevant items and chart an action course accordingly. Your conscious wishes and desires interfere. But your "under" mind, with no self-consciousness to hamper it, does all that work for you and gives you a pragmatic instruction—"DO this," or "DON'T DO that," an action impulse, positive or negative. Such commands of your under-consciousness are absolutely reliable if there is no conscious interference. By asking from extra sensory perception only a guiding impulse in the direction you should go, you greatly simplify the mental process and minimize errors. This method of applying your ESP to practical problems, as with true prayer, seeks guidance rather than wish fulfillment.

An anti-Nazi Frenchman who had a prosperous business in Paris before the German occupation told me that he had made a practice all his life of following his impulses. Just before the Nazi invasion, Monsieur F. had a sudden, unaccountable impulse to visit the United States. This seemed so ridiculous, so utterly irrational that he did nothing



## TOMORROW

about it. But the impulse persisted and he talked it over with his wife. She advised him to stay at home and attend to his business which was bound to suffer if he went abroad. They "sat" together, he said, as they often did to "get a feeling" what to do. F. felt once more that strange urge to leave France immediately. Madame F., on the contrary, told her husband that she had a definite feeling to stay.

"I say to that woman," F. gestured dramatically, "I say, Marie, it is necessary that both of us follow our impulse. I go, you stay. It is sad, yes. Since eighteen years we have not been parted, you and I. But I cannot deny my—what you say—hunch. I must depart. For you, maybe, it is to remain!" Tears filled his eyes. "I am here; I am free. Even, I have saved part of my fortune. But Marie—she is in a Nazi concentration camp. Mon Dieu! her parting words they kill me—she confess that her impulse also was to leave France! But no, she would not leave because she is too much the business woman."

That is a fair sample of obedience to ESP and rebellion against its dictates. F. opened his mental door wide and welcomed wisdom, upsetting though its consequences were to his established order of life. Marie put her ESP portal on a chain. She peeked through the crack, saw some unpleasant information coming which she did not like and slammed her mind's door shut against its unwelcome influence. As a result, respectively, of these two procedures, the man who used his ESP and accepted its guidance submissively is safe, starting a new career in a new and promising environment; his wife who tried to set her will against world events as presaged faithfully by her own inner perception is prisoned, hopeless, suffering physically and mentally.

While we are still seeking a scientific explanation of this ESP faculty, we may as well continue to use it. Following impulses which are shaped by fact instead of by wishful thinking keeps us ahead of the procession of material events instead of far behind. It enables us in practical situations to go out and get advice from reality instead of waiting for reality to thrust itself into our lives with destructive unexpectedness.

## Children of The New Age

by Barbara Young

SUMMER, NINETEEN FORTY-ONE, AMERICA. As I write, at this very moment, bombs are falling upon Plymouth, England. As I sit here in the peace and quiet of the New England countryside, children in Plymouth are hearing and seeing and feeling such terror and anguish as we can hardly bear to contemplate.

Children of the New Age!

As this fearsome picture fills my mind and heart I remember a day a few years ago when I entered the beautiful harbor of Plymouth. It was at dawn, and I stood on the deck and waited and watched until the great Sun rose upon the moonstone sky. I wrote in my diary of that morning: "The young student on his way to Oxford from our Middle West, stood beside me, in complete motionless silence until the Sun had fully risen. Then he turned to me with a radiant face, and I said to him the line from Thornton Wilder that had been crowding my mind and heart, 'I praise all living, the bright and the dark.'"

I think of that tonight. And I think of the great Plymouth Central School I visited that very day, remaining there from the opening hour until late afternoon.

Again from my notes: "The Headmaster received me, a stranger, with the most gracious courtesy, which grew to a warm cordiality when I told him that my grandmother had been a Devonshire Quaker . . . three schools in one fine large light well-arranged building; Boys' School, Girls' School and Infants' School.

"Boys': five hundred students; admitted by competitive examinations which take place each April." (I wonder about last April and the next one!) "Lads must be approximately eleven and a half years old; selected from other schools for standing. They all elect from their eleventh year, and are specifically prepared for certain pursuits in life. . . . The masters are youngish men, definite in discipline; the boys are evidently from homes of moderate or even poor circumstances, clothed shabbily, many of them.

"I saw and heard the work in classes in mathematics, history, geography, drawing, chemistry, business and French. . . .

"The history remarks to United States of Nations.

ception, appreciation, app  
"There se  
at the time;  
great contr  
should deve

And wha  
1934, Octo  
straight pro  
their feet  
and greetc  
are now p  
R. A. F. a  
heart contr  
rememberi

There w  
and a wal  
three and  
in which  
ting ready  
said, 'Sho  
dear.' Wi  
her little  
mock that  
by four lo  
rolled in.

The chi  
adolescen  
haps, are  
far better  
the little  
the terro  
and the  
the marv  
this side,  
with incr  
cast a br  
England.  
their inf  
obedient,  
cation is  
of Engla  
not let E  
of their

As I  
who hav  
especially

"The history master was passionate in his few remarks to me concerning the necessity for the United States to—at long last—enter the League of Nations. Every one of the masters, without exception, approached the subject, sounding me out. . . .

"There seems a severity, withal kindly," I wrote at the time; "in all the class-room work which is in great contrast to the American system. . . . This should develop controlled and responsible men. . . ."

And what men it has developed. My visit was in 1934, October. When I remember the faces and straight proud posture of those lads as they rose to their feet upon my entrance into each classroom, and greeted me—when I know that these very boys are now part of the backbone of the magnificent R. A. F. and the other British fighting forces, my heart contracts with a quick pain, and I salute them, remembering.

There was much more to that day. After luncheon and a walk, I visited the Infants' School. Babies, three and a half and four. Here was my special field in which I had taught in America. They were getting ready for their songs and games. "The teacher said, 'Show the lady how you take your rest, my dear.' With a quick smile the child briskly turned her little table upside down, unrolled a small hammock that had been tucked into a pocket, hung it by four loops to the legs of the inverted table and rolled in. . . ."

The children of the New Age. These are now the adolescents—if they live at all. Some of them perhaps, are here in our United States. And this I know, far better than if I had never seen these things, why the little children and the youth of England take the terror and the anguish, the screaming bombs, and the desolated homes, with a fortitude that is the marvel of mankind. Why those lonely ones on this side, their cousins and brothers and sisters, speak with incredible bravery and cheer when they broadcast a brief greeting to their beloved in far-away England. These children have been steadied from their infancy. They are independent, resourceful, obedient, and respectful to their seniors. Their education is built upon the premise that they are a part of England, necessary and invaluable, and they must not let England down. We may well take a page out of their book. Noblesse oblige!

As I write now, I am thinking of the children who have been born within the past decade; more especially those of the five to seven years just past.

These children are unique in that they require an approach and a manipulation different in cast and character from the handling of the generation which preceded them, different even from that of their older brothers and sisters.

The child of five, six, seven—and all in his age-group—must vibrate not only to all he hears and feels because a world is at war; he is also the contemporary of millions of tortured and tormented waifs, and will grow to maturity with these who are at the moment homeless, heart-wracked, brain-dazed little ones, in the same world; will work with them, study with them, and presently will be called upon to govern the countries with them, to conduct commerce, to perpetuate society, and, in short, to remake a shattered and disorganized world.

It seems so difficult for us to remember that children are not only part of the family, but also part of society, part of the State. They are our future, and as such are to be reckoned with. The tragic thing about it is that for the most part, we do not seem to reckon. Neither parents nor teachers, for the most part, are very much concerned with anything more vital and far-reaching than marks and manners, whether the boys and girls keep up with their grade, are well, and well-behaved, and what college they shall elect.

Teachers are born, not made. And the born teacher will tell you that it takes the love that passeth understanding, and an ever-living passion for the spirit-life of every child that passes through his hands. That goes for any teacher and children anywhere. But these New Age children ought to have angels and archangels directing and enfolding them, when we consider the Earth that they are to inherit!

Fear is so easily begotten in the child-consciousness. And it is a contagious malady and ravaging in its effects upon young or old.

Today the Earth is encircled with a fear-charged atmosphere in which, so far as may be, the children must be safe-guarded, and instructed specifically concerning the antidote for this insidious corruption. And how? By being made acquainted, carefully and completely, with the truth of life and love and law; not the arbitrary tenets of any single creed nor sect nor cult, rather the Word which was in the beginning before ever any cult or sect or creed came into being. For those who know the truth of life and love and law are the fearless ones. (over)



# MEDIUMSHIP AND MYSTICISM

BY GERALD HEARD

RELIGION AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH have long been at loggerheads. True, there are today active spiritualistic churches; but they are not acting as links between the two methods which, together, have shared the interest of those desirous of contacting the Unknown. When spiritualism becomes organized as a religion it only forms a third party, mistrusted by the other two and often returning the mistrust.

Why should, in this particular subject, Research and Practice dislike one another? The first answer to that question is that "This was not so in the beginning." Though most religions and most explorers of the occult are ignorant of the fact, mediumship and religion were once the closest of partners. The dislike started with the priesthood. Religion began to object to psychical research as soon as religion became authoritarian. The reason is simple: for an authoritarian religion is one which has come to feel no further need of direct and immediate knowledge. It only permits such knowledge if it can be squared with a crystallized and closed canon. It rules by a rigid code, a legal document interpreted by legalistic minds. It requires no vision. It holds that a full picture of Reality has been given once and for all in the past. All that man needs to do is to consult that picture. It is unnecessary for him ever to look at the present expecting any revelation now. If he does, he must be suppressed—unless his revelation is autological, merely echoing the voices of the past.

Today however we are moving away—not from religion but from such a religion of authority—to the living religion, the religion of experience. Hence we must reopen the question of religion's relationship to psychical research. We must ask without prejudice: Is there anything that mediumship could add to a new vision and a new way of life?

Most intelligent people among the informed and

the devout, it must be owned, would dismiss such an inquiry. Can any good come out of the Nazareth of seances? Yet we can ask for a re-examination of this actual issue. And our first reason for so asking is actually an authoritarian reason. As an historical fact the very dogmas of religion are no more than attempts made by legal minds to reduce to legal terms the findings of mediumistic minds. Religion, when growing, when contemporary and instant, has always learn from psychical research.

To realize this truth, suppressed by a conspiracy of silence, we need to glance through the actual history of religion. What is religion? Fundamentally it is a re-ligio, a re-binding, an at-one-ment, a re-binding of the sundered individualized consciousness with its subconscious and, through that, with its fellow men, with all Life, with Reality. This, as we know now from pre-historic sources, is first done in the full moon feasts by the whole tribe in their solemn ritual-dance.\*

But, as self-consciousness grew, this self-fusing rhythm became orgiastic, and so the self-conscious, being disgusted, withdrew. The rise of the reformed, puritan religion which began with Aknaton, in Egypt, in the fifteenth century before Christ does not, however, mean the permanent establishment of an authoritarian religion.

A middle term was found, a hyphen between the rigid code based on the past and a living experience which everyone could have now. That was mediumship. We can trace this adequately. We can see the mediums appearing in the Shi mediums used in the religious rites of proto-historic China and we can see this same method still in use with the Pythoness mediums of the Delphi oracle in classical Greece. The Shi were girls or boys (pre-pubertal) who

\* Dr. Marrett, *Anthropology*: "Modern man thinks out his difficulties: Primitive man dances out his difficulties."

could pass into  
sengers between  
The Pythoness  
ticular racial s  
gorge of Delphi  
for trance-me

This stage  
ligion. When  
then the prog  
But a bitter  
the priestho  
merely the c  
on a code, a

But what,  
to do with  
Everything. C  
ful religions,  
the whole h  
this because  
now one of  
therefore att  
could be nor

The fact  
one hundred  
which was  
we know. I  
times as of  
tanoia," for  
and plunged  
of direct un  
ing of sepa  
to do with  
direct, overv

The result  
temporary s  
between the  
not only di  
mense feelin  
broke out a  
All were see  
amid a stor  
even scanda  
strange abn

What we  
did not dare  
mind was p  
with all the  
mal" power,  
obtainable o  
that was of

could pass into trance and who thus acted as messengers between the priests and the other world. The Pythonesses were women selected from a particular racial stock living in the upland valley of the gorge of Delphi, women who carried the same gift for trance-mediumship.

This stage can also be discerned in Hebrew religion. When the fertility religion began to decay then the prophets and seers emerged on the scene. But a bitter opposition grew up between them and the priesthood. The Temple therefore became merely the center of a traditional religion based on a code, a law. There was "no open vision."

But what, in actual fact, has this long-ago story to do with today's religion, with Christianity? Everything. Christianity, like all extremely successful religions, recapitulated in its particular history, the whole history of religion. We do not realize this because the present stage of this religion is still now one of authority rather than of experience. It therefore attempts to deny that any other condition could be normal and orthodox in the Church.

The fact remains that the Church of the first one hundred and fifty years practiced a religion which was very like the most primitive religions we know. In the little groups which met—sometimes as often as three times a week—for "metanoia," for change of consciousness, all were swept and plunged in a common enthusiasm. The sense of direct union with eternal life removed all feeling of separateness. This conviction had nothing to do with argument or dogma. It was an intense, direct, overwhelming experience.

The result of such a group state of mind was the temporary submergence of the normal threshold between the conscious and the subconscious. Hence not only did everyone present experience an immense feeling of joyful union, but psychic powers broke out anywhere and everywhere in the group. All were seers, prophets, mediums for the time. And amid a storm of excitement, ecstatic nonsense and even scandalous release-behavior, all manner of strange abnormal faculties flickered and glowed.

What were the Church authorities to do? They did not dare to condemn outright. In this volcanic mind was present the radio-active mineral. Mixed with all the hysteria was manifest, genuine "abnormal" power, and moreover that power seemed unobtainable otherwise. The choice was: either, much that was obviously dubious with something that

was certainly supra-normal; or, nothing that could be offensive and nothing that could be inspiring. At that early date the Church was not prepared to lose open vision as the price of preserving respectability. The Church which had decided to face the lions could not venture to discourage enthusiasm however crude. Respectability has never inspired martyrdom.

Hence a compromise was made. Prophets, or to use our modern terms, mediums, were to be allowed, but their utterances were to be censored. They were to be suppressed should they deny the central tenet of rudimentary orthodoxy—that the Christ had come "in the flesh." Still the tension increased between the growing centralized official orthodoxy and the mediums, who were the life and soul of the meeting. One more victory the prophets won. Their claim to be inspired actually led to the doctrine of the Third Person of the Trinity. The Holy Ghost, as a third, distinct party of the God-head is a fruit of Christian mediumship.

The increased checks imposed on the spirit of prophecy limited—as it always does—the supra-normal faculty. This probably accounts for the fact that group-mediumship disappeared. Certainly, in its stead, there came a strange form of the type of mediumship with which we are familiar today. Instead of the prophet announcing his message and commenting on it, there was a prophetess, a female who fell into trance, and an interpreter who decoded and commented on her trance utterance. This is the odd religious phenomena of the "subintroductae"; the pair behaved as man and wife, but, though they co-habited, they did not have physical congress. The Church Father, Cyprian, brought this practice to an end in the first part of the third century. But it should be noted he did not charge the relationship as being a carnal one. His reason for advising its abolition was because he felt—not unnaturally—that such a practice was open to misconstruction by the pagan world. Also, again not unnaturally, he felt, as he was a strong supporter of that authoritarian orthodoxy which was becoming exclusive, that there was now no need for these contemporary revelations, indeed considerable danger in them.

That stage in the history of religion, and of Christianity in particular, has been hushed up. To hard-boiled rationalists ignorant of the subconscious mind, the whole thing seemed if not lascivious then



simply ludicrous. Even if intuitive insight is possible, how could anyone be helped to achieve that? How aid uprushes of extra-sensory perception, even if you could succeed in practicing the most provocative form of sexual sublimation?

Our own age, more informed as to body-mind relationships, is less inclined to dismiss such experimentation as either trivial or hypocritical. Study of the Tantric texts—themselves long dismissed as no more than a mixture of superstition and morbid sensualism—has thrown some light on the intentions if not on the achievements of this early Christian stage of mediumship. Certain it is that, once this method was vetoed, mediumship disappeared from the Church. Open vision, contemporary supernormal revelation, or as the early Church would have said, the voice of the Holy Ghost, ceased to be known in the actual services and meetings. Legal authority won its point. Inspiration was to be ruled now only to exist either in the original documents, or by decisions taken by the Church officials in Council consulting the documents. This narrowing process went on until only one man, the Pope, was held to have any contemporary inspiration, and even his views must tally precisely with the documents. When the doors of the Church closed where the last great Church Council had sat and dissolved (1563, Trent) it was with no frivolity, but to close for good the disturbing possibility of contemporary vision, that there was written across the door-panels, "Here for the last time the Holy Ghost has spoken."

Of course the mystics with their solitary vision kept going when the mediums were silenced. But unless they edited their insights and couched them in strictly orthodox language, their message was suppressed and they themselves "liquidated." Still

---

### *Undertone*

Awake—asleep

We feel the deep

Still calm,

And balm,

Of Powers greater than our own.

Erica May Brooks

century after century we can hear such voices, however stifled and distorted, calling out that inspiration is not dead, the Canon is not closed, Reality can be contacted here and now, the springs of wonder, miracle, power and light do not lie two thousand years down the well-shaft of Time, but spring up still within us if we will be sufficiently open and brave. Nor is this voice heard only in Christianity. Within the harsher, more dogmatic shell of Islam we can hear the Sufis knocking at the wall of rigid Fundamentalism.

Yet Mohammedan Sufi and Christian mystic, even when they dare to break away from the surface goalers, have little to guide them on the mysterious inner way. How is the gate between the conscious and the subconscious to be forced? Neither the Christian ascetic nor the Sufi Dervish knew any but the methods of psychophysical violence. Often they wrecked the body and so jammed the lock of the soul in their effort to force it. No wonder that many mystics themselves shrank back to orthodoxy when they saw the epileptic Dervish and the deranged desert ascetic. No wonder that they clung to the inhospitable shallows of orthodoxy, fearing the greater dangers of the unknown deep.

But so to shun risk is to starve and finally to kill research. And so it happened. After the seventeenth century, research into the deep where both inspiration and madness dwell, was abandoned. Only artists risked being genius. The religious were content to be copyists. Mysticism as an exploratory experimental science (which is what St. Teresa called it) disappeared.

In Protestantism one figure, Jacob Boehme, carried on contemporary inspiration until 1624. Then, save for his unoriginal pupil, William Law, there was silence. The nature-poet mystics, Blake, Wordsworth and Whitman, were not experimenter-producers but purely experiencer-consumers. They did not wish to understand the process which functioned sporadically in them.

Hence mediumship, as we know it today, was bound to arise; despised by the poets who should have given it adequate words; condemned by the priests who should have given it adequate training. As has been said, the finest thought may be dismissed as grotesque if it is grotesquely expressed. Likewise the greatest psychic gift may be distorted, may damage the physique or may simply evaporate,

unless the gift control his religion today. in the ascend Experience v than sensatio today is sens the expense o produce sta churches are produced phis ship. All this to what prec

What is coördinating even the mo something n just for ther information know how i view. If it d view, materi reassert itse bereavement cannot have the bigger— what we be will be exp sages also.

And even will still fai worships fa without a g them sense, it is here th his findings tics in this a medium medium is standing.

We must enced all th experiences, saw them in that the Chu ducing phe did object t side he care as he becar sions. His v

unless the gifted person is trained to cultivate and control his endowment. This is the real issue in religion today. True, the religion of experience is now in the ascendent, but what is religious experience? Experience without understanding is little more than sensation. Certainly the new drive in religion today is sensational. Spritualistic churches spread at the expense of the traditional churches, because they produce startling phenomena. Christian Science churches are now in most places, because they have produced physical health for some of their membership. All this, undoubtedly points to something, but to what precisely?

What is lacking in all this activity is a clear, coördinating meaning. People—even the simplest, even the most selfish—need to know about religion something more than that it works or has worked just for them—curing their sciatica or giving them information about a departed friend. They want to know how it squares with the rest of their world-view. If it does not, if it cannot, then the old world-view, materialistic and pessimistic though it be, will reassert itself—yes, and bring the sciatica and the bereavement-sorrow back with it. For in the end we cannot have two world-views. If we try to, then the bigger—what we act on for six days, against what we believe in for one—will win. The curse will be explained away and the spiritualistic messages also.

And even those which cannot be explained away will still fail to count. That is hard for an age, which worships facts, to understand. It is because facts without a general meaning, without a theory to give them sense, can never by themselves make it. Now it is here that the mystic can help. He has left us his findings and they make a map. Studying mystics in this light we see two things: the mystic was a medium without freedom of speech; while the medium is a mystic without freedom of understanding.

We must never forget that the mystic experienced all the sensational things which the medium experiences, but he did not stress them because he saw them in proportion, in scale. Nor must we think that the Church authorities objected to him for producing phenomena. On the contrary. What they did object to was his drawing conclusions. On his side he cared increasingly little for the phenomena as he became increasingly clear about his conclusions. His voyage of discovery in the inner world

was like that of Columbus on the outer. He and the Church thought that he had discovered the Cathay of the traditional maps—which he ought to have hit upon. The mystic after tending so to believe gradually faced up to the fact that he had found a new world. What he found and what the advanced medium in turn finds is what both of them—and indeed all of us—need: a new, embracing truth, a new, larger framework of Reality, large enough to contain all our experiences—weekday and business, as well as Sunday and religious.

The awkward fact for the mystic and the dogmatic religious is that this new outline does not fit the old picture, that Hebrew cosmology of Heaven and Hell which the Church uncritically took over. The only picture which comes near the true findings of the mystic is the cosmology-picture of Mahayana Buddhism. This becomes all the more significant when we find the same thing to be true of the more advanced mediumistic findings. Mystic and medium both started out to find the little Hebrew-Christian world-picture. They both end by finding that their soundings have registered a far different and vaster shore-line.

Now that being so—that medium and mystic, do what they will, actually find a vast other-world interpenetrating this world—what practical results does this have? The first we have seen: because this life is a cross section of a far vaster and more real experience, those sensational phenomena which always attend all alive and growing religion, are neither desirable nor undesirable. They are just symptoms, as a breaking voice is a symptom of a boy becoming adult. The danger is that if such phenomena are treated as ends in themselves, growth is arrested. To remain contented with maybe valid, but certainly distorted communications about the dead, is to stay where one is, instead of using this life, as it is intended, to grow oneself so advanced in consciousness that one can understand without distortion what the eternal life actually is. To remain happy with physical health restored by faith is to miss the real meaning of life—to become a being who can transcend the body. There can be no progress in experimental religion, in spiritualism or in Christian Science, until this essential warning of the mystics is heeded.

The second practical advice of the mystics is the positive side of the first. The mystics say, "Care little for phenomena. They come and go." (*over*)



## TOMORROW

"What then am I to care for?" asks the new experimental religionist.

"For growth," is the answer. "The meaning of life," say all the mystics, "is just this evolution."

Evolution with man has become psychological, or to use a more accurate phrase, psychic. Man if he chooses (and refuses to let himself get caught) can go on indefinitely. For he can expand his consciousness. He can indefinitely enlarge the aperture of his awareness. That is Life's aim for man. But he must do it voluntarily, consciously, because he is a conscious creature. That is the only reason why morality is necessary. That is also the true explanation of all ritual, prayer, meditation, contemplation and other mind-body exercises. Ethics and religion are neither social restrictions nor ancient superstitions. They are simply methods, some corroded, others twisted, but all able, if put in order, to help man to evolve. Through such conduct and such character man can achieve a new quality of consciousness. That achieved he is able to experience a new world.

We have seen that the mystic has made the map. But we have seen also that he was often quite crude in his methods of sailing the course. Through the study of modern mediumship and the psychophysical conditions which attend it we could make a new method. Then mysticism and mediumship would be relinked. With a new praxis for mystics and, correspondingly, a new frame of reference for mediums, religion would advance. It would be not only contemporary: it would be the guide of mankind to a new, a vaster progress. A new power and a new world vision would open before us. A new epoch of mankind could begin in this generation.

---

### Quotation

**T**HE WORLD is very much inclined to think in terms of negation. As you go through life you negate evolution a myriad times a day, forgetting your importance in the scheme of things. The importance of self is forgotten, while at the same time you strive to increase your own importance. You say you believe in God: do you? You believe in life everlasting: do you? Are you not inclined

at the first blush of sadness to say that you do not believe that there is a God? Why not believe in a Perfect Omniscience that sets the stars in the heavens to follow their allotted courses; that permits the seas to keep their bounds; that sends the winds and tempests that the world may be cleansed; that sets the sun, moon and planets to glorify the sky—in a God, indeed, Whose wrath is never turned towards you?

"Look into the wonders of evolution around you. Nothing is out of order unless man puts it out. Evolution faces life with magnificence and perfection. There is no discord: only perfect knowledge and watchfulness. Man says that he believes in God, but with his face pressed to the window-pane of life he sees nothing but the distortion of himself, and does not believe. Why do so many believe that God is the Cause of your disasters and your ills? Have you not taken His wonderful world and re-created it according to your own desires? When you go out to face your daily lives are your eyes attuned to the beauties around you? Do you see the verdant earth and the splendor of the blue sky, or do you rush to learn of the intolerance of others? Do you really believe that there is a Great Omnipotence working through you because of the Divine within you? Do you believe that He is Tolerant, Merciful and Wise, or do you find yourselves joining with the rabble and saying: 'It is no use: it is the end?' Do you seek Him out at the end of the day to say: 'I have not done too well, but I have done my best?' No! You fill your minds and your hearts with negation by saying: 'I do not feel well today.' Sick in very truth you may be, but you can often seek and find the cause within your own reason. Out of pain comes tomorrow's Divine experience. Be at one with God in the quiet corners of your hearts and ask yourselves daily if you are doing your part to please Him. Let your prayer be:

'I believe in God, Father, Giver of all Light, Father Eternal, made manifest in me, without Whose Life I could not draw one breath; without Whom I would be but clay, and not of this Divine State. Let me take the stage of life and play my part. Without You I could not live, nor could the stars, the planets, the sun, moon or wind—the strength and perfection of the earth. You in me, and I in You becoming.'

# THE IN

BY EMIL P

**A**T A TIME in the red edifice of cultisms are prone that we quest for a new and ideas, ca

In the wo have been n to new conc World mech ground cont idea of Un: essential On idea.

It may se tween scienc between the force has in the same ti phenomena creative mir for the mo: the art of o

The idea time were fi in Europe, The influen ative artists history of Cubism wa birth in art proximately in applied at the very sions of th in art bega

# THE NEW VISION IN ART

BY EMIL BISTTRAM

AT A TIME when everything seems to be caught in the relentless grip of change, when the old edifice of culture is crumbling and new forms andisms are pronounced at every turn, it is imperative that we question whether all this manifestation of the new and the strange has sufficient foundation for a new order. Can man accept these new forms and ideas, can he give meaning to them?

In the worlds of science and art transformations have been most apparent; both have been forced to new conclusions by their discoveries. The Old World mechanistic and dualistic concepts have lost ground continuously. In their place has arisen the idea of Universalism and the recognition of the essential Oneness of all things, in form as well as idea.

It may seem dangerous to show an analogy between science and art; nevertheless, it exists: the tie between the two has never ceased to exist; spiritual force has impelled scientific and artistic activity at the same time and place. This fact explains the phenomena of spiritual evolution which have caused creative minds to discard old and outworn concepts for the more vital, constructive ideas transforming the art of our times.

The ideas motivating the creative artists of our time were first manifested in the Cubistic movement in Europe, appearing at the turn of the century. The influence of the Cubistic ideology on the creative artists who followed has no parallel in the history of art. All previous schools were reforms. Cubism was a revolution, the expression of a new birth in art concepts. (A parallel, occurring at approximately the same time, was to be found as well in applied physics.) This revolution was directed at the very foundations of the concepts and conclusions of the past; all that was sacred and tangible in art began to crumble under the terrific impact of

the new ideas then taking form. A picture ceased to be an image of the familiar world; the new art forms which now appeared functioned as boundaries for an inner world of cells, energy and purpose. Between this inner world of perception and the outer world of existing things there was no longer a substantial medium left in which space or time concepts could be depicted. The images of the external world, which served as a guide to an artist's orientation, lost their importance and were replaced by more significant problems, problems transcending the physical world, which arose from the exploration of the world of ideas.

In this new approach to the nature of art and its function in life, lies the complete transformation of its means and aims. The two fundamental elements on which art is based are form and content. But the thought that form and content have a separate existence has no place in the new concept of art. Genius (which breaks all rules, defies all analysis, creates new formulas) produces an almost perfect balance of the two, but, in the ordinary processes of creative expression, one or the other (form or content), will be emphasized. In the art of the past where form predominated, when the artist tried to concentrate on the inner world of his emotions and perceptions, he was unable to depict these images other than as objective subjects.

This obedience to all formalistic movements in art explains why its adherents rarely suspected the possibility of a work of art apart from the naturalistic or objective. Nor did they believe, except, perhaps in their philosophic and metaphysical peregrinations, that a picture or piece of sculpture could reveal an idea in a form significantly its own.

Through the new concepts the creative artist is discovering some of the laws governing the elements of visual expression, such as line, shape,



## TOMORROW

mass and color. He is discovering that these elements possess their own forces, independent of any association with the external aspect of the world and that their life and actions are self-conditioned psychological phenomena. These discoveries are not new, in fact they are deeply rooted in human nature. The revelation of these fundamentals is opening up, for some artists as well as laymen, vast fields of expression to impulses and emotions hitherto suppressed or neglected. Much has been written about the new concepts of art, about the psychology of the elements involved, yet few artists understand the true meaning of this new direction.

Certain of the experimenting artists today insist that pure art must be conceived only with lines, planes and values in terms of balance, light and coloration. Any departure from these so-called abstract elements pertains to the realm of literature; in other words, the subject matter of a work of art has no esthetic importance. It is their contention that an example of "pure" creation has no meaning other than that which arises immediately from the sensation of the forms themselves.

There is validity in such a conception that the purpose of the artist is to create esthetic forms which justify themselves. The question then arises—what is it that makes a form esthetic and meaningful, whether consciously or unconsciously so endowed? The an-

swer, to me, is the Life Principle animating it. No matter whether the artist uses lines, planes or masses as a medium of expression they are nevertheless forms or vehicles for the embodiment of some phase of energy and intent, in quite the same manner that organic forms are the vehicles of expression for the special life-energy which animates and characterizes them.

Similarly all great art forms, pregnant with inner meaning, are vehicles for the release of emotional energy to those whose consciousness can encompass this truth. These art forms achieve their beauty through the spirit motivating them and through their power to release within the beholder an equal or nearly equal charge of creative thought and emotions. Designed and built on universal laws and principles of proportion, line and color, they func-

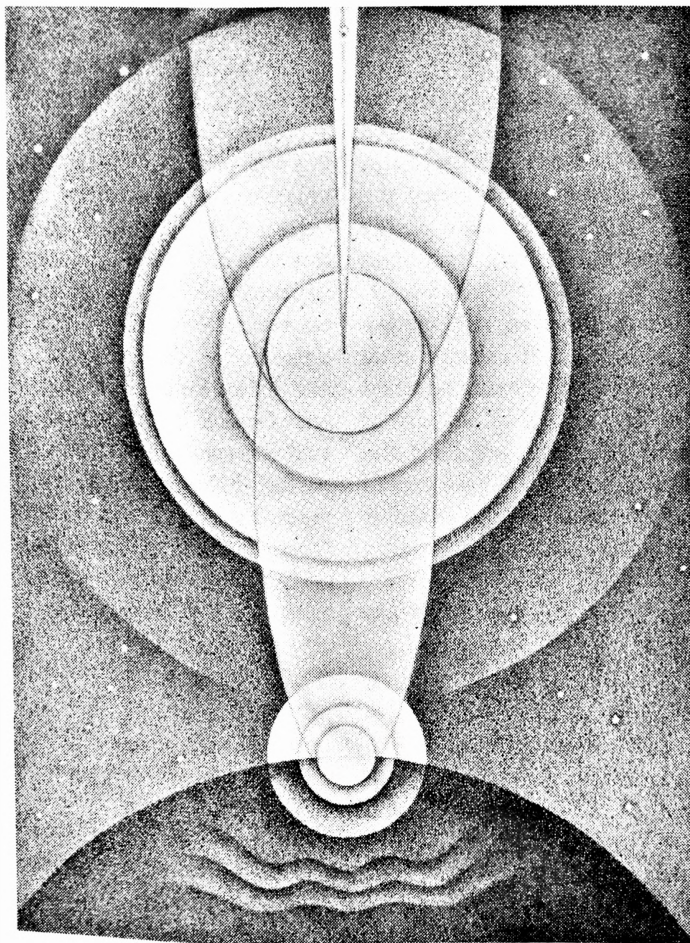
tion as engines constructed for the release of their assumed power. Art forms have no value unless these forms generate energy of a peculiar nature, an energy, the release of which is desired or willed by the creative artist. Other forms designed for esthetic purposes—to please, to enjoy, to sell as decoration, are forms without inner meaning or spiritual purpose.

It is this lack of meaning and purpose, particularly in the field of non-representational painting, which is producing an art dry and sterile and of temporary value. The creative artist who is truly of today

and prophetic art forms for arouse the int cannot otherw frank recognit toward his fe today will em indulgence in Bearers of hu nificant contri tute and the :

I have been to write a fe drawings and I do not clai my particular right one, fo creative expe tational and sentational p conceived in solely for est own sake and successful the harmonies, I me to be lacki vanced true ar

The reprodu result of my v ersal concep one-ment. The is, for lack of cal. With som I sat as relax on the cause, of the particl mind, a certai ensued. There the momentary of the mind process contin appeared vag form of symb These were s cent; often t geometric fig Modifications ideas, in rela ing before th My next s



*The Oversoul*  
One of a series of drawings by Emil Bisstram

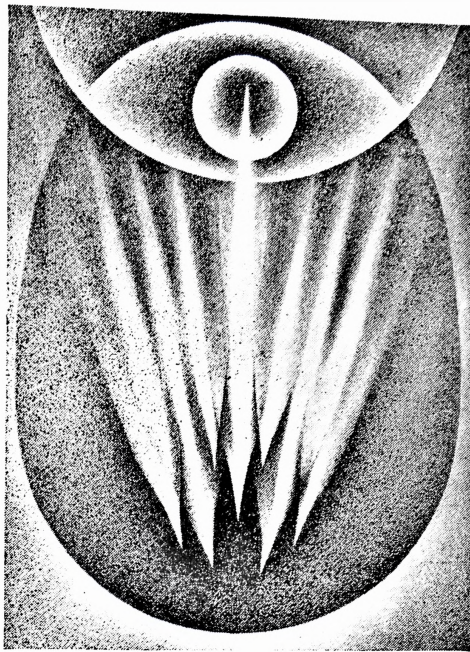


and prophetic of tomorrow, is deliberately building art forms for use; to stimulate the imagination, arouse the intuitions and communicate ideas which cannot otherwise be expressed. It is through the frank recognition of a new duty, a new responsibility toward his fellow man that the creative artist of today will emerge from his complacency and self-indulgence into a new trusteeship of the Light Bearers of humanity. Only then can he make a significant contribution to the development of our culture and the advance of civilization.

I have been asked by the editors of this magazine to write a few words in explanation of my own drawings and paintings. Let me say at once that I do not claim to have the final answer, nor that my particular method is the only one, or even the right one, for anyone but myself. My desire for creative expression has taken me through representational and documentary painting into non-representational painting. The latter, at the time, was conceived in the philosophy of "purism" created solely for esthetic values; form and color for their own sake and serving no other purpose. However successful they may have been as pattern and color harmonies, I remained unsatisfied. They seemed to me to be lacking in that vital significance I was convinced true art must have.

The reproductions shown with this article are the result of my meditation and contemplation of universal concepts such as time, space, creation, at-onement. The approach in each instance was what is, for lack of a better term, known as metaphysical. With some theme of particular interest to me, I sat as relaxed as possible and quietly meditated on the cause, the meaning and the eventual effect of the particular idea involved. Having quieted my mind, a certain state of readiness or awareness ensued. There followed after a while a sense of the momentary availability of the unconscious levels of the mind and intuitions. As the meditation process continued, answers to my problem-questions appeared vaguely, and then more clearly in the form of symbols, shapes, lines, masses and colors. These were sometimes in motion, sometimes quiescent; often they appeared in unmistakably pure geometric figures. I can usually recall these at will. Modifications also occurred by the association of ideas, in relation to the symbols or shapes appearing before the inner vision.

My next step was selection and rejection. I made



*Creative Forces, by Emil Bisttram*

careful notes of what I had experienced through this meditation. By elimination I determined what shapes, lines, colors or symbols had the greatest emotional value and best expressed the original concept. But no matter what changes and additions were made the result must answer to the original idea meditated upon.

The drawing reproduced herewith, *Creative Forces*, is one of a series produced while meditating on creation—in general and in particular. In this instance I illustrate the cosmic egg fecundated by the seven major forces which received their source out of the One, which is within the egg and yet outside of it, the One being suspended out of another still larger egg or Infinity. However, the drawing has infinite interpretations depending upon the level of consciousness possessed by the observer.

The drawing entitled *The Oversoul* is one of a series of drawings produced while meditating upon at-onement, union or illumination. To me this drawing shows quite clearly the union of the lower and higher natures of Man.

The third drawing, *Time Cycle No. I*, is also one of a series resulting from the meditation process

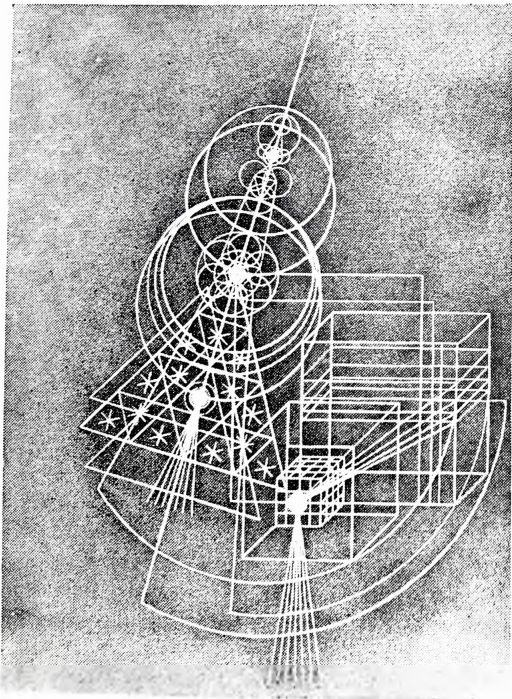


## TOMORROW

on time and space. In this particular drawing the lines of force or energy permeating space, manifesting out of one source, having passed through the various organizing centers, take on the geometric shapes of our world before matter condenses or crystallizes on them. At the same time the drawing has the suggestion of a pendulum in the shape of a scythe, the reaper swinging in eternal space.

Other drawings of this series show the energy lines as matter condensed on them, creating the forms of the visible world.

The meditation process has revealed to me a new world of beauty alive with spiritual rhythm, order and meaning. This has been but a glimpse so far, though ideas present themselves constantly through the intuitions. Out of this experience has grown the conviction that the art of the present and the future must transcend the physical world and act as a vital spiritualizing force, for the definite construction of a new culture. Only that work from which the spiritual power radiates, causing expansion in the consciousness of the beholder, will enable man to better understand life and to master it, to live more fully, more extensively and more intently; will have any validity and reason for its existence.



*Time Cycle Number One, by Emil Bisstram*

# Religion in the Coming Days

By the Very Reverend W. R. Inge

THE BRITISH PEOPLE, whose courage under a terrible ordeal has been most generously recognized in America, are indulging in a good deal of wishful thinking about the "New World" which they like to imagine will come into existence when the war is over. Of course we know that really our country is in great danger, and that the only certain prediction is that this war will complete the ruin of the class which before the Great War was living in luxury and apparent serenity. I do not wish, in writing for Americans, to prophesy smooth things. As that robust eighteenth century divine, Bishop Joseph Butler, says: "Things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be. Why then should we wish to deceive ourselves?" But I wish to consider what the effects of this convulsion are likely to be for religion, not only in my own country but in Europe.

"The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." War is a very horrible thing, an unmixed evil, a reversion to barbarism no less than cannibalism, human sacrifice, and judicial torture. Most of us think that we were obliged to resist German aggression, which threatens to extinguish liberty, and with liberty all that makes life worth living, over the whole continent of Europe. But no good can ever come out of war. It is a flat negation of Christianity. Even Harnack, a Prussian and the most learned theologian in Europe, said that it is futile to deny that Christ condemned war absolutely. The Quakers believe that they are the only consistent Christians. The only answer is that which the Church has approved ever since the concordat under Constantine. The law of nature, which is the foundation of the law of Christ, certainly forbids war; but while mankind is in "a state of sin" we must admit a relative law of nature which compels us to accept conditions abhorrent to a state of perfection. To offer no resistance to violence, as Augustine says, is simply to encourage the worst type of criminal.

This concess  
Christian consc  
here; but we  
war as this, i  
to human prog  
war is followe  
among men.  
more importan  
societies order  
spoliation and  
and come out  
on the other s

There is a  
heard. "Whe  
would be; b  
a monk was  
"When he sl  
them early a  
another prov  
man nature:  
of the Chur  
despairing r  
and the reac  
persecution.  
the latter ge  
to a strengt

Christianit  
radically opp  
of Marxism.  
Stalin's regim  
ism. There  
tion with a  
Cæsaropapism  
few churches  
crowded with  
tolerated as a  
see the famil  
on the part of  
has always fa  
State, may be  
Church is a  
International  
"Aryan" rac  
Internationa  
Germany to  
must not  
Führer can  
opinion N  
tell what v  
burg, aske

This concession has never quite satisfied the Christian conscience. We cannot argue the question here; but we must begin by saying that such a war as this, is and must be a grievous set-back to human progress. History proves that every great war is followed by a release of the ape and tiger among men. Those accepted traditions which are more important than legislation in keeping civilized societies orderly and decent, are broken up; cruelty, spoliation and licentiousness escape from their cages and come out roaring. Is there anything to be said on the other side?

There is a cynical rhyme which we have all heard. "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be; but when the devil got well, the devil a monk was he." The Psalmist says the same thing: "When he slew them they sought him, and turned them early and inquired after God." But there is another proverb which pays a better tribute to human nature: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." We must distinguish between the despairing resort to religion in times of misery, and the reaction of the persecuted against religious persecution. The former is likely to be transitory; the latter generally, though not quite always, leads to a strengthening of religious faith.

Christianity is persecuted in Russia because it is radically opposed to the "dialectical materialism" of Marxism. But Marxism, I think, is a spent force. Stalin's regime is not communism but State capitalism. There is not much to prevent a reconciliation with a Church kept in due subordination, the Cæsaropapism of the old Russia of the Tsars. The few churches in Russia which are still open are crowded with worshippers. In Italy the Church is tolerated as an organ of the State. In Germany we see the familiar distrust of all other organizations on the part of a tyrannical State. Lutheranism, which has always favored unconditional obedience to the State, may be cowed into submission; but the Roman Church is a rival totalitarian corporation, a "Black International," which is no more compatible with "Aryan" racialism and State-worship than the Red International of the Communists. The attempt in Germany to revive the cult of the Scandinavian gods must not be taken too seriously. But a deified Führer cannot share a throne with Christ. In my opinion Nazism cannot last long, but no one can tell what will follow it. The burgomaster of Hamburg, asked why he supported the Nazis, replied,

"We are in purgatory, but Hitler stands between us and hell."

In England the Churches are not in politics. There is no Church vote, no Centre party, as there was in Germany before Hitler, no Black party as there was and perhaps still is in Italy. There was a time when almost every Nonconformist chapel was a Liberal committee-room. That was the time when a very intelligent bishop said (in 1878) that he would not give seven years' purchase for his seat in the House of Lords. But Liberalism and political nonconformity are now under a cloud; universal suffrage has brought their power to an end. There is a "policy in the pulpit" Left Wing, of course—section in the Church of England; but on the whole it would be true to say that the churches represent the sincere but lukewarm Christianity of the nation. They are neither loved nor hated. The question as regards this country is a simple one—Are the people of England becoming more or less religious, and will the process, in whichever direction, be accelerated or retarded by the war?

The decline in the attendance at Sunday services, however regrettable from the point of view of ministers of religion, is of very little importance as an indication of the decay of Christianity. Public worship was an essential part of religion when most of the population were illiterate, and when such inventions as broadcasting had not been heard of. Our services no longer satisfy many who are sincerely religious. At the same time it must be admitted that perhaps the majority of our people are virtually heathens, since they receive no Christian instruction either in their homes or in the schools.

An important sign of the revival of religion is the fact that about a dozen well-known men and women of letters have, within the last twenty years, joined the Roman Catholic Church. Protestants regret this; but it is surely significant that so many eminent lay-folk have chosen to adhere to the most uncompromising form of Christianity. Nor is this attraction confined to Romanism. At the time of writing, a retired ambassador, who has had a very distinguished career in diplomacy, and a leading London physician, are in training for Anglican Orders. The physician gave the curious reason that since he found that seventy per cent of his patients were psychological rather than medical cases, he thought that he could help them better as a clergyman. In this he may be wrong; but I believe that in



## TOMORROW

the future the minister of religion will consider that the most important part of his duties is to be a physician of the soul, and that some knowledge of medical psychology will be almost necessary for him. This will open out a new line of usefulness for Protestant ministers; in the Roman Church the confessional is a recognized institution.

The change is, I think, due on the one side to the toleration of Liberal opinions in the Churches, and on the other to the decay of nineteenth century rationalism. Members of Christian Churches are no longer expected to believe in the verbal inspiration of the Bible. The arguments from miracle and prophecy are now seldom heard; belief in hell, as a place of eternal torment, has been allowed to fade away. Much more stress is laid on the testimony of the Holy Spirit, which is now called (since William James) religious experience, or Christian mysticism. On the other side, whereas the nineteenth century scientists, though they did not call themselves materialists, did all their thinking on materialistic grounds, and tended to regard the realm of values as a supernumerary world floating idly above the world of concrete facts, recent science has itself undermined this simple dualism. Many biologists demand a science of life, which must be other than the counting, weighing, and measuring of inanimate objects. Matter itself is etherialized into a form of energy. Time demands to be recognized as a fourth dimension. Mathematicians and astronomers are flirting with Berkelyan idealism. One of our foremost astronomers, Eddington, is a Quaker.

Some influence must also be ascribed to the current anti-intellectualism in philosophy. "The heart has its reasons which the intellect knows not of." The present writer has no sympathy with this movement, which he regards as building a house upon the sand. We must distinguish between the logic-chopping faculty and the *intelligence*, which is the whole personality acting under the guidance of its highest faculty. This Christian Platonism is happily in no danger of being abandoned in Britain. In any case, the relations of theology and secular knowledge are less strained than they were fifty years ago.

In practical ethics is the war likely to have any effect? I think it will. I have already said that it will ruin owners of property. This class, in fact, committed suicide in voting for it. This means that we have come to the end of the economic age in

modern history. Ever since the industrial revolution, which in England began toward the end of the eighteenth century, the middle class virtues of industry and thrift, and the middle class vice of acquisitiveness, have been actively encouraged by the social order. Except from the highest point of view it has been well worth while to make money. In America, the rich man has enjoyed great social consideration, and though the money-spinner himself may have retained simple or even ascetic habits, his wife, the walking advertisement of his success, has joyfully spent enough for two. In England the chief inducement has been to buy admission to aristocratic society, and, above all, to "found a family," which meant that the son of the money-spinner was to be installed as a county magnate in a fine house and a park. These were intelligible objectives of ambition, and they gave a color to the civilization of the nineteenth century. It was assumed that economics is the dominant factor in the social order; history was written on this assumption.

It was inevitable that this philosophy or sociology

---

### *Song for England*

The aging arch of stone that ivy should have known

Lies shattered in the sun before its day is done.

Water that wears, rust that corrodes

Move in an unhurried hour,

But here the root, the seed, the flower

Shrivel within the flame that licks at legend's name.

Where the slow-moving years should curve the  
wheel of death

Now the high-risen wave, obedient to no moon

Breaks on the English noon.

Only the timeless heart speaks in the hollow there

Saying the island's name clear in the clamorous air

Sara Van Alstyne Allen

should not be confined to the successful. The same overestimate of the value of possessions which inspired the middle class businessman to get rich was the foundation of Socialism and Marxian Communism. Both accepted the economic man as if man were nothing but a money-bag, either full or empty. As long as the middle class was in the saddle, the government was pacific and, above all, parsimonious. It kept the ring for the competitors, and policed the country efficiently; what more could a government be properly asked to do!

I am not a socialist, but there is one argument for a new social order which is perhaps valid. Every human institution bears certain valuable fruits, after which it can bear no more. We may find an analogy in the farmer's rotation of crops. If there are signs of exhaustion in the soil, the farmer will plough up his field and grow a new crop. So it may be agreed that capitalistic industry has borne all the fruits which it is capable of bearing, and that some new experiment should be tried. We may hold this opinion without denying that the nineteenth century was a unique epoch in human progress.

However that may be, there will be hardly any rich men left after the war in England, and I believe that the taxation of large incomes is or will be as heavy in America as it is here. There will, therefore, be very little motive for accumulation, and there will be a great change in the current valuation of the good things of life. If we admit, as I think we must, that acquisitiveness has filled too much space in the minds both of conservatives and radicals, this change must be welcomed, especially by those who accept the Christian standard of values.

Under the influence of the dominant economism, a great deal of nonsense has been written about the teaching of the Gospels. Christianity has never been a "proletarian" creed. Jesus Himself belonged to a class of well-educated, upstanding peasantry, and the new religion made its way chiefly among the lower bourgeoisie, though before the end of the first century men and women of all classes had joined the Church. The New Testament was not written for illiterates. Nothing can be further from the truth than to represent Christ as a socialist agitator. But His Gospel, was, as has been said, a transvaluation of all values. He viewed all the paraphernalia of life with profound indifference. When asked to

adjudicate on a disputed question of property, He replied, "Who made me a judge or a divider over you? Take heed and beware of all covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." He does not call the acquisitive man a thief, but He does call him a fool. In this way I think the coming poverty of Europe, and, I suppose, of America too, may recall us to that indifference to possessions which is certainly an important part of the Gospel. The effect should be to assuage the bitterness and jealousy of the class-war. Whether the gap left by the disappearance of acquisitiveness will be filled by more spiritual and intellectual interests I cannot predict; but there is truth in the title of Peter Drucker's excellent book, "The End of Economic Man."

Economic nationalism should follow the same line of retreat as private acquisitiveness. Frenzied nationalism is a monstrous evil, a perverted romanticism which poisons the solid life of Europe. Unless the nations turn and repent, western civilization is doomed. Here again we have wandered far from the New Testament, which teaches us that "in Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free." Jesus broke down all man-made barriers by ignoring them. We have built them higher than ever. Whether Europe will learn the lesson, or prefer to rush down a steep place to destruction, like the Gadarene swine, we cannot tell. "Do you not know, my son," said the Swedish statesman Oxenstiern, "with how little wisdom human affairs are managed?"

---

### *Confession of Faith*

Since stars take still their unimpeded way,

Since our sun sets and rises, day by day,

I do with utmost confidence assume

That still the pinnacles of Order loom

Above, beyond this wrack that crowds out breath;

That still the Lord of Life is Lord of Death.

Barbara Young



# ABOUT BOOKS

James Hilton

Reviews a Book About

## Our Changing Gods

THERE IS A KINSHIP that links the fundamental morale of people who live in the same historical period—a kinship that usually outweighs even diametrically opposed opinions on the surface. Most men of the same century have more in common with their political or religious opponents than they have with disputants in similar fields in other centuries; they breathe, unconsciously, the same psychological and philosophical air; they accept, if one digs deep enough, the same instinctive premises in argument; in fact the mere bitterness of those arguments implies the existence of the same battleground to fight on. Even if we uncork the bottled air of past centuries and give it an intellectual sniff, we miss the enriching emotional flavor it gave to the man of its own century who breathed it always and unconsciously; which means, I suppose, that though a modern professor of Greek can understand the Attic drama well enough, nobody alive today can take in or pass on the real inspirational meaning it held for the ancient Athenians. And, by the same token, a modern Democrat and one of the time of Pericles might find that the use of the same word helped very little towards any common basis of understanding.

These perhaps rash generalizations are occasioned by reading a book by Professor A. Eustace Haydon, called *Biography of the Gods*. It is a very lucid product of an evidently deep scholarship, though I am not clear as to why, apart from literary fashion, it should be "biography" and not "biographies." Treating the various gods of mankind regionally as well as chronologically, Dr. Haydon stresses their high mortality-rate, shows how the survivors adapt themselves to new problems and environments, and neatly asserts that "it was not the teaching of Jesus about God, but the teachings of Christians about Jesus that gave the Christian God the qualities which distinguish him from all the other gods of the Graeco-Roman world." In probably fewer pages than it has ever been done before, the author covers the ground where religion, anthropology and history meet and merge, and the result is fascinatingly informative. Even those who might question its claim to be "biography" could hardly dispute its usefulness as a *Who's Who*.

It happened that a few days after reading Dr. Haydon's book I picked up for a few cents a collection of the lec-

tures of Colonel Ingersoll—an apparently verbatim report so interspersed with "Laughter"—"Roars of Laughter"—"Prolonged Laughter," etc., that one might justifiably accept the Colonel as the Edgar Bergen of his period, bringing free entertainment to the American scene of sixty years ago. I could not help thinking, as I skimmed through these hilarious pages, how little favor Dr. Haydon's book would have found with either the Colonel or those nineteenth-century divines, for whom in those days, he was a very Anti-Christ. To the divines, a comparison on equal terms of Christ and Buddha would have been fundamentally shocking; while to the Colonel the idea of treating religion seriously, and not comically, would have seemed a sad waste of opportunity to win converts for merry and militant Agnosticism.

Which brings me back to my original thought; that Ingersoll and the bishops had much more in common than they realized at the time, and much more in common than either would have with their counterparts of the present day. That the bishops held the Bible to be wholly inspired, while Ingersoll regarded it as largely absurd made a superficial difference of opinion compared with their joint yet unspoken acceptance of the fact that it mattered overwhelmingly how the average person *did* regard the Bible. Deeper than their religious differences, indeed, Ingersoll and the bishops both believed in human progress as a practical and accessible goal of their activities, and they believed in this progress very largely because they could not help it; it was in the air they breathed—motivating the votes they cast and providing the dividends they cashed—it gave the same heat, as it were, to the fires of their respective indignations—the one over priestly tyranny, the other over God-denying blasphemy.

They would both have felt ill at ease in the present-day world in which comparatively few of us are stirred to either indignation, and in which agnostic and church-goer usually meet on a common ground of halfway doubts, secular social work, and a connoisseurish curiosity about all religions. It is this curiosity which Professor Haydon's book attempts excellently to satisfy.

Indeed, it rather more than satisfies it; it demonstrates, more by implication than statement, that mere curiosity is a very odd feeling to have about religion, since at most

period  
deeph  
To q  
"Thro  
reason  
been  
pines  
have  
poeti  
have  
poeti  
horiz  
the  
nife  
N  
read  
limi  
has  
this  
god:  
end  
seer  
port  
of v  
god  
has  
ever  
sior  
Wh  
to  
inte  
I  
at t  
pro  
Hay  
par:  
god  
havi  
or t  
he s  
take  
as a  
to m  
in a  
more  
than  
great  
chec  
whi  
an  
god  
thr  
dis  
ca  
fc  
th  
st  
cc

periods of history man has been a Believer for reasons deeply enmeshed in his physical and emotional life. To quote from Professor Haydon's opening statement: "Through all the ages, desire and hope have outweighed reason in molding the historic ideas of deity. If man had been able to win his way to complete security and happiness as he advanced in knowledge and culture, he might have developed his feeling-response to nature into a poetic mysticism. Then the gods of his childhood would have faded from the earthly scene or remained as merely poetic symbols. But desire drove him ever towards new horizons and failure followed his footsteps through all the centuries. Man's need for help preserved and magnified the gods."

Now if this is true, a question that will occur to every reader is: Since today man's need for help is almost limitless, and since his quest for happiness and security has bogged down more than ever before in history, is this law of the "preservation" and "magnification" of the gods still in operation or has it been suspended? At the end of his book, on the very last page, Professor Haydon seems to give a partial answer by saying: "More important than faith in God is devotion to the human ideas of which he has become the symbol. Too long the strong gods have been made to bear the burden. Wistfully man has watched for the day of divine action to dawn and ever healed the hurt of disappointment with more passionate faith. Hopes hung in the heavens are of no avail. What the gods have been expected to do, and have failed to do through the ages, man must find the courage and intelligence to do for himself."

I confess I find this rather too much like the "tag" at the end of a Hollywood picture in which all unsolved problems are shelved in a final happy-ever-after. Dr. Haydon has occupied his entire book up to that final paragraph in showing, very effectively, that belief in a god or gods is one of the mainsprings of human behavior, comparable in importance to the struggle for food or the urgings of sex; then, in a couple of sentences, he suggests that some fundamental revolution has lately taken place, enabling devotion to human ideals to serve as a satisfactory substitute for religious faith. This seems to me a large-sized fragment of wishful thinking, even in a world full of such fragments. Surely never was there more widespread and selfless devotion to human ideals than there is today; yet never were the humanities in greater danger from forces which even primitive savages check by an elaborate system of totem and taboo, and which civilized man sought for centuries to defeat by an equally elaborate system of ritual and dogma. If the gods can now be accused of failing to defeat these forces through the ages, it must fairly be admitted that since dismissing his gods man has failed even more catastrophically on his own.

The wheel, indeed, has turned sufficiently full circle for us to see the history of mankind during the past three centuries as profoundly tragic, since his magnificent struggle for intellectual freedom has succeeded at the cost of loosening the moralistic control of his behavior

to a point of deadly danger, while at the same time the Scientific Method, which was the first and glorious fruit of his success, has created a Machine of Tyranny by which human happiness on earth is now extensively threatened. We have seen in our own generation what a poor showing a purely ethical and intellectual concept, such as the League of Nations, makes against forces that religion has battled for thousands of years by an experienced blending of emotional technique and psychological insight; we have seen publicists substituted for saints, press campaigns for crusades, popular approval for private faith; and we know how feeble those substitutions have proved and how ill-armed we are today against the greeds and passions that are apparently still part of our nature.

The devout Colonel Ingersoll never suspected this ironic denouement, for while he and the bishops disagreed as to whether God was or was not in his heaven, both were quite positive that all was right with the world. Science then pranced as a young Galahad, offering precise answers to every question; in an age when the only heresy was to deny Progress, the only heretics were men like Samuel Butler who, instead of being burned at the stake, were merely unbought at the bookstores. Much more popular than *Erewhon*, for instance, was the generally accepted notion that the future saga of mankind would be largely a matter of tidying up the jungle and converting the entire world into well-administered suburbs of Western Europe and North America.

There was indeed some real justification for assuming that the world improved with every extra mile of railway and telegraph-wire, and that certain ferocities of the history-books were unlikely to take place again. Slavery had at last been abolished. Men of all nationalities could travel and settle where they liked with less hindrance than at any time since the breakup of Christendom. Darwin, it is true, was attacked for teaching that man and monkeys were somewhat the same, but he was never persecuted by a government for refusing to teach that Jews and Gentiles are altogether different. And while Marx laboriously constructed his time-bomb to explode the bourgeoisie, his victims rewarded him with a Reader's ticket to the British Museum instead of a trench in front of a firing squad.

Today we are far from such equanimities. English liberalism, with its ethics of fair play and its fetish of good form, is fighting a last battle against the wave of neo-Machiavellianism that is sweeping over the entire world; lecture halls no longer resound with the laughter of happy religion-baiters; the scientist no longer poses as a mechanistic answer-man. More and more the mathematics of mere statistical probability invade his ever-changing theories, until the Riddle of the Universe achieves its final apotheosis as a problem of some cosmic card-shuffler. And when, in the Relativity Theory, doubt is even cast upon the fixity of measuring-standards, the whole apparatus of Western science is undermined at its source; while the Second Law of Thermo-Dynamics decides with exquisite finality for whom the bell tolls. Thus with a sardonic shrug irreversible time marches on; the



## TOMORROW

ironic circle completes itself; the scientist, having made us all sceptics, is now sceptical about himself.

I do not know what there is we can do about it. It is idle to press for a religious revival, for intellectual awareness of the need for it is no basis upon which any such phenomenon can soundly arise. Cicero, Dr. Haydon says, did not believe in the old Roman gods, but he advised the Roman officials to treat them as real for the sake of the people. Such a prescription is eminently reasonable in all ages, but it will not prevent the patient from dying of his disease. We are all prisoners of the mood of our time, which is one of soul-destroying doubt and disillusionment; we lack the faith of a Colonel Ingersoll as profoundly as we lack that of a Bishop Wilberforce or a Cardinal Newman.

Yet we have, still deep within us, the same torments of fear and the same instincts for worship as our blood-ancestors for a million years, torments and instincts which are too often crudely exploited or pitifully assuaged—for the commercial ad-writer's build-up of B. O. is on the same cultural level as the organization of a film-star's fan club. Greater fears, perhaps born among the air-raided populations of Europe, may during our lifetime give rise to some grander worship; but that will be another age, and one about which it is still too early to speculate. This much, however, is mentionable; that an age capable of producing an authoritative Who's Who of the gods has conspicuously failed in its organization of what's what among men.

*Biography of the Gods*  
by A. Eustace Haydon  
The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

## Dorothy Canfield Fisher

### Reviews "The House I Knew"

IF THE OLD SAYING is true that "everybody has one book in him," it is of course not always or very often true that that book is the only one. Yet, even in the case of professional authors who write many books before and after "the one," there is often a unique quality about one of their works which the others do not have, a living sheen as of something organically alive. "The House I Knew," by Elisabeth Neilson (who is the wife of the much honored and loved William Neilson for many years President of Smith College) has, on every page, this very special quality, as of something alive more than something in a book. It is a noteworthy event in literature to have an addition to the short list of books with this quality of uniqueness, of being "the one" in which a life still throbs.

Even if "The House I Knew" had appeared in the peaceful days of thirty years ago, literary connoisseurs would have pounced on it as a volume without which no library would be complete. These recollections of a childhood in Southern Germany have, literally, a shimmer and gleam like the sunny days, and the rainy and cold

ones they chronicle. They have that distilled quality, as of something kept so long in a human heart that the impermanent and ephemeral have fallen away, and only the precious core of significance preserved. They sound like nature itself, fitful, casual, rather haphazard, as if taken up almost at random by the author, just as they occurred to her, as she pauses towards the end of a long life in exile to look back towards the home-beginnings. Much of this charm—the book has immense charm—comes from the apparent negligence with which it is composed. Yet these seemingly random memories of father, mother, neighbors, aunts, cousins, and friends of the family, vacation days, school days, add up to the most solid structure, giving the same satisfaction of aesthetic security the spectator gets from a carefully composed picture. It is no sketch Mrs. Neilson has set down. It is a portrait, a masterly portrait, done from the inside out, of middle-class life in Southern Germany, fifty, forty, thirty years ago.

And not only of German life:—of European life too. The delicate little girl is a child, and very child-like; but in every breath she draws she is a European child, not an American or Chinese. That melancholy European dissatisfaction with things as they are in nature, which is at the basis of the Gothic architecture's yearning towards the impossible, that rawly heightened sensitiveness of the *esprit critique* which often seems perverse and neurotic to Americans and Chinese, but which makes possible the exquisite, fine-spun, half-triumphs of European art and literature—this little German girl lives and moves and has her being in it. As if unconsciously, she sets it before us as the quality which colors all her perceptions.

On their Swiss vacations, her father "had such a fantastic dislike of heat" (which most of us find it possible just to accept as natural in summer without making any fuss about it), that he forced his family "to start their climbs almost in the middle of the night in order to reach the top of a mountain while the sun was low and return home while the air was fresh." But his little daughter was made of the same stuff as he. For, when they reached the mountain peak before dawn and stood to watch for the reappearance of daylight "the rising of the sun disappointed me every time. I wanted it to rise faster and to put its fire into the first beams, which gilded the air but did not warm it." Not for her the calm contemplative philosophic Chinese acceptance of life and nature as they are; or the fresh-hearted naive American delight in unarranged natural beauty. From her earliest consciousness, her senses, her nerves, her aesthetic perceptions, sharpened and refined by the intensely self-conscious culture around her, are a complex twisted braid of intense contradictory, exacting susceptibilities.

Yes, even thirty years ago, this enchanting book, unique in the way each human personality is unique, would have had far more discriminating American readers, the magical fascination, mixed with a faint half-conscious repulsion as from something perhaps morbid, with which the American Henry James pored all his life long over the

sophisti  
of a Eu  
war, of  
docume  
is an a  
without  
poorer.  
will re  
as a wo  
man ar  
it is q  
conscio  
for the  
course  
with a  
ticularl  
nurture  
first th  
in her  
they g  
adolesc  
primiti

It is  
read to  
to catch  
all to  
The H  
by Elis  
Hough.

## Sign

Write

MAY  
w  
book. T  
more or  
just the  
self as a  
and kind  
and new  
at an age  
intensely t  
ing sketch  
way of li  
are stayit  
Harrima  
women.

To n  
to the  
she sa  
gratitu  
her cl  
procla  
so m  
demo  
must  
by th

sophisticated European scene. But now, as a re-creation of a Europe blown to bits in the hellish explosion of the war, of a culture no one will ever see again, it is a document priceless to history as well as to literature. It is an addition to our knowledge of what Europe was, without which the world would have been notably poorer. People attuned to fine literary quality can and will read it with keen enjoyment of its accurate beauty as a work of art. Readers intellectually interested in German and European social history will find it (although it is quite possible that Mrs. Neilson is not definitely conscious of this) a gold-mine of authentic raw material for the study and understanding of the strange tragic course of European destiny. The book will also be read with a very especial attention by the many moderns particularly concerned with child-psychology and child-nurture. Such pages as those where Mrs. Neilson describes first the elaborate dancing-lessons of the boys and girls in her circle, and then the dancing-parties into which they graduated, shed as much light on folk-ways with adolescents as any anthropologist's reports of visits to primitive tribes.

It is a book to be read aloud in study groups, to be read to oneself, one's whole attention concentrated on it to catch the overtones which enrich it everywhere; above all to be enjoyed.

*The House I Knew*

by *Elisabeth Neilson*

Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.00

## Sigrid Undset

### Writes About "Mission to the North"

**M**AYBE IT IS SOMETHING of a mistake to ask a Norwegian to review Mrs. Florence Jaffray Harriman's book. There may be points that a Norwegian would miss, more or less, whilst to American readers they might be just the most interesting: the way the author reveals herself as a thoroughly American woman, vital, with a keen and kindly interest in changing environments, new scenes and new people, eagerly tasting life in an alien country at an age, when most European women would dislike intensely to be transplanted into a new milieu. Her charming sketches of Americans abroad, keeping up their own way of life and creating American homes wherever they are staying, should, I think, appeal very strongly to Mrs. Harriman's countrymen, and not least to her countrywomen.

To me of course the all-absorbing interest in *Mission to the North* is the tale the author tells of Norway as she saw it, and my predominant feeling must be warm gratitude to the American Minister to our country for her championship of my people. Today our oppressors proclaim, in their loud-voiced manner, that Norway was so mismanaged, our way of life so backward (that is: democratic) that we were unfit to rule ourselves. We must needs be protected against liberty and prosperity by the Germans and their Norwegian-born bellhops. And,

to be sure, Mrs. Harriman's story of what she saw in Norway makes it quite plain why Nazi Germany would have to destroy all the small democracies near her frontiers. Even if Germany had not wanted them as strategic bases and as larders to rifle, she could not possibly tolerate neighbors that might prove poison-herds, sources of infection with ideas of freedom and human dignity, bad examples of what could be achieved in the realms of civilization and prosperity by entirely voluntary coöperation of people with a social conscience. Even so I do not believe the danger was ever very great, that our ways of thinking should infect the Germans: we never thought of law as a body of prohibitions and commandments, enforced from above by police and secret police, but as an expression of yours, and mine, and our neighbors', ideas of justice and mutual duties and rights among equals, worded and guarded by representatives of our own choosing. And the Germans notoriously never thought of law and social order that way.

Mrs. Harriman's picture of Norway as she knew the country may be a shade too rosy. I, for one, never knew the Norwegian who was glad to pay eighty per cent of his income in taxes. But it is true, we paid high taxes without grumbling very much, fully convinced that the many devices for social services and mutual help that had been evolved in our country were just and necessary for the health of a nation.

Mrs. Harriman considered herself the ambassador of the United States to the Norwegian people more than to the Royal Court of Norway, in spite of which—or rather because of which—she came to know and understand our King, the noble and untiring servant of his people, and our Royal family, better than any other foreign diplomat ever did. And I think, Mrs. Harriman's record as a non-career diplomat in Norway, the things she tells of her efforts in our country, will some day be considered an excellent recommendation for choosing women as ambassadors and ministers to countries abroad. The way she went about, interesting herself in everything worth while, studying every effort aiming at social security, of saving good old things and harmonizing them with new and progressive ways, charming the Norwegians with her gay good humor, kindness and courage and motherly interest in a nation's well-being, must certainly create a strong conviction of women's abilities as diplomats.

Mrs. Harriman's story about the way she managed the incident of the *City of Flint*, her straightforward narration of the tragic days of April, 1940, when Norway was invaded, conquered and our whole social structure destroyed, must, I think, make exciting reading not only for us. She saw our Royal family and legal government hunted like wild animals, saw our men and boys fight desperately and doggedly, with terribly inadequate arms and equipment, against overpowering forces. Her personal courage during those dark days, her chivalrous stand for all legal forces in the unhappy country she had been accredited to, has made Florence Harriman's name a household word in Norway, the American Minister beloved as no other foreigner. As long as that fatal



## TOMORROW

ninth of April is remembered, Norwegians will remember this great American lady's faithful friendship, her untiring willingness to help us, her services to Norway, the last and not the least of which was her escorting our Crown princess and the Royal children on that dangerous voyage from Petsamo to New York—and now this magnificent and beautiful book about the Norway she loved, the Norway the Germans must hate and want to destroy.

I am really astonished at Mrs. Harriman's revelations of how entirely taken by surprise were not only the people, but also the diplomats in Norway, by the German invasion. And I especially enjoyed her quiet and ladylike ruthlessness in exposing how the German embassy in Oslo flouted all and every concept of diplomatic honor and integrity—how the German ambassador on the eve of the invasion invited her, together with other members of the diplomatic corps, to a party in the German embassy on April nineteenth, in honor of his new born daughter, Dorothea.

"On April nineteenth no Aide-Memoire was necessary to remind me of Nazi notions of hospitality. For days and days, by then, I had been dodging their bombs on the outskirts of a good many towns, and finding it hard to get shelter anywhere."

With equal restraint she tells the story of how the German air attaché—who had accepted the hospitality and courtesies of Norwegians—headed the expedition to Elvron, to capture or kill King Haakon.

Certainly Mrs. Harriman is right, when she explains, how much easier it is for a small, homogenous country to create a model democracy, than it is for states covering a continent and including immigrants of all and several stocks of people from all over the world. Countries such as Norway or Finland were like working models to the democracies—no reason for us to pride ourselves if we were twenty-five or one hundred years ahead of the great champions of democracy and liberty. But I think it is of supreme importance to the great and mighty democracies, like the U. S. A., that these small model workshops of democratic institutions and free folkways should be resurrected and protected (not that we Norwegians would not eagerly and willingly shoulder our share in the defense program of a new League of the Democracies, we have learned from bitter experience, that no country will be able to enjoy peace longer than her neighbor will).

Mrs. Harriman seems not adverse to the idea of returning to Norway—a liberated Norway—to represent the interests of U. S. A. in our country, whilst we shall have to build it up again from the bottom, since the Germans are destroying everything we have created during the last hundred years, a fact that Mrs. Harriman is fully aware of. And certainly, if she were to return to Norway, I can assure America, we should love to welcome Mrs. Harriman back again in our country.

*Mission to the North*

by Florence Jaffray Harriman

J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.50

## The New Book by Kagawa

Reviewed by William Cummings

**B**EHOLD THE MAN is the retelling of an ancient story most pertinent to the present time. It opens, on a large scale, just after the beheading of John the Baptist. The Jewish world is seething with unrest. John had foretold the coming of the Messiah, and now Jesus, with his astounding strange power, as evidenced by his repeated performance of miracles, and with his veiled references to "the Kingdom," has without intention raised the ambitious hopes of a large part of the Jewish world to the belief that in him the Messiah has at last appeared. What is hoped for is an armed rebellion that will break the overmastering power of Rome and establish a Jewish kingdom—a native King of the Jews enthroned.

But Jesus had no regal ambitions. What he sought was the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth, and his strategy consisted in the simple doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount, the philosophy of love, and the reality of the spirit. But this appeal was so alien to the education and the consciousness of the times that he was not understood; even the devotion of those who loved him best was restricted by a sense of individual relationship and lacked the conviction of transcendent and enduring reality.

This lack of comprehension of Life itself is the key to the world's tension and widespread misery today, as it was in the time of Jesus. One can only trust that in the past two thousand years some enlightenment has come to the consciousness of humanity and that out of the current agonies of flesh and spirit mankind may presently gather a realization of the moral law as a practical working principle.

The impulse to arise, like the prodigal son, and return to the father's house lies at the root of the world's present pain, however unconscious of the fact we may be. Thus, Dr. Kagawa's novel is a propaganda piece in behalf of the Way of return, which all the true teachers of mankind have preached, and in *Behold the Man* Jesus speaks clearly of this way, both by precept and by example as drastic as death.

Dr. Kagawa has put no new words into the Master's mouth, has told a story in which the personae and the incidents of the New Testament are used without violence. Peter and the other disciples, Mary Magdalene, Pilate, Herod, Herodias and Salome, Barabbas, Caiaphas, and especially Judas Iscariot—all live and move and have real being in this novel of conflict between the world and the spirit.

Speaking by documentation, Dr. Kagawa has added nothing to the story, has left out nothing of importance. But speaking of the essence, he has given to this historic epic a vitality which will be a true revelation to those who read the book; he has put into the hands of faith

*Temperate Tropics* **Visit Hawaii** *Racial Melting-Pot*

*Luxuriant Foliage*

***A Paradise of Peace Being Built by the Spirit of Aloha***

**IN HAWAII**

It is believed by many  
who will to build  
for the New Age

**TOMORROW**

By working creatively  
That

Rudyard Kipling

was right when he wrote:

Oh, east is east, and west is west,  
And never the twain shall meet,  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently  
At God's great Judgment Seat;  
But there is neither east nor west,  
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to  
face,  
Though they come from the ends of  
the earth!



**BOOKS TO READ**

*Hawaii: Pageant of the Soil*, Jean Hobbs,  
Stamford University Press, 1935.

*Born in Paradise*, Armine von Tempsky,  
Duell Sloan and Pearce, 1940.

**PLACES TO VISIT**

*In New York:*

The Hawaiian Room, Hotel Lexington,  
Ray Kinney and His Royal Hawaiian  
Orchestra.

*In Honolulu:*

**LALANI HAWAIIAN VILLAGE.**

By the Beach Wall at Waikiki.  
A Temple of the Hula and  
Hawaiian Culture. Director:  
George Paele Mossman.

**BETTY LEI HULA STUDIO.**

Lewers Road near The Royal  
Hawaiian and Halekalani Hotels.  
A Hula Studio founded as a re-  
sult of Prayer. Directress: Dor-  
othy Kaholomoana Campbell.

**Tenney-Peck Associates**  
**Honolulu**



## TOMORROW—TODAY

**T**HE URGE to create is UNIVERSAL. All men are by nature creative and when this impulse finds a way of expression they are at peace with themselves and their fellows.

In the "Skyscraper School," twenty-five stories above Rockefeller Plaza, people of all ages and races meet their creative selves. Everybody works in the medium he prefers under the sympathetic guidance of a faculty of twenty expert craftsmen in as many different fields.

Something profound happens when the creative dreams of the individual take material form. Friends have coined the expression "the School that makes people, not things." The woven fabric, pewter bowl, wood-carving that gradually takes shape is a satisfying by-product in the making of a happy, healthy, human being.

In the troubled world of Today, the Universal Plan is constructively meeting human needs that will make for a better world of Tomorrow.

The activities include: Loom and Tapestry Weaving, Rug Techniques, Art Metalry, Jewelry, Wood Carving, Tooled and Carved Leather, Painting, Sculpture, Casting, Ceramics, Book Binding, Silk Screen Printing, Glove Making, China Painting, Lace Making, Batik, Minor Crafts used in Occupational Therapy and with younger groups, and many European techniques that should not be lost.

Those who are interested should read the introduction of the School catalog, which will be sent on request to any TOMORROW reader. Visitors are welcome. Enrollments may be made any day. Sessions are arranged to meet your convenience.

Conveniently located at 1270 Sixth Avenue, near 50th Street in the RKO Building of Rockefeller Center where, in six short years, over 3300 people have received training.

## UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF HANDICRAFTS

a verisimilitude which, for many, will make assurance sure.

In fact, this latest piece of Kagawa's literary work is nothing short of extraordinary. One might suppose that the consciousness of the current world could shed but little fresh light upon the life of Jesus, the Christ, especially in the form of the novel. Only a relative ignorance, or genius itself, could make the essay, and only genius could complete it with success. It is therefore sufficient to declare that Kagawa has here revealed a clear and simple capacity to illuminate the chosen theme. This light is of the subtlest; and though the book is written in beautiful and luminous English, the "realism" which the story carries rises out of strata lying far below the surface of the printed words.

At its best the novel form achieves expression on the levels of art, and in every first-rate novel there are high moments which affect the reading consciousness as *truth*. For different people these illuminated moments will be different; but in *Behold the Man* the portrait of Judas is unquestionably one of these lighted points. In the scheme of this novel Judas stands midway between the dark background of seething mass interests, purposes and ambitions, and the utter simplicity of Jesus and his teaching. On the one hand are men in groups, expressing themselves through ideas and organizations, political, religious and popular. On the other hand is Jesus, voicing a philosophy which transcends all of these others, because it expresses no decisiveness whatever, but includes all men and all things in the scope of its unified concept. And Judas, sensitive to both sides of this conflict, belongs to neither, for he is the egotist—the egotist who feels and thinks, sensing powers, ideals and aspirations surging about him, but who is fundamentally allied to nothing but his own immediate interest. There is no stability in Judas, for he has never discovered his own center, his own soul; and the statements of Jesus and the responses of the Christ to events are all a mystery to him—incomprehensible even when they satisfy his self-interest.

In Dr. Kagawa's novel Judas stands as the antagonist to truth; he represents the main chance, which is so commonly in conflict with principle; he is the victim of the temporary, which is forever opposed to the eternal; he is the part, which maintains a subtle but constant tension to the Whole. It is the sorry part of Judas to be the one who discolors, clouds and deflects the clear light—not by the expression of strong counter-purposes, but by the simple fact of the limitations of his consciousness capacity, his inability to see beyond himself. He stands, finally, as the retarder of the Real, and as such he is destroyed from within himself. It is thus that the Real is constantly robbed of clear expression in this world in which we live.

The final effect of Kagawa's novel is to expose with utter simplicity how the Spirit in man suffers from the prejudice, the pettiness and the ignorance of the flesh—even unto death.

Dr. Kagawa's country. He has been both activities he of non-vic real sense. double enc countrymer ings of Je

In *Behold the Man* a successful life purpose and he m who will *Behold the Man* by Toyohiko Kagawa Harper & Row

A New The C Reviewe

Dr. W an its appea son and reason k asked se of the C of this adapted plicity

It is able da his suit in *Sarto* reality. date, w Quaker terrific from dured sand peric six c on Col vio the Th wh th

Dr. Kagawa is well known to Christian groups in this country. He is a scholar, author and Christian social worker. His social influence on the life of Japan has been both large and important, and in all of his activities he has been, like Gandhi, an advocate of a policy of non-violence. He is a Christian Socialist in a very real sense, and his active life has been devoted to a double endeavor to improve the social conditions of his countrymen and to make known to the Japanese the teachings of Jesus Christ.

In *Behold the Man* Kagawa must know that he has successfully placed another stone in the structure of his life purpose to reveal the Christ in simplicity and in truth; and he may also have the assurance that there are many who will recognize his creative work with appreciation.

*Behold the Man*  
by Toyobiko Kagawa  
Harper & Bros. \$2.50

## A New Book About The Quakers

Reviewed by Dr. Rufus Jones

DR. WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT has not only written an admirable book, but he has most happily timed its appearance. The public in general, the thoughtful person and the man of the street—have become for some reason keenly interested in the Quaker Way of Life, have asked searching questions about it and about the history of the Quaker Movement. Dr. Comfort felt the stirrings of this public interest and has met it with a book finely adapted to answer the questions which were being explicitly asked and implicitly felt.

It is almost three hundred years now since the memorable day that George Fox cut out and stitched together his suit of leather, which Carlyle has so vividly described in *Sartor Resartus*, and went out as a "seeker" for spiritual reality. He became a "finder" in 1647, and from that date, which should be celebrated six years from now, the Quaker Movement emerged into history. It was met with terrific persecution, first from mob violence and later from organized legal procedure. George Fox himself endured eight imprisonments, and more than fifteen thousand Quakers were imprisoned in England before the period of toleration, of whom three hundred and sixty-six died under their sufferings. Four Quakers were hanged on Boston Common and a great number in the American Colonies endured beatings and mutilation. It is quite obvious that *once* the Quaker Way of Life was not popular, though it spread powerfully in its period of persecution. There were more than fifty thousand Quakers in England when George Fox died in 1691, and probably about thirty thousand in the American Colonies.

There was, as Doctor Comfort has emphatically shown, a deep humanitarian strain in the Quaker Movement from

---

# The New REPUBLIC

IN January, President Roosevelt made his famous speech which stated the four great objectives for which free people of the world must fight: freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want, freedom from fear.

In May, Anthony Eden made the first significant statement of British war aims. It centered upon the third of the great freedoms—freedom from want. He said that social security was the main post-war objective of Britain. He suggested an international economic order to obtain it.

Did you read Mr. Eden's speech? Did many passages of it sound familiar? Did it seem to you that you had heard before that outline for joint action by the United States, Great Britain, the Dominions, to remove fear of want from the people of the world?

Did you read the issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC dated December 23, 1940? Do you remember its leading editorial article—*The Alternative to Fascism: A Proposal for American-British Coöperation?*

Look it up, if you can find a copy. THE NEW REPUBLIC is written by and edited by democracy's leaders of thought and action. Ideas put forward in THE NEW REPUBLIC reached a great audience in 1918. Ideas advanced these days in THE NEW REPUBLIC can turn out to be banner headlines.

Read them first in the paper in which they first appear!

**13 weeks' trial \$1**  
subscription

THE NEW REPUBLIC, 40 E. 49th St., N. Y. C.

---



## TOMORROW

the days of its founder. Fox was tender and sensitive to every type of human suffering. There was a moral earnestness and a social intensity in this mystical-minded man, which saved him from the usual pitfalls that beset mystical quests. He and his followers never lost hold of the central purpose of their lives which was to transform this present world and these actual human persons around them so that the will of God might become the will of men and that society here on earth might take on a likeness to the Kingdom of Heaven.

In this passion for human betterment the Quakers were the true successors of their forerunners, the spiritual reformers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. One of them had beautifully said: "My mind was not at rest because nothing was *acted*; and thoughts ran in me that words and writings are nothing and must die; for action is the life of all and if thou dost not *act* thou dost nothing."

This book, which I am reviewing is quite right in making the Quaker type of meeting for worship the heart of Quakerism. It is a unique creation. It dispenses with almost all external features and leaves the soul to find the inward way to God. Silence, especially corporate silence, is raised to an unusual level of importance. Hush and inward quiet are believed to be ways of preparation for the exalted experience of the divine presence, and this for the Quaker is the heart of worship. Whittier, one of the most distinguished of modern Quakers, has described this effect of silence in his poem "The Meeting":

"So sometimes comes to soul and sense  
The feeling which is evidence  
That very near about us lies  
The realm of spiritual mysteries.  
The sphere of the supernal Powers  
Impinges on this world of ours."

There is an excellent chapter in the book on "the fruits of silence." This chapter deals with the practical effects in life and action of this type of waiting worship. Shakespeare wrote:

"God does with us as we with candles do;  
Not light them for themselves."

These periods of hush and silence, of meditation and upreach, tend to prepare the worshipper to be a high-powered actor when the time comes for action. This chapter on "fruits" interprets the kind of person that emerges, or is supposed to emerge, from the periods of communion. It leads on to Quaker Business Ethics, which is a good chapter for the man in business to read. Isaac Sharpless of Haverford College used to tell how a man came to him one day and said: "I want to join the Quakers." President Sharpless asked him why he wanted to become a Quaker. The man said: "I have noticed that they are God-fearing and money-getting people and I want to be one of them!"

The last chapter in the book contains an admirable interpretation of the Quaker "Service of Love." It is the story of the world-wide work of relief and healing

which the American Friends Service Committee has carried on since 1917. This section of the book gives a good account of the underlying springs and motives which are implicit in this adventure of good will, and it links this work up, quite rightly, with the whole spiritual and mystical foundation of the Quaker Movement. Why does one take up and help to bear the burden of the world's suffering, when each one of us has burdens enough of his own to bear? Why worry over the children whom the foolishness of war is destroying by slow starvation? Well, the answer is that somehow that conception of the love—the *agape* of God, which suffers long and is kind, has got formed in the hearts of this people, called Quakers, and they "cannot do otherwise." This book, *Just Among Friends*, helps the reader to see and appreciate these implications.

*Just Among Friends*

William Wistar Comfort

The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

## Two Science Books

Reviewed by John J. O'Neill

"CIVILIZATION AS WE KNOW IT can end only in disaster." This concluding sentence and the title of his book, *Man—The Mechanical Misfit*, completely bound the story which Dr. Estabrooks has to tell. He views man from two angles: as an anthropologist he sees man as a biological bungle, and as a psychologist he visualizes him as a mental misfit. It might appear that the author, a professor of psychology at Colgate University, were a misanthrope, but this is really not the case; nearly all anthropologists and psychologists act that way.

If one desires a brilliantly outlined picture of the standard story of evolution in the animal world including a picture of a man as an animal, of which nature is not particularly proud, with a mind that leaves much to be desired, and wishes to have the description emblazoned with wit and metaphor, all done in a dynamic style, one can find it in this delightfully easy-to-read volume.

It is Dr. Estabrooks' belief that man is far from a satisfactory animal in design and operation and because of this lacks survival value along with the institutions he has created. The animals lower in the scale than man are given credit for being much better adapted to being themselves than is modern man for a similar purpose. There was once a man, according to Dr. Estabrooks, who was a much better animal than man of today. This was the Cro-Magnon man. From the lofty physical estate attained by this primitive ancestor man has degenerated and now suffers countless ills and weaknesses which bear

testimony to his descent toward ultimate oblivion in a world in which the animals, more noble than man, will survive unless they become cursed with a civilization of their own.

A wealth of material from the literature of science is assembled to give support to the author's contention. His theory is presented in entertaining fashion and is carried in a seemingly well documented form to what appears to be a fully justified conclusion.

If acceptance is given to the premise that man is an animal and differs in no essential way from other animals then it is consistent to judge him from the zoöcentric viewpoint of the jungle. But even if this premise is granted the volume does not become a really serious scientific discussion but a literary experiment—an effort to see if such a thesis could be supported and carried to its conclusion with sufficient literary lubrication to prevent too much intellectual friction while the book is in process of being read. The amount of intellectual friction experienced will depend on the mental background and wisdom which the reader brings to the book. To the youthful, uncritical reader, Dr. Estabrooks will appear to have more than successfully defended his thesis.

The more critical reader is likely to wonder why Dr. Estabrooks limited himself so severely to the premise that man is nothing more than an animal. The author's demonstrated ability to persuasively array data in support of his chosen contention would make it possible for him to have rendered a far more useful service to truth and wisdom; he might have lifted his mental horizon just a trifle and discovered that man, at least in an undetermined but significant percentage of individuals, has emerged from the animal state to such an extent that he no longer fits into that classification.

One is inclined to wonder, too, why Dr. Estabrooks after making a distinction, based on differences between man and animals, did not choose man as the standard of excellence and judge the lower orders as failures to the extent to which they deviated from man's standards. There is ample evidence available to prove that man is the most successful creature nature ever produced, using the same pragmatic standards adopted by Dr. Estabrooks as a basis for judgment. Of the tens of thousands of species alive today relatively few have attained the size of man, which in itself is an indication of survival value based on various factors of excellence. Of those that have attained his size none exists in anything resembling equal numbers; not one exists in such widespread distribution over the earth; not one has adjusted itself to such widely diversified conditions; not one has advanced so rapidly in a biological sense; not one has developed ability to control its environment; not one has developed any high order of reasoning powers, and not one has evolved a civilization.

These objections are offered merely to indicate that the thesis which Dr. Estabrooks has undertaken to defend is one extremely limited to its scope and ignores so many greater truths than it presents, that his conclusions must

## The Gateway

30 East 60th St. New York El. 5-7383

Specialists in Books on Mysticism, Occultism, Indian, Chinese and all Oriental Philosophies and Religions.

Astrology, Alchemy, Art, Literature, Philosophy, Psychology.

When you cannot get the unusual book elsewhere, try "The Gateway."

BOOKS BOUGHT

## National Foundation of Musical Therapy

MUSIC for relaxation, for stimulation, for a release to those who are bewildered and troubled over world conditions—Training for musicians who want to serve in hospitals, or to learn to use music in hospitals, or to learn to use music to allay fear and pain—This is the work of the National Foundation of Musical Therapy, at Steinway Hall, New York City.

Musical Therapy is now acknowledged as one of tomorrow's healing agents, and even today many hospitals as well as prisons and industrial organizations are using it with good effect.

After over thirty years' experience and research the National Foundation of Musical Therapy was founded and is functioning with a growing list of students.

Let us tell you about it.

Harriet Ayer Seymour, Founder

National Foundation of Musical Therapy

Studio No. 804, Steinway Hall, New York

## Watch the New South in its Literature • Art • Drama Music • History • Poetry

In every monthly issue of *The Southern Literary Messenger* (founded in 1834, and the same magazine once edited by Edgar Allan Poe) you will find the best in Southern short stories, serials, illustrated art, and articles on drama, music and history.

This *alive* magazine is promoting new authors; offering vacations at theatre colonies to dramatists; presenting unpublished music of young composers over its radio programs: Sundays at 1:30 P.M., WMBG; Mondays, at 7 P.M., WRNL.

Single copy 35c

Annual subscription \$3.00

The Southern  
Literary Messenger

F. Meredith Dietz, Editor

109 East Cary Street Richmond, Va.



## TOMORROW

be considered with this situation in mind. His sober scientific judgment is lightened with an amount of literary playfulness.

There are a number of statements containing errors of omission or commission. A typical omission:

"... In Tibet one wife will have several husbands. And that same instinct has put a lot of people in our penitentiaries for sex crimes."

Dr. Estabrooks must know, but has failed to tell the reader that in Tibet the number of females born is but a small fraction of the number of males and that polyandry in that country is an adjustment to the greatly unbalanced sex ratio, and not an example of sexual abnormalities on the part of Tibetan women.

In the present disturbed state of society one might be tempted for the moment to agree with Dr. Estabrooks that "Civilization as we know it can end only in disaster," but sober second thoughts would be likely to be more optimistic. The author's statement that "Civilization has ruined man" can be accepted as true if we keep in mind that Dr. Estabrooks is discussing man as an animal. Most of the indictment which he brings against civilization is based on the failure of a large portion of the human race to become civilized while taking advantage of the benefits created by the smaller portion of the race which brought civilization into existence.

The chapter on "The Sanity of Insanity and the Insanity of Sanity," the gist of which is that the human race is crazy, could be written, in a serious mood, only by a psychologist or a psychiatrist. Most psychologists entertain grave doubts about the mental status of all other psychologists too.

The reader can disagree with Dr. Estabrooks for a host of sound reasons but he will nevertheless thank the Colgate psychologist for a stimulating book which should provoke very healthy discussion of many current and enduring problems with beneficial effects for all concerned. The book is written in a style that is lucid as well as dynamic, and within the limits of the field covered the information presented is, for the most part, authentic.

\*

Sir Charles Sherrington, an outstanding English biolo-

Visit New York's new  
**Psychic Book Center**

127 EAST 39TH STREET

MU 5-2531 near Lexington Avenue

Books on every Psychic and Occult  
subject

*Mail Orders Promptly Filled*

gist and specialist in physiology, Nobel prize laureate in medicine in 1932, looks at man in *Man on His Nature*, with a critical and none too enthusiastic eye and tries to ascertain what he is and where he fits into the general scheme of creation. He contrasts his views with those of a similar scientist-philosopher of more than three centuries ago, a time when God was in His heaven and man was related, even though distantly, to Him. The earlier scientist may have held views typical of his time but it is doubtful if Sir Charles can be accepted as an official spokesman for biology in his beliefs that man is no more than a collection of molecules with no purpose in life other than that which he provides out of his own wisdom, or lack of it.

Sir Charles has assembled in this volume a wealth of information on topics of vital interest concerning man and his nature, more than ample to make a fascinating book and it will be a matter of deep regret to his readers that he failed to achieve this possible goal. The book, as a book, harmonizes with the views Sir Charles holds on the nature of man—that he is a collection of physical and biological mechanisms and in his totality can be credited with no higher estate than that of a very ingenious meat machine. Man, to Sir Charles, is a skinkful of chemically coöperating organs, bones and tissues, and his description of the subject is a volumeful of facts, as lacking in theme and coherence as he finds the life of man lacking in purpose or reason for existence.

The volume is brimming full with evidence of the author's erudition, of his possession of a vast amount of knowledge of matters biological and philosophical, ancient and modern, but the presentation seems to lack design; it seems to partake of the intellectual junkshop pattern exemplified in the dictionary or encyclopedia. It tells a running story, like a spool of thread, unreeled and cut into twelve pieces. A lacemaker might have made the thread into patterns of beauty or utility.

Scholars cannot be expected to become fired with zeal for any theory, even their own viewpoint, but when a survey of a field is attempted one would expect an assembling of facts that would clarify issues even though it were necessary to clarify two opposing viewpoints. In the present volume the plan seemed to call for an assembling of facts in such a way that they justify the confusion in the author's mind. However, the very nature of the problem which Sir Charles is discussing makes it difficult for the true scientist or scholar to be dogmatic. It is not easy for the mind to study itself in an unbiased manner.

In the field of biology there are two opposing viewpoints, that of the mystics and that of the materialists, or the vitalists and non-vitalists. The latter, in each case, holds that man is a soulless meat machine, and the former are convinced that the phenomenon of life requires more than physics and chemistry, more than a knowledge of purely material things for its understanding.

Sir Charles is a biologist, one of the world's greatest, and he has disposed of the mystery of life and the nature

of man by pushing it over into the field of chemistry and physics as if this action solved a problem. The assumption is made, of course, that "physics and chemistry" will gladly take over the problem as if it were entirely within their province and that this would dispose forever of the possibility of the vitalistic viewpoint of life receiving any consideration whatever, physics and chemistry being thought of as purely materialistic sciences. This latter assumption, however, is very much in error, since modern physics and chemistry are more vitalistic than biology ever thought of being. The greatest of our scientific mystics are mathematical physicists, and those who experiment in the laboratory are giving them enthusiastic support over a broad front of knowledge.

The survey which Sir Charles has made is symptomatic of the transition which has taken place throughout the scientific world. In the older viewpoint everything in nature could be fitted into some category, the categories occupying definitely and sharply divided compartments. Matter, energy, time, space and life were distinct entities. In the newer concept the dividing lines have disappeared and any one entity is described in terms of the others. While life as a separate entity has vanished it has been reborn throughout all of the others. Instead of nature becoming a lifeless mechanism the entire universe has become a thing of life of a new order.

The vanishing of the boundaries of the older category of life has been noted by Sir Charles but he has failed to observe its reappearance in the universal manifold of nature. He has, however, left the way open to make such a discovery; he confesses that he is baffled by the fact that the lifeless conglomeration of atoms and molecules called man exhibits the phenomenon of thinking.

There is nothing of the old supernatural, or the modern super-normal, in the mind as he views it and nowhere in the universe does he find any locus of supernatural power with which the mind of man can become associated. Man, he concludes, is thrown upon his own resources to guide his own destiny and has therefore taken over a new responsibility and a new glory more magnificent than anything with which he was endowed by the inspired prophets and messiahs.

It is difficult to discover just what the author thinks about the problems he discusses because his approach is entirely impersonal and he refuses to take a clearly defined stand or to reach unambiguous conclusions, preferring to swish back and forth over controversial points and let confusion condemn itself. His book lacks planning and suffers from an apparent lack of a fiery zeal for his subject on the part of the author. A more careful editing would have eliminated many incomplete and meaningless sentences. There are twelve chapters. Each is preceded by a symbolic drawing representing one of the signs of the zodiac. No reason for this is discoverable in the text.

Man—*The Mechanical Misfit*, by G. H. Estabrooks, The Macmillan Co., 8vo, cloth, 251 pp., \$2.50.

Man on His Nature, by Sir Charles Sherrington, O.M., The Macmillan Co., 8 vo, cloth, 404 pp., \$3.75.

## To People who want to write but can't get started

DO you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance?

Then listen to what Fulton Oursler, editor of Liberty, has to say on the subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today—and especially in Liberty Magazine—than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling, and many others whose work we have published? It is also true that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer still must learn his craft, as few of the newcomers nowadays seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."



"Since finishing your course, I have sold articles to the N. Y. Times, Central Press Ass'n and various magazines. My writing netted me over \$300 my first year and almost \$700 the first six months this year. Writing as a career has always been my wish. Now, thanks to the N.I.A. Course, it is becoming a reality. Despite a serious physical handicap (I took sick with infantile paralysis in 1937). I am now making my living by writing." Andreas Dorpalen, 206 W. 95th St., New York City.

### Writing Aptitude Test—FREE!

The Newspaper Institute of America offers a free Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing. The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. Not all applicants pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N. I. A. course based on the practical training given by big metropolitan dailies.

This is the New York Copy Desk Method which teaches you to write by writing! You develop your individual style instead of trying to copy that of others.

You "cover" actual assignments such as metropolitan reporters get. Although you work at home, on your own time, you are constantly guided by experienced writers.

It is really fascinating work. Each week you see new progress. In a matter of months you can acquire the coveted "professional" touch. Then you're ready for market with greatly improved chances of making sales.

### Mail the Coupon Now

But the first step is to take the Writing Aptitude Test. It requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. So mail the coupon now. Make the first move towards the most enjoyable and profitable occupation—writing for publication! Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York. (Founded 1925)

#### NOTICE—

#### MEN OF DRAFT AGE

No need to hesitate to test your writing ability, even though you are of conscription age. N.I.A. agrees to refund in full the tuition of anyone accepted as a student who is subsequently called for military service. Special terms and privileges for men in U. S. Armed Forces.

Free

Newspaper Institute of America  
One Park Avenue, New York

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Tomorrow Magazine, September.

Miss }  
Mrs. } .....  
Mr. } .....

Address .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 110P601  
© 1941 Newspaper Institute of America



## American Red Cross

Washington, D. C.

*Red Cross Establishing  
200,000-Unit Blood Plasma  
Bank for Army and Navy*

By WILLIAM DeKLEINE, M.D.  
*Medical Director  
American Red Cross*

FOR many years the medical profession has been searching for methods of providing quick and safe blood transfusions in emergencies. To all practical purposes this search has now ended successfully, although experimental work is still continuing, looking toward further simplification of the problem.

Blood plasma, that part of the blood remaining after removal of the heavy red and white corpuscles, has been found to be an effective substitute for whole blood in most cases that require transfusions. Plasma in frozen liquid form or in the dry powdered form can be stored indefinitely and before use only needs to be liquefied, either by melting or the addition of distilled water. Plasma may be transported any distance without damage. Plasma may be given the patient without typing or crossmatching of blood as the dangerous reagents have been removed. For these and other reasons, plasma is now recognized as ideal for a so-called blood bank.

The first large-scale use of plasma that involved long distance transportation began in August, 1940, when the American Red Cross undertook to collect and process blood from American donors in New York and the surrounding area and to ship the resulting plasma to England to be used for air raid victims. This project was continued until February, 1941, when the British Red Cross announced it had completed arrangements to obtain sufficient quantities of plasma at home. Fifteen thousand American donors took part in this project.

As a result of this undertaking the surgeons general of both the United States Army and Navy requested the American Red Cross and the National Research Council to undertake the establishment of a blood plasma reservoir for use by the armed forces in case of emergency. Red Cross chapters in various parts of the country have established donor stations and collections made each day are sent to nearby laboratories where the blood is processed into plasma. Thus the plasma bank is rapidly approaching its initial goal.

Because of the limited facilities available for the production of plasma on a large scale, local blood donor projects are confined largely to the bigger centers of population. However, these facilities are being expanded and by the use of mobile collecting units which are being put in operation, outlying areas are also being tapped.

**AMERICAN RED CROSS**

WASHINGTON, D. C.

## IN EARLY ISSUES

SCHEDULED for early issues of TOMORROW are articles on topics of vital interest in many fields of present-day living. Cecil Roberts, author of the best seller *Victoria—Four-Thirty, And So To Bath*, and other books and verse read and loved by many, has written "New Values" for us. "It is not what we plan to save with so much care, but what we negligently let slip by us that may redeem us in our days of spiritual bankruptcy" sums up that article which Mr. Roberts bases on experiences in his youth and a present-day poignant reminder of that youth experienced recently in an American village.

Jeanette Eaton lives on a farm near Spring Valley, New York, where she carries on a busy life of writing and farming. She wrote for TOMORROW "The Dynamics of Future Farming" which is a plea for a re-consideration of the earth and its potentialities in helping us to live more happily. "The earth is a living organism and what affects one part of it affects the whole. What has happened to our land illustrates the great need of this era. . . . Analytical information organized by modern science is not enough to solve our great, vast problems. Only spiritual knowledge concretely applied can save us. . . ."

William Moulton Marston, Ph.D. (whose article "Use Your ESP Every Day" appears in this issue) speaks urgently about the need for a universal peace plan in "The Psychologist Looks at War and Peace" which will appear in the November issue. "What the world needs most desperately is enlightened generosity. It is a joy to give," points out Dr. Marston, "but a bitter humiliation to have your possessions taken away from you. When the world learns to give to its defeated and destitute nations in time to stop the growth of their inferiority complexes, the world will achieve peace."

Dr. Charles Morris, of the University of Chicago, Department of Philosophy, believes in signs—seriously. He is the associate editor of the *International Encyclopedia of Unified Science* and has written monographs on the significance of signs, his most recent being *Foundations of the Theory of Signs*. He has been interested in the movement of American painting in recent years toward the abstract and especially in the work of Raymond Jonson of Santa Fé. Dr. Morris's article, "The Search for a Life of Significance" written for TOMORROW will appear in the October issue. "Settled values have become unsettled and the task of building a significant life in the framework of new resources and in the face of new problems has only begun. Art alone cannot perform this task—it neither prescribes what is to be believed or what is to be done. But art, as the language of value, makes its contribution to this task in putting vividly before us the whole range of significance which modern man has enjoyed and endured. . . ."

## This Month's Authors

ANDRÉ MAUROIS, whose article, "An Experiment in Adversity" opens this issue of *Tomorrow*, is a member of the French Academy and one of the most popular modern French writers. He first became known to the English-reading public through *The Silences of Colonel Bramble*, founded on his experiences as an interpreter in World War I. He is known chiefly for his biographies of Shelly, Byron, Dickens and Disraeli and for *The Edwardian Era* as well as for his French biographies. M. Maurois was a liaison officer for the French and English armies in this current war as well as in the preceding one. He is in America now, lecturing and writing.

*Sir George Dyson* is the Director of the Royal College of Music, London. The editors asked him to report on music in war-time England and he wrote "Musical England and the War" in reply to our request, and because he believes music can and should continue now more than ever. Not mentioned in his article is the extensive singing going on all over England in war supply factories, and which is caught for American listeners by our news-reel camera men doing their work across the Atlantic.

*Anne Pierce* is by turn a New Englander and a Southerner having ancestry in Maine and long residence in Washington, D. C., before coming to New York to take up a career as editor and writer on magazines and *The New York Herald Tribune*. Her background in science includes a long association with the late Dr. Harvey Wiley in the U. S. Bureau of Foods and Chemistry, in Washington, and pioneering in launching protective food laws for this country.

*Alan Devoe*, writer and naturalist, is the author of *Phudd Hill* (1937) and *Down to Earth* (1940) and is a contributor to many periodicals. For several years American magazines have been publishing his articles on facts of natural history and their human significance. Long interested in the biological foundations of religion (and the religious implications of biology) he has written a number of studies in this field.

*Louis Sack*, who wrote "The Impact of World Events on the Theatre" is a native New Yorker. His play, *Death Sounds the Trumpet* was presented last year in New York. He is a Hollywood scenarist, radio editor and commentator and has lectured extensively throughout this country on the theatre.

*Dane Rudhyar* came to this country from France many years ago. He likes New York but prefers to live in Santa Fe, where he can see and study the Indians of that part of our country, and in California where he owns a cottage. He is the author of *New Mansions for New Men*, also a life of Debussy and articles on religion, astrology and philosophy.

*Dr. Moulton Marston*, who wrote "Use Your ESP Every Day" for this magazine, is the American psycholo-

gist, educator and author who invented and originated the "Lie Detector," now in common use throughout the United States in the detection of crime. He has been associated with leading universities as faculty member and research advisor, including Harvard (where he received his A.B., L.L.B., and Ph.D. degrees), Columbia University, Tufts College and others. In addition to his continuous contributions to scientific magazines and reviews he is the author of eight books in the field of psychology, and co-author with Walter P. Pitkin, of *The Art of Sound Pictures*. He writes regularly for newspapers, syndicates and magazines.

*Barbara Young* appears in this issue as poet, and as the author of "Children of the New Age." She taught for ten years in the schools of New Rochelle, New York and was instrumental in developing classes for young children between kindergarten and first-grade ages, then teaching in private schools she continued her work with young children. She has been writing verse since 1922 and hundreds of her poems have been published in magazines, newspapers and anthologies, as well as in her three published volumes. She has lectured in many cities of the United States, in London and several English towns and in Paris on the work of Kahlil Gibran. In 1939 she went to Lebanon and Syria but because of war conditions returned to this country.

*Emil Bisttram* lives in Taos, New Mexico. He is one of the leading spirits of the transcendental painting group which has its headquarters at Santa Fe. The late Stuart Walker was a member of this group, which is composed of "artists who are concerned with the development and presentation of various types of non-representational painting, painting that finds its source in the creative imagination and does not depend upon the objective approach. The word Transcendental has been chosen for the group because it best expresses its aim, which is to carry painting beyond the appearance of the physical world through new concepts of space, color, light, and design to imaginative realms that are idealistic or spiritual. The work does not concern itself with political, economic or other social problems."

*Gerald Heard*, is the widely-read author of *Pain, Sex and Time*, *The Source of Civilization* and other books on religion, science and humanism. He is living in California at present.

*The Very Reverend W. R. Inge*, was Dean of London's famed St. Paul's for many years. From his home in Berkshire, not far from Oxford, he continues to write and take an active part in the world's religious affairs. His youngest son, also a clergyman, Pilot Officer, Richard W. S. Inge, twenty-five years old, was killed in action with the R. A. F., last April.

*Count Byron de Prorok* is the director of the Franco-American Archaeological Researches in North Africa, after a distinguished career in which he directed the excavations at Carthage (1920-25), discovered, explored, headed prehistoric expeditions (Egypt and Libyan Desert 1926-28) and has been decorated and honored by Euro-

1-007



## Two Books Of Unusual Appeal

Published by CREATIVE AGE PRESS, INC.  
11 East 44th Street, New York City

### NOSTRADAMUS

*The Man Who Saw Through Time*

#### CONTENTS

##### Part One

1. A Prophet Is Born
2. Education of a Genius
3. Personages and Politics
4. Garlands of Fame
5. The Plague Returns
6. A Prophet's Eyry
7. Purpose
8. On to Paris
9. The Court of The Valois
10. Toward Familiar Country

##### Part Two

1. The Cycle of Valois-Navarre
2. Claude de Savoie
3. In the Twentieth Century

### TELEPATHY

*In Search of a Lost Faculty*

#### CONTENTS

1. The Subjective Approach
2. A Critical and Historical Survey
3. The Function of Symbolism in Telepathy
4. Experimental Techniques
5. Telepathy in Dreams and under Hypnosis
6. The Therapeutics of Telepathy
7. Telepathy in Relation to Time and Space
8. Telepathy: An Approach to Other Psychic Phenomena
9. What Telepathy is Not
  - a. It Is Not Imagination
  - b. It Is Not a Product of the Subconscious
  - c. It Is Neither Hysterical, Neurotic, nor Psychotic
10. Telepathy: a Creative Function

#### ORDER BLANK

Please send me.....copies of  
 NOSTRADAMUS, by Lee McCann, \$2.50.  
 TELEPATHY, by Eileen J. Garrett, \$2.50.

I enclose (check) (money order) for \$.....

Name .....

Address .....

CREATIVE AGE PRESS, Inc.  
11 East 44th Street, New York City  
Telephone: MUrray Hill 2-0078

pean, Asiatic and African rulers and American organizations for his work in this field. His published writings include *Digging for Lost African Gods*, *Ancient Trade Routes of the Sahara*, *No Man's Africa*, *In Quest of Lost Worlds*. He innocently lists hunting and mountain climbing as his recreations.

*William Cummings* is a writer and lecturer, living in New Jersey most of the year and preferring outdoors New England for his summers.

*Dorothy Canfield Fisher* has been active in philanthropic and humanitarian work for many years and yet has found time to write books and countless articles. *The Brimming Cup* is probably her best known; *Stables for Parents*, *Seasoned Timber*, *Basque People* and *Bonfire* are others which have come out of the beautiful Vermont homestead where Mrs. Fisher lives and works the year round.

*James Hilton's* latest book is *Random Harvest*, best seller novel following in the footsteps of his famed *Lost Horizon*, *Good Bye, Mr. Chips*, and others. He lives in California, writes and edits for the movies and continues his own creative writing.

*Dr. Rufus Jones*, president emeritus of Haverford College, Haverford, Pennsylvania, has long been identified with the "errands of friendship and mercy" on which the Quakers go, all over the world, especially in war time, even into places where all other humanitarian organizations are forbidden. His articles about Quakers and their work have stimulated many readers to a new realization of the qualities of these "quiet people" in our midst.

*John J. O'Neill* is the Science Editor of The New York *Herald Tribune* and a lecturer and writer as well on many aspects of science.

*Sigrud Undset* needs no introduction to the thousands of Americans who know the books, *Kristen Lavransdatter*, *The Faithful Wife*, *The Master of Hestviken*, *Madame Dorothea* and others by this beloved Norwegian writer. She is now living in America, where she fled for her life at the time of the German invasion of her country. Her summer has been devoted to writing, "somewhere in the Berkshires."

We are happy to present a new poem by *David Morton*, the beloved sonneteer, whose verse has appeared for many years in American and English publications and whose many published books of poems are steady sellers. He teaches at Amherst College. *Margaret Lathrop Law*, whose poem, *Less Than Sand* appears in this issue, admits to six volumes of published verse, and articles about many phases of current living in a long list of widely-read magazines. Her article on museums of the future will appear in an early issue.

*Dorothy Moulton* is Lady Mayer who, with her husband Sir Robert Mayer, is in America working, writing and lecturing for the Save The Children Federation.

*Erica May Brooks* lives in New York and besides writing she devotes a great deal of time to lectures for philanthropic causes.

A Long-Awaited Book

# TELEPATHY

*In Search of a Lost Faculty*

By

EILEEN J. GARRETT

Out  
First  
September

WHAT is telepathy? This question is frequently asked, but rarely is it intelligently answered. Only recently scientists, physicians, and psychiatrists have given it serious consideration. Modern psychic research and the studies of psychologists working in parapsychology and "supersensory" experimentation are now arriving at varying theories concerning the origin and mechanics of telepathy.

*Telepathy*, by Eileen J. Garrett, gives a clear, subjective explanation of telepathy, its origin, its manifestations and its functions. Having been a "sensitive" since birth, Mrs. Garrett has in recent years been keenly interested in objective research with physicians and psychologists in controlled experiments in England, on the Continent, and in the United States on the meaning and validity of the psychic powers. From her studies

in telepathy she has gathered material, which is not only a stimulating introduction to the field, but which also constitutes an important contribution to the existing literature on the subject.

*Telepathy Is a Creative Function*

*Telepathy Is Not a Product of the Subconscious*

*Telepathy Is Neither Neurotic Nor Psychotic*

These are a few of the conclusions which are stated by the author, with comprehensive data from her knowledge and that of others in the field. Mrs. Garrett points out the constructive uses of this faculty—which she declares the human race has always possessed—and states that it was instinctively as well as consciously used by primitive man. She believes that everyone is telepathic, and in this book she tells how this dormant faculty may be reawakened and put to creative use.

## TELEPATHY

*In Search of a Lost Faculty*

*The volume is attractively bound in green cloth, with striking jacket*

320 pages, \$2.50

*See coupon ad for this and other Creative Age Press books on page 56, this issue*

**Creative Age Press, Inc.**

11 EAST 44TH STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK



# In the October Issue:

Stringfellow Barr, *Cause for Excitement*

Faber Birren, *A Review of Color, Its Uses and Powers*

Otis Aldebert Klein, *The Blind Shall See*

Cecil Roberts, *New Values*

Lee McCann, *Are Playing Cards a Hypercube?*

Colby Dorr Dam, *The Inner Power—Our Own Greatness*

Sir Robert Mayer, *The Social and Educational Progress of Music*

Edward Podolsky, M.D., *Some Aspects of Musical Therapy*

Dr. Charles Morris, *The Search for a Life of Significance*

Margaret Law, *Museums of the Future*

Alfred Reiss, *The Handwriting of a Nation*

Count A. de Mouravief, *The Whispers in Portland Square*

*Book Reviews* by Dorothy Canfield Fisher and others

Poetry

October Issue

The Magazine TOMORROW

VOLUME I

NUMBER 2

Out September 15th

On the Better Newsstands

in all parts of the United States, its Possessions; in Canada, Nassau, and Bermuda;  
and in South America and South Africa.