NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There is one advantage in knowing the hand that moves the pieces on the political board. We have only to realise the mind behind it to be able, at least, to follow the game intelligently, and, at best, to forecast the moves that are likely to be made and the consequences intended to flow from them. In the game now being played at Cannes the hand that moves the British pieces is unmistakably that of Mr. Keynes, the author of the notorious work, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," to which no effective reply has ever been made outside these pages, and the author likewise of a new work published by Messrs. Macmillan this week under the title of "A Revision of the Treaty" (7s. 6d. net). Mr. Keynes is by good or ill fortune by far the most influential economist in the world to-day. He records with justifiable self-satisfaction that the conclusions of his earlier work, published in 1916, are now "everybody's commonplaces" (with the trifling exception of ourselves) and so plausible, and for the simple reason that they both themselves are demonstrably false or absurd.

Regarding the contention that "Germany cannot pay," for example, the demonstration clearly rests upon the mere assumption that Germany's total capacity is identical with her past actual output, which, in fact, was and still is, as it is also in the case of other productive countries, only a small fraction (say, one-twentieth or one-tenth) of her actual capacity or Real Credit. And, as regards the second contention, that the receivers of free German goods would be ruined by the gift, this too clearly depends on the mere assumption that no means can be devised of enabling, say, this country to accept a windfall without incurring a penalty of increased unemployment. Mr. Keynes, as we have said, takes no account of these assumptions upon which his case rests; nor, unfortunately, have any of his official critics in France or elsewhere been able to detect his error. Mr. Keynes and his official critics alike all take it for granted that Output is the identical measure of Capacity; and all alike fail to perceive that Output is the main argument of Mr. Keynes' present work, even if, by some miracle or other, Germany were in a position to satisfy the Allies' demands, so delicately balanced is international trade that the actual payment of the German indemnity, whether made directly or indirectly, in competitive or non-competitive goods, would ruin the receivers even more certainly than the producers. Now both these arguments we have no hesitation in pronouncing to be as false as they are plausible, and for the simple reason that they both take for granted certain prevalent economic views which themselves are demonstrably false or absurd.

Without wishing to insist that Germany should be made to pay up to the very limit of her capacity, or, again, without desiring to advocate the free support of one nation by another, it is nevertheless to the advantage of clear thinking that the facts should be stated. And they are these. In the first place, the
productive Capacity of every progressive country is constantly increasing, and it is increasing at a far greater rate than its Output. Output measures merely the effective demand or call upon the productive machine. It varies, not with the capacity of the machine itself but with circumstances over which productive Capacity per se has little or no control. To rest our estimate of the productive capacity of any nation merely upon its actual output is, therefore, to employ a measure almost entirely irrelevant to the facts to be measured; and it is bound to yield misleading results. If we want, in fact, to estimate what proportion of the machine itself, but with circumstances over which productive Capacity per se has little or no control. To rest our estimate of the productive capacity of any nation merely upon its actual output is, therefore, to employ a measure almost entirely irrelevant to the facts to be measured; and it is bound to yield misleading results. If we want, in fact, to estimate what proportion of the country can pay or deliver, either to its own nationals or to foreigners, the material to be measured is not its actual output, average or maximum, but its capacity in terms of power, plant, skill, organisation, access to raw materials and the like—factors which in one sense are imponderable, but which, at the same time, are the very stuff of which Real Credit is composed. In the case of Germany, for example, Mr. Keynes ought not to be satisfied (and still less ought the Allies to be satisfied) that Germany can produce and deliver only what she has been in the habit of producing and delivering; but an amount so much greater than her past actual output as her Real Credit exceeds the demand that has hitherto been made upon it. And if, as we have said and everybody knows, the Real Credit of every great producing country is vastly in excess of its actual output, and is increasing so by virtue of the development of invention and the extension of power, the capacity of Germany to pay is not far less than the demands of the Allies, but in reality far greater. That Germany, like other producing countries, does not, in fact, realise the distinction between her Real Credit and her actual Output, and would, if called upon to produce up to the limit of her real capacity, declare the thing impossible, is a consequence of the prevalent mistaken view. And so long as her creditors themselves are under the same illusion, so long must Mr. Keynes' fallacious arguments prevail.

The facts in regard to the effects of the reception of free goods from Germany are likewise simple. On the assumption that under no circumstances may the existing economic system be modified, even to enable us to acquire goods without labour, Mr. Keynes is perfectly correct in questioning the advantages accruing from insisting upon any “indemnity” whatever. The injury to the home industries which would suffer from the competition of the goods thus freely imported is plainly more likely to outweigh the benefits from the payments received. But suppose that, instead of accepting as unquestionable and unalterable the criterion of Employment as the be-all and end-all of our industrial system, we were to constitute Price the decisive barometer of industrial prosperity; and suppose, again, that Price were regulated to vary automatically with the quantity of goods at our command (actually or potentially), the effect of the reception of, say, a hundred million pounds' worth of free German goods, could scarcely be in any doubt. Since the automatic consequence of such an increment of goods would be a diminution of purchasing power by reason of the war, so every one of us would enjoy a corresponding increment of purchasing power by reason of the indemnity paid to this country. Employment under these circumstances would plainly not be affected adversely, but rather the contrary. Assuming that the effect of the payment of the indemnity were not generally reflected in excess of prices, the latter would infallibly stimulate the general demand for goods. Via a reduction of prices, not only would the German indemnity be equitably shared out, but there would be none of the countervailing disadvantages to which Mr. Keynes rightly calls attention on the supposition that the existing system must continue unchanged. Why Mr. Keynes and his critics alike close their eyes to the true facts of the situation it is hard to make out. Both, if either, cannot be supposed to have any particular sympathy with a defaulting debtor. Moreover, the question of the German indemnity is only a very important, not the most important, case of the general propositions that Real Credit vastly exceeds Effective Demand, and that the latter can only be equated with the former by the adoption of an automatic Price-ratio. The explanation must be that none of the official economists has yet asked themselves in a genuine way an important question yet, as the assumptions implicit in the existing system. They take it for granted that mere chance has created a system which reason cannot possibly impugn or radically improve.

The Prime Minister may possibly have already fixed the time of the kick-off in the great match for the political championship of Great Britain. But if so it is highly doubtful whether anyone else as yet knows it. If he has made up his mind to take the plunge in February, he will have a choice of the Unconditional Surrender of the Coalition. Sir George Younger has entered his nonplacet in no uncertain manner. The Unionists are extremely anxious that the House of Lords shall be “reformed” (i.e., re-established), while they themselves still have a majority in the Commons. Also, they walk in fear of the unemployment crisis, and dream that this will somehow have passed its climax in another six months or so. It is an issue on which the Labour Party is certain if not to gain seats, at least to have seats added to it; for it has only to adopt its favourite pose of thanking God that it is not as the “capitalist parties” and to insist that this is a workers’ question and that the Labour Party is the workers’ party. But what a shameful admission is the confession of such a fear on the part of the Coalition! That a party so destitute of even any colourable imitation of a policy on this head, and so apt itself to run off after any deceptive cry raised by “capitalist” sections, should be able to inspire such alarm! Its sole asset is that it has not as yet had the opportunity of exposing in office the nakedness of its “statesmanship.” The most moderate display of the Government, of constructive imagination would have sufficed to drive such comic-opera critics into a well-deserved obscurity. Such are Sir George Younger’s public reasons. It is further being darkly hinted that the Unionsists are bent on reconstructing the Coalition before they stake their all on the perilous cast of a General Election. They wish, in short, to make sure that they shall come back from the ride (whether in or out of office) with the lady safely inside. The Coalition Liberals are to be given firmly to understand that it is simply a case of the old Liberal Unionists over against; and that the time has now come for dropping all pretence. The Lloyd Georgians, it is understood, by no means accept this view; they too have their dreams of an ideal reconstruction of the Coalition. It is just possible that the wide horizons of the dissolved Coalition, come out with a full-blown plan of campaign for a reconstituted party under a brand-new name. It is the kind of stroke that peculiarly suits his genius; he reigns without a rival as the very prince of devisers.

The Labour Party is already beginning to preen itself in anticipation of its electoral triumphs. Mr. Arthur Henderson has been declaring his confidence that the Labour representatives will be augmented “to an extent that will surprise the other political parties.” Well, that is possible; considering the extreme contempt which so many leading politicians have repeatedly expressed for the Labour Party, it ought not to require much of an avalanche to do as much as that. We submit to Mr. Henderson that his party are setting them-
selves altogether too low a standard. It ought not to be a question of what the other parties expect of Labour, but of what, in the nature of things, might be expected, in the face of the failure of the Government, of a party that pretends to be great. Mr. Henderson further stated that Labour "will go into the contest fighting for the general principles for which annual and special conferences have repeatedly declared." For its own sake we hope not. Seeing that expected, in the face of any candidate devotes to the positive contest, it had better stick to destructive criticism of into the contest fighting for the general principles for with an entirely rewritten programme in time for the primary, and, indeed, all-dominating, remedy for unemployment. The Liberals on their side are naturally resentful; yet political prudence bids them strive to the last for an arrangement with these irritating interlopers on the preserves of political respectability. This conflict of feelings makes them address Labour in the tone of (as interpreted by Mr. Dooley of Chicago) the Britain of an earlier day in her advances to America: "Ye whelps! Ye ar-re a disgrace to humanity... But ye ar-re whelps in th' ol' line. Ye annoy us so much ye must be members iv our own fam'ly... So come to our ar-rms, an' together we'll go out an' conquer th' wurrld." In such hybrid accents does Mr. J. M. Robertson hold forth in a recent pamphlet on "Liberalism and Labour." We endorse indeed his criticism of Labour as being debarred in the machinery of credit. But after all, confidence can only stimulate manufacturers or merchants to take advantage of openings for trade which really exist. No amount of confidence on the part of the producers will enable them to go on producing in the absence of a market; and the markets are absent, because the money is absent from the pockets of the would-be customers. Sir William speaks indeed of credit as linking, not only "manufacturer to merchant," but also "buyer to seller." It could and ought to, but does it? Where does the consumer as such come in, as regards a share in the benefits of this socially created credit? Sir William has nothing practical to suggest whatever; only "good will and courage," especially good will, and that (of course) most of all between employer and employed.

We have frequently pointed out the curious affinity between Marxianism and financial orthodoxy. Our view is confirmed by a pamphlet, which has just come into our hands, issued by the Labour Pioneer Press of Merthyr Tydvil. It is entitled "Labour and the Money Problem" and its author is a Mr. John Barr. The platform revolutionary is often, in every practical sense, the most obstructive of conservatives. Many of our industrial magnates seem to be labouring under the conviction that the world can only be kept going by didactic letters to the "Times." Can no one persuade the Incheapes and Weirs and Nobles that it really would not mean the end of all things if they were to give the correspondence columns of that much-suffering journal a rest for six months? Sir William Noble has once more splashed into the pool, moved thereto by nothing more definite or compelling than the opening of a New Year. He has nothing new, nothing illuminating, nothing helpful to tell us. He occupies half a column, principally in informing us that he thinks—on the whole somewhat doubtfully—but yet he really does think, that this year may see a revival of trade. He bases this pale ghost of a hope on a "renaissance of confidence," of which he can detect certain signs, or tenuous shadows of signs, which he enumerates in appropriately elusive and non-committal language. This is all very well. We too have constantly insisted on the need for confidence, which (as Sir William points out) finds its "business expression in the machinery of credit. But after all, confidence can only stimulate manufacturers or merchants to take advantage of openings for trade which really exist. No amount of confidence on the part of the producers will enable them to go on producing in the absence of a market; and the markets are absent, because the money is absent from the pockets of the would-be customers. Sir William speaks indeed of credit as linking, not only "manufacturer to merchant," but also "buyer to seller." It could and ought to; but does it? Where does the consumer as such come in, as regards a share in the benefits of this socially created credit? Sir William has nothing practical to suggest whatever; only "good will and courage," especially good will, and that (of course) most of all between employer and employed.

The report of the Certificates of Naturalisation Committee on the case of Sir Edgar Speyer is sensational reading. We hope the public will thoroughly take in its lessons. It must be borne in mind, in the first place, that this committee is a quasi-judicial body; and secondly, that the expulsion of Sir Edgar from the Privy Council and from British citizenship was a deliberate and leisurely proceeding in time of peace. Had this action been taken during the war it might well have been set down as a mere symptom of spy-mania. For that reason we may well be glad that during the crucial time he was so strangely protected by political influences. In the course of their judicial report, the Commissioners remark, "Sir Edgar Speyer seems to us to have preferred his private financial interests to their duty to the State." The results are fully as sinister in peace as in war. Unless we can find means to break this dictatorship of the financieriat we shall never be free from the alien peril.

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of view of the ordinary capitalist, who, precisely on the ground of this ownership, would claim a monopoly of the issue of credit, and vehemently deny to the workers any right to capitalise their real credit. The whole of this failure to get to the roots of matters is due to the essentially materialistic outlook of this school. They look at once to the obvious and tangible entries, such as the means of production, and assume that in the owning and administration of these must lie the key to the situation.

Our Generation.

M. Paul Bourget has been busy recently in proving that the word “European” is either meaningless or else means something else, and that the ideal, Europe, is a shallow idea. In an article in the popular journal "L'Illustration" he takes the trouble to refute Rousseau, (whom we have all sometime or other) on the assumption apparently that Rousseau was the John the Baptist of the European conception. But there were Europeans before Rousseau; and there have been good ones since, who have not thought of Rousseau as an European at all. Goethe, who experienced Rousseauism as the grand temptation against which he had to guard himself, has a more legitimate title to be considered the father of the modern European ideal than the author of “Le Contrat Social.” In the matter of Europe Rousseau was after all only a theory, whereas Goethe was an achievement. The only distinction of intellectualism. M. Bourget shows first that every great writer belongs psychologically to his nation: that Milton is English, Molière is French, Schiller is German, Tolstoy is Russian, and so on. He goes on to inquire: Should a French writer, then, allow himself to be influenced by a foreign literature? And he replies naturally, Yes. But only, he adds, if the influence was due to the national qualities, the concrete qualities of his genius, are not swamped. The distinction is intellectually acute, but it is incorrectly formulated. If it is dangerous for a writer to be “influenced” (and that we shall have to consider) then there is as much reason to believe that the literature of his own nation as there is from the other literatures of the world. His very personality is in danger (if we are to accept M. Bourget’s theory of influence), and if his personality has been annulled it really does not matter much which nationality he may claim. He cannot have a nationality if he has no personality and he cannot be a European if he has not both. But all this is too academic for words. M. Bourget in his enthusiasm for nationality at all costs (my literature, right or wrong) has invented a species of influence which is almost purely an intellectual abstraction, an academic peril which provokes only a theoretical shudder. There has been hardly a single great writer whose genius has not been enriched by one or several influences; Shakespeare, for instance, was an emancipating force to writers so foreign to him as Goethe, Hugo and Poe. And we know, because we have it in our own words, that he did not straiten their national powers; he released them, increased and quickened them. If it were not so what a cockpit literature would be, and how glad we should be, if we could, to destroy the last trace of it! What justification has literature at all, we wonder, if M. Bourget considers the perusal of foreign literature dangerous, seeing that all literature is foreign literature to the reader, that of his own country not least? There are, of course, what one calls “bad influences” as well as good literature, but the former cannot be equated with the term European, any more than the latter can be identified with the term, national. Where, then, is the real truth in M. Bourget’s thesis, seeing that it is not formulated in his arguments? It consists in this, that every writer who is in a spirit of reality concerned with real things will be, whether he desires it or not, national. Voltaire and Rousseau did not attempt to be French, and in that act of restraint they were most authentically French, more typically and classically French than those writers who are never without the name of France on their lips. In his enthusiasm, for instance, one does not try to be a patriot, but simply a thinker or an artist, and if one happens to be a Frenchman one expresses something French, and if one happens to be a German, one expresses something German. It is just this that M. Bourget to prove that there can be no Europeans after there have been Europeans. It is bad observation to demonstrate that Europe is incapable of arousing an emotion in men as well as France, Germany or England, when we know that she has again and again done it. His article is really a vast difference between treaties against and treaties for, and Mr. Wells’ phrase is illuminating. Treaties, and not only treaties but all things “against,” are the expression of reaction to necessities, political and other; they are on the plane of adaptation, and all the freedom of the will and the power of reason are not asserted in them. And for this reason it is that there is so much fear, suspicion and hatred in them. The plane of adaptation is the plane of hatred; the necessity to adapt, the inability to do nothing more, gives rise to hatred, and hatred, once it is born, binds men more firmly to the continued necessity to adapt. It is the power to deal positively with circumstance, and above all the assertion in action of this power, that removes hatred; for when one is in control of things and feels the pleasure of shaping them, there is no room for a grudge or a fear. This mood is psychologically important therefore, and it is, we imagine, what Mr. Wells means by being “for” things. It breeds peace around it, not the peace of prudence which in the end leads men to make war—out of an excess of prudence; but peace as an achievement, a positive victory “without powder,” more triumphant because less marked with the stigma of corporeal necessity than any of the triumphs of war. Weakness, as Nietzsche, I think, said, is the great cause of wars; men have not enough vitality of will and of mind to resist the particular reaction which causes them to quarrel with one another. It would be easy intellectually, of course, to prove that in reality there is nothing to choose between being “for” and “against,” seeing that in this mixed world to be for one thing is to be against a host of others, and that to be against these is to be for something else.
The Revenge Complex.

Before the Douglas Scheme was made public the effort to secure its adoption as a working policy was naturally first directed to different units of the Labour movement. That line of approach proved futile. Public proponents of the Scheme, facing Labour audiences, have been discovering several of the reasons for the failure of Labour to give it the new opportunity. The vested interest of established leaders in outworn policies; the materialist outlook of Labour generally, and its inability to respond to any appeal to the spirit; sheer unbelief that finance can be a licence on a future hypothetical “capture” of the political and administrative machine; thirst for personal revenge: all these are in evidence. Each has been discussed directly or by implication in The New Age. The bitter persistence of the thirst for revenge calls for further consideration. Labour is undoubtedly affected by the attitudes are not interchangeable, nor are they merely “different in degree” from one another: they are opposites. They give rise to different value judgments: e. g. how respectively what men can do and what they must do. It is the ultimate task of mankind to abolish the latter class of actions.

EDWARD MOORE.

arguments of this kind are pedantic and unreal. Psychologically to be “for” is precisely not to be against; the attitudes are not interchangeable, nor are they merely “different in degree” from one another: they are opposites. They give rise to different value judgments: e. g. how respectively what men can do and what they must do. It is the ultimate task of mankind to abolish the latter class of actions.

J. W. GIBBON.
From Sydney to the Golden Mile.

By Grant Madison Hervey.

I.—THE GEORGIAN LEGACY.

The traveller who visits Sydney only will almost certainly carry away a very mistaken notion of the real Australia. What that well-known writer, Harry A. Franck, has said in regard to Buenos Aires and the Argentine applies with greater force to the so-called principal city of the Australian Commonwealth. There is, I believe, no capital in the world so far in a lop-sided advance of, or so out of proportion with, its supporting State. Of all the people inhabiting the Australian, truly enough, one fourth live in the capital. But what is to be said of Sydney—a vast, wen-like, immortal growth—where there is pent up, in city and suburbs, practically one half of the population of New South Wales?

The foregoing phrase "immoral growth" is applied in a political as well as in a social sense. Corruption and immorality are the predominant Sydney notes. Indeed, the moral contrast between two such States as Victoria and New South Wales, physically separated only by the width of the Murray River, is very striking. No one who has lived for at least six months in Melbourne, as the present writer has done, and then for an equal length of time in the Harbour City, can escape the feeling that he has lived in two different epochs. He who resides in Melbourne from front, lives in the terms of Birmingham and Chicago, of To-morrow poised upon the foothold of To-day. But he who, being a foreigner, makes his temporary home in Sydney, feels that he is going backward, that he is in the dead, stark grip of yesterday, with scant hope of any morrow of advancement, seeing how flat, visionary and unsubstantial is to-day.

What is the explanation of all this? A few days ago, chatting with the amiable and cultured State Governor at Government House, a vision of the truth came home; not through anything that Sir Walter Davidson said, but rather on account of certain silent evidence, tendered in the Vice-Regal residence by the pictures on the walls. There, in the drawing-room, the visitor finds himself conducted in the open, like old Greek dramatic performances; and ships sailing regularly, carrying the surviving scum of England over-seas.

In Sydney, of course, they are very touchy about all this. To speak of the convicts' influence upon the present-day thinking-moods of Sydney, society, or indeed to refer in any way to the old convict epoch at all, is to make oneself fiercely disliked, and to become subject to all manner of insult. To illustrate: my own personal foible, if I have one, is etymology. I like to trace the meaning of all unusual words and phrases; and when I first came to Australia, and found myself in the midst of an apparently speechless community, I heard, after the last Melbourne Cup but one, the remark, "I’ve done my sugar," on every side. This phrase naturally intrigued the etymological side of my attention; and I found, upon inquiry, that that omnipresent Australian slang-usage has its root in the fact that, from the dim beginnings, Australian convicts have been inveterate gamblers. Having no money, down to this very day the men confined in Australian prisons, so I am officially informed, bet in sugar. Good-conduct prisoners, receiving an ounce of sugar per day, use them as almost always used, that allowance as a betting-medium. And obviously in a State like New South Wales, with convict prisons, the steady stream of released ticket-of-leave men, carrying the gaol-idiom with them, have made that phrase, "I've done my sugar," current and acceptable in the whole of Sydney society.

Now mark the result. When we first came to Sydney, my wife and I, we resided at the Wentworth Hotel. This is rather a good class of place, but somewhat expensive; our bill for two persons, with an occasional guest for lunch or dinner, averaged thirty pounds a week. Well, we became acquainted in due course with a few people staying at the hotel from Bristol. It was sown down in the beginning with efficiency—with a horror of all the old bad Georgian things that are depicted in the cartoons of a brutal Gilray or a Hogarth—and anybody, indeed, who wishes to penetrate to the very inmost secrets of Australian character must think in terms of art.

To illustrate for a moment: Why is it that the most savage writers and artists in Australia make Sydney their home? Norman Lindsay, for instance, the painter of "Pollice Verus" and of many other Pagan libels upon the spirit of humanity, was born in Victoria. But almost as soon as he could walk, artistically, he fled to New South Wales. And there, with the exception of one short tour abroad, he has ever since remained. The late J. F. Archibald also, founder of the Sydney "Bulletin," and incidentally Norman Lindsay's first patron, was originally a Victorian. He, too, fled to New South Wales in the latter 'eighties; founding a school of journalism of which the first and last principle is sarcasm—the application, through cartoons, paragraphs and leading articles, of leg-irons and the lash.

All this evidence mounts up. It brings home irresistibly the spirit of New South Wales. New South Wales is essentially Georgian. Brutality reigns. The average face that one sees in the streets of Sydney, indeed, is cruel and brutal. Completely etiolated of all the higher mental qualities and nobler aspirations, the people of Sydney, no matter whether one inspects them at the Stadium on a Friday night or at Government House, a vision of the truth came home; for the deficiency by the development of cruel hooks and thorns. To tell the truth, he who looks at a Sydney crowd is simply looking at the collective face of a dead-and vanished England; of that pre-Manchesterian England, politically based upon Old Sarum, which delighted in public institutions of the Jack Ketch variety—hangings conducted in the open, like old Greek dramatic performances; and ships sailing regularly, carrying the surviving scum of England over-seas.

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In Sydney, of course, they are very touchy about all this. To speak of the convicts' influence upon the present-day thinking-moods of Sydney, society, or indeed to refer in any way to the old convict epoch at all, is to make oneself fiercely disliked, and to become subject to all manner of insult. To illustrate: my own personal foible, if I have one, is etymology. I like to trace the meaning of all unusual words and phrases; and when I first came to Australia, and found myself in the midst of an apparently speechless community, I heard, after the last Melbourne Cup but one, the remark, "I’ve done my sugar," on every side. This phrase naturally intrigued the etymological side of my attention; and I found, upon inquiry, that that omnipresent Australian slang-usage has its root in the fact that, from the dim beginnings, Australian convicts have been inveterate gamblers. Having no money, down to this very day the men confined in Australian prisons, so I am officially informed, bet in sugar. Good-conduct prisoners, receiving an ounce of sugar per day, use them as almost always used, that allowance as a betting-medium. And obviously in a State like New South Wales, with convict prisons, the steady stream of released ticket-of-leave men, carrying the gaol-idiom with them, have made that phrase, "I've done my sugar," current and acceptable in the whole of Sydney society.

Now mark the result. When we first came to Sydney, my wife and I, we resided at the Wentworth Hotel. This is rather a good class of place, but somewhat expensive; our bill for two persons, with an occasional guest for lunch or dinner, averaged thirty pounds a week. Well, we became acquainted in due course with a few people staying at the hotel from Bristol. It was sown down in the beginning with efficiency—with a horror of all the old, rude, Georgian things that are depicted in the cartoons of a brutal Gilray or a Hogarth—and anybody, indeed, who wishes to penetrate to the very inmost secrets of Australian character must think in terms of art.

To illustrate for a moment: Why is it that the most savage writers and artists in Australia make Sydney their home? Norman Lindsay, for instance, the painter of "Pollice Verus" and of many other Pagan libels upon the spirit of humanity, was born in Victoria. But almost as soon as he could walk, artistically, he fled to New South Wales. And there, with the exception of one short tour abroad, he has ever since remained. The late J. F. Archibald also, founder of the Sydney "Bulletin," and incidentally Norman Lindsay's first patron, was originally a Victorian. He, too, fled to New South Wales in the latter 'eighties; founding a school of journalism of which the first and last principle is sarcasm—the application, through cartoons, paragraphs and leading articles, of leg-irons and the lash.
began. Presently up came the topic of Australian slang. Quite innocently, I began to advance my theory that at least district and so-called slang phrases in use to-day in Australia have a convict origin; and in proof of my contention I advanced the case of the above-mentioned popular racecourse saying, "I've done my sugar." But before I had got half way through with my statement, a dark-hired, pale-faced, pensive young man who came in the public service jumped up. "You Americans are nothing but a lot of infernal rotten nigger-burning blanks!" he shouted. "You—you!" Words failed him. He knocked the table over, spilling cigar-ash and good Manhattan drinks—and ran hatless from the hotel.

Our lady friend was dumbfounded. So were we. She apologised profusely for the extraordinary conduct of the gentleman, and the incident passed. A fortnight later, however, I read in one of the Sydney evening papers—the "Sun," I think, though neither amounts disastrous: and they want a change. They want to

Yesterday reigns, the penitential Yesterday is taboo. That is why the New State movements, alike in the scattered country population, without understanding you will find a tremendous body of evidence supporting my theory. Sydney is just a transported piece of the corrupt old England of Walpole, always being white-washed and expertly covered up, but rotten at the core. That is why the New State movements, alike in the North Coast district and in the Riverina area, adjacent to Victoria—of which more later—are pathological signs. Morally and politically, New South Wales is breaking up. The good, honest, productive elements in the scattered country population, without understanding exactly what is the matter, stiff the corruption. They feel, instinctively, that New South Wales, whatever else it may be, is something out-of-date and archaic: something expensive to govern, inefficient and disastrous: and they want a change. They want to get away from the spirit as well as from all the Georgian materialism of Yesterday. They want to pull level with the comparatively civilised Queenslanders and Victorians, and embrace the advantages of To-morrow and To-day.

One word more. In the hall at Government House in Sydney there hangs another portrait. It is that of a dark-haired, pale-faced, pensive young man who came out to New South Wales in 1899 or thereabouts, at the age of twenty-seven. When I asked who he was, Sir Walter Davidson said: "Oh, that is one of the Lygons. When he came out here as Governor he was very young. He said something that the people didn't care about, and got himself into no end of a mess. What was Lord Beauchamp's offence? Twenty years before I made my mistake at the Wentworth Hotel he made the same innocent slip. He referred, in short, to the Georgian legacy.
me that, in the whole theoretical system of the Kantian philosophy, the greatest and most inspired of Kant’s thoughts was the thought that mental manifestations are purely phenomenal just as much as physical manifestations. Subsequently, however, I grew more cautious in this matter, being guided above all by considerations of theoretical morality. But the philosophy upon which this book is founded is the philosophy which holds that mental manifestations have a greater reality than physical—although it must be admitted that I am not yet in a position to base this fundamental philosophical doctrine systematically and methodically, or to trace all its affiliations.

The ideas which I heard and read a little (this arousing in me a wish to study the subject practically in Naples).

In the spring of 1902 it occurred to me that the deep sea fauna, concerning which I heard and read a little, is the edifice, I think that I am entitled to the credit of having been its pioneer in the conceptual field.

My thoughts were first turned in this direction by the phenomenon of the deep-sea fauna, concerning which I heard and read a little (this arousing in me a wish to study the subject practically in Naples).

In the course of the following summer and autumn, there developed more and more clearly in my mind the design of an undertaking involving for its completion an enormous amount of work, so that as yet it is still in its initial stages. The general plan is that for a continuous and unified ego which is aware of all that it does and assigns responsibility to itself for all. The criminal is the human being who in general (for himself as well as for others) aspires towards or of the time in which he is; he is without self-contemplation, and lives all unaware. Since he feels, generally speaking, confirmed in that view. The sea must be in some way related to crime. To-day he is the most unhappy of mankind. He needs a whole lifetime in order that he may find within himself any ground for gratification or pride. He is the human being who continues to exist through an incomprehensible spontaneous act of renouncing in its course; he suffers from the animal fear of something which dreads the light, must partake of an end. He has already come to use himself as merely means to an end. Could he still will, he would not regard himself as wholly bound by destiny.

Comparative Psychology

of an entirely new kind (quite different from that of Romanes or G. H. Schneider).

The dog is the animal concerning whose significance I have the dearest notions. I do not know whether the dog symbolises the criminal generally speaking; but I am sure that the dog symbolises a specific criminal.

Here an idea is requisite concerning the essential nature of the criminal.

The criminal is a human being who continues to repeat a sinful act, without any effort to transcend it. He values earthly well-being more than anything else in the world, and he is moreover the only human being who does not really feel himself to be unhappy—though unquestionably, in a deeper sense, and as his actions show, he is the most unhappy of mankind.

The good man is born, but thereafter throughout life he feels himself to be burdened with sin, and never finds within himself any ground for gratification or pride. He needs a whole lifetime in order that he may win his way from unfreedom to freedom; this is the significance which he gives to his life. The criminal, on the other hand, lacks this will-to-value; in the criminal, a continuous process of disorganisation runs its course; he undergoes disintegration, and at last doubtless is resolved into material atoms. He is the man who really dies. The criminal lives his whole life without any true “unity of consciousness,” without a continuous and unified ego which is aware of all that it does and assigns responsibility to itself for all. The criminal disintegrates (his crimes are his last resort in the endeavour to remain integrated).

The criminal has no will-to-value, or (what amounts to the same thing) he has no will; he lapses more and more towards nonentity, is merged in night and helplessness. The criminal comes into existence through an incomprehensible spontaneous act of renouncing in individual value;* Judgment is a phenomenon of the will; the criminal does not judge, he has no faculty for knowledge, and as a result has no will, nor in principle, nor in general. The criminal wills himself to be valueless—to be something other than an ontological reality.

* Precisely for this reason he expects the death sentence, feels darkly that he deserves it, because he has willed himself to be valueless—to be something other than an ontological reality.
Art Notes.

MR. D. S. MACCOLL v. CEZANNE.

In the December issue of the "Burlington Magazine," appeared an excellent reproduction of Cézanne's "Landscape and Bacchanales" and in the January issue of the same magazine appeared two criticisms on it. For the moment I am going to deal with the first one, written by Mr. D. S. MacColl.

There has been already so much written about Cézanne that honestly I did not believe that there was any critic left with a name equal to Mr. MacColl's who could so many years after reproach Cézanne for the very qualities which made him great and which prevented him from being recognised as an artist by the academicians of his time. To strengthen his argument Mr. MacColl made a diagram which by no means applies to the work in question although it is admirably adapted to fit his argument. That the "Bacchanales" is not so simple as Mr. MacColl believes can be seen from the mistake he made in drawing his diagram (Diagram No. 1). The composition is not a flat design as it appears in this diagram, but as striking a three-dimensional composition as any Cézanne ever seen. The only point which Mr. MacColl has seen is the central point of the upper boundary. The apex of the lower triangle shifts to the right so as to fall in the same line with the apex of the big triangle and to fit his statement that the design is "a too severe pyramidal symmetry." As Mr. MacColl persuaded himself beforehand that "there is practically nothing of the famous "recession" he has failed to see any of the receding planes on which the figures are placed.

The most important fact which Mr. MacColl has overlooked is that the space in the central part of the picture is determined by a big pyramid whose apex is on the central point of the upper boundary (see Diagram 2). The triangle ABC is determined as follows. AB runs from the apex through the outer edge of the lower cloud and the extreme point of the lower hand of the standing satyr, follows the arm of the sleeping nymph and finishes at the elbow. BC runs from the elbow through the shoulder of the sleeping nymph, the waist and lower side of the hand of the nearer standing figure in the central group and finishes on the forehead of the same figure. The line (1) runs from C through the head of the second figure in the central group, touches the head of the small distant figure and passing through the mouth finishes at the paw of the right hind leg of the dog and so determines the actual position of the dog. AD is determined by the dog's hind leg and the hands of the group on the mound. The nearest corner of the pyramid goes over the lower boundary and is determined by the line running from the elbow of the sleeping nymph past her knee and by the line going from the apex through the lowest point of the top cloud and the extreme point of the leg of the lower figure of the couple leaning against the mound.

In this way Cézanne measured the space in which he was going to place his figures. Having chosen for some reason a pyramid for that purpose he was obliged to base on it the working out of his composition. He has done so. What appears in Mr. MacColl's diagram as the lower triangle is again not the most clearly defined pyramid. A glance at Diagram No. 2 and the reproduction in the "Burlington" will easily show how rashly Mr. MacColl has drawn his diagram.) Not only is that so but I am certain that every couple in the drawing form a pyramid, that the three clouds form a pyramid and that the trees on both sides of the picture have taken the shapes of pyramids. To anyone who knows how fond Cézanne was of the old masters it will be clear how he could come to the idea of repeating the same motif through the whole of the picture.

Mr. MacColl affirms that "the artist's helplessness in remembering forms is as obvious in this sketch done out of his head as is his difficulty in rendering them when he draws from the object." It is obvious from what I have already said that this is not a mere sketch but a carefully worked out plan for a composition. Where the only thing that matters is the general plan a perfectly finished work cannot be expected. But in this particular case I sincerely think that Cézanne has accomplished one of the best drawings I have ever seen because it shows a good memory for forms but for the unforced logic of the evolving forms. They take the shapes dictated by the picture and not by the objects they are derived from. Cézanne is the last artist in the world to be accused of wanting to paint trees, dogs, and so on; he left that to less intelligent painters and he himself tried to paint pictures. If Mr. MacColl cared to study Cézanne (or modern painting in general) he would quickly realise that he is accusing Cézanne for not doing what he never meant to do. Anyone with a grasp of tree form would automatically diminish the trunk of his tree upwards, because the volume at the base is equal to the volume higher up plus the volume of the branches. Volume is a picture is not got by proportioned diminution of the objects seen until they fit the canvas or paper, but by as clear as possible definition of the receding planes in order to get the right relation between the forms and the space the artist has chosen to fill. The shapes of the forms do not depend on the objects they are derived from; these are transformed so as to answer exactly their functions in the picture and so cease to be dogs, trees, people and become a combination of coloured forms which have to give a new self-contained pictorial whole.

As for the drawing I hope Mr. MacColl will agree that any shape may be well as badly drawn. If this is so he cannot object to anything in Cézanne's drawing in this particular work. It is not due to his not
being able to draw more accurately (we have examples where he has done so); the actual execution is dictated by his keen sense for the medium in which the picture was executed; it is a waste of time and energy. I must apologize to my readers for repeating so many facts which have already become commonplace in the world of art, but I hope they will forgive me if Mr. MacColl, after being reminded of them, writes a more careful and less baseless attack on Cézanne. And there are points at which Cézanne can be attacked, but that requires a more thorough study of his works than Mr. MacColl seems to have made.

R. A. Stephens.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

It is, I suppose, one of the penalties we pay for having a formal and respectable, instead of vital, religion that our art, when it tries to become serious, usually deals with some problem of casuistry. The astonishing popularity of psycho-analysis shows us how much need there is to make another man's reputation for seventy years. So far as was known, he had no relatives, no friends, no one except Oliver Blyds to care for him; and in recognition of Blyds' care for him he left everything of which he died possessed to Oliver Blyds. This fact is not elicited until nearly the end of the play, and it invalidates most of the criticism of Blyds. He was in honest possession of Jenkins' work, without any reservations or qualifications concerning publication. The publication question, on which so much of the play turned was thus satisfactorily settled; there was no more immorality in Blyds' benefiting financially by the sale of property bequeathed to him than there is, say, in music publishers benefiting by the sale of that old music valued at eight or nine shillings, that Schubert left. Perhaps the music publishers have used Schubert's name on works that he did not write; but Blyds took upon himself the odium or the fame that attached to another man's work. He took a risk and made a success of it.

Was he under any obligation to publish it as Jenkins' work? "What's in a name?" asked Shakespeare. The answer, I think, is Fame. Famous men usually have good sounding names; it was Shakespeare, and not Bacon, who became famous; it was not John Henry Brodribb, but George Alexander Gibb Samson but George Alexander, not John Joseph Fairs but John Hare, who became famous. Find me a genius or a famous man throughout the history of the world named McScroggins, or Begg, or Higginbotham, or even Jenkins, and I will admit that there is nothing in a name. There is a humdrum named Jenkins, there are several milkmen of that name; but if Jenkins had lived to be as old as Blyds, ninety, he could never with such a name have achieved the fame of Blyds. Why, one of the big cutlery firms repeats the same sound in Blades, East, and Blades, making, I hope, a fortune out of it; while Jenkins goes clanking about the streets with tuberculosis in a can. The poems, then, were legitimately the property of Oliver Blyds; the fame attached to his name, and not to the name of Jenkins; while the actual publishing success was probably due to Blyds' assiduous attention to business. To credit Jenkins with the success of Blyds is to overlook the important facts; while from the public point of view, what does it matter whose name we attach to our quotations? Do we not all father jokes on Sydney Smith, do we not all at some time turn a good phrase with such a name

Mr. Milne force even his patriotism. Isobel Blyds had forgone marriage, and the lovely baby (only one) that she thought herself capable of bearing, to nurse this great poet, or friar, because she wanted to share...
his glory. But her vital life would have been wasted just the same if Blayds had been a great poet; if she were fool enough to do work, nursing, that she detested, to deny her vital needs for the sake of a parasitic fame, she had no one to blame but herself. The morality of rewards and punishments breaks down utterly in this case; Isobel did not believe that virtue should be its own reward, because her motive to service was not virtuous but speculative. "The Truth about Blayds" is that it is most amusing when it tries to be really serious; it ought to be re-written as a comedy.

Readers and Writers.

In considering American literature as a part of the greater field of English letters I shall not make the mistake of treating America as a part of England. This has been done by English critics much too often explicitely and still more often by implication. They have taken an American book, and without troubling—or, more probably, without being able—to consider it against a background of American life and letters, have compared it with books of the same nature published in London and judged it, usually unfavourably, by London standards. The result has been to give a distorted idea in this country of American literature, and to create in America a degree of annoyance with London criticism which would seem excessive were it not so well deserved. London publishers have shown as little discrimination as the critics; of all the best young American writers, I can hardly remember a case where, if several books of any author were considered for republication over here, his worst or, at least, most unsuitable work was not chosen. Thus we find Mr. Howard Anderson's "Poor White" in an English publisher's list when "Winesburg, Ohio" ought to have been selected. Miss Willa Cather's "Youth and the Bright Medusa" is preferred to her "My Antonia." Mr. H. L. Mencken's least attractive volume of essays has been issued in the place of the others; and so on. I cannot complain that the same mistake has been made with James Branch Cabell; his "Jurgens" has been published in England recently and is to be followed by "Figures of Earth." But here again I cannot refrain from grumbling. "Jurgens" has been issued as a "Christmas book," that is to say, it is published at a high price in order to include some illustrations which seem to me in most cases not to be in the spirit of the text. The coloured frontispiece belongs to a chocolate box; many of the others are in a jumble of styles; only those deposits of rubbish in which Mr. Anderson has been accused of are added to its charm. Mr. Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" has a failure of necessity. Because it sold three hundred thousand copies in the States, there need have been no reason to suppose that it would sell three hundred copies here; still I do not complain that the risk of publication was taken. My point is simply that our London publishers have no more idea of the peculiar literary conditions in America than most of the critics. Mr. Eugene O'Neill's plays, which, I am told, I may claim to have discovered for English readers, are still unpublished on this side; the two selected for performance by the Hampstead Repertory theatre—" Diff'rent," and "In the Zone " give only an inkling of the talents that make him, in my opinion, by far the most interesting new writer of English plays. Who shall be first publisher to issue his "Emperor Jones?"

I will not carry my list of errors and omissions further, for I am afraid that already most of the names I have read to my readers. How could it be otherwise? If their poorer works alone have been published here, one cannot expect much interest to be taken in them. I would prefer now to make a brief reference to the significance of the work of some of the writers I have named, and I hope that my readers will not spare themselves the trouble of verifying these notes. But they must have some notion of the stage on which it is presented.

Let me start with a cliché. America in its parts divisa est. There is New England—I am speaking less in geographical, of course, than in cultural terms—where insular English literary traditions hold the field. Boston is the literary Ulster of America. Books are produced in these traditions that are of value, but, being almost indistinguishable from our own, need no introduction or explanation to English readers. Besides, these books are almost as well known here as there; most of the popular American novelists come into this category. It is no disparagement of them to say that they neither offer nor promise anything to stir the sluggish waters of English literature to-day.

The second part of America is the Middle West. This comprises roughly the whole of the United States west of New York and Boston across to the Californian coast. The Bostonian and the New Yorker despise the Middle Westerner as barbarian; he retorts by sneering at the movibound "Boston culture" and the unassimilated cosmopolitanism of New York. The Middle Westerner is the provincial of America; but at the same time he is the centre of the Continent. Chicago is his capital, his Moscow, his Manchester; and he feels about his city in relation to the Eastern coast as the Mancunian intellectual feels to London and the Moscovite to Petrograd. He has not, he proudly declares, the effete and dilletante outlook of his rivals; he is the home-grown product of the soil; he, and he alone, is American. He is "normal," to use a word that one of his "favourite sons," President Warren Gamaliel Harding, of Ohio, has popularised; he despises equally the "frivolity" of President Wilson and the affected superiority of the Lodges, Brookses, Cabots and so on of Boston. Mark Twain and Artemas Ward are two of his literary heroes. The tragedy of Mark Twain, himself a Middle Westerner and the victim of his environment, may best be read in Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's "Ordeal of Mark Twain," a work that throws more light on American cultural conditions than any other I know and which ought long ago to have been published in England, as, I hope, it some day will be.

The third part of America is "foreign" America. The millions of immigrants from Central, Southern and Eastern Europe have brought with them their own outlook and their own artistic traditions. It is they who create the Middle West to Boston, no doubt, but they have little real intellectual contact with either. Read Mr. Theodore Dreiser's novels or Miss Cather's tales of the Bohemians and Swedes in Nebraska—despite the fact that she herself is a Bostonian, as is only too plainly displayed in her first and last books, "Alexander's Bridge" and "Youth and the Bright Medusa," where she deserts Nebraska for the Eastern coast—and you will see, in Mr. Dreiser's books, how the "Continental" tradition rebels against Bostonian standards and, in Miss Cather's, why this must be so.

There is, indeed, a fourth class also in America, though it is not yet very mature; this is the young intelligentsia, centred chiefly in New York. It is at present devoting itself chiefly to the criticism of the reigning standards of life and literature, and until it attains a more positive standpoint we cannot expect much artistic creation from it. But this process is happening to-day, which is one of the many reasons why American literature is of such interest.

With all these rivals in the field, American literature is split up into several schools, none of which completely
represents the American civilization of to-day. It is obvious that if ever a synthesis is reached, American literature will advance far beyond its present phases. Until now, in literature as in social life, the "melting pot" has been a myth; the various elements are not yet fused into a single whole. But this too is perhaps not far off. Already in Mr. Sherwood Anderson's writings one may see the first foreshadowings of the fusion. He is a Middle Westerner of British descent; his work is remarkable inasmuch as, while belonging wholly to none of the classes I have mentioned, there are nevertheless distinct traces of all of them in it. He is, I venture to suggest, the harbinger of the American literature of the future.

I hope that this summary classification of the American mind of to-day (which, though it would be impossible in the case of a matured, indeed, overlaying country like England, is clear enough in the present state of American social and literary life) will be of some service when we come to consider the work and the significance of Mr. Anderson and other prominent young American writers.

Recent Verse.

Gerald Gould. The Happy Tree, and Other Poems. (Blackwell. Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Gould in these poems transmutes occasionally his emotions into beauty; the mood which he has failed to transmute, however, and it is his ruling one, is pity. Over his other moods he rises as an artist, but his pity rules him and will not permit him to be an artist. The thing pitied must appear to him to be not only pathetic but shocking. Unconsciously if not deliberately he is a preacher: whatever is pathetic, he says in effect, is unjust, and he writes of it to make us dislike it so much that we shall sweep it away. This is not, however, the purpose of poetry, which is, on the contrary, to lift the necessary suffering of life into a sphere where we can contemplate it without terror and so surpass it. Mr. Gould's pity drags him down from the free realm of poetry into the world of ordinary preoccupations—into a world, indeed, far more depressing than its original. Is there not more cruelty than pity in the following lines?

Red as the blood of any mother's sons
Poor women, destined happy to the wild Midwifery of bustling steel
For all the lands pushed to a bloody dust
Beneath the heel of this insane mistrust
By a few maniacs' lust.

But no; the last passage is after all nothing but the utterance of a leader writer on the "Daily Herald." One suspects comparison which is so brutally expressed. "Pushed," "bloody dust," "maniacs' lust"—yes, there Mr. Gould is trying to "get at" us, and he is using the wrong means. In a humanitarian writer the very vocabulary should be humane. The author is perhaps at best in a poem in restrained reflective vein, "In Memory of the Dead Soldiers of all Nations." Here he is above the conflict:

He smiled like Hermes the beautiful
Of Persephone.

But he says: The poem ends somewhat weakly, however: Brothers, to-day remember Our brothers who are dead!

Some of Mr. Gould's lines are very adroit, and we should say his chief temptation is the manufacture of these. Here are a few specimens:

My heart's your heart's interpreter
O sweet omnipotent impotence
The beach was made of shells, so small
They seemed not to be shells at all.

The last of these shows how untrustworthy this gift is, for in a sonnet the complet is certainly weak. The quality of all three passages, indeed, is the quality of epigram rather than of poetry. The simplicity and the ease of Mr. Gould's verse are also qualities which could well be turned to epigram. The following passage, however, is pretty and nearly poetry:

An eagle in the cradle of its wings
Golden 'mid golden air.

Richard Aldington. Images. (The Egoist, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.)

Images of Desire. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Aldington has set himself in these volumes to say a few pretty and a few unpleasant things, and to say them as easily as possible, that is, in vers libre. His verses are imaginative descriptions, or images, as he calls them, of moods. Being that, however, they do not differ essentially from almost any volume of contemporary verse written in the conventional metres. All the same this is not poetry; for a mood or an emotion is nothing but the root out of which a poem blossoms, and a mere description of it, however imaginative, is not expression, but introspection. To use the vocabulary of psychology, poetry is sublimation, while modern verse is sometimes fantasy, sometimes analysis. It is not the poets of to-day who sing; it is their complexers. Mr. Aldington's verses are mainly fantasies; fantasies pretty enough when they are coloured by reminiscences of Greece; fantasies just as ugly when they are determined by the realities of our time. The author's repulsion from the modern world is the complement of his attraction to Hellas. The best of his "Greek" images are pretty:

The green land
Which lies upon the waves as a leaf
On the flowers of hyacinth
And through it all I see your Greek face.

You morsel left half-cold on Cesar's plate.

Our weariest eyes
Yearn for the heavy bowed gold blossoms
Beneath the very grey sky
Of Persephone.

And the god, September,
Has paused for a moment here
Garlanded with crimson leaves.
He held a branch of fruiting oak.
He smiled like Hermes the beautiful
Cut in marble.

The shining of the sun upon the water
Is like a scattering of gold crocus petals
In a long wavering irregular flight.

Even in these, however, the effect is marred by unnecessary words. Why "very grey sky," for instance? And why "irregular" after "wavering"? This is not even clever, as "the morsel half-cold" certainly is. Even as an imagist Mr. Aldington is somewhat amateurish. Take the following:

A young beech tree on the edge of the forest;
Stands still in the evening.
Yet shudders through all its leaves in the light air
And seems to fear the stars—
So are you still and so tremble.

Now would not this conceit be made pleasing by the omission of the fourth line? There is generally a line too many in the author's verses and a word too many in his lines.

So much for Mr. Aldington's pretty verses; now for the others.

The chimneys, rank on rank
Cut the clear sky;
The moon
With a rag of gauze about her loins
Poses among them, an awkward Venus—
And here am I looking wantonly at her
Over the kitchen sink.
OLIVE MACNAUGHTEN. Verses by the Wayside. (Palmer and Hayward. ls. net.)

Millions of human vermin
Swarm sweating
Along the night-arched cavernous roads.
(Happily rapid chemical processes
Will disintegrate them all.)

The huge moon, yellow and blotched,
Like the face of a six days' corpse,
Shines hideously over the barren wood.
There, these are the worst; except it be the following,
"imaging" Mr. Aldington passionate, or, shall we say,
in a passion.

Your white teeth in my flesh and taste how honey sweet
Is amorous dust.

We must now go forward,
though I search the whole world over,
I shall never find it here.

If it is the rose of poetry she is looking for, we fear not. Why album verse of the kind contained in this volume should be written we can understand—it amuses the writer; but why it should be published we do not know. Even the following are not the worst lines in the volume:

This long and sometime weary road
Which leads to rest and God
For there's sunshine, and there's shadow
On this long wide road in view
Such unity of purpose! such high ideals!
How they helped to make the history
Of the way the war was won.

In the last passage, as will be observed, the authoress actually essays alliteration: it is her most ambitious literary device.

E. M.

Views and Reviews.

HUMAN PROGRESS.—III.

I have gone considerably beyond my original purpose when I began to review this one essay in Mr. Bevan's book,* and I am afraid that I cannot answer the questions I have raised. If the Christian hope is in any way committed to a belief in the continuous progress of humanity on this planet, and none of these terms is defined, I do not see how without obviously blinding ourselves to facts we can reasonably hold it. There are possibilities envisaged by science, as I have shown, that life (in some form or other) may not be entirely at the mercy of chemical and physical forces as we now know them; and we are also compelled, by our acceptance of the concept of natural law, to suppose that as other planets develop to the point of providing the conditions that we now regard as necessary for the appearance of life as we know it life will appear on those planets. But this is no guarantee that there will be a continuous progress of humanity on this planet. Evolution itself implies decadence as its corollary; just as genius and idiology arise from the same set of physical conditions, so from any one point we may distinguish both progress and regression.

It is by no means certain, though, that Christianity is in any way identified with a belief in humanity as a whole. The promise of everlasting life, for example, was made only to believers in Christ; and there is throughout a recognised dualism and antagonism of two distinct types of humanity, the children of this world and the elect. "He that is of God beareth God's words; ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God," indicate, clearly enough the recognition of the two types. Such promises as were made, were made to the chosen people, not to the whole of humanity; and amongst other things was the promise that they should rule the world. It is a fact worth noting in this connection that even the progress of society tends to result in a similar separation of types; I have before remarked that in industry, for example, every development of automatic machinery renders one or perhaps human faculties unnecessary in the actual process of production; and as long ago as Andrew Carnegie's "Empire of Business" (1880, I think), it was declared that modern developments required a large mass of unskilled labour capable of performing one process only, and a small, highly trained, very efficient class to superintend it. The process, of course, is not inevitable, and has its own difficulties; for, as these highly trained people are sterile or at least do not reproduce themselves in sufficient numbers, even the superintending class has to be recruited from the unskilled labour class—and in America, for example, they already have discovered the difficulty of recruiting a sufficient number of foremen—and England, I may say, is not reproducing its governors from its governing classes, nor so far throwing up enough real talent from people who have been deliberately degraded to a function.

But apart from industry and present conditions, to keep the discussion on Mr. Bevan's level, there is no guarantee that even if the secret of life and its perpetuation or creation is discovered, that the whole race of humanity will share in that development. Biophysics and bio-chemistry may stumble on it at almost any moment; one hears of weird things apart from biology; for example, a substance that will precipitate gold in colloidal solution in fifteen minutes, if it can be successfully demonstrated, probably has all sorts of other powers, including physiological powers. For if working with radium or X-rays can induce sterility without any diminution of sexual potency, as Marshall declared in his "Physiology of Reproduction" (1910), and we know also that, in suitable doses, these radiations will induce proliferation of tissue, such a substance as the one I have referred to, which is already known to produce some physiological effects, or some similar substance, may put the powers of life into the hands of a very small, highly trained class, and as now the powers of death are in all men's hands. It is easy to see, along these lines, the possibility that the whole life process may pass under human control, without at the same time having any assurance that such control will become the property of the whole human race. Shaw's fantasy of the 'short-livers' and the 'long-livers' is not an impossible dream; it corresponds, so far as it goes, with the Christian belief in the chosen and the rejected people; and although such persons would undoubtedly be an advance on mortal man, they would not demonstrate a continuous progress of humanity on this planet, because by implication there would be a corresponding decadence of the other portions of the human race.

Mr. Bevan's chief purpose in raising the problem, though, was to discuss whether the effort to improve the world were worth while. He is most concerned for the moral values, and says: "I feel that if it were proved to me that all attempt to make the world better must fail, I might still be a Christian and ought still to strive." But striving has very little to do with a belief in human progress, or a divination of Divine purpose; our world-view is only an attempt to justify our activity or inactivity, we are impelled by forces working through an organism, and those forces themselves are subject to law. "And he be did not say: 'And mighty works there because of their unbelief,'" indi-
cates one of the limitations of action. But this paradox of conflict of belief and action is very old; St. Paul had it, with his: "For that which I do I allow not; for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." Emerson saw the same contradiction in the character of the Englishman. "He is a man of his own showing, has yet to be created, and where Catholicism and Nonconformity have both failed, Quakerism is not likely to succeed. We ask Dr. Cadoux to consider the possibility of people born not only without the religious sense, but without the appropriate brain organ for its expression; it is one of those facts that make all these attempts to discover "God's Will" impossible. "That is the real problem. Dean Inge may say that "there never has been a time when the character of Christ and the ethics which He taught have been held in honour to any extent in the present," but the fact remains that the investigators reported that "the great majority had never found themselves compelled to reckon with religion at all."

One effect of the war was to convince Christians that there was remarkably little of what they called "religion" among their fellow-men. An enquiry was undertaken by "a large and representative committee of religious lecturers into the state of religion in the British Army"; and their general conclusion was that eighty per cent. of the manhood of the country is at present not in touch with any form of organised Christianity. This would not matter, except to the clerical profession, if the ideas that organised Christianity tries to promulgate were familiar to the people; but the same people reported that "the ignorance of the Army in religious matters is colossal," "the majority have not the foggiest notion of what Christianity is all about," and so on. Dr. Cadoux accepts this state of affairs as a challenge, says, "man's extremity is God's opportunity. Nothing disposes man more to listen to God's voice and to seek to know His Will, than does the discovery of their own utter need and inability to meet it out of their own resources."

The crying necessity of to-day is a re-discovery of God's Will. "The teaching of Jesus has therefore got to be both criticised and obeyed, both sifted and reverently observed; and just as the obligation to obey does not cancel the need for criticism and interpretation, neither ought the ability to sift and criticise and the duty of doing so to be taken as exempting us from the obligation to obey. As men under authority, it is our business not only to interpret our instructions, but also to carry them out." But although Dr. Cadoux has written a very interesting book for those who already accept the authority of Jesus as superior to that of the dogmas of the Church, and who regard Christian action as more important than Christian belief, we do not quite see the relevance of the book to the general condition that inspired it. So far as we know, there is no evidence to show that the Englishman has discovered "their own utter need and their inability to meet it out of their own resources." The only people who are crying for "a re-discovery of God's Will for the conduct of human life" are the Christians who presuppose that man, while sinning, is unable to do wrong; it would seem that the problem is really a problem of priestcraft, the creation of a need of religion. What Lassalle called "the accursed wantlessness" of people is the obstacle to religious progress as to all other.

THE NEW AGE

January 12, 1922

Reviews.

The Guidance of Jesus for To-day. By Cecil John Cadoux, M.A., D.D. (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

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Reviews.

The Man on the Other Side. By Ada Barnett. (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a story of influences from "the other side" to a man living a scorched hand over a Sussex farm. The author's skill in handling "atmosphere" and character makes the story much more enjoyable than is the usual treatment of a spiritualistic theme; we do, for the most part, escape from the stuffy atmosphere of trickery in the séance-room to the broader air of the countryside and the interest of natural phenomena. If Miss Barnett had been content to be a romané, her book would have been wholly enjoyable; unfortunately, she has swallowed, without digesting, the whole Spiritualistic theory, and her proselytising attempts convert the story at last into a piece of special pleading. She even converts her "scientist" at last to a belief in the reality of spirit-survival; and on this level the critical faculty of the reader is an obstinate critic. We reflect that if the well-known physicists and chemists who have accepted Spiritualism were as hopelessly uncritical and as easy to convince as is Roger North in this book, the value of their wit-
ness to the miraculous is nil. Even if we accept the phenomenon in this book as facts, there is not one that indicates the continuance of a personality; at best, they only prove the persistence of personal influence in places. That is a very different thing from the spirit-return it is supposed to prove. Miss Barnett would, on the whole theory, have the usual metaphysical war between love and hatred conveniently symbolised in this case by a conflict between the spirits of a dead Englishman and a dead German. Presses even natural phenomena like the growth of creepers in the garden in her service (we wonder if they ever killed a chicken on this farm), and even a thunderstorm becomes visualised as a conflict between "the dark forces" and "the light forces." To those who have not yet discovered that spiritualism is an unsatisfactory and undemonstrable explanation of phenomena, Miss Barnett's story will be wholly enjoyable; but we think that her artistic gifts are better employed in the creation of mysterious influences than in the explanation of them.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CURRENT ECONOMICS.

SIR,—Your article "Current Economics" in the issue of the New Age for December 30, dealing with the medival Church concerning the "Just Price" was of great interest and I should like to remind your readers of one or two encouraging facts which are some reply to the question of J. W. Gibbon (the author of the article, "Has She (the Church) no ethical principles to apply to modern conceptions of Commercial Morality?") You are aware that last month the Society of Friends held a three days' conference on "Industry for Service," with 300 representatives present, at which a whole session was devoted to the question of "Credit Reform" and when Canon Hewlett Johnson, W. Allen Young and Philip T. Kenway spoke. "The Wayfarer," a Quaker journal, for December, 1921, has the following in a report of the conference:

"By far the most stimulating sitting was devoted to the Douglas Scheme of Credit Control. Canon Hewlett Johnson claimed for it a real bearing on the position that "industry must add a portion of a highly organised art of presentation of the arts of its means and circumstances into calculation in constructing a performance; they cannot separate the acting from the place. They may adapt themselves to whatever scene the exigencies of the occasion compel, but that one set of conditions is necessary to perfect achievement they know; the audience only feels the difference in the result. That acting can be equally significant under any and all conditions is a theory only of "arm chair" critics."

Mr. Hope refers to Nietzsche. This author's first book, though in after years he has been called it a "doubtful and impossible" book, nevertheless gets somewhere very near the heart of the mystery of dramatic art. In it the young Nietzsche analyses the "Socratic tendency with which Euripides combated and vanquished Aristophanes in his tragedy. He marks how the artist, Plato, burnt his poems in order to become a worthy follower of this "newborn demon, Socrates," who could not appreciate the universal music of the Dionysian dramatists, and who in poetry could comprehend only the Eposian fable. But Plato was no more able than was Ibsen in our day wholly to suppress in himself the instinctive artist at the bidding of the thinker and moralist—he diverted his artistic genius into "strange and hitherto unknown channels," into the Platonic dialogue. The Platonic dialogue, says Nietzsche, is the prototype of the novel. In my humble opinion it is also the prototype of the "literary" play, by which I mean the kind of play which can be appreciated most exactly on reading. Young writers are mistaken in taking these plays as models of theatre art. The theatre play, of which the supreme type is the work of Aristophanes, can only be dimly realised from reading—the words taken when taken by themselves being but a portion of a highly organised art of presentation on which they were dependent.

The aim of the Dionysian drama was to make men feel their ownness; the Socratic drama succeeds chiefly in making men conscious of their differences. This perhaps explains why I become argumentative when Mr. Hope writes about Ibsen, but remain silent appreciative when Shakespeare is the subject of his notes.

END ROSE.

P.S.—In my last letter there is a misprint which needs correction. The words of Ibsen were "I consider it inhuman to do a dramatic work that should not be acceptable to the public in the first instance by means of a stage performance, not "strange" performance.

PROPAGANDA.

SIR,—I cordially invite correspondence from all your readers in this locality who are interested in the Douglas-New Age Scheme. R. E. EDWARDS. 38, Westmount Road, Eltham, S.E.9.

All communications relative to the New Age should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, CURTIS STREET, E.C.4.
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