NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The situation of Ireland, though in certain nominal and sentimental respects miraculously improved, is in most real respects worse than ever. A Provisional Government has been set up, Dublin Castle has actually been "taken over" by Irish representatives and is at this moment definitively in Irish hands, the tie with England has ceased to be a chain and has become a silken cord, and after centuries of revolt and agitation Ireland is admitted to the company of the Free States of the world. With all this, however, her troubles of oppression is that it will be impossible for a merely Provisional Government to raise loans of one kind or another are imperative. But will the new Government, when it is formed, have the courage and the knowledge to forgo the easy way of foreign loans and to create and employ its own credit? Will it be able to save Ireland from the foreign bondholder? Hard as the prospect may be for a young nation practising financial independence, financial dependence upon either London or Wall Street will be found to be still harder. The new "enemy" will be invisible, immune to agitation, invulnerable to assassination. The young men of Ireland will not be able to ambush Wall Street or to hold up Threadneedle Street. But their servitude to the "foreigner" will be none the less real for being concealed from themselves; and it will be all the harder to escape. Ireland has won its first battle for freedom, the easiest because the most romantic. Now the real battle begins.

"Diplomacy has never been so secret as it is in these days," said the "Times" on Saturday; and we may conclude from this admission that Lord Northcliffe's agents themselves are no longer in the know. But what Lord Northcliffe's agents do not know must be well
worth knowing; and we therefore commend to particular attention the proceedings at the current and prospective Conferences, not as they are reported but exactly as they are. What are the facts alone the case? That Germany is less and less willing to pay the indemnities in full as the Allies are more and more unwilling or unable to bring force to bear against her. And in the second place, that France's financial situation is so desperate that her policy is reduced to its last bluff, namely, the promise that France alone can Germany to pay. Never at any time was it probable that Germany either would or would be allowed to pay the indemnity in kind; and payment in cash is mere that ever out of the question. Never since the Armistice were contributions to the Allied deficit. Strange, is it not, that nations with such marks. Strange, is it not, that nations with such great Mr. Keynes as its high-priest and casuist. The Premier's, latest experiment in kite-flying has been in vain. It It may be that the National Liberals still hope to devise a settlement of the mixture of the Coalition.

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And yet it moves; if not in Europe in America. Much the most enheartening news published for many a day was despatched last week by the American correspondent of the “Daily Herald.” He reported that at an Executive Meeting of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America a resolution was unanimously carried to organise a co-operative bank on behalf of the Union “to mobilise and represent the credit-power of its 175,000 members.” President Stillman expressed the opinion that the action thus authorised was one of the most important steps ever taken by a Labour Union in America. But, indeed, it is much more than that; for, together with the similar action taken last year by the Locomotive Engineers’ Brotherhood, it is the most important step ever taken by any Labour Union anywhere. Major Douglas’ visit to America a couple of years ago has not been fruitless; nor, we may add, has the propaganda of The New Age been in vain. It moves. We do not gather that either the Clothing Bank or the Locomotive Bank has yet proceeded to the second necessary step of adjusting prices to the issue of credit. Both have so far contented themselves with mobilising Labour-credit in the interests of the producers rather than of the consumers. Again, we do not see clear signs that Real Credit as distinct from Financial Credit is understood practically as it should be; members of both banks are expected to deposit their cash and nothing but their cash in their respective treasuries. But the step already taken of actually founding a Bank is so momentous, it has in itself such a momentum, that we can safely predict that within a year or two the consequential step of mobilising Real Credit along the lines of these programmes, composed in the main of futilities, might gradually permeate the minds of large numbers of people. When the test of its effectiveness gives the appropriate opening for giving it legislative or administrative effect, no entrenched forces, with rigid party commitments, would be in possession to obstruct the taking of action.

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business-like principles with the good will of all parties and all classes." We know what that means—"good-will" on the part of Labour in submitting to any and every demand by the employers, "Economy," and a Micawber-like anticipation that something will somehow mysteriously turn up. We turn to the Independent wing of the Liberals, who have also been loudly blowing their party trumpet. Mr. Asquith has made a great bid for the support of the City. Of course he began—also of course to the accompaniment of "cheers"—by pronouncing on the causes, not the symptoms, of unemployment. He went on with the profound remark that the real cause is "that other nations are unable to buy on the terms on which we can sell, and that we are unable to sell on the terms on which we can buy." The idea of selling our goods, in the first instance, at home is naturally too redundant to fall within Mr. Asquith's observation. Yet it would supply the key to this trouble about foreign markets too. If our exports represented the overspill of a satiated home demand, we could sell them at any price necessary to command a market abroad. He deprecated too "the artificial multiplication by the printing press or in other ways of purchasing power and credit inflation"; in other words, some indispensable factors in any method of really grappling with the cause of the evil. His great stand-by was naturally "Economy"; his moral complaint against the Government on this head was that it had come so late into the field. What has become of his recent protest against false "economies" and his emphatic demand for careful "discrimination"? In passing, it is true, he threw in a caution that the axe "should strike, not at remunerative services, but at all forms of unproductive expenditure." But such a mere fugitive shaft as that would glance harmlessly off far more sensitive hides than those of his audience.

The mind of the typical business man is illuminatingly revealed in the recent proceedings of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce. The first resolution, condemning Government interference with industry and commerce, originally contained the words, "whether by tariffs, controls, licences, or departmental orders." The word "tariffs" was deleted. Comment would only blunt the significance of this, solution demanded the early reduction of postal charges. We quite agree; but on what principle could its authors justify it? They do not believe in developing the utmost, for the sake of the national good our potentialities; nor in declaring that such a trusty instrument must, in the true sense, "pay" in the end. Similarly they demanded, in the interests of trade, a great improvement of, and increased expenditure on, the Consular service. They can throw over "economy" as gaily as anyone else, when it suits their particular sectional interests. They proceeded to protest against the immunity of co-operative societies from taxation of their "profits," oblivious of the fact that these are not, in the ordinary sense, profits at all, and that the whole operations of these societies rest on a radically different basis from ordinary capitalist enterprise. In the same spirit they demanded that the railways, as a statutorily recognised monopoly, should be debarred from competing in road transport. But the most astonishing of all their claims was that business organisations should be represented on municipal bodies. There is a kind of impudence in a particular organised interest expecting to have special representation on a body, the very principle of whose existence is election by the citizens as such. It is true of course that there is nothing sacred about the municipal principle. In the past the Chambers of Commerce really desired to substitute for our present local councils a kind of Soviet, representing business firms, Trade Unions, the professions, and the consumers (presumably through the local Co-operative Society), well and good. That is an intelligible and perfectly rational proposition, well worthy discussing. But what claim has "business" to a position of exclusive privileges as compared with the other functions composing the life of society? These people cannot think outside their own peculiar technique. And that is simply concerned with making profits; it does not aspire to any creative or constructive achievement. They never think of trying to co-ordinate their claims with those of other elements in the nation. They have no conception of any such entity as the community. They demand that the State shall keep them a clear ring for their pursuit of making profits for themselves and warn off all interference that might negatively help them, in any way that they may find convenient, in this agreeable occupation. But it must on no account interfere in the sense of limiting in the least the freedom of their operations, or controlling them, in any way, in the social interest; nor must it exact from them, in return for the abundant services which they expect from it, a penny more than they think it fit and proper to pay. But the public readily assumes that any evil, of which it has not heard much lately, must have been getting better of itself through the mere lapse of time. And it is difficult to keep up without cessation an effective publicity for any long-continued evil. Hence it is very necessary to remind people that the state of things in regard to unemployment is appalling. For months and months we have been repeatedly assured that a revival of trade is just going to begin. Quite recently there were the most confident assertions that now it really was markedly improving. And on the top of this we find that the number of registered unemployed has suddenly leapt up to well over 1,000,000. Not all the actual unemployed, of course, are registered; and beyond these there are over 300,000 claiming benefit on account of short time. Further, the fund for Government grants to local authorities in aid of schemes of work is exhausted. And Sir Alfred Mond can find no better way of helping his country in this crisis than to implore Boards of Guardians not to be too extravagant in giving relief! Yet how the truth stares us all in the face, if we had but the wit to open our eyes. It is not long since Sir Raymond Dennis naïvely informed us, almost in so many words, that the whole trouble is that we are so rich that we cannot afford to provide our people with a decent living. Manufacturers, too, are continually letting the cat out of the bag; it is a markedly Cheshire cat, which griningly reveals that restriction of output is taken for granted as a standing necessity in industry. The machinery of distribution is money; the engineering functions composing the life of society? These
Our Generation.

"I ask you to go though the crowded streets of a town," said Mr. H. G. Wells the other week, "and to note the many under-grown and ill-grown, the under-sized, the ill-behaved; to note the appeals to childish, prejudiced, and misshapen minds in the shop windows, in the advertisements, in the newspaper headlines at the street corners, and then to try and think of what might be there even new in the place of that street and that crowd." That is Mr. Wells in the role in which he has been of greatest significance to his generation, that is, as a man who has always had a capacity for feeling what is physically, or perhaps rather physiologically, degrading and humiliating in the lives of people. To him, dirt, bad health, and formless limbs are not merely misfortunes or accidents; they are definitely shameful; and in maintaining this, merely this, eloquently and popularly, he has been beneficent and right. There still lingers on, or, rather, there is still omnipotently strong, among the public, both educated and uneducated, the old idea that physical defects are "visitations," that they come from God, and consequently perhaps that one should not pay much attention to them. Now psychologically—for even our limbs, and the defects in them, are psychological—what does this mean? There are here people with every sort of bodily imperfection, people really—it comes out in the course of the day—that men will endure every hour in the day and even all that is to be expected! It is not merely the spirit or the personality that is beaten down, tyrannised into ignoble shapes, and lopped and disfigured; it is the body as well, and it is on the physical forms of men that the last seal of their slavery and their impotence is imprinted. The spirit bloweth where it listeth, but the body we have always with us; and it is the most astonishing sign of their lack of individuality and pride that men will endure every hour in the day and every day in a lifetime the effects of economic and intellectual bondage. Their very cells, one would have thought, would have risen and proclaimed a revolution, or, at any rate, have organised themselves into a new kind of brain, a brain which could think away their injustices, a brain which could do something or other. But what prevents this from happening is the belief, disguised and attenuated, that sickness is a "visitation" of God. And so the poor, this thing which has become the superstition that the sick man is "good"; among the intelligentsia it has been transformed into a prejudice in favour of maladies: in order to be distinguished, or even interesting, one must at least have neurasthenia. The satisfaction which the invalid takes in his misfortunes—his capacity to dramatise them—reinforces, of course, the power of this ancient piece of bad taste. The whole problem is prejudiced in this way by a host of superstitions, intellectual and otherwise, and it becomes at last difficult to discern disease even when it is before our eyes—or still nearer. But so long as we have in literature and art the praise of the neurotic, how can we expect ordinary men to be without some regard for their defects?

Prince Tokugawa's recently reported comment on modern religion as he observed it in practice at Washington is so witty and in some ways so penetrating that it will bear repetition. Asked whether the "hustle" of American reporters did not seem strange to him, he replied: "Indeed, yes. For instance, at the opening of the war a prayer was given by Rev. Mr. Abernethy. It was given out all nice and printed to reporters in advance. It reached your newspapers before it reached God." Now only one coming from a country in which religion can still command living reverence would think of making a remark like that, for only he would notice the matter at all. Prince Tokugawa, of course, came from Japan. But here in England we arrange things much as they do in America. Take the East Coast revival, a piece of spiritual journalism, but of sincere spiritual journalism. What are the religious "leaders" about to do with it? To turn it into a piece of regular journalism. According to the "Daily News," "the leaders of the English churches are watching the Scottish revival with much interest. For months they have been convinced that a religious revival was in the air, and if developments on sound lines became manifest they would help it forward." It is thought that the organisation "formed to assist" "will not now be long delayed." How do these excellent men propose to gather souls into the Kingdom? Not in the old, wholesale manner of Dr. Torrey, for the public have become finicky even about religion. "People are still suspicious of monster religious gatherings, the manufacture of emotionalism and the cracking machinery of certain forms of revivalism," says an anonymous leader, quoted by the "Daily News." They require now something more in accord with the essence of religion. We would have a drawback, and we sympathise with the proposed "central committee, composed of men representative of the Churches," who are expected to concentrate "on the right methods" and to secure "the best available men to conduct the meetings." Their resolve to "play the game" even in religion puts them at a disadvantage, however much it may fill us with admiration. Still—"with such a committee strategic centres might be formed without an undue amount of organisation and sensational advertising." Shades of Matthew Arnold!—"to name no greater name." "Without an undue amount of... sensational advertising"! But these serious gentlemen already speak to the Press only, and in the very voice of the Press, for it is to be hoped that proposals and language of this kind take a long time in reaching the ear of God. The matter is not any the less important because it is half a matter of taste, and half a matter of superstition. We literally do not know what god these people believe in; but we know that any human being of probity and intellectual cleanliness would be ashamed if his disciples were to win him adherents by methods such as these. He would not by no means be pleased by his "kingdom"; but that might not embarrass, nevertheless, his subjects, for not a few of these enter the kingdom not for the glory of the kingdom, but for their own glory. In sum, what does the whole affair amount to? To a vulgarisation of religion, to a degradation of the Church to the level of the Press and the advertising houses. Are the Church leaders who are preparing to exploit the "revival" concerned chiefly for religion, or for their churches, standing lean and bare? It is really a pity that a movement so irrelevant and so useless should be encouraged to spread at a time when real issues, spiritual and economic, need all our attention. The duty of the Church towards the revival is perfectly clear: it is to cool it down with a few icy drops of theology—teaching. But the issue would be simpler and more salutary if the Church had become, as Dean Inge some time ago advised it to become, acquainted with psychology. Then it could have psycho-analysed these fishers of red-herrings.

Edward Moore.

Markandeya said—

If in the balance one did weigh one thousand Horse-sacrifices, and did pose with Truth, I know not whether these as That would weigh One half so heavy even. T.

Bikha na said—

Forbearance from injuriousness, the truth, Forgiveness, pity, self-restraint and truth, Of Righteousness these are the indications. T.
From Sydney to the Golden Mile.

By Grant Madison Hervey.

(Editor of the "Mildura and Merbein Sun," N.S.W.)

III.—A CONVICT EPOCH.

The people of New Zealand, like those of the Australian State of Victoria, which has never known what it means to be a convict settlement, do not know how much they have to be thankful for. Only twelve hundred odd miles or so away from Sydney, the inhabitants of the land of the Maori live a life as far removed, in spirit and tone, from that of the New South Walesians, as the spirit of English Nonconformity is distant from the ethics of the jungle or Osaka's Yoshiwari means to be a convict settlement, do not know how remarkable ex-Welsh statesman, the Australians have spirit and tone, from that of the New South everywhere, if they are interested at all, want their observers to write of the Australians in general in much they have to be thankful for. Only twelve

moral fields of experience. New South Wales, and Australian State to share in the great war? Admitting the somewhat strident drum-bangings of terms of fulsome praise. Because of the war, and of fair and brave New England, a fine transcendent air. painted Oliver Cromwell fashion, warts and all.

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the city of Sydney in particular, is the lowest. Victoria is a great step upward. And then, in New Zealand, one reaches the apex; and breathes, as if within some fair and brave New England, a fine transcendent air.

It is the fashion nowadays for superficial foreign observers to write of the Australians in general in terms of fulsome praise. Because of the war, and of the somewhat strident drum-bangings of a not very remarkable ex-Welsh statesman, the Australians have been chocked with adulation; and a few have lost their heads. But the best kind of people in every land, everywhere, if they are interested at all, want their critics to be honest with them. They prefer to be painted Oliver Cromwell fashion, warts and all.

Consequently, it is no insult to Australia, but merely a very simple and perhaps highly useful fact, to point out that the number of Australians who went abroad during the war period 1914-1918 just about equalled the number of soldiers that Ohio—a State measuring exactly forty thousand square miles in area—raised for the rest of the war-time and post-war period, Australia, for the rest of the universe has been summed up in the one word, Hughes. And the universe is getting tired. The world wants to know just exactly who Mr. Hughes is, anyway. And in America, most especially, there is a tendency to ask Australia whether there is nobody else on the map? Any man with a little bit less of the arrogant Squeers in his make-up? For the horrible suspicion grows that the worst kind of a Squeers is, like Mr. Hughes, a transposed and badly inflated village Smike.

It is highly necessary, at this juncture in the world's history, that people everywhere should understand that Mr. Hughes is in no sense a representative of any of the ascending planes in the moral and spiritual complexes of Australia; but that the whole career of such a man is to be explained in the descending psychological terms of a State like New South Wales. In plain English, that State is the old reactionary, slave-owning Virginia of Australia. It began as a slave State, based industrially upon the exploitation of forced white labour—the free-granted labour, in short, of thousands of convicts transported for very trivial offences from England—and it remained a slave-State to the present day. Only, in the case of the American Virginia, a Jefferson, so soon as the national system of government had been launched under the Presidential argis of a Washington, came luck to set his State in order. Many ancient things were peremptorily swept into oblivion. And to crown all, Virginia, stretching to the Mississippi, gave up to the Federal Government vast stretches of her unwidly western territory; thus enabling a whole tier of brand new trans-Alleghany States like Ohio to be framed.

Ohio, of course, was part of the great North-Western Territory ceded to America by England at the Treaty of Paris. But without that initial noble territorial act of surrender made by the State of Virginia, American development might have been retarded, and held for all eternity east of the Atlantic tier of mountains, exactly as the development of Australia has been. Here, it is east and south of the Pacific range, bending westward at Mount Kosciusko into the State of Victoria, that all real progress has taken place. And the explanation lies in the fact that the Australian Virginia has never had a statesman. No Jefferson has ever come back from the Federal arena to sweep away the wretched refuse of the old convict system. And, above all, there has never been a national Government of any portion of the huge, undeveloped central-western territory; where fact is that statesmen in Australia are like snakes in Iceland; and if a Goethals appeared he would be shot at sight. Australia has got to that pass of sham-religious, meanly sectarian bickering in which all sense of proportion disappears, and it must be admitted that the worst sectarian that ever sedulously set about the stirring up of strife in Australia is the gentleman who holds the office of Prime Minister, Mr. William Morris-Hughes. From the top downwards, Australia has had the worst example set by the man who should have been foremost in welding together the effective forces of the nation. Indeed, but for the pernicious activities of such a Prime Minister, it might have been quite possible for the effective field forces of Australia, during the war period, to have totalled a million men.

Mr. Hughes kept away from the war more men than he sent. Mr. Hughes has never understood Australia; has always, in the American phrase, when it came to a show-down, been repudiated by Australia; and it has been a profound misfortune for the Australian Commonwealth that its only spokesman abroad, ever since 1914, should have been this screaming nonentity. Mr. Watt, it is true, was allowed to play ambassador abroad for Australia during the space of about five minutes, as was also Senator Millon; but during the rest of the war-time and post-war period, Australia, for the rest of the universe has been summed up in the one word, Hughes. And the universe is getting tired. The world wants to know just exactly who Mr. Hughes is, anyway. And in America, most especially, there is a tendency to ask Australia whether there is nobody else on the map? Any man with a little bit less of the arrogant Squeers in his make-up? For the horrible suspicion grows that the worst kind of a Squeers is, like Mr. Hughes, a transposed and badly inflated village Smike.

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there is room along the Murray and the Darling Rivers for half a score of States like Ohio and Kentucky; and the whole of which dominion lies under the dead hand of New South Wales.

In the beginning, in 1788, that State or Colony comprised the whole of Australia. It has resisted with a frantic jealousy the breaking-off of every fragment. When the Port Phillip portion was detached, some sixty years ago, to become the Colony of Victoria, the rage of the old convict-owning squattocracy, across the River Murray, knew no bounds. And that intensely hostile, bitter and jealously narrow spirit survives in Sydney, in all official circles, down to the present day. And yet there is such a thing as the present time as a united Australian Commonwealth at all, and that there is any kind of a national policy, other than one of sheep-growing under convict auspices, New South Wales owes to Victoria. From that State, resting upon a clean and honest, unspoiled, sociological basis like New Zealand, almost every idea that has made for the development of Australia has proceeded. New South Wales originates nothing; blocks progress everywhere, and is always at least a day and a half—one might with very perfect justice substitute a century and a half—behind the rest of the show.

What difference, then, we may well ask, does a convict-epoch make? Over in New Zealand, in a tiny country whose total area is about one-fourth of that of the United States of America, one discovers a strong and homogeneous people, united in everything, wonderfully brave and Imperial, unsullied and unspoiled. Their war effort, made from such a microscopical land, as compared with the three million square miles which comprise Australia, is indeed something worthy for the world to think about; and in every direction the general forward-moving conditions in New Zealand, as contrasted with the broken-down spinal aspect of Australia, make the visitor pause. The secret is that New Zealand is clean. There were never any English convicts dumped into that country, and so no bitterly reactionary slave-owning class of proprietors arose. In Australia, on the other hand, although Victoria and the adjoining State of South Australia are historically clean, all their moral and political velocity is counter-weighted and made null by the New South Wales mess.

Out of that mass into the Federal Australian limelight, some twenty years ago, crawled Mr. Hughes. Having learnt all the tricks and artifices of politics in what is possibly the most corrupt State Legislature in any English-speaking country, he turned his talents of the lash to the Federal service of Labour. He arose in the Australian House of Representatives in the capacity of a verbal flogger; gibed the Right Hon. G. H. Reid and other New South Wales wielders of the oratorical lash to a standstill; and so secured a certain kind of fame. Then, he had for his constituency a political basis of wharf labourers; gentlemen who are very useful in their own private capacity, but whose judgment in political affairs values the venom behind the lash above the vigilance of the statesman. Hughes, in fact, arose in Australian public life as a sort of New South Welshan synthesis. He is a political product, in plain language, of that Australian rogue-State which has inherited corruption from all the English centuries. His real place awaits him. New South Wales, as in the year 1901, is still the great obstacle to the development of a truly national Australia. It always has been, it always will be, until a Jefferson arises and the old, official traditions and convict-minded notions are scattered to the winds. Mr. Hughes, therefore, will do nothing to recognise the writing on the wall. There is room and space for him to wield the lash in the one job that he has never filled—that of Premier in the State of New South Wales.

Social Analysis.

That psycho-analysis should be applied to sociology and the study of the various and conflicting parties at present in the world is right and proper. Nor is it too early that it should be so applied, and here is the first book upon the matter that has appeared in England. It is by Kolnai, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul, and consists, in its most interesting section, of a reductive analysis of Anarchist Communism. Kolnai writes as a Freudian. In the first part of his book he postulates definitely the conceptions of primitive society that are to be found in "Totem and Taboo," followed by father-domination, followed by rebellion against the father. Whatever we may think of Freud's arguments and hypotheses in support of this, there is no doubt that the earliest religions were mother-religions, the next, Judaism and early Christianity, were religions of the father, and now on the horizon is the religion of the son. But it is only at present on the horizon, not realised, not brought into consciousness, and therefore Kolnai's analyses of the present expressions of father-revolt are most pertinent and valuable. For most revolutionary movements are counter-weighted and made null by the unconscious, the dream state; and it is for this reason that they come to grief when carried out in consciousness—witness Bolshevism. It is as if a man were to attempt to carry out his dream literally, without any attempt to interpret the symbols in terms of the waking state.

Kolnai studies Anarchism, Communism, Marxism, and Bolshevism. The first he calls "the faithful social projection of the uterus," pure parricide and incest-wish. The second, arises from a social regressive tenacity in the direction of the mother of the primitive father, in conflict with the contemporary, greatly sublimated manifestation of the father image. Marxism he calls a social psychosis, as indeed it is, and points the analogy between this system and paranoia. We must remark here that he comments on the Marxian delusions of persecution. This is not quite fair, for to be in receipt of a subsistence-level wage is not a delusion of persecution. He is also a little adrift here in his comparison between Marxism and early Christianity; as indeed I think he sees for himself. Bolshevism is "between the direct regression of anarchism and the paranoid regression of Marxist socialism." And he has a section on proletarian ideology that is perhaps the most important in the book. Here he says, "The proletarian detests the authoritative elements of capitalism in their extant forms, but owing to his complete subordination and subjection he is incompetent to overcome them in the world of reality," and comments on the "Capitalist interest in keeping wages down—an interest hostile to production." When he comes to a solution of the problem he can only suggest a "further sublimation of the father principle," which is true enough, but which he can only call "liberal socialism," a pleasant phrase, but meaningless as it stands.

Now let us criticise this. It is not necessary, in the first place, that father-revolt should entail mother-regression; the error of Oedipus was that he stopped in the unconscious, the unconscious. The true myth-symbol to be followed is Prometheus. Kolnai does appear to see this, but, as we have seen, can suggest nothing more than "liberal socialism," a phrase. In the second place, it seems to me, that while he analyses the proletarian side of the question well and with tolerable thoroughness, he does so with something too much of a bias towards Capitalism. In fact he tends to confuse Capitalism with the "reality-principle," and consequently pays much less than a proper attention to Capitalist analysis. The whole book moves.
ments that he analyses can rightly enough be classified under regression from the "reality-principle." But Kolnai seems to me to take this "reality-principle" much too much for granted. Actually the "reality-principle" today consists half of reality and half of the wage-system, which again is dependent upon the present credit-system, and which is in psychological language the inhibiting father-image, or Mammon, as Kenneth Richmond has said. And the nuclear complex of the world-neurosis is a Mammon-complex. It is unfortunate, to say the least, that this complex should be regarded as a "reality-principle." The true reality principle is in psychological language the Libido, in economic terms, Credit. The complexes that inhibit recognition of this are all those psychological traits that go to make what Jung calls the infantile personality, and what Freud calls the unconscious. Let us try to tabulate them. On the capitalist-financier side is a power-complex (Adlerian) with subsidiary anal erotism. It is worth noticing as we pass that the analytic complex is the link between the Freudian and the Adlerian theories. Conspiration may be a "masculine protest"—the child that will not "do his duty" because mother scolded him—or a sexual gratification, or an admixture of both in any proportion. And overlying these complexes, which are at the root of the wish to cling to the gold-standard, are affects of hostility and guilt that effectively blind the individuals concerned—produce, in other words, resistances to either analysis or alteration of the system for which they are now responsible. The wage-slave on his side "comes up against" this system for reasons Kolnai has noted. The system inhibits his libido-sublimation, psycho-synthesis, chokes his expression, checks his individual development, puts a brick wall in front of him. Up comes power-complex again, but from another aspect. Where one man owns a Rolls-Royce and ninety-nine men drive a tinker's cart, there is an accent of inferiority with compensatory revolt. Where the affect is overpowering and the intellect stunned, as happens with the libido-inhibition of the wage-slave (I include the so-called professional man), this revolt is going to be crude, will be in fact as Kolnai says, a plain incest wish. And this again will be covered with a resistance barrier of hostility and guilt feelings. Looking at the problem in another and perhaps more accurate way, the revolt begins in the deeps of the unconscious and works its way from affect to dream state, and then into consciousness. Where there is self-consciousness or, if you will, self-consciousness, is not equal to living up to the unconscious, there the dream will begin to actualise itself as a dream. That is the state of the Communism that Kolnai analyses, and he rightly accuses the Communists of "El-Dorado phantasies," pointing out that they "aspire to found a society with undeveloped organisation in conjunction with marvellously developed technique." They have failed in the right interpretation of the dream state of their revolt, and so are fallen into a regression, become as blind as Oedipus. Lenin also is an incestuous one. As was said in "The New Age" long ago, Bolshevism is Capitalism reversed.

The iron hand crushed the tyrant's head, And became a tyrant in his stead.

Bolshevism and High Finance are a pair of opposites, and "Be ye free from the pairs of opposites," says the Bhagavad-Gita.

What then remains? As Kolnai indicates, not only the death but the regeneration of the father. God is made of the values extracted from Mammon. Libido can only be sublimated when drawn out of complexes. That process that the Freudians call only regression is actually an introversion. And introversion can be either a psychic death or a strenuous meditation. It should lead through and beyond the infantile complexes.

J. A. M. Alcock.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The authors of the new play at the Shaftesbury have turned to the American War of Independence for their period, but their subject is a familiar one of melodrama, and their treatment of it is very uncertain. Their intention is not to interpret the historical issue in terms of individuals, but to create a romantic, mythical personage suffering the usual fate of a hero of melodrama. "The Rattlesnake" is Harry Latimer, who, in the first act, seems to be rather a devil of a fellow, a leader of at least the younger rebels, and with great powers of control over the mob. He has all the usual qualifications of a melodramatic hero; he puts his head in the lion's mouth by going on board a British man-of-war, he controls the mob so that it permits the Governor to go to the ball, he forces an entry to the ball himself, is challenged by three officers, is insulted by the host, fights a duel and, most heroically, withholds his fire, and departs amid maledictions and threats of vengeance—and altogether, one expected him to be a born in the side of the English, the De Wet of Carolina, the Michael Collins of the revolted Provinces, the synthesis of all those who have fought for freedom from British rule. He nearly quoted Byron's comment on the loyal toast:

"God save the King!" It is a large economy In God to save the like; but if He will Be saving, all the better; for not one am I Of those who think damnation better still. There he was, equipped with everything that should make him the hero of a melodrama, a suave insolence, undaunted courage, fine swordsmanship, a dangerous elopement, a political passion and significance—although he might have quoted Mirabeau to his challengers: "Monsieur, I have put you on my list. I cannot promise you an early meeting, as you will have to take your turn." But the authors change their mind after the first act. "The Rattlesnake" is not to be developed into a Fred Terry part; their mood apparently is more like that of Hotspur raging:

And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales But that I think his father loves him not, And would be glad he met with some mischance, I'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

The authors of "The Rattlesnake" show us, in the next two acts, the snake without his rattle, subject to the machinations of the man he had refused to shoot, his honour becoming suspect, his love for his wife undermined, his very life jeopardised by so complicated a plot that neither I nor the authors have been able to unravel it.

Here is the case in summary. Harry Latimer had married the daughter of Andrew Carey, had fought the duel with Carey, and, as I have said, withheld his fire, and Carey had, we are told, devoted his life to vengeance on Latimer. His notorious Royalist sympathies, strangely enough, have not sufficed to warrant his arrest, when, five years later, Charles Town is beleaguered by the British troops; and Harry Latimer, although apparently aide-de-camp to the General or Chief of Staff or in some unspecified position of confidence and full acquaintance with the military plans, permits his wife to visit her father. There is a leakage of information to the British, and Latimer's wife is under suspicion of conveying information to her father.

The iron hand crushed the tyrant's head, And became a tyrant in his stead.

Bolshevism and High Finance are a pair of opposites, and "Be ye free from the pairs of opposites," says the Bhagavad-Gita.

What then remains? As Kolnai indicates, not only the death but the regeneration of the father. God is made of the values extracted from Mammon. Libido can only be sublimated when drawn out of complexes. That process that the Freudians call only regression is actually an introversion. And introversion can be either a psychic death or a strenuous meditation. It should lead through and beyond the infantile complexes.
—a suspicion that Latimer first floats, and finally accepts. He prises his wife with what he believes to be false information (it turns out to be true), the British are apprised, the surprise attack fails —a certain loathing is obviously the motive of the criminal—and the last act is devoted to unravelling the complications, and to proving her innocence.

But what no one seems to observe is that, even if she were acquitted on this one charge, there still remains the mystery of the previous leakages of information. The test case does not dispose of the fact that information known to parties to the same case has been conveyed to the enemy, and the wife was the only person with enemy associations. Had the case been tried by court-martial (always a good melodramatic scene), the authors could not have lost themselves and their audience in the more of their own ingenuity. The fact of leakage remained, even if her heroine’s innocence were triumphantly vindicated in this one case; and John Rutledge showed less than his usual acuteness in not making the point. Mrs. Latimer remains under suspicion.

But, and here is one of the chief dramatic defects of the play, we are nowhere conscious of any activity of Andrew Carey. We are told that he is mad for revenge, that he is spinning a coil that shall enmesh Latimer, that his plots are most deeply laid and complicated—and we find him improvising lies in the test case, and having no other evidence of his hostility to Latimer. Obviously, he did not prepare the test case; that was Latimer’s inspiration; and an antagonist who does nothing does not provide dramatic conflict. If Shylock, for example, had not played that long hazard of the bond, his ‘hate, and a certain loathing,’ would not have been obvious; and Andrew Carey had set nothing in motion against Latimer, a strange oversight on the part of a maniac for revenge. Malice was not a component of the character of Micawber. But what a decension from an heroic melodrama to a spy play, and a Third Degree examination! Marriage usually makes a man settle down; but if this is what comes of marrying in the first act, the sooner we revert to the old tradition of marriage bells at the end of the play the better. There was not even a baby to play with the Rattlesnake’s discarded rattle (surely the Caro-

linians were not also Malthusians!), and we are denied another Scarlet Pimpernel for the sake of a lot of complicated cobweb-spinning. Perhaps, though, “The Rattlesnake” is intended to exemplify Tennyson’s conies of marrying in the first act, the sooner we revert to the old tradition of marriage bells at the end of the play the better. There was not even a baby to play with the Rattlesnake’s discarded rattle (surely the Caro- linians were not also Malthusians!), and we are denied another Scarlet Pimpernel for the sake of a lot of complicated cobweb-spinning. Perhaps, though, “The Rattlesnake” is intended to exemplify Tennyson’s Pimpernel, which “dozed on the ker” because of Maud.

Actors like Mr. Fisher White, Mr. Milton Rosmer, and Mr. Franklin Dyall are wasted on that sort of stuff. Apparently they have not at command the old melodramatic style, and they try to make these characters natural, credible, intelligible, anything but sensational. Subtlety is wasted on such parts; no one would ever want to miss Mr. Dyall’s spy, for example, but we ought to. He is just the villain in love with the heroine, a slimy black villain contrasted with the radiantly white innocent hero, redeemed only by his love for her from the last abyss of perfidy that threatened to engulf her. Melodrama is an exercise in emotional morals, and Mr. Dyall’s genius for intellectual inter-rogation and characterisation is wasted here. Mr. Milton Rosmer forget that in making the hero credible he deprived him of heroic style and stature; he ought to be the personality of the play, but he is swamped by John Rutledge, played by Mr. Edward O’Neill, and is always second. Mrs. Latimer’s wife is the spy—and the last act is devoted to unravelling the complications, and to proving her innocence.

Music.

PHILHARMONIC STRING QUARTET. Chelsea Town Hall. It is satisfactory to see that the audience grows steadily bigger at the Philharmonic Concerts, and the String Qua-}

The New Age
N. GONTCHAROVA. PORTRAIT.

M. LARIIONOW. "THE KATZAP VENUS."
Readers and Writers.

The daily papers devote so much of their space to the description of crimes of various kinds that I am now beginning to wonder whether the notion, that even in these literary notes, too, I ought to be pleasing my readers with "vivid," "sensational" and "tragic" details of literary crimes. Why should the murder of the King's subjects occupy their attention always, and never the murder of the King's English? As for theft and larceny, I recently came across as neat a case of plagiarism as ever was ravelled in the police courts; and this, too, must some time be told. There are many other literary crimes, and at risk of becoming the sponsor of a literary equivalent of the "Police Gazette," I cannot refrain from referring to the murder of the King's subjects in this instance be content with presenting the case to the jury. I will refer to it as Cabell v. Shanks.

Here are the details. A few years ago Mr. James Branch Cabell had published a book in New York, entitled "Jurgen," which after a few months was suppressed—not by the police, but by a semi-private Puritan organisation known, I believe, as the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The Society invoked the aid of the law, sequesters the publisher's stock of whatever publication it objects to, and leaves it to a jury to say whether the document in question is not indecent. In American courts, the author and publisher are assumed guilty until they can persuade a jury that they are innocent, and this is an easy task in a Puritan country, deeply convicted of original sin. "Jurgen" was sequestered and, despite the protests of most American writers and critics of standing, publication had to be suspended. The case has not yet come into the American courts. A few months ago Messrs. John Lane brought out an English edition of "Jurgen," review copies of which went out and met a favourable reception in most cases. I myself wrote about "Jurgen" at some length in the "Times' Literary Supplement" last summer—reviewing the original edition—and a part of my comments are reprinted at the end of the new edition. I pointed out, by the way, that the salacious passages which the Society thought it had discovered in the book were, in fact not those which one might have really expected to attract it; the Society is too stupid to use its imagination and contented itself with denouncing perfectly innocuous passages in which such wicked words as "nightdress" occurred. Actually the book, a mediæval romance, is Rabelaisian in style—in the best sense, it seems to me—and, as I wrote, it would be a waste of time to read it for salacities; "one would as soon go to a troubadour for smoking-room stories."

Then, gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Edward Shanks came into possession of a review copy. This is a sentence from his report upon it in the "London Mercury": "A rambling narrative, poor and mild in invention, devoid of poetic imagination, War-dour Street, relieved by cheap flippancy, in its style, and, in its audacities, sniggering, sly and disagreeable." And reviewing the same book in the "Spectator," Mr. Shanks refers to this particular brand of 'Imagination' which Mr. Cabell peddles at twenty-five shillings the time. It is not for me to object to severe criticism—I wish Mr. Shanks would more often indulge in it, at the expense of English writers too. But I think it not too much to say that the sentence I have quoted from his "London Mercury" is rather hysterical than severe. I cannot, as the defending counsel did when "Mademoiselle de Maupin" was indicted by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, read out the whole book in court—he won his case, I may add, and the Society had to pay heavy damages—but I think Mr. Shanks might have reflected that a book about which two people of such different tastes as Mr. Hugh Walpole and myself—there is no need to bring American critics into the witness-box—have written with enthusiasm can hardly be as bad as he pretends to make out. Mr. Shanks may account my judgment not worth a rush, but he will hardly extend his contempt to Mr. Walpole's. I think it was discourteous of him to sweep our united praise away with such a flourish of abuse for the book we have championed. However, I do not feel injured by the kick from Mr. Shanks' mare's nest for, as I say, his remarks seem to me the product rather of nerves than of serious judgment. He surely cannot, for example, have forgotten that Mr. Cabell lives on his sole right and not by the prudence of his friend, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, As soon as I read this my mind went back to the Hewlett-Cabell controversy in the New York "Literary Review" last year.

Mr. Hewlett wrote a review in that paper of Mr. Cabell's earlier mediæval story "Figures of Earth," also now published, by the way, by Messrs. John Lane, but at a reasonable price. Mr. Hewlett said that Mr. Cabell's book was pretentious nonsense, imitated badly from the works of better writers. He accused Mr. Cabell also of stupid misuse and muddling of mediæval names and place-names. For example, he said, Mr. Cabell's hero "crosses the Bay of Biscay in time to reach Provence from Albania." And then, he added, Mr. Cabell wantonly juggles with mediæval words. "I have not the heart to go on," he went on; "if I had, I would ask him what a 'geas' is. He makes great play with the word until he gets tired of it, using it in the sense of a spell. If it is his own invention it does not pull weight. I know something myself about the thirteenth century, but not that word." In short, Mr. Hewlett anticipated Mr. Shanks' attacks but made them rather more plausible. It was a most hostile review. Mr. Cabell's reply, which was at least much more moderate in tone than Mr. Hewlett's original article, answered his critic in detail. He pointed out, for example, that Albania is a mediæval name for Scotland, and the word "geas" a common one in Gaelic legend. He showed indeed that in knowledge of the matters under discussion he was far more erudite than the author of the attack upon him. Some weeks later Mr. Hewlett, in a further letter delayed in transmission from England, deplored that Mr. Cabell should have lost his temper! All the honours, in fact, rested with the Virginian. How careful we must all be in future not to criticise Mr. Hewlett with any severity, and especially not to answer him back when he attacks with faulty weapons? For we may easily have Mr. Shanks on our track if we do. Or are these two unlucky attacks upon Mr. Cabell (Mr. Hewlett's and Mr. Shanks') only the product of coinci-
The Note-Books of T. E. Hulme.
(Edited by Herbert Read.)

II.—CINDERS (continued).

This new view may perhaps be caricatured by saying that the bad is fundamental, and that the good is arti-

ficially built up in it and out of it, like oases in the

desert, or as cheerful houses in the storm.

(Two parts: (1) All cinders; (2) the part built up.

So the question: How far built up and how far given

us? The question of the pliability of the world.)

All is flux. The moralists, the capital letterists,

attempt to find a framework outside the flux, a solid

bank for the river, a pier rather than a raft. Truth is

what helps a particular sect in the general flow.

School children at a fountain (moved mechanically

by thirst), to someone looking down from above, appear

as a pure instinctive mechanical act. Cf.—ants—we are

unable to ascertain the subtler reasons which move

them. They all look alike. Hence Humpty-Dumpty’s

remark about human faces is seen to be the foundation

of all science and all philosophy.

Only in the fact of consciousness is there a unity in

the world. Cf. Oxford Street at 2 a.m. All the mud,

endless, except where bound together by the spectator.

Unity is made in the world by drawing squares over it.

We are able to get along these at any rate—cf.

railway line in desert. (Always the elusive as seen

in maps. Ad infinitum.)

The squares include cinders—always cinders.

No unity of laws, but merely of the sorting machine.

Cf. Gaultier.

Formerly, one liked theories because they reduced

the world to a single principle. Now the same reason
disgusts us. The flats of Canada are incomprehensible

on any single theory. The world only comprehensible

on the cinder theory.

The same old fallacy persists—the desire to intro-
duce a unity in the world: (1) the mythologists made

it a woman or an elephant; (2) the scientists made fun

of the mythologists, but themselves turned the world

into the likeness of a mechanical toy. They were more

concerned with models than with woman (woman

troubled them and hence their particular form of

flattering to our sense of power over the world.

(a) They are moved—out of the cinder heap.

(b) They are moved—into the likeness of a mechanical toy.

(c) They are moved—into the likeness of a mechanical toy.

(d) They are moved—into the likeness of a mechanical toy.

Sometimes one sees that something must be done.

But mainly deserts of dirt, ashpits of the cosmos, grass

on ashpits. No universal ego, but a few definite

persons gradually built up.

Nature as the accumulation of the memories of man.

Certain groups of ideas as huts for men to live in.

The Act of Creation.

Truth is always seen to lie in a compromise. All
clear cut ideas turn out to be wrong. Analogy to real

things, which are artificially picked out of the general

law of flow of cinders.

Cf. the wandering attention in the library. Some-
times one seems to have definite clear cut moments,

but not afterwards.

I. Nature. Scenery as built up by man. Oases in

the desert of grit.

II. Extended to the whole of the world.

III. But the microscope. Things revealed, not

created, but there before, and also seem to be in an

order.

IV. Before man other powers created in the strug-

gle.

V. So man was gradually built up, and man’s

world was gradually built up at the same time.

Evolution of colour; dim perception of it in the

amoeba; evolved—the whole modern world of colour

built up from this; gradually made more counter-like

and distinct.

There is no inevitable order into which ideas must

be shifted.

We live in a room, of course, but the great question

for philosophy is: how far have we decorated the room,

and how far was it made before we came? Did we

merely decorate the room, or did we make it from

chaos? The laws of nature that we certainly do find

—what are they?

In an organised city it is not easy to see the cinder

element of earth—all is banished. But it is easy to see

it psychologically. What the Nominalists call the grit

in the machine, I call the fundamental element of the

machine.

Properly to estimate the true purpose of absolute

philosophy, it should be realised as reducing every-
things to number, the only rational and logical solution

from the point of view that dares to conceive relation

as of more importance than the persons related.

The eyes, the beauty of the world, have been

organised out of the faces. Man returns to dust. So

does the face of the world to primate cinders.

A girl’s ball-dress and shoes are symbolic of the

world organised (in counters) from the mud. Separate

from contact.

Only the isolated points seem to have any value, so

how can the world be said to be designed? Rather

we may say that gradually certain points are being

designed.

The two moods in life.

I. Ill in bed, toothache, W.C. in the Atlantic—the

disorganised, withdrawn-into-oneself mood.

II. Flying along in the wind (in the hair, on

a motor ’bus). Or evolving a new theory. The

impersonal feeling.

The Symbol of the Circle.

Taken mystically—then all peculiarities of the human

organism must have their counterpart in the construc-

tion of the world.

E.g.—Illness and a reversion to chaos.

Man is in the chaos highly organised, but liable to re-

vert to chaos at any moment. Happiness and ecstasy

at present unstable. Walking in the street, seeing

pretty girls (all chaos put into the drains: not seen)

and wondering what they would look like ill. Men laugh-

nothing. (So the Real New Realism is something be-

yond names. World cannot be O because O is opposed
to human psychology.)

A landscape with occasional oases. So now and

then we are moved—at the theatre, action, a love.

But mainly deserts of dirt, ashpits of the cosmos, grass

on ashpits. No universal ego, but a few definite

persons gradually built up.

Nature as the accumulation of the memories of man.

Certain groups of ideas as huts for men to live in.

The Act of Creation.
ing at a bar—but wait till the fundamental chaos reveals itself.

Ennui and disgust, the sick moments—not an occasional lapse or disease, but the fundamental ennui and chaos out of which the world has been built, and which is as necessary to it as the listeners are to intellectuals. The old world order of queens and pawns.

The apparent scientific unity of the world may be due to the fact that man is a kind of sorting machine. "I must tell someone" as the final criterion of philosophy, the raison d'être of the human circle symbol.

(To be continued.)

Mr. R. A. Stephens and Geometry

By D. S. McColl

When I saw, too late for reply in last week's number, Mr. Stephens' article of January 12 ("Mr. D. S. McColl v. Cézanne") I was delighted, for I said, Here is someone really trying to tackle me on "designing in depth," which has become a pass-word for the bigots due to the fact that man is as necessary to it as the listeners are to intellectuals.

Mr. Stephens' diagram better represents the main lines of the composition. But the give-and-take in a picture always allows room for difference on this head, and I need my space for more radical points. Suppose, then, Mr. Stephens' lines to be Cézanne's, let us ask whether they bear out his argument.

His main point is that the design of the picture is not in triangles but in pyramids. I will not delay over a minor confusion; when Mr. Stephens speaks of a pyramid he really means a cone, or else a many-sided pyramid, the form that in Nature would include each of these groups. There is no reason to adopt a four-sided pyramid. But, and more important so far as the picture is concerned, those "pyramids" as he draws them are not pyramids. When a cube is drawn in perspective its outline becomes, on the picture-plane, not a square but a hexagon. So Mr. Stephens' FGHI and ABXD are projected as quadrilaterals, and even so they are not complete within the picture, but break out beyond it. If, then, Cézanne was thinking in pyramids, he had forgotten his picture, which does not contain them. But it is only Mr. Stephens who is thinking in pyramids. Solidity, in a picture, is only an inference, not a fact. When I see the lines of a hexagon I judge whether I am intended to think of it as a cube, but I see it as a hexagon, and as a hexagon it must fight with or agree with the other forms that make up the design. The design of forms in a picture (and in a statue, and in architecture, though I must not stop to argue it) is design in the flat. Their solidity is a deduction, something not given, but imagined.

What are the marks from which we make such a deduction? They are mainly three. In drawing (1) Perspective, which includes the diminution of forms by distance from the eye, and their foreshortening by the angle under which the eye sees them. In painting (2) Chiaroscuro, in the two devices of shading and cast shadow, and (3) Values, the effect upon colour of the angle it presents to the light, and upon tone and colour of the depth at which they are seen, and the degree of opacity through which they are seen. The problem of design in painting is to suggest the roundness and depth of the objects represented, but never so that variations in tone and colour and the shapes of shadow near and distant cease to play their part in the flat side by side, to be judged in that juxtaposition.

Now what is Cézanne's special attitude or habit towards this problem, and how does he use the means of suggestion for depth and solidity enumerated above? Cézanne was rather an eye and a temperament than a mind, and the eye has a kind of squint. He is therefore a confused painter. His perspective is admittedly groggy; if we accepted the indication he gives of linear perspective and foreshortening we should arrive at very queer shapes. He is not one of the painters, like Raphael or Mantegna, who command perspective as an engine of art and love to parcel out their
space precisely; Mantegna sometimes dividing his ground like a chessboard, on which he sets his receding forms. It is doubtful whether he could have done this had he wanted to; but he does not want to. He throws away, as I have pointed out, in this water-colour, the most obvious feature in perspective, the diminution of forms in recession. He employs a narrow foreground and a single scale, so that the forms and other objects suggest not the pit of space, but a low relief. Of ‘receding planes,’ in any clear sense, there are none. The deep ‘pyramids’ or cones of Nature are reduced to shallow triangles.

What then, about the other means, Chiaroscuro and Values? To understand his habits in respect to these, we must refer to the clearer cases, Monet and Monet, who stand on either side, both under the influence of Oriental art. This influence drove the chiaroscuro tradition of Rembrandt, and brought colour, for its own sake to the front. Monet reduced the field of shadow by lighting his subject from the front, and reduced the complexities of shadow practically to three steps; tone, half-tone, narrow shadow. Monet went further: he compressed the variations of tone within a shallow, bright register, so that they read as variations of tint rather than of tone. He simplified shadow, but kept its colour. The tendency of such painting was towards an art like mediæval glass painting, illumination, enamel, or Oriental painting, viz., cloison outline and flat colour-filling, away from the sounding of space and shadow, which was the passion of Rembrandt. On the other hand, a play of atmospheric values remained to hint at the solidity and depth of the real world. Cézanne was involved in this movement; to put him up, therefore, as the standard-bearer of depth-design is to be on the wrong tack altogether.

How does the misunderstanding arise? In this way. Besides the directly representational means of suggesting solidity enumerated above there are three other devices. To make a form look as solid as in nature, and more solid than in a photograph, one device is to amplify it, the method of Rubens. A concomitant device is borrowed from chiaroscuro, viz., to thicken the contour, the method of Daumier. In each of these methods, if, within those strong contours, the spaces are very little cut up by interior modelling, the visual attack made will persuade the imagination of solidity, and if solidity only is wanted in a head, to leave out or minimise the features is the easiest way to secure it. The third device, in painting, is to make the paint itself very solid and slab. Now there is no doubt that Cézanne revolted from the cutting up of the object into little facets of light after Monet’s fashion. He wanted his objects to exist as detached wholes, brutally. He instinctively employed the devices I have described, and by doing so enjoyed a greater breadth of colour-patch. There is that amount of truth in what they say about his solidity. The rest is mythology.

And part of the mythology is Mr. Stephens’ conception of the genesis of a picture. The picture, he says, evolves the forms. But till the forms are drawn on the day when the majority of the public regain the simple, sure faith in survival after death. Materialism, should it prevail, would end in not only provoking a suspension of evolution, but in a return to barbarism and animality; this particular revelation should have been calculated to advance the object proclaimed.

* “The Survival of the Soul, and Its Evolution After Death.” By Pierre Emile Cornillier. (Kegan Paul. ros. 6d. net.)
But the plan did not meet even with the approval of M. Cornillier. He says, "I find that it is the announcement that he, Vettellini, and they, the Spirit-Directors, are going to use the little Reine as scribe in an important work, a complete book, in which will be revealed the mystery of Death and Birth, and of life in the Beyond. . . . I confess that the am proposal, too well pleased with the scheme. In the first place, communications of this kind—revelations made by Spirits—never have weight; for even if the substance has a real value, nothing can prove it; it is easy enough to attribute it to the imagination of the mediums. . . . Vettellini charges us to declare, that our seances here will continue along the lines already determined, that is, in necessity of facts, and spontaneously proposes the subject; and it is impossible to bring even true efforts to obtain proofs of survival after death. It seems to understand the indispensable necessity of facts, and spontaneously proposes the following test experiment: that someone who is dead and who is unknown to us, and to the medium, shall come to give proofs of identity that may be verified." This shows a singular lack of wit in a great White Spirit, because, ex hypothesi, it is what spirits have been doing ever since the attempt to prove survival by means of media was begun. The confusion of results obtained has disgusted everybody who has ever investigated the subject; and it is impossible to bring even true testimony (if it can be found) within the laws of evidence. By the very nature of the case, the facts must be ascertainable by ordinary methods of inquiry; otherwise, they cannot be verified; and if we admit the bona fides of all concerned (a large concession to the spirit of scientific inquiry), the problem is at once transferred to the nature of the psychical powers developed by mediums. We are not confronted, in such a case, with a proof of survival, but with the problem of mediumship, and, I think, with an epistemological inquiry. It is of no avail to tell us (p. 413) that when, at long last, Vettellini redeemed his promise, and Mme. B., the medium, appeared, at the second séance, that the concierge confirmed every detail when questioned by Mme. Cornillier. We cannot trace Mme. B., who lived at 3 D Street, second floor; and was buried at B., her native town. Nor have we any means of submitting the corroborative testimony to cross-examination. Mme. B.'s reason for withholding her name from publication was that "a priest was my lover"—which seems insufficient to explain why she crossed the line already determined, that is, in closer efforts to obtain proofs of survival after death. He seems to understand the indispensable necessity of facts, and spontaneously proposes the following test experiment: that someone who is dead and who is unknown to us, and to the medium, shall come to give proofs of identity that may be verified."

The other proffered line of proof is prophecy; but a writer can seldom profit much by the style of a past period of literary exuberance without suffering from the infection of its thought and sentiment. Mr. Orage, however, has simply used models and has remained himself. He has created a familiar style which, he confesses, owes much to study of the eighteenth-century writers; yet no one could call him "studious" in the common sense of the word. In their clearness and energy we recognise at once the true journalist, whose words are actions, even when he is writing about books.

It is well known that Mr. Orage is our most classical journalist. There are dozens in classicism, and a writer can seldom profit much by the style of a past period of literary exuberance without suffering from the infection of its thought and sentiment. Mr. Orage, however, has simply used models and has remained himself. He has created a familiar style which, he confesses, owes much to study of the eighteenth-century writers; yet no one could call him "studious" in the common sense of the word. In their clearness and energy we recognise at once the true journalist, whose words are actions, even when he is writing about books.

Life appeared, he says, by chance, and will disappear, probably for good, with the cooling of the sun; and he sings like a doomed cricket on a dissolving iceberg. But it is all the more strange in my judgment that a man who thinks thus can write. In a word, I do not believe he believes a word he says! That tone, that style, them there gestures—they betray the stage-player of the spirit. The last phrase picks it up again a little suddenly, perhaps. But enjoy it gleefully, for the judgment is just. Even so perish all such frauds of philosophy! Read in its context, the passage is almost good-humoured. One wonders, indeed, when reading these essays, why Mr. Orage has such a reputation for being so bitter. Would a reprint of the political articles show his teeth more plainly? Probably: but, also, many of his strictures appear as no more than sober judgments, afterwards, when the folly they put to the squeak is out of sight and mind.

And that brings us to this writer's most important distinction. It is not his style. He has chosen that, definitely, has made it a part of his equipment, and it is so soundly good that it imitates it is educative and profitable—a thing you can seldom say of the styles of greater writers. He rides it easily, and it does not run away with him—not for want of spirit. But his true excellence is his judgment. He has a real criterion. In these days, what usually passes for judgment of a thing, is, at best, to refer it to a body of tradition or to current theories. What pass for criteria are chiefly instances from the past, the known tastes of a group, or, at worst, even the critic's personal limitations. True judgment is remote from all this. It sees the thing to be judged in the centre of the sphere, as it were, of the critic's mind; illumines it with all the lights of his inner universe, both natural and conscious, with a view to the truth of things as a whole. It is neither radical nor reactionary, neither
bourgeois nor patrician; not national—it is hardly even racial. He frequently acknowledges his debt to India—and it is evident that he has taken anything he wanted from anywhere. For he judges from what few writers he ever acquire—self of the values that are common to all human cultures.

No doubt such a standard makes him seem a little aloof. While always in the thick of present discussion, he does not seem to be moving with it, and not even struggling to move against it. He is going through it on some swift quest of his own, and, though the novelty of his direction arrests and interests, not many understand it at the time. This is most evident, of course, when he writes of politics or economics, but it is also the case with his literary articles. His personal use of literature is criticism, the winnowing of culture. What is thought to be "high-browed," destructive or discontented by those who dislike him is in reality his faith. He has the wisdom to be merciless to the "little good" because he is sure the best is coming. And we have all too many so-called optimistic critics—crickets, we nearly wrote, for they also are Windfalls.

India—and it is evident that he has taken anything although he specialised in trivial subjects, contrived the century... "R. A. STEPHENS.

...making it clear that in my view such plays are unsuited the theatre: they set the actor an impossible task since they poorly" should read "the will to say good things about them; his subject was only his... "From the seventeenth century there are very good works by Turner... "should read "from the nineteenth century..."

R. A. STEPHENS.

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