NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We invite the attention of our readers all over the world to the half-yearly balance sheets just issued by our Banks and to the speeches that accompanied their publication. Never within the memory of the oldest among us has the social and industrial situation been so bad or its outlook so blank. Never has the need for bold statesmanship, particularly in regard to the root of all our trouble, namely, Money, been so great. But in the midst of these unparalleled circumstances of a world in torment and a universal cry for a means of salvation, our Banks are not only indifferent, but they are callous in the fatness of a singular and unique prosperity. It should need very little imagination to realise that there must be something wrong in a financial system that prospers most when the community suffers most. Is this “servant of the community,” as the Bankers love to regard their organisation, privileged to grow richer as its nominal master grows poorer? Is it service or just plunder? And the fact is only aggravated by the self-complacency of our great “servants” themselves, the Goodenoughs telling us that what we need is to balance our Budgets, and the McKennas telling the Trade Unions to produce more, while the wretched people of Ireland will infallibly be drawn into the commercial Imperialism of the very Empire from which they thought to escape. Ireland will be a thousand times more closely knit to England than ever before by the invisible cords woven by the Old Witch of Threadneedle Street. God cannot save Ireland any more.

While the World Congress of the Irish race was discussing in Paris last week the future political and economic development of Ireland, the actual Irish Government is virtually already written in the annals of the capitalist communities now mouldering into misery. Nothing new can come out of Ireland. In the fortieth place—our readers can supply the missing deductions—the wretched people of Ireland will infallibly be drawn into the commercial Imperialism of the very Empire from which they thought to escape. Ireland will be a thousand times more closely knit to England than ever before by the invisible cords woven by the Old Witch of Threadneedle Street. God cannot save Ireland any more.

Contrary to “expectation” as these consequences are, they will not, unfortunately, deter other “distressed” nations from following Ireland’s example. India and Egypt are now fully inspired with the desire to emancipate themselves, and to jump violently out of the frying-pan into the fire. And there is little doubt in our minds that they will do it. Egypt can almost be “written off” as an Imperial asset in the old sense of the word; and our Bankers are, no doubt, at work to forge new ties.

And, in the case of India, it has scarcely needed Lord Northcliffe’s horrified report that “the situation is uglier than the home Press appears to know” to persuade us that in no very long time India, or what calls itself India, will cease to be a dependency of Lancashire. But if only the financial ties remain, while the industrial ties are broken, we put it to our manufacturing readers, especially of the North, whether their loss will not be compensated by the Bankers’ gain? They will, it is true, cease to be able to sell cotton goods in India, since India will clap on a tariff for the purpose of raising revenue with which to meet our Bankers’ charges. But, on the other hand, the spectacle of London flourishing should prove an admirable distraction from the spectacle of ruined Lancashire.

The “Daily Herald” is impressively pained that the British working-class has shown itself so apathetic in giving financial proofs of the sincerity of its sympathy with the famine-victims in Russia. Our contemporary would be more endurable if it were not negotiations invariably are, are wroth in mystery. The consequences, we may say, are not, however, a matter of mystery. They will be seen and, above all, felt, by everybody living in Ireland. In the first place, the new Irish Government will be as securely in the pocket of the Bankers as are all the other “poor” Governments of Europe; all its legislation will be censored in bank-parlours. In the second place, the industrial future of Ireland is virtually already written in the annals of the capitalist communities now mouldering into misery. Nothing new can come out of Ireland. In the fortieth place—our readers can supply the missing deductions—the wretched people of Ireland will infallibly be drawn into the commercial Imperialism of the very Empire from which they thought to escape. Ireland will be a thousand times more closely knit to England than ever before by the invisible cords woven by the Old Witch of Threadneedle Street. God cannot save Ireland any more.
quite so ready to don the mantle of a self-conscious and slightly unctuous rectitude. We would advise it to consider for a while the difficulties, the presentists, the Communists, are responsible for the comparative failure of this appeal. Has it usually based the appeal on the broad ground of our common humanity? Has it honestly concentrated on depicting, as vividly as possible, the insufferable, the human plight, the ministration of a mass of this kind of ideal interest, both professional and purely amateur? Instead of that, it has repeatedly confused the issues by calling on the British workers to rally, in this hour of its need, to the support of the Soviet Government, the chief hope of the Social Revolution throughout the world. Very naturally many of the working-class have felt suspicions of the real motives of the agitation; they have been cast into doubt concerning the extent and seriousness of the suffering, and they have been unconsciously induced to surmise that, after all, the whole business is just a piece of Bolshevik propaganda. Many an excellent cause is ruined by the inability of its most vocal supporters to advocate it single-mindedly without smothering it beneath a multitude of objects. For example, the much needed campaign for the defence of Civil Rights during the war was largely turned into a pacifist crusade. The pacificists' rights to free speech would have been eagerly defended by many who could not associate themselves with their pacifist views. But it is the interests of Russia that have throughout suffered most severely from this insincerity in their professed champions. The fundamental claim of the "Hands off Russia" movement was always impregnable. But it was entirely run by those who were constitutionally incapable of confining themselves to asking people "to be sensible about Russia." On those lines they could have commanded the co-operation of many, in all classes, who held that the true case against intervention was that Russia was in an appalling plight and had a right to get out of her own mess in her own way. But the exploiters of the agitation were much less concerned about their ostensible object than to haul the Soviet Government to the skies and to hold up that example for imitation nearer home; every "Hands off Russia" meeting was degraded into a pro-Bolshevist demonstration. And now that the need is not to avert intervention, but to insist on intervention (of a different kind), just the same course is being pursued. These "friends" of Russia do their best to damage her cause by restating the false general. But it is the false general that influences the masses, whose minds they have confused, for what is really their own handiwork.

The Government is finding that the great "Economy" campaign by no means opens up a smooth and pleasant path to political success; and they are now trembling uneasily before the genie which they summoned out of the earth in the shape of the Geddes Committee. They have kept postponing the publication of its Report, and now announce that it will not do to give it to the public until after the Estimates for the year have been finally settled. The difficulty about the policy is that "Economy" in the abstract is almost universally popular, but that nearly every concrete economy is violently unpopular in some quarter or other. The Report accordingly must now be trimmed and tempered by the very departments for whose necks the much advertised axe was intended. During the process of adjustment it is only to be expected that many threatened "interests" will fight hard for their lives. They are no friends of what are commonly, in social and political discussion, described as "the interests"; they are but too frequently the interest of the one supreme interest, that of the whole community. But it occasionally happens that they do, by accident, serve a useful purpose, by helping to defeat some, possibly well-meaning, but in fact disastrous, policy. In this case they will lend support to the more disinterested and ideal opposition to social sabotage. Indeed they tend to shade off by degrees into the kind of disinterested interest (so to call it), which the Conventionists, the real influence that influence public affairs; the teacher, in the case of educational "economies," is the most obvious marginal case. Now every proposed restriction of expenditure on social will antagonise a certain mass of this kind of ideal interest, both professional and purely amateur. Instead of any tampering with public health services will raise a hornets' nest among medical men and hygienic enthusiasts. Any general abandonment of transport and power schemes will awake the wrath of engineers and of those captains of industry who are such indeed and who, even apart from questions of profit, dread to see me things getting done. Most of all the cause of education is jealously watched over by an army of educationists in the widest sense. There have already been many and fierce protests against "economising" in this field. Headmasters of important schools have borne their testimony, and been backed up by other friends of education. Sir Henry Newbolt, for instance, made an outspoken speech on this issue at the meeting of the Association of Headmasters. The leaders again of the widely influential Student Christian Movement have published a significant manifesto of protest. And now that the need is not of profit, delight to see things, getting done. Most of that, it has repeatedly confused the issues by calling on the British workers to rally, in this hour of its need, to the support of the Soviet Government, the chief hope of the Social Revolution throughout the world. Very naturally many of the working-class have felt suspicions of the real motives of the agitation; they have been cast into doubt concerning the extent and seriousness of the suffering, and they have been unconsciously induced to surmise that, after all, the whole business is just a piece of Bolshevik propaganda. Many an excellent cause is ruined by the inability of its most vocal supporters to advocate it single-mindedly without smothering it beneath a multitude of objects. For example, the much needed campaign for the defence of Civil Rights during the war was largely turned into a pacifist crusade. The pacificists' rights to free speech would have been eagerly defended by many who could not associate themselves with their pacifist views. But it is the interests of Russia that have throughout suffered most severely from this insincerity in their professed champions. The fundamental claim of the "Hands off Russia" movement was always impregnable. But it was entirely run by those who were constitutionally incapable of confining themselves to asking people "to be sensible about Russia." On those lines they could have commanded the co-operation of many, in all classes, who held that the true case against intervention was that Russia was in an appalling plight and had a right to get out of her own mess in her own way. But the exploiters of the agitation were much less concerned about their ostensible object than to haul the Soviet Government to the skies and to hold up that example for imitation nearer home; every "Hands off Russia" meeting was degraded into a pro-Bolshevist demonstration. And now that the need is not to avert intervention, but to insist on intervention (of a different kind), just the same course is being pursued. These "friends" of Russia do their best to damage her cause by restating the false general. But it is the false general that influences the masses, whose minds they have confused, for what is really their own handiwork.

Mr. Clynes, as a rival Leader of the Opposition, has been duly following in his grandfather's footsteps by speaking in the City after Mr. Asquith. In the unkonted atmosphere of a City luncheon he was even more Mr. Clynes, in other words even more "statesmanlike," than usual. He expressed a very unnecessary expectation that his audience would disapprove of much that he had to say, since we should rather surmise that they found themselves murmuring, "Almost thou persuadest us to vote Labour." He had some harsh words for the extremists and Die-Hards of his party, and remarked that they usually "ceased to be themselves fighting on ground of which they do not very much, with blunt-ed weapons, and with one hand tied behind their backs. They have no really convincing answer to the "Too poor" talk. We have one clear and ringing watchword, "We can afford it."
the inevitable over-running of the productive machine in no time, under present conditions, if it is at all speeded up. He claimed indeed that the out-of-work "should be substantially helped by industry." That might remove the workers' fear of exerting themselves unduly; but even so, we should be little forrader. Once more, in fact, we find ourselves in contact with the static mind. "The volume of national production," Mr. Clynes laid down, "was the level of the wages men could receive for their labours." If this means, as it presumably does, the volume already realised, the dictum is simply untrue. It is surely obvious that claims can be issued, not the smaller the more industry, up to the limits of our calculated potentialities of production. Issue them, and ex hypothesi you have the means of honouring them. Only so can anything approximating the possible volume of production be realised. For actual production cannot go beyond the limit of effective demand, that is, of the quantity of duly authorised claims in the consumers' hands.

We congratulate Poplar on its local authorities (this time the Board of Guardians) having again defied the central powers that be. The claim for "full maintenance" of the one which we have repeatedly endorsed. On its concrete interpretation there is indeed room for difference of opinion; and it may well be questioned whether (in view of the general standard of life actually prevailing) the new Poplar scale is completely justifiable. In some cases it will mean a family income for the unemployed greater than that out of which many of the ratepayers have to contribute to this relief. But that is a detail. We do not regard the Poplar Guardians as constructive statesmen or as having any direct contribution to make to the solution of the problems they are adopting a policy which, if taken up and persisted in by any large number of local authorities, would reduce our whole financial system to chaos in a very short time. And that is exactly the value of it. It is a demonstration calculated to embarrass the Government severely. Our readers will remember that in the autumn there was a widespread outbreak of similar action on the part of Boards of Guardians under the pressure of the Communist-led unemployed. Everyone then was thinking and talking about unemployment and it seemed that there would simply have to be a big move in the matter. Unfortunately the Government succeeded in suppressing this pacific revolt, and at once many people almost forgot the very fact of unemployment. Now Poplar has once more raised the standard of defiance. We are thankful there is a Poplar; that there is a Lansbury (severely as we have often criticised his policy, or lack of one); and that there is a Communist Party (utterly as we repudiate its programme). All three are at any rate practising the sometimes necessary if thankless art of social obstruction. It will be interesting to see how the Ministry of Health deals with the situation. Unless the Government can once more nip the movement in the bud, they may yet find themselves compelled to take far more drastic measures than they have yet contemplated to deal with the problem. But what an opportunity for a statesmen possessed of real courage and insight! The most splendid opening that any social reformer could pray for has been prepared for him as though it had been intelligently planned for the very purpose. In the days of the General strike, for instance, the government was forced to believe in radical advance. Is it beyond hope that Mr. Lloyd George may yet see in the situation the promise of the most dazzling triumph of his political career?

From Sydney to the Golden Mile.

By Grant Madison Hervey.

(EDITOR OF THE "MILDURA AND MORBEIN SUN," N.S.W.)

IV.—CHARLES DARWIN'S VISION OF AUSTRALIA.

Few people are aware that Charles Darwin visited Australia eighty-six years ago. And still fewer people are aware that one glance from the eagle eyes of the naturalist of the Beagle was sufficient to reveal all the salient facts behind the shame of the present. The present generation of that great Englishman—as yet, an uncanonical saint of the nineteenth century—after having traced the Australian continent from Sydney to the Golden Mile, is constrained to revere the wonderful insight of that earliest competent critic of Australia: a man who thought vertically, and not on flaccid surface-planes.

"On the whole," said Darwin in 1836, "I was disappointed in the state of society. The whole community is rancorously divided into parties, on almost every subject. There is much jealousy between the children of the rich and the offspring of the ex-convicts—"and the free settlers: the former being pleased to consider honest men as interlopers." It would be idle for any Australian to deny that these conditions still prevail. Australia is even worse divided to-day, and that on more artificial lines of cleavage, than at any period in its history. And the attitude of the average Australian towards the incoming settler, no matter whether he be an Englishman or a Chinaman, says what Governments or Government agents will, is simply one of sour, uncompromising hostility. An English newcomer is called a "pommy." A Chinaman is called a "Chow"—generally with an identical crimson adjective. And that is all the difference there is. To put it bluntly, the population of Australia has become convict-minded and everybody is busily engaged in spragging the wheels of progress.

It is a comic opera country. All the things that were ridiculed by Gilbert and Sullivan, twenty or thirty years ago, in "The Mikado"—the poor bathing system, bribery and corruption—and which gave such offence when witnessed by certain visiting Japanese gentlemen in London—in reality pervade Australia. From the originally vicious State of the New South Walesians, down in the beginning with a precious crop of rascals—official rascals, that is—as well as with thousands of more-innocent offshoots of the old hideous English penal system; from that State there have flowed forth a noxious stream almost everywhere corrupting the Australian official mind. It is the Sydney pattern of official behaviour towards the public, in short, which obtains even in Melbourne, as well as in Hobart and Perth. And the typical Sydney official is essentially a Tite Barnacle. He stands at the Departmental door with his drawn salary in hand defying the public. Corruption amongst such officials is rampant. In Melbourne, the State capital of Victoria, for instance, a high official of the State Legislative has recently been found guilty of corruption, involved in the theft and surreptitious sale of bongs. In Sydney, that kind of thing is carried on on unblushingly among the official class and with such success that the official morale everywhere, throughout the Australian Commonwealth, is in danger of infection. Of course, if the whole of the five million people who inhabit this continent—which has a larger area than the United States and a scantier population than Ohio—were really and vigorously minded to pull together, and become in fact as well as in political theory united, such fraudulent conduct in high places would quickly disappear. There would be a stern demand for efficiency; an emphatic hustling of incompetent or dishonest individuals out.
of office; even a few salutary and judicious imprisonments, maybe, as a fierce reminder of the will of the nation to get ahead. But the official knows, everywhere, throughout the length and breadth of Australia, that the system, impotent because it is divided into two hostile camps. And so these frauds go on. Poo Bah is lord of all in Sydney; whilst in Melbourne, Hobart, Adelaide and Brisbane the younger brothers of the original Mr. Tite Barnacle stretch out their hands.

Catholic and anti-Catholic; that Botany Bay-inherited spirit of rancour in Australia, to-day, flunts the colours of orange and green. Twenty years ago the feud was black and white. Then, in the House of Representatives, Mr. Hughes was foremost in vociferating extraordinary drift, throughout the Commonwealth, brothers of the original Mr. Tite Barnacle stretch out backwards in the direction of the mental and moral standards of the black fellow, since the conclusion of Hughes’ fighting platform; always provided that the public mind is stationary, impotent because it is divided into two hostile camps. And these incredibly foolish, stationary hates are a sign of consequence, trembles upon the brink of the meanest war. The whole achievement of the Australians abroad, magnificent as it was in certain particulars, begins to look like a flash in the pan. This people are gravely lack in the faculty of consecutiveness: do they carry things through. Tremendously elated to-day because they have beaten the Englishman in a few miserably unimportant cricket matches in England, they ignore the fact that a base and singularly ignoble satire is being directed on their ignorance and meanness—insidiously, the last refuge of intellectual vermin—is eating out the soul of Australia; and that the country, as a consequence, trembles upon the brink of the meanest of internal wars.

What was the character of the Australian savages in the beginning, before the uncircumspect white man had succeeded in destroying them with poison and flame? Let us see. In 1836, during his visit to Australia, the immortal Darwin made a hundred-and-fifty-mile pilgrimage inland, over the Blue Mountains to Bathurst; encountering a number of Australian aboriginals upon the way. “By giving a leading young man a shilling,” he says, “they were easily detained, and threw their spears for my amusement. They were all partly clothed, and several could speak a little English. Their countenances, exactly like those of the aboriginals that Darwin encountered near Bathurst nine-tenths of a century ago, seem good-natured and pleasant. And they appear far from being such degraded wretches as they are sometimes represented. I have even heard of several of their remarks which exhibited considerable acuteness. Such as, for instance: ‘Gaw ‘Smey! What’s without the little cow, Billy Hughes?’ All the same, they are slipping back. Insidiously, the brown aboriginal is re-appearing all along the eastern coast of Australia. The character of the original Australian black fellow is superseding that of the Australian-born white man and white woman; and any keen scientific student who desires further proof of the latter statement should first visit some aboriginal camp which contains a few surviving black folk, examine the black gins, as they are called, wearing their loose robes of possum’s fur; and then, returning to Melbourne or Sydney in winter time, take a glance at the young ladies promenading upon the Block or along Temptation Row in Pitt Street, awathed in exactly the same way in Australian possum robes.

“The future prospects of such a country are very puzzling, at least to me,” Charles Darwin said in 1836. “The climate is splendid and perfectly healthy. But to my mind its charms are lost by the uninviting aspect of the country. Pasture, everywhere, is so thin that settlers have already pushed far into the interior. Agriculture, on account of the droughts, can never succeed upon an extended scale. Therefore, so far as I can see, Australia must ultimately depend upon being the centre of commerce for the southern hemisphere. And perhaps on her future factories? Possessing coal, she always has the moving power at hand. From the habitable country extending along the coast, and from her English extraction, she is sure to be a maritime nation. I formerly imagined that Australia would rise to be as grand and powerful a country as North America. But now it would appear to me that such future grandeur is rather problematical.”

That paragraph seems to me to epitomize the world’s ultimate to the people of Australia: get on or get out. Great credit, it is true, is due to the shrewd Victorians. The latter, fifty years ago, having at that time, possessed whatever coal they had, by hunting in the woods.” Such were the original Australians, brown men, and not white, as seen by the investigator of the origin of species in 1836. By the year 1836, unless a master-statesman appears from somewhere, as ruthless as Napoleon, whose predecessors have become, quite entirely without the subsidence upon Australia of any wave of Japanese or Chinese invasion, I predict the disappearance of the white race. Sydney has become a suburb of the South Sea Islands, as well as of eighteenth-century London and Dublin. And any one who cares to patrol the beaches of Sydney in the summer time may behold the ex-white Australian of the future. By giving any leading one of them a shilling or so for beer and peanuts, a whole tribe of these neo-national savages of the Pacific may be detained. They are all partly clothed, and some can even speak a little English. Their countenances, exactly like those of the aboriginals that Darwin encountered near Bathurst nine-tenths of a century ago, seem good-natured and pleasant. And they appear far from being such degraded wretches as they are sometimes represented. I have even heard of several of their remarks which exhibited considerable acuteness. Such as, for instance: “Gaw ‘Smey! What’s without the little cow, Billy Hughes?” All the same, they are slipping back. Insidiously, the brown aboriginal is re-appearing all along the eastern coast of Australia. The character of the original Australian black fellow is superseding that of the Australian-born white man and white woman; and any keen scientific student who desires further proof of the latter statement should first visit some aboriginal camp which contains a few surviving black folk, examine the black gins, as they are called, wearing their loose robes of possum’s fur; and then, returning to Melbourne or Sydney in winter time, take a glance at the young ladies promenading upon the Block or along Temptation Row in Pitt Street, awathed in exactly the same way in Australian possum robes.

Cruet, as a national Australian joss, must go. It is simply the Darwinian black fellow’s pride in his
ability to cast with throwing-stick and spear. Defeating the Englishmen in the cricket field by a hundred runs, or by twenty thousand runs, does not build a rolling-mill, plough a single acre, or drive a reaper-and-binder through a standing crop. Black fellow or white man—which? The Australian cannot hope to be both and survive. Europe, America, the whole world, as well as China and Japan, have a right to be vigilant with regard to Australia. To the Victorians I can imagine the world saying: "You are the only people upon this vast continent who appear to have displayed any initiative. Now, then! Make room for fifty or sixty millions of the earth's unhappy children. White men or brown men. Make your choice, and be quick about it. Burst up New South Wales. You are sitting upon the volcano of human patience. The crust of that volcano is growing thin."

(THE END.)

Our Generation.

We have only to become accustomed to an absurd thing for it to cease to be absurd. Now if it should be the case that the things to which we are most accustomed, our thoughts and notions, should be absurd without our noticing it. This question brought itself sharply to my notice the other day after I had tried to imagine what a novelist who knew nothing of life in the English towns of England other than what the newspapers told him would make of it, what sort of grotesque world he would bring before us in his novels. Yet this world, grotesque as it is, is actually "the world" to the more illiterate, that is, the vast bulk of readers of the papers. An analysis of the daily Press, advertisements included, would probably discover for us the universe as it exists to John Smith. What would be most prominent in the foreground of this universe—its metaphysics I dare not imagine. Perhaps, post-war vice, an aristocracy, according to the Press, continually getting divorced in the intervals between their "dope" banquets; or the murder craze, which one would imagine was so universal that one should be thankful on awaking safely on each morrow; or the madness, as golf between Prime Ministers, a universally comprehensible form of politics; or the doings generally of cinema stars. Now the truth about the first two phenomena it would be a little difficult to discover, but it is certain that the prominence they receive in the Press is more than that of the average interest in life. Nor, not all, I should say, smoke opium every night at pajama parties, getting divorced on the morrow. Nor are people being murdered to any great extent; in fact, they are showing rather a tendency to commit suicide, because they are not permitted to do anything else. But even if all the well-to-do people in London were to take drugs with every meal, and murders were to increase ten-fold, it would not justify the notice which the newspapers are giving to these things. We do not, of course, approve of murder, nor of cocaine feasts; they are evils, no doubt, but they are not the evils from which all England suffers. England suffers from unemployment and semi-starvation, the effects of a bad economic system; from ignorance, prejudice and invincible self-satisfaction; and to take concrete things, from the Government, the Church, the Theatre, and the Press. The moral idiosyncracies of the politicians, the journalists, and the churchmen (who can destroy other people instead of themselves merely) are of infinitesimal danger to a people so unimaginatively good as the English. . . . The irritating and ridiculous thing is that a conception of the world and of England such as the Press implies should be unconsciously accepted by such a large class of people. Sometimes we take hold of the obsessions of the Press without noticing it; we treat seriously the "dope" peril, the murder craze, and a half-a-dozen other things, until we suddenly realise that these are the things which children and not grown men would pick out as the significant things in our life. Simply the power to think, the habit of thinking, is absent in these matters. Any one of us would have imagined that with most men their hard encounters with life would have led them to discount the credibility of this incredible world. But almost all men keep their beliefs and their experiences in different pockets, and do not perceive the truth even when they are suffering under it.

The virtual ignorance by England of the Molière centenary when every other nation in Europe was celebrating it as a European festival could hardly be surprising except to people not English. During the last century, we learn from a contemporary, Molière has not been played more than about half-a-dozen times on the English stage. The present generation will probably see him for the first time on the cinema, as they have, we believe, seen Dante. What to do with the British stage is becoming now almost an urgent question, for, as the general failure of utterance were proved, the degradation of the stage, and the general recognition of it, predisposes men of culture to doubt the value of those artists who have written "for the theatre," and at any rate to be very little interested in them. The reason why the cinema has established itself so quickly and so securely in England is not difficult to discover. It is because the cinema is in England as high a means of artistic expression as the stage; the one is as debased, as ugly, as despiritualised and as idiotic as the other. The cinema immediately "caught on" in London because there was no legitimate drama with which it could be compared, or rather contrasted. Culture and the stage had absolutely parted company, and did not expect to meet again. In this way all hope of having a concrete and public centre of culture departed. The towns of England have not a tradition and achievement of beautiful architecture; if the people meet in a large building it is ugly, and if they listen to an entertainment it is idiotic. They may of course go to a church; but there they are bored. It is not a small disadvantage that the public in London can only come together and know itself in a mood of asinine triviality or of sheeplike solemnity. The private Englishman, fortunately, a different animal; he may even be cultured; for all culture in England is private culture, and every cultured man is a sort of anchorite; or rather, half-anchorite, half outlaw. If the theatres and cinemas continue as they are, soon it will be dangerous to put on the stage anything that is worth seeing. People will simply not tolerate it.

Mr. Chesterton has recently, or rather has again, been making comparisons of new with old things, to the disadvantage of the new. The text of the sermon in question is the trial in Germany in which a man was condemned to death for committing murder vicariously by hypnotism. Whether it is safe to give into the hands of judges any more means than they have of sending men to prison or to death is a point on which we have made up our minds long ago. But Mr. Chesterton does not consider it. He finds the hypnotism is the same as witchcraft, and that it is as superstitious to believe in the one as in the other. The obvious difference between the two things, of course, is that the scientific men who talk about hypnotism try to tell the truth, unsuccessfully, perhaps, but nevertheless, about it, whereas the practical witch or wizard did the opposite. The mystery which hangs about hypnotism is that mystery which scientific men, after their utmost efforts, cannot dispel; the mystery of witchcraft was the mere gaping mystery was the superstitious and fearful people have. We wonder if Mr. Chesterton has ever tried to analyse one of his own articles.

Edward Moore.
Readers and Writers.

Among the lighter literature produced in the United States last year a prominent place is occupied by "The Cruise of the 'Kawa,'" by Walter E. Traprock. It is generally known that this book was produced by a number of prominent writers and critics as a parody upon the spate of Antipodean travel books that has overflowed the American bookshops during the last few publishing seasons. The auxiliary yacht, "Kawa," were informed—there are numerous photographs of the crew and their encounters to prove that every word of the narrative is true—set sail from San Francisco on a voyage of discovery. It soon reached the point of intersection of the equator and the 180th meridian:

More explorers pass a given point in a given time at this corner than at any other on the globe. It is, so to speak, the Piccadilly Circus of the South Seas. The "Kawa" to its surprise found itself alone from "The Cruise of the 'Kawa'" but from Mr. Frederick O'Brien's "White Shadows in the South Seas." The "Kawa" to its surprise found itself alone.

In the shadow of the broad panjandrums leaves we could see whole leaves of breadfruits falling unassisted to the ground, while between the heavier thuds of cocoanuts and grapefruit we heard the incessant patter of light showers of thousands of assorted nutlets, singing the everlasting burden and refrain of these audible isles.

The explorers soon come into contact with the native inhabitants of the isles, who are hospitable and amorous as the experienced reader naturally expects them to be. Their native arts also are interesting as usual: they again burst into the melody of their national love-song. I transcribe the original words, which, for simple, primitive beauty are without rival.

A-a-a-a-a-a-a-o-o-o-o
I-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i
O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o
U-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u
and sometimes
W-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u
and
V-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y

The music is indescribable. I can only say that it is as beautiful as the words.

The narrative goes on in this style:

When the time came for saying apae kaoha, Vanquished Often's happy smile in the moonlight quickly faded to a look of pain and humiliation. They had offered me their highest and most revered expression of friendship. They proposed that I should marry the employer's wife falls in love with him, and while he does not hesitate to take advantage of the fact, he shrinks from recognising that he is taking revenge for his wrong and, when the lawyers offer him five hundred dollars to surrender her letters and give her up, he agrees after devout prayers for Divine guidance and takes the money, using it partly to pay for his divorce from his wife and sending the rest to an orphanage.

I have just come across a very different sort of American book. It is called "One Man" and is by a writer who veils himself under the pseudonym of "Robert Steele." Readers of Mr. H. L. Mencken's "Prejudices" will find the essay entitled "Portrait of an Immortal Soul" in which the writer relates how the manuscript was sent to him for his opinion, and how, after revision, he had it published by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley in New York. This was in 1915, and the book has been a complete failure. Mr. Mencken claimed that it was a picture of the American Puritan at his most essentially characteristic: he was astonished to find that his review in the "Smart Set"—both Mr. Mencken and Mr. George Jean Nathan, the co-editors, write a regular monthly literary and dramatic criticism in the American "Smart Set" which is unfortunately omitted from the American Puritan at his most essentially characteristic:

I have read the book and I am inclined to think that Mr. Mencken's essay upon it is the most valuable part of it. Like Mr. Saintsbury's notes on Paul de Kock, for example, Mr. Mencken's essay contains far more material for thought than the text he is criticising. He points out how the author of the autobiography, after a sordidly criminal youth, comes at last to acquiesce in his parents' Puritan belief that he is a limb of Satan and can never come to good, whatever he attempts. At first he strives to make himself a better Puritan, but for every step forward he takes two backwards, assisted by the outraged conscience of his fellows. "It is not until he resigns himself frankly to the fact of his incurable degradation, and so ceases to struggle against it, that he ever steps out of it." But he goes through a great deal before this happens. He steals money by various devices and is sent to prison for a term, his father refusing to acknowledge certain cheques that the youth has forged in his name. When he comes out of gaol he varies between honesty (as the best policy) and theft (as the easiest) and at the same time takes part fairly often with various women. After every debauch he has a moral fit of remorse; his life becomes a string of mornings after. Then he is trapped into marrying the cast-off mistress of his employer, who is, however, so overcome by his simplicity that she tells him the truth. Then his employer's wife falls in love with him, and while he does not hesitate to take advantage of the fact, he shrinks from recognising that he is taking revenge for his wrong and, when the lawyers offer him five hundred dollars to surrender her letters and give her up, he agrees after devout prayers for Divine guidance and takes the money, using it partly to pay for his divorce from his wife and sending the rest to an orphanage.

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When the time came for saying apae kaoha, my kindly hosts sought to confer upon me the last proof of their friendliness. They proposed that I should marry V. W. W. and V. W. W. W. W.

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The narrative goes on in this style:

When the time came for saying apae kaoha, my kindly hosts sought to confer upon me the last proof of their friendliness. They proposed that I should marry Vanquished Often. My refusal was incomprehensible to them, and Vanquished Often's happy smile in the moonlight quickly faded to a look of pain and humiliation. They had offered me their highest and most revered expression of friendship. They proposed that I should marry the employer's wife falls in love with him, and while he does not hesitate to take advantage of the fact, he shrinks from recognising that he is taking revenge for his wrong and, when the lawyers offer him five hundred dollars to surrender her letters and give her up, he agrees after devout prayers for Divine guidance and takes the money, using it partly to pay for his divorce from his wife and sending the rest to an orphanage.

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I think Mr. Mencken exaggerates when he compares the self-revelation of this book with the famous intimate autobiographies of past ages. The man is too frank a villain to be a true type of the American Puritan. The story of his father, who disowns him but later takes him under his wing when he becomes a successful business man and has lived down his past, would be much more revealing. I am afraid that "Robert Steele" is just an ornery sort of villain to be a true type of the American Puritan.

Mr. Ervine makes two attempts, perhaps three, at a solution. First, the Labour solution. All working men, whether Catholic or Protestant, suffer from Capitalism in Ireland; and the only hope of success in the economic warfare lies in the unity of the workers against the capitalists. The appeal is made by Michael O'Hara, Catholic and striker, to John Rainey, Orange man and striker, to sink religious differences for the sake of the strike, to use his influence against the introduction of religious prejudice into the struggle which, it is suggested, will be important for no other reason than to divide the workers. O'Hara's dream of a United Ireland, where men go to Heaven in their own way without assistance from their fellows, appeals to John Rainey, he believes that he has a great gift of oratory, and this is a great work worthy of his powers, to use his great influence with his fellows so that all Irish working men, irrespective of creed, shall work together for the wresting of better conditions of existence from their capitalist employers. O'Hara credibly informs him that Catholics are men, with homes, and wives, and children, and bellies to be filled and bodies to be clothed, just like Protestants; and Rainey, after his first shock of surprise, accepts the information as at least a provisional working hypothesis. They both agree that the strike is just, necessary and desirable; and to make it a success, to secure the comfortable life, they agree to leave the religious question to God.

There is also throughout the play a continual attempt at a feminist solution. Mrs. Rainey certainly does not believe in religious hostility, but neither does she believe in strikes. Women are ever so much cleverer and wiser than men, and would settle all differences without fighting. Mrs. Capitalist would never refuse an extra penny an hour to Mrs. Working-Woman, or, alternatively, Mrs. Working-Woman would never ask for it; those are the only inferences I can draw from Mrs. Rainey's contributions to the discussion. If religion ceases to be a casus belli among the men, the women would add economics to the list of things not to be fought for; and the way is open for a discussion of love.

If a Protestant falls in love with a Catholic, and vice versa, neither religion nor economics should be any bar to their union; that is the inference to be drawn from Mr. Ervine's setting. The union of Ireland will only be accomplished by love, when Irish men and women marry without any concern for religion. I always thought that there were difficulties to be overcome; there was, I believe, a Ne Temere decree that "mixed marriages" would not be recognized by the Catholic Church; but whether I am right or wrong, Mr. Ervine assumes that a Catholic and a Protestant can and should marry without renouncing their own religion or interfering with that of the other party. This the younger generation are prepared to do, and apparently all the causes of disunion will remain without causing disunion.

But here he discovers that what he had reasoned away remained as an invertebrate prejudice. Never would John Rainey consent to a mixed marriage between his son and a Catholic girl. The appeal to the point, he thought more of eternal life than of the comfortable life. Indeed, when it came to the point, everybody thought more of himself or herself than of any general principle. Nora Murray refused to give up Hugh Rainey because she loved him; the cause of Irish unity, the success of the strike, nothing mattered to her but Hugh. She married him; Hugh was promptly disowned and kicked out by his father, who went down to the Orange lodge and apparently provoked a riot by a speech inflaming religious prejudice. The police were unable to cope with the riot; the military were called out, and fired on the mob, and Nora, rushing out to stop the firing, received a bullet in her breast, and expired. The sum total of casualties of Mr. Ervine's solutions is: Michael O'Hara's head cut off by a blow from the ballot-box; Nora's death; the strike broken, John Rainey's belief in the power of his oratory confirmed, and his conviction of his own rightness strengthened, in short, nobody satisfied but the Ulsterman.

The only inference that I can draw from the play is that Mr. Ervine believes that if the circumstances of the Irish problem were different from what they are the Irish problem would not be what it is. If everybody were willing to forgo whatever it is they prize, there would be nothing whatever to fight about; and peace would be restored to Ireland. It is not a very illuminating conclusion, and I must confess that Mr. Ervine's treatment of his themes was not inspiring. The language, as befits the type, was banal and commonplace, full of wearisome repetition of the same phrases, with the word "bigotry" cropping up in every other sentence. It may be, as I have said, a perfectly accurate picture of life in the household of an Orangeman. The argument that the Irish problem is a religious problem is not unfamiliar; it was made popular here in my childhood by such slogans as "Home Rule Means Ulstermen have a religion. The appeal is made by Michael O'Hara, Catholic and striker, to John Rainey, Orange man and striker, to sink religious differences for the sake of the strike, to use his influence against the introduction of religious prejudice into the struggle which, it is suggested, will be important for no other reason than to divide the workers. O'Hara's dream of a United Ireland, where men go to Heaven in their own way without assistance from their fellows, appeals to John Rainey, he believes that he has a great gift of oratory, and this is a great work worthy of his powers, to use his great influence with his fellows so that all Irish working men, irrespective of creed, shall work together for the wresting of better conditions of existence from their capitalist employers. O'Hara credibly informs him that Catholics are men, with homes, and wives, and children, and bellies to be filled and bodies to be clothed, just like Protestants; and Rainey, after his first shock of surprise, accepts the information as at least a provisional working hypothesis. They both agree that the strike is just, necessary and desirable; and to make it a success, to secure the comfortable life, they agree to leave the religious question to God.

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but from the policy of those who have directed its activity; and as I have never been able to understand that policy, the centre of interest in the Irish problem does not lie for me in genre studies of Ulster.

Art Notes.

MR. D. S. MacColl v. THIRD DIMENSION.

Before going on with the discussion with Mr. MacColl about Cézanne I should like to say that I was aware of his being "something of a Rip Van Winkle in current criticism" and also that he can write a better argued article than the one which provoked this discussion. To make matters clear I feel obliged to begin by saying that I am not a "worshipper of Cézanne and that I do not rely at all on Meier Graefe's authority and less still on the causeries by Joachim Gasquet and Ambrose Vollard. I may as well confess that at the time Mr. MacColl became acquainted with Cézanne's works it was physically impossible for me to have the same advantage, being busy at the time with learning to walk. But it is not the length of Mr. MacColl's study I was referring to, but to his method. He has been taught certain things, and has found proofs of his own for them, and so has built up a theory and attacks everything which does not fit his preconceived idea. So it comes that he attacks Cézanne for not doing just what Cézanne never meant to do. What I mean by study is to analyse a work of art independently of one's own likes and dislikes. If an artist's paintings do not fit one particular theory they may fit another one just as good. There are many equivalents in the history of art and I do not think it necessary to enumerate them here.

I have particular reason to believe that the picture in question is organised in pyramid.s, i.e., four-sided pyramids, as is clearly indicated by the position of the planes on which the figures are placed. I repeat my former statement that all the groups in the picture and even the trees are organised in pyramids, and am ready to produce an elaborated diagram accounting for every detail in the sketch. I do not assert that Cézanne meant it or did not, I am simply stating what the sketch implies. To prove his argument Mr. MacColl says: "When a cube is drawn in perspective its outline becomes, on the picture plane, not a square but a hexagon. From what was said above it appears that Mr. MacColl may assume that a hexagon is a plane enclosed by six lines. These two entirely different conceptions when transferred onto the picture plane, if Mr. MacColl is right, would appear identical. The important fact which Mr. MacColl does not mention (I do not believe he does it purposely) is that the hexagon which is the outline of a cube is meant to suggest the volume of a cube transferred to the pictorial plane. When a hexagon is the outline of a volume, not of a flat surface, it is no longer a hexagon but the image of a cube. Whenever a design is made that way, i.e., whenever attention is paid not merely to the pattern but to the distribution of the forms in a definite volume (Mr. MacColl talks himself about depth in painting), it is a three-dimensional design, not in the sense that Mr. MacColl can walk into it, but in the sense that it gives a graphical appearance of a third dimension. It is ridiculous to assert that Cézanne brought it first into painting. He has been learning it from the old masters and all his efforts were concentrated on introducing into his painting the elements he appreciated in their works; because of that he was the natural reaction against impressionism and stagnant academism. Even the sketch in ques-

tion, which has great merits, may be traced to its sources and appear more traditional than Mr. MacColl would like to admit. Why acknowledge "depth" in Rembrandt's painting, whose portraits are placed between the plane of the canvas and the background, i.e., inside a determined total volume of space which he wants to fill, and at the same time assert that there is no threedimensional design? Every painting of Rembrandt's has two dimensions of canvas and he adds to it depth. What becomes of a plane when it gets depth? Why is that not the third dimension in the design? Flat surface painted on canvas stands for the surface of the object from which it is painted in the same way as a word stands for a complex of ideas about an object. In the same sense the third dimension in painting is the space between the planes of the objects (in cases when a painting is done from nature). It seems to me a simple matter and I fail to see Mr. MacColl's difficulty in grasping the possibility of pyramids in my diagram, unless he were looking at my diagram and comparing it with the picture.

Further, Mr. MacColl asserts that solidity of forms is deductive and that it is mainly deduced from perspective in drawing, chiaroscuro in painting, and values. While admitting that solidity in itself cannot be the only object of painting it is necessary to point out that objects, and consequently also forms representing them, have a solidity of their own which does not necessarily depend on either of the three elements mentioned by Mr. MacColl. Whatever shortening a human figure undergoes it will remain a human figure assuming this or that shape. But a distant mountain may be it is essentially of a different consistency from the sky. Whatever effect of light there may be on a diamond it will be essentially different from a shiny bit of crockery. There is a far more important factor in organising a picture than any one suggested by Mr. MacColl. There is the relation between the objects themselves and a relation of their totality towards the artist in whom they may produce emotions which it is not in my power either to name or discuss. This sensation determines an artist to paint a picture and under that impression of a whole the details are worked out. This sensation is responsible for the subject chosen as well as for the working out of the forms. I hope I am not making a harsh statement in saying that art is, unlike science, deducitive. So it is possible that Mr. MacColl may be somewhat careless in asserting that "Picture making is fitting the geometry of the object forms to the rectangle or circle or oval of the frame." Does Mr. MacColl know any artist walking for miles in order to find a landscape which will fit a canvas three feet by five? I believe, on the contrary, that the shape and size of the canvas are determined by the picture one wants to paint. From what was said above it follows that design is not necessarily flat nor three-dimensional and that it need not have geometrical construction at all. Its purpose is to organise the forms in the picture in such a way as to give the nearest possible solution of the pictorial problem created by the sensation experienced by the artist. Cézanne has indicated this in all his attempts at composition. He has clearly indicated it in this drawing—although he did not accomplish it altogether for the simple reason that it is not a finished painting, but probably one of his numerous exercises in composition. What Cézanne wanted to express Mr. MacColl can find in Cézanne's letters and this may help him a great deal in his appreciation of Cézanne. And if he gets over his difficulties in geometry and admits the importance of Cézanne in art and especially if he compares him with any living artist he will soon realise how the best Cézannes could be easily hung side by side with the old masters.

R. A. Stephens.
Credit and Society.

I concluded my previous notes with the suggestion that there was still urgent need of finding a means to give reality to our proposals in the eyes of the public. It has to be remembered—though New Age readers all over the world, and of members of the Social Credit Movement in particular, to create. “Create” is indeed the right word, for they will have to bring it into being out of nothing—save, may be, disillusion with all the existing programmes of reform. So many intellectuals as the majority, even of the “thinking section of the public,” as no concern of theirs. A friend of my own, fully prepared to concede the importance of the issue of credit-control, yet greets the emergence of the topic disposition towards consideration of the subject, which originality than any save a handful of the “influential” people on board to change the direction of the boat before it is too late.

For it requires more courage, disinterestedness and originality than any save a handful of the “influential” of this age possess to initiate anything that runs counter to what the public mind accepts as “practicable,” i.e., as understood and, hence, to any extent, independent of the financial mechanism of society must know where to look for a volume of opinion which will respond to the last word in science, without systematic State organisation subjecting millions of people to the strict standard of production and distribution of products. We Marxians have always said, and it is hardly worth wasting even two seconds in arguing this point with people who do not understand it.” I think we may take it that by this time a good many people do understand it; and the public, thus

Whether we deplore it as spiritless or accept it as overboard the “permanent hypothesis” of plutocratic economics, if society is to make any progress (save in a circle), have been tempted to abandon all expectation and drift over the rapids, is to convert sufficient to claim the entire mental allegiance of men, that—as The New Age has in past days pointed out—there is scarcely any “free thinking” available for ideas which do not readily fit into some existing category. This fact in itself may force us to confine our immediate hopes to the creation of a “minimum” which it has indicated, even though we might far prefer—as I should myself prefer—to see the public discontent with our existing financial arrangements translated from a passive opinion into a positive demand for change. An alert democracy itself calls for reforms; it does not need to be coaxed by politicians or terrified by events into accepting them. But it is notorious that our society is a democracy only for the purposes of patriotic propaganda; and what alertness we might expect it to show has been extinguished by the dope administered to it by political speakers (of all parties), as far as possible, in order to keep the public from further enquiry into the subject, that it is small wonder that those who appreciate the need for throwing overboard the “permanent hypothesis” of plutocratic economics, if society is to make any progress (save in a circle), have been tempted to abandon all expectation of arousing public opinion to the importance of these matters unless we are to ship oars and drift over the rapids, is to convert sufficient “influential” people on board to change the direction of the boat before it is too late.

Yet it may be doubted whether such an alternative is, in the circumstances of to-day, really a feasible one. It requires more courage, disinterestedness and originality than any save a handful of the “influential” of this age possess to initiate anything that runs counter to what the public mind accepts as “practicable,” i.e., on traditional lines, whether such tradition be constitutional,” “progressive” or “revolutionary.” Whether we deplore it as spiritless or accept it as justifiable, we have to recognise that the public man who proposes, however tentatively, to reorganise the financial mechanism of society must know where to look for a volume of opinion which will respond to what he proposes. Such opinion; or, as near opinion as can be hoped for in the social torpor which plutocratic dictation in every department of life has produced.

Such a volume of passive opinion is the irreducible minimum of what is essential to the attainment of our objects, and this minimum it is the mission of New Age readers all over the world, and of members of the Social Credit Movement in particular, to create. “Create” is indeed the right word, for they will have to bring it into being out of nothing—save, may be, disillusion with all the existing programmes of reform. So many intellectuals as the majority, even of the “thinking section of the public,” as no concern of theirs. A friend of my own, fully prepared to concede the importance of the issue of credit-control, yet greets the emergence of the topic disposition towards consideration of the subject, which originality than any save a handful of the “influential” people on board to change the direction of the boat before it is too late.
Views and Reviews.

M. CORNILLIER has a final chapter in which he argues proleptically to a series of conclusions; and it is advisable to devote one article to considering his argument. He says: "Considering these phenomena as a whole, is it possible to find their rational cause in the known constitutive forces of a human being, without recourse to the existence of so-called disincarnate Spirits?" That apparently simple question assumes the very point of dispute, viz., the existence of disincarnate Spirits, and we have no right to make that assumption until we have determined finally and completely the "constitutive forces of a human being." The real problem was stated by the Duke in Mr. G. K. Chesterton’s "Magic": "As my old friend Buffle used to say, ‘What is a man?’ " I know of nothing in physiology or psychology that would justify us in saying that we knew, in the final sense required, what a man is. Neither of these lines of enquiry has, or pretends to have, reached finality in its research; and the definitely "known constitutive forces of a human being" do not exhaust the total reactions of the human organism. If they did, there would be no problems, and we have not yet reached that happy stage of certainty. But until we do reach that stage, and we know exactly what a man is, the hypothesis of "so-called disincarnate Spirits" is illegitimate and unnecessary. The whole question is a question of definition; and until that question: "What is a man?" can be answered with assurance, there is, and can be, no evidence of the activity of "so-called disincarnate Spirits."

M. Cornillier adopts the old adage, "Nothing can exist in the mind that has not passed through the senses" as though that dictum represented "the known constitutive forces of a human being." It only represents one exploded theory of consciousness, the theory of consciousness as an epiphenomenon and of the possibility of verifying anything of scientific description do not even permit the use of the words "the mind" with its implication of an ego or thinking substance; but even if we accept the phrase for the sake of convenience the fact remains that the perception of relations between sensations is the activity of consciousness itself, and does not "pass through the senses." I recognise that I am writing this article after having read M. Cornillier’s book, for example; but that recognition of time has certainly not "passed through the senses." I have neither seen it, smelt it, tasted it, nor heard it; but the perception of time before and after is a state of consciousness, and not of a sensuous nature. M. Cornillier has adopted this "old adage" only because he wants to infer from it that "for materialists or rationalists the subconscious is only, and can be only, the sum of impressions and sensations unconsciously received and unwittingly registered in the memory of a being." Everyone knows that it also includes the memory of things thought, whole complexes of thought, that may under suitable conditions be revived. Nay, more, the process of thinking itself is in the subconscious the unconscious part of its results much more certainly than of the process. M. Cornillier’s definition of the unconscious would not satisfy the most conservative psychologist.

M. Cornillier needs this theory because he wants to infer if "Reine" in trance knew things that she did not know in a waking state, she must have received them from some external source. The fact that we have no means of determining what "Reine" knew, any more than we have of determining what I know, that we also have no means of determining what "Reine" could unconsciously construct from the materials of her unconscious, prevents us from making the inference M. Cornillier requires. It is impossible, for example, to verify "Reine’s" reconstruction of her past lives with Vettellini, or her description of the other world; and the other phenomena for which M. Cornillier vouches only raise the question of his bona fides, which, as I say, cannot be argued. There is nothing in this book, put forward as evidence of the survival of the soul, that conforms to the most elementary rules of evidence; and until we are confronted with inadmissible facts, we are under no obligation to furnish explanations. We are asked to make the assumption that there is something called a "soul," which is capable of surviving the dissolution of the body, the survival being susceptible of objective proof. We are faced with nothing of the nature of objective proof, not even the sworn testimony of witnesses. Who is "Doctor N.—an avowed believer in re-incarnation," to mention one of the witnesses whom M. Cornillier cites? He has no existence for us as a witness: we do not get beyond M. Cornillier, and he might be anybody.

But this "Doctor N.," elicited from "Reine" the opinion of Vettellini, her "control," that "spirit and matter are independent and distinct from their very beginning." Of course! The whole Spiritualistic theory is built on that antithesis; but as nobody has ever been able to prove it, we are asked to make the assumption that there is a "hypothetical causes of states of consciousness," consciousness seems to be the real problem. That it is located and conditioned by a complex of phenomena that we call an organism, that it is subject to alteration by the alteration of the environment which conditions it, is known to everybody. We have every reason to suppose that it is an activity, a function of an organism—and we are asked to suppose that a function can exist apart from the organism of which it is a function. Why we should make the supposition is by no means clear to me; it does not help us to explain: "What is
a man?" for if we accept the spirit-matter antithesis we have no means of bridging the gulf between them, of proving interaction. If they meet and merge at any point, then we are not confronted with spirit-matter, but a new creation, of which we have no more reason to infer that it will have the properties of spirit-matter than we have to infer that water will have the properties of oxygen-hydrogen, or that the electrical current generated by two metals in one fluid, or one metal in two fluids, will have the properties of the metals and fluids. Spirit may be eternal, and matter may be eternal, without conferring eternity on their product. We are not, ex hypothesi, permitted to infer that the eternal, without conferring eternity on their product. We are not, ex hypothesi, permitted to infer that the eternal, without conferring eternity on their product. Our verbal antithesis, the impossibility of proving as a fact any deduction from it is obvious. What was said of sacramental marriage may well be applied to spirit-matter: "What God hath joined let not man asunder." Until the spirit-matter antithesis can explain life, it cannot expect to explain death; even as it is, it pretends to explain death only by denying it, by declaring it to be life, and thereby explains away its own reason for existence. A. E. R.

Reviews.

Our Social Heritage. By Graham Wallas. (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

In the "knowledge and expedients and habits which have been . . . handed down from one generation to another by the social process of teaching and learning" Mr. Graham Wallas has chosen a field rich in possibilities, and one in which new and illuminating conceptions are sorely needed. But his survey cannot be said to offer much help or guidance to a world in distress. This is perhaps because he intentionally leaves out of consideration "the huge subject of the application of the physical sciences to our new work-problems," and attempts to deal with "political, economic and social organisation" as a thing apart. Most political theorising has suffered from this defect; and, as the influence of science on everyday life increases, discussion of social phenomena without reference to its economic conditions created, and to be created, by material science, becomes more and more unreal. Mr. Wallas's analysis of the idea of liberty illustrates his position. He argues that a man does not feel unfree when his actions are interfered with by a non-human cause. "Common usage refuses to say that the liberty of a Syrian peasant is equally violated if half his crops are destroyed by hail or locusts, half his income is taken by a Turkish tax-gatherer, or half his working hours are taken for road construction by a German or French corsairs." Political theory is, indeed, mainly concerned with human interference, with action and its psychological results; yet the fact remains that, whatever "common usage" may accept, man's freedom is limited by non-human causes, and that the main object of social organisation is the removal, as far as possible, of such limitations. To escape the tyranny of hunger and cold, man has more or less willingly endured the tyranny of his fellows. An understanding of this fact is essential to a true understanding of social development.

THE NEBULAR ORIGIN OF LIFE.

Concerning the articles on the Origin of Life in The New Age I have been abroad for some months and have not had an opportunity of seeing them until my return a few days ago.

If the allusion in the first article of December 22, 1921, relating to radicles (I suppose you mean radioles) refers to me, as seems more than probable, I can only say that the rumour to which you have given publicity in print is not only untrue, but without the slightest foundation in fact. I need hardly say that in dealing with scientific matters rumours can form the basis of no discussion. No student has ever thanked the remote chemist who supplied him with the apparatus with which I worked at Cambridge, which was entrusted to the care of the most reliable person in the laboratory. The rumour is a gross and malicious fabrication on the part of someone who obviously sought to discredit my work. It so happens, however, that the supposed contaminations were not bacteria at all, but organic crystalloids of a nature unknown to the ordinary bacterial physical and chemical properties of radium on the particular organic substances employed, and differed

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To Mr. Allen Upward. January 19, 1922.

My attention has been directed to your series of interesting articles on the Origin of Life in The New Age. I have been abroad for some months and have not had an opportunity of seeing them until my return a few days ago.

If the allusion in the first article of December 22, 1921, relating to radicles (I suppose you mean radioles) refers to me, as seems more than probable, I can only say that the rumour to which you have given publicity in print is not only untrue, but without the slightest foundation in fact. I need hardly say that in dealing with scientific matters rumours can form the basis of no discussion. No student has ever thanked the remote chemist who supplied him with the apparatus with which I worked at Cambridge, which was entrusted to the care of the most reliable person in the laboratory. The rumour is a gross and malicious fabrication on the part of someone who obviously sought to discredit my work. It so happens, however, that the supposed contaminations were not bacteria at all, but organic crystalloids of a nature unknown to the ordinary bacterial physical and chemical properties of radium on the particular organic substances employed, and differed
from those produced by ordinary chemical processes by the action of barium and other substances. Those I reproduce under satisfying tests, and that in the process by which life was once evolved. I emphasised this in my book "The Origin of Life" (1906). The Nebular Theory you now propose to test is the same, or almost identically the same, as that given by me in Chapter X of my book; and later in my articles on "Physics and Biology," "Knowledge," March and April, 1907.

No doubt this has escaped your notice, and as I am now engaged in bringing out a new and enlarged edition of "The Origin of Life," I should like to have an opportunity of discussing with you such points of originality as your theory may present.

Yours truly,
John Butler Burke.

To Professor John Butler Burke. January 21, 1921.

Dear Sir,—

I am unfeignedly sorry that you should have been annoyed by a passing allusion on my part. As you truly say, rumour cannot form the basis of scientific discussion; neither, of course, can experiments which are not capable of being tested by independent investigators. As a sceptic, I feel at times that you have no right to ask me to take the radobes seriously unless you are prepared to demonstrate their reality by experiments which are not your laboratory caretakers would be quitting the region of science for that of faith. Paley, in his "Evidences of Christianity," has paid a similar tribute to the huna fides of the Twelve Apostles; nevertheless their testimony is not considered by scientific thinkers to be absolutely conclusive on such questions as the Virgin Birth.

If I have been guilty of overlooking anything in your published works which anticipated my theory of life as "the persistence of nebular energy in bodies of nebular origin," I think I may fairly excuse myself by your own apparent infidelity to the theory. At a time when you were thrilling the public, in the columns of the "Daily Chronicle," with the alternative theory of radobes, it was hardly possible for me to suspect that you had simultaneously embraced a theory of the origin of life so fundamentally inconsistent with a belief in the casual creation of living organisms in any lesser laboratory than the starry universe itself.

My only interest in the problem is in its bearing on the practical problem of how to render human life more harmonious, and in the first place to soften those collisions between which is so well-known a feature of our mortal destiny. I need not add that I shall feel it a privilege to discuss the matter with you at any time from this point of view.

Yours very faithfully,

The Social Problem Circle at Liverpool Institute, Mount

Windy Arbour, Kenilworth.

Sir,—Will any of your readers in the Leamington district who are interested in the Douglas-New Age scheme kindly communicate with me, with the object of forming a group.

W. F. Alty.

All communications relative to The New Age should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4.