

THE NEW AGE

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[Owing to the illness of the Editor the following article is substituted for the usual "Notes of the Week."]

Women in Industry.

By Frances H. Low.

It is perhaps not surprising to find that the "Spectator" is the latest recruit to Feminism. It is the fashionable cult of the hour. Labour, under the delusion that Feminism furthers the interests of women, favours it vehemently; whereas, what it in reality does, is to favour those of a section of women, largely consisting of the wealthy, ambitious women who stand to gain enormously by this modern doctrine. For the time being they will rope in the restless, dissatisfied, self-dependent women workers, who, in the long run, will find that it is not only men who are injured by Feminism, but the great majority of women. A homely illustration, exhibiting at once the tendencies of the hour and this injury that threatens the great majority of real working women. I have been going about in my work-a-day life for twenty years and more. Always till two or three years ago have we working women, who are neither physiologically nor in other respects upon an "absolute equality" with men, found men willing to recognise this fact and act fairly to us. What happens to-day? See Feminism in actual operation; and no sophistry or beautiful, vague talk about this being a "transition period" will alter the facts.

Men, rightly or wrongly, remain seated in 'bus or tram while women stand. Over and over again you hear the masculine justification, "If they are going to do our work, and demand equal pay, then they must take their chance like men." On a pouring night last week, five weary women in a 'bus were standing: one was elderly, one had been on her feet fitting exacting women customers for seven hours; another, a cashier, a most fragile person, had a six months' old baby at home; the fourth was the mother of a large family; of the fifth I know nothing. No one of the men seemed in the least disconcerted or uncomfortable. Nor could one blame them. This is a small but highly typical incident. It will be seen thus that the wealthy woman

with her motor, or with sufficient money to command a taxi—(and in the highest social circles there is a kind of etiquette in which a man always yields "to a lady" standing for chivalry, which will always exist, it was seen, of course, in the folly and snobbery of Lady Astor's election, which is likewise an indication of what we may expect in the future, when Parliament becomes a sort of mixed club for the Elite. Possibly all serious business will be transacted outside Parliament; but surely it might cause the Labour Party to hesitate in its violent championship of Feminism when we reflect that though Lady Astor showed a virgin and unparalleled ignorance of the A.B.C. of Politics, yet she has been acclaimed by the whole Suffrage Party)—is unaffected by this new masculine orientation. As also, temporarily, the very young robust girl of seventeen or eighteen, who is more nearly on an equality with the youth of the same age than at any other period. Which brings me back to the "Spectator" and its espousal of the "healthy young unmarried woman" (this is the "Spectator's" phrase, not mine), who, under the auspices of Mrs. Kinnell (I believe a sister of Lady Cowdray), are appealing for sympathy and support and funds to compel a certain highly organised trade, viz., the engineers, to unconditionally admit healthy, young, unmarried women into their ranks. It will be remembered, they entered this industry at high wages during the war, let us agree, from "patriotic" motives; and the men, be it likewise remembered, who were compelled to go to the Front to fight Germany, whether they wanted to or not, and to undergo the most appalling conditions for practically no wages at all, agreed, I have always thought mistakenly, that this highly skilled craft, for which men undergo a long period of training, "should be so broken up into a score of small mechanical processes (diluted) as to make the work possible to the majority of women who presented themselves." I believe I am stating the exact truth. It was understood on both sides that the whole situation was temporary and consequent on what was believed to be England's peril. Now listen to the "Spectator." "We confess that our first feeling on reading Mrs. Kinnell's letter was one of burning indignation against those who throw impediments in the way of women earning their daily bread by honest labour, whether at the lathe or any other form of engineering work which they may

choose, or, again, in many branches of the building trade which are entirely suitable for women." After these introductory hysterics, quite in the character of Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who for all we know may now be editing the "Spectator," it continues in this strain:

"While we assume, and indeed are obliged to assume in the face of Mrs. Kinnell's positive statement, that the unions of the skilled men are in fact preventing women from having a share in skilled work, it is possible that there is some misunderstanding and that the attitude of the unions is not really what it is said to be. If that is so, and if they make no objection to women doing skilled work or learning to do it, we shall not only be willing to recognise our blunder and to withdraw and apologise for what we have said, but shall be relieved beyond measure to have been proved in error."

It is necessary here to quote sufficient of Mrs. Kinnell's letter to show the type of women in question and the situation taken up by her and her shocked editorial friend. Her opening words are:

"May I appeal to your readers to help an undeservedly unpopular and unfortunate class of workers, the demobilised women war-workers. There are hundreds and even thousands of educated women to-day who are on the verge of absolute want." She then informs us that "teaching, nursing, and domestic service remain open to them, but there are many women as well as men whose gifts lie in other directions." The rest of the letter is taken up by informing the trade unions that they have the "mistaken idea that the fewer people who work the more jobs there are to go round. This fallacy is leading to serious bitterness between men and women workers which is a grave danger to the future."

Now it may be truly objected in view of Mrs. Kinnell's knowledge of economics, that the more competition you have the greater will be the supply of "jobs," maintained without any qualification or discrimination; and in view of her philosophy of life that the above statements show such complete ignorance, why argue? For if they mean anything at all, they mean, in the view of Mrs. Kinnell and the editor of the "Spectator," that there are no diverse lines and functions and limitations of sex, that the nursing of the sick, the maintaining of the Home, and the teaching of little children, are just as suitable for men as for women; whilst women are just as likely to have "gifts" for the working of machinery and the rest in workshops and elsewhere (coal mines no doubt will be the next aspiration) as men. Why waste time arguing with such people, who care not to what lengths they can go if they can wrest work for "educated women," hitherto assigned to men, and at the same time injure the Trade Unions? But we must remember this kind of gospel is repeated and reiterated on every side, in newspaper and political propaganda: and foolish as it seems to anyone who knows ever so little of the mechanism of modern industry, with its roar of machinery, its atmosphere, material and moral, we have to recollect that of the thousands of persons who read these words, perhaps not one per cent. will have the judgment and the actual knowledge to estimate such generalisations at their true worth, to show that they are written by a wholly ignorant person; whereas ninety-nine per cent. will be carried away by the appeal to passion and prejudice, "men preventing women earning their daily bread"; and, in just the same way as women have been rushed into politics, so will they be rushed into industry, from which, be it remembered, they were withdrawn last century as a step towards civilisation. Two more quotations from the "Spectator" must now be given. After lengthy arguments to demonstrate this fallacy, that the "fewer people who work the more jobs there are to go round," it goes on to state—

"In any case, we have to deal with several millions of women who claim the right to dispose of their own labour in their own way." (Note before going further the attitude: men must be chivalrous and altruistic, women

are to do exactly what they like.) . . . "In the same way certain trades such as brick-laying or house-painting, or working heavy machines, might be allocated entirely to men" . . .

"Our answer to this plea is that, even if theoretically there is something in it, it will be found that freedom of action will divide the work between men and women far better than the most enlightened of tyrants or the most philanthropic of trades' councils.

"If we leave the matter alone, things will adjust themselves. Especially is this adjustment likely to take place successfully if it becomes a rule or a custom that the rates of pay for women shall be the same as for men. *And here we may say that though theoretically a woman ought to be allowed if she likes to settle her own rate of wages, we are quite prepared to think that in the interests of women as a whole it would be better to have the rule of equal wages.*" (I have italicised the lines so that readers shall not miss them.)

"The women showed during the war that in a great variety of trades—indeed in almost all trades—they can hold their own perfectly well with men, except where exceptional physical strength and weight are necessary, as, for example, in mining operations, and navy work and seamanship."

This is followed by the "Spectator's" economic philosophy, the above being apparently its social and ethical one. It is almost as artless and primitive as the rest. It is summed up in the following, "See Smith, Jones, and Robinson in the harvest field, exhausted and overdone with the struggle against the weather. To them enter Mary, Susan, and Jane, and noting how tired are the male workers, they offer to help in getting in the sheaves and saving the corn from destruction. If Smith, Jones and Robinson are natural and unsophisticated persons who have not heard of lowering the standard of wages and so on, they will gladly accept the proffered help and get in their harvest in half the time they would have done if not helped. If, however, they are strict followers of Trade Union economics, they will receive the overtures of Mary, Susan, and Jane with the utmost rage and indignation, and unless prevented will drive them with stones and curses from the field for having dared to attempt to deprive the male toilers of the indefeasible right to bear, perspiring and profane the heat and burden of the day." There is another page in the same style of economics. Now my knowledge of political economy and logic is not extensive, but an even slighter knowledge is possessed by the writer of these arguments; and I refuse to believe any masculine intellect (poor as is the opinion I have for some years had of the "Spectator") is responsible. It is the kind of thing, and at the same level of good taste, that we have often heard on Suffrage platforms. But is it not rather something of a disgrace that a journal which once enjoyed the high reputation of the "Spectator" should degrade itself to make use of reasoning of this sort. A board-school child would see that there is not the smallest analogy between the industrial situation and the position of the harvesters. To go into details and dissect and pulverise such rubbish would almost be an impudence to the readers of this journal. But out of this mass of generalisations, statements made without precision or limitation, such as the least scientific or expert person would be expected to employ, certain propositions are perfectly clear and deliberately framed. Take first the assumption that millions of women are anxious to enter industry to-day, and that if they do wish to, they must do precisely what they like according to each one's individual sweet will. We know that without these additional workers, there is in almost every trade a large or small number of *unemployed*, that this unemployment indeed is chronic, and that the whole aim and object of the finest spirits in the Trade Unions to-day is to try and lessen it, as it involves alike to men, women, and children conditions of such tragic

misery and suffering as to almost make life unendurable. With a recklessness for which I cannot find language sufficiently strong, Mrs. Kinnell and her friend of the "Spectator" would increase the horrors of this unemployment; add to the terrific competition to which all workers to-day are subject by throwing in thousands more who, according to the heartless philosophy of the editor of the "Spectator," ought, theoretically, to be able to undercut men if they prefer to do so, but all things considered, they will probably find it pays better to insist on equal pay. This is the Christian ethics of our present civilisation, and be it noted not a single reader has made any protest. After all, leave things alone, hurl women with all their handicaps into this struggle-for-bread arena, and "things will adjust themselves." Does the "Spectator" really wish us to believe that this sums up the situation; that this is the simplest thing in the world, and mere brutal selfishness on the part of men, if they are unprepared for this *Revolution*—for it is nothing else—and will not open their ranks before they have weighed every step; that before the whole careful and faithful tradition of Trade Unionism, built up by years of devotion to principle, which is that the good of all is the good of each one, is broken in pieces, they will endeavour to get some laws and principles by which they can be guided. Even on those points, in which it might have been thought—blinded by passion as the "Spectator" is—that it would at least have tried to show a semblance of fairness, there is not a single fragment of evidence of half an hour's thought and consideration of the situation. For is it not true that we know *nothing* of the effect of women doing man's work for the last five years? Is the editor of the "Spectator" so ignorant as not to know that the conditions under which women worked were wholly abnormal? Money, for one thing, being spent with such utter recklessness that every report has protested against it—though this is a mere material matter. That in many cases the industries themselves were changed from highly skilled crafts, for which a man trained long and laboriously, into numberless purely mechanical processes (dilution); and that ninety per cent. even of the so-called "skilled" work that women did in the shops, so far from being a fascinating occupation for "gifted" beings, was of the most monotonous and soul-deadening kind, involving far less intelligence and capability and initiative than demanded by the household Crafts? We do not yet know the results on the health of women, their nerves, and, most important of all, on the maternal function. Every "young unmarried woman" is a potential mother, and this performance of maternity determines woman's economic function; she is anatomically and physiologically different from a man, and we do not yet know how far women's reproductive organs are injured by the effect of this rapid and roaring machinery on their nervous organisation. May there be any connection between the wholesale absorption of women in industry and the lack of character and ability to manage a home so painfully obvious during the last few years? These are questions one would have thought would have occurred to the most superficial inquirer; but surely there are wider issues even involved when the question arises *not of limiting industry to the women who must work* and who are unfitted for a more exclusively feminine kind; not of restricting women after the most careful and prolonged inquiry to those branches which will do them least injury physically and morally; not by diminishing the competition as much as possible to make the lives of such women as easy and endurable as possible: but of throwing all and sundry into overcrowded forms of industry, which they entered simply because the men were compelled to fight and on the strict understanding that their services would be dispensed with on the return of the men to their legitimate work, and complacently letting "things adjust themselves." What are we to think of the attitude of

the Feminist leaders utterly careless as to issues, so long as women are earning big wages? When we take into consideration that the men themselves are realising the intolerable industrial conditions to which they are subjected—the drawback of this early specialisation, which women generally have escaped—and fighting, not only for bigger wages, but for the humanising and civilising of modern industry, are we not bound to ask, is it a step forward or a retrograde step for huge armies of women to enter workshops and factories with their heated atmosphere, conducive, as we all know, to early sexual development? Is it well for these persons who are leaders to encourage women to forsake Arts and Industries which relate to the Home and are a discipline and fine specific training, for what, as everybody knows who knows anything of modern industry, is the soulless mechanical work of the human machine? And we who have always protested that Feminism to the great mass of women, as to the world at large, is an evil and a curse, not making for a finer grade of mother, for more efficient Homes which are at the very core of life, allowing for stabilised relations seen under no other conditions, that it does not even produce refined, cultivated women, are we not perhaps justified? I have worked for women and girls for twenty years; and whenever—as the other day when I went to a sweet factory—I watch crowds of pallid, weary girls, in a sickly heated atmosphere, doing the same mechanical things over and over again, things in which one can take no interest, things that must ultimately destroy the work sense, and are absolutely unrelated to the life most of these girls hope to re-enter by marriage, I ask myself, how and by what means can we get a growing generation of girls to see in the processes involved in any Home-keeping when human beings live, married or unmarried, involving variety, intelligence, and a general training and discipline that no factory work can give, their finest contribution to the world's progress? This and the stamping out of war finally and instantly are the great spiritual crusades for women.

Next week I shall continue to analyse the "Spectator's" theories and show the other side.

WILLOW.

Fair fall the day upon the tree,
So brave that doth abide,
Remembering old Arcady
In the gray woods and wide.

Still bound with frost the purple brakes,
Nor any leaf is blown
Where willow stands apart and makes
A summer of her own.

Rose and silver and rare gold
And ruddy stems and green
And sweet breath over thankless mould
She bears while March is keen.

Riches and charity she is,
Wealth and the soul of earth,
That waiteth not the word of Dis
To show her shining worth:

But early, in a barren place,
Her gold and crimson are
Like to a child with ruddy face
And tressed like a star:

Or like to one that goes alone,
Whose heart is warmed with dreams
Though winter whiten on the stone
And warp the shivering streams:

Fair fall the day upon the tree,
So brave that doth abide,
Remembering old Arcady
In the gray woods and wide.

RUTH PITTER.

Towards National Guilds.

[In the present series of Notes we have in mind the scheme already several times referred to for bridging over, without social catastrophe, the interregnum between Capitalism and Economic Democracy.]

WITH little ceremony we dismissed at the end of our notes of last week the goose that laid the golden eggs; but not before, we hope, the mythical bird had served our purpose of representing Credit in relation to Cash. The products of the goose—namely, the golden eggs—were presumably bought for cash; but the goose itself, being an instrument of further and increased production, was not on sale for cash, but could only be purchased, if at all, as credit. Turning from geese to men, the little parable may be thus applied. Capital is the goose which (when properly fed) lays the golden eggs of production; and its eggs are the products which are consumed. If, now, we suppose that the consumer takes the *product* of industry and pays for it a sum that covers the whole keep of the bird of Capital; if, furthermore, we suppose that the bird's laying-power is improved by its keep—the conclusion will be seen to follow which we drew last week, namely, that since Price equals Cost, and Cost includes the upkeep and improvement of Capital, Price is really the parent of Credit. At the same time, since Price entitles the consumer only to the *product* of industry, the credit inherent in the improved *productivity* of the Capital goes naturally to the owner of the bird, in other words, the Capitalist.

That, roughly, is our contention: that Capital appropriates Credit while leaving to the consumer only the Cash. Cash distributes the *product* of industry; but Credit distributes the *productivity*.

Another example occurs to us. A man ran a business for ten years without profit. The proceeds of his sales during this period only just covered his outgoing expenses. Nevertheless, at the end of ten years, he was a comparatively wealthy man. How did he manage it? The answer is that though he made no profit during the ten years on his *trading* account, the capital value or credit-value of his business was constantly increasing. After the decade he could have "sold" his business for a sum which, distributed over each of the ten years, would have represented a handsome profit. Now where, we may ask, did that ultimate access of credit come from? And how did it fall to him? It will be observed that he made no loss on his trading: in other words, he charged to the *product* of each year the expenses of the year—including, of course, in those expenses the cost of the upkeep and improvement of his business. It is, therefore, obvious that the *source* of his increase of credit is to be found in Price. Stated simply, he charged the consumer with the cost, not only of the product, but of the improvement in his plant as well. And the increased credit based on his improved plant fell to him for the simple reason that he appropriated it by means of Price.

What, however, could he have done? We are not asking what, under the existing system, he should have done; for, like the rest of us, he is the victim of the system; but what, we ask, *could* he do? The answer is plainly this: that since Price now *includes* the cost not only of the product but of the increased productivity, the *Just* Price should exclude the cost of the increased productivity and be measured by the cost of the product only. In the case just imagined, our entrepreneur, we have seen, charged the consumer with his total costs and appropriated the surplus of his total productivity over his total production. He acquired the basis of increased credit at the expense of the consumer of his products. What he might have done, and under a just system would do, is to charge the consumer with the cost of the product only, thereby sharing with the consumer the credit arising from the concomitant increased productivity.

We have the intuition that we are still not making

ourselves perfectly intelligible; so let us have another try. The subject is really worth understanding, since Credit is the bond of society. Credit, we repeat, is belief: it is belief that the other fellow will deliver the goods. Without such a belief, which of us would produce goods not immediately consumable by ourselves, or part with them except in exchange for immediate goods? The only alternative to Credit, in fact, is barter, the immediate exchange of goods against goods; and wherever Credit breaks down, the descent of society to barter is immediate. But a society that exchanges goods by barter only is a primitive society; it can scarcely be called a society at all. And it is perfectly certain that the absence of mutual confidence which barter implies is incompatible with the modern system of division of labour, every fresh extension of which implies that the "other fellow," in return for our pins or eye-glasses (or whatever detail is our trade) will give us what we need—bread, shoes, sealing-wax, and the like. Credit or mutual belief, based on an estimate of our respective capacities to produce and deliver the goods, is thus seen to be the very condition of a highly organised and, therefore, a highly productive society. The financiers are not mistaken when they tell us that Credit must be maintained, that it is the cement of society, that without it we lapse into barbarism. Credit is necessary; our only quarrel with the financiers and their system is that they appropriate the whole of the national credit to their own use. We are seeking to distribute the national credit to the people who provide its basis and by and for whom it exists.

That is a digression to meet the objection that the question of Credit is academic. It is not; it is vital. But to return to the cross-roads—we were undertaking another attempt to elucidate ourselves on the problem of Price and Cost. It is as follows. Let us suppose that, in a given year, the sum of national production (including in production, of course, not only consumable goods, but increased means of production—machinery, factories, organisation, science, and the like); let us suppose that this sum is double the sum of the national Consumption (including in consumption not only commodities actually consumed but the wear and tear and depreciation of the producing plant). There is then *left over* on December 31, let us say, an amount of production equal in sum to the amount consumed in the course of the year. If 100 represents the year's production, and 50 the year's consumption, then; obviously, 50 is the amount left over with which to start the New Year. We start the New Year, in short, with half the previous year's production *to our credit*. Under the existing system, however, in which Price equals Cost, the Price charged for the year's Consumption (which is 50) is made to cover the cost of the year's Production (which is 100). In other words, we have charged the consumer exactly double the cost of the production he has actually consumed, leaving him without any share whatever in the production *left over*, all of which, on the other hand, is pocketed or banked in the form of credit by the capitalist classes. It is surely obvious that this is not equitable, whatever else it may be. It is surely obvious that the consumer of 50 should not be called upon to pay for 100. And it should be equally obvious that the only Just Price for the consumer to pay is that fraction of the Cost of Production which his amount of Consumption is of the amount of Production. If we suppose that the national Production in a given year is 100, and that the national Consumption in the same year is 50, then it follows as a matter of equity that the Price charged to the consumer should be one-half the Cost of the total Production. He has not consumed the whole of the year's Production; he has consumed only one-half of it. The Price he should pay for his consumed half of Production is, therefore, one-half the total Cost. Is it beginning to be clear?

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Relativity and Metaphysics.

COMMON sense, concerning itself with phenomena alone, deals with them by comparisons and proceeds where possible to measurements. It is the product of activities of unsophisticated minds. Consistently elaborated in respect to inanimate nature, common sense has given us the magnificent array of the physical sciences, in which the order its measurements are seen to follow is set out in never-failing laws. Applied to animate nature, the step from comparison to measurements is less easy to be made, and the laws discoverable can seldom be stated in the quantitative symbols employed by mathematicians. Applied to Literature and Art, it merely exemplifies behaviour. In each domain, common sense is content to describe appearances in their order as they come, accounting for any one appearance by some other appearance accompanying or preceding it, without inquiring into what it is that appears. Nor does this question usually arise to trouble the unsophisticated mind, until its own existence is in some way called into question; for if conclusions arrived at in one domain conflict with those reached in another, is it not the essence of common sense to keep them for ever separate in the mind? Readers of my article on the principle of Relativity (November 27) will, however, have seen that in the very matter-of-fact domain of physical science, phenomena have now been observed which contradict our most cherished notions of kinematics; so that the consistent application of common sense here leads to conclusions in direct opposition to it; and the most hardened scientist must feel the pressure of those questions, so repugnant to common sense—questions concerning what *is* and what *is not*. Does the length of my nose really depend upon the direction in which I happen to turn my head? Is the duration of my life governed by the speed with which I traverse space?—which is as much as to ask, What thoughts, sensations, and other objects of my mind exist as I, the thinker and feeler, exist, and what sort of existence am I to ascribe to the various constituents of the world, animate and inanimate?

If the theory of relativity thus forces attention to problems of ontology, does it not also furnish a key to the gateway by which to approach them? "Relativity" means relativity of measurements to the mind that makes them. There is a distinction between measurements and the thing measured. The latter perhaps *is* in the sense *I am*, but the latter *is* only because I cannot think otherwise. As both are called entities, because both are possible objects of thought, it may be sometimes convenient to call the first ego-entities in order to mark their assimilation to the ego, and so distinguish them. Those who fail to grasp the distinction are apt to become confused over problems like those enunciated by Zeno, problems of the hen and the pan—the one and the many, the difficulty of which lies in the notion that space and time occupied by a body *are* as that *is*.

Attempts to present the world as ego-entities alone produce an exaggeration of animism, as with the more ancient Greeks to whom time was a god. On the other hand, mathematical physicists having achieved so much by measurement come to believe in nothing else and may end by denying any thing in the outer world answering to the ego of their own consciousness, the relations of which in time and space make measurement possible. Professor Soddy exhibits this tendency when he declares all that we call forces to be *positional* merely. He says that when we speak of things ". . .

attracting, repelling, and exerting forces as if they were actual agents, we—in our anthropomorphic fashion—invest them with human attributes, just as the Greeks invested their gods." Alas! it is only by finding in them something of ourselves that we come to understand them at all.

An ego-entity is something the ego can be. The ego is not simple but exceedingly complex, as all modern psychologists agree. I am an emotion if angry, an appetite when I am hungry, and surely I am physical force when I move, for it is I that cause the motion, just as it is the driver's hand that moves the locomotive. What we mean by space or by time is not an entity in this sense, but a relation—a relation of entities, and both space and time are inconceivable apart from entities of some kind related by them. Thus a mark, which may be due to matter or to light (i.e., to physical forces), but is always a sensation, is related to another mark by the space between them. Two sides of the same mark are also so related if two sides can be discerned. An event, which may be the exhibition of a sensation, an appetite, or emotion, is something related by the time it first appears, and the time it ceases to be, or the time it recurs. Hence we have ideas of finite times and spaces, their bounds being afforded by matter in the case of space, or, in the case of time, by appearances of physical force or other ego-entities; but we cannot have ideas of time or space in the abstract, because were the abstraction possible no definition would remain and no idea would be left. They are not in fact ideas, and are indeed inconceivable because this abstraction of ego-entities cannot be performed. The words time and space may be used as generic terms to signify what is common to definite times and spaces, as redness is used to signify what is common to objects that are red, but they do not include undefined time and space, which is infinite, any more than redness includes colour of a hue so light that it is no longer red but white. Thus we may say: all that is object to us—i.e., all the non-ego in any state of consciousness—is made up of entities of the type of the ego itself, and relations of these in time and space. The ego-entities alone can be said really to *be*. The relations of pattern and sequence, in which they appear in consciousness, are said to be entities also, in that they may be objects of thought, but they cannot even be that but for the ego-entities they relate, and when it is thought to exclude the latter, illusion remains.

The expressions infinite space and infinite time either imply ideas of very long distances and intervals of time—mere superlatives—or testify to incomplete and incompletable processes of mind—e.g., "to that place or event and beyond," "To that and beyond again," "To that, etc." But where there is no *that* in the imagination no idea is before the mind. They are in the language of Bergson false ideas. Times and spaces so great that no given purpose can be effected by their further extension are conceivable since a bourn is placed to them, but for this very reason they are not infinite. In like manner infinitesimal time or space, in the sense of an interval so small as to be negligible for any given purpose, is conceivable because the interval has bounds, but this is not no space or no time. Hence results obtained by use of the infinitesimal calculus and obtainable by no other means can never be exact, though of course they can be expressed with any degree of accuracy that may be deemed expedient. Nothing, which is Bergson's prototype of a false idea, is inconceivable, because to think at all we must think of something—that is, of an ego-entity or ego-entities; to eliminate these is not to obtain an idea of nothing, but to have no idea of anything—i.e., to cease to think.

The idea of absolute velocity is another example of a false idea. It is something inconceivable. Velocity

always implies the motion of something with reference to something else—e.g., the velocity of a piston with reference to a cylinder, the velocity of a locomotive with reference to the earth, the velocity of the earth with reference to the sun, the velocity of the solar system with reference to the galaxy in the Milky Way. The velocity of the universe is meaningless because there is nothing else to which reference can be made. One speaks of rivalry by an individual, or a city, or a nation; but rivalry by the world is meaningless or the word must change its meaning and become a metaphor, as if the present could be a rival of the past. Directly the opposing party implied in the idea of rivalry is excluded the idea becomes a false idea no longer conceivable. So absolute velocity, if taken to mean the velocity of something without reference to anything else, is a false idea that cannot be conceived. The idea of absolute rest is equally false. It is an absolute velocity of zero. And no point can be conceived as absolutely fixed. To the stars we call fixed because their angular motion is inappreciable as great velocities are ascribed as to our own sun. To say the universe as a whole is moving with any velocity in a given direction is as idle as to say it is at rest; both statements are of no meaning. That prime postulate in the Theory of Relativity—namely, by no means is it possible to ascertain our absolute velocity—is therefore unimpeachable.

What, then, shall we say about the Æther?

Psycho-Analysis.

It cannot be too often emphasised that modern psycho-analysis is a phenomenon that needs the most careful and painstaking study and practice.

The skimming of a few books or the half-digestion of a discussion are really an insufficient basis for professing a knowledge of it. That knowledge, said the Mahabharata, that bears no fruit in action, is poison. And it has already been written elsewhere that psycho-analysis is a life, not a speculation, nor even a fountain for those artistic half-breeds, the novelists. It is, however, the terrific potentialities in the subject that are causing so much commotion round it, so much reaction for and against it. When the unconscious awakes, the dullest of us at least *feels* its urge. To borrow a well-used illustration from Theosophical literature, it is as though "the dweller on the threshold" were at work. And men act accordingly and become enthusiasts or detractors, gnostics or agnostics. It is doubtful just at present from whom psycho-analysis will suffer the most, those who extend to it their patronage, those who oppose it, consciously or unconsciously, or those who skim its surface as they skim everything else, for their own ends.

The first class is the so-called mystic. He looks blandly down from a little pinnacle of ego-centricity, and wonders what on earth are these scientists up to now. He acts, I suppose, with the notion in the back of his head that "the eagle never lost so much time as when he submitted to learn of the crow." This is doubtless a pleasant and self-stimulating attitude, but it would be more convincing were the less pretentious scientists assured of his capabilities as an eagle. The swan, though, suffers too frequent a transmutation into goose to be considered reliable. The reader must forgive this ornithological blend. The language of symbolism is fluid, and in the background psyche mixed metaphors tend to be the order of the dream. Psycho-analysis is literally and without fanfaronade the marriage of heaven and hell. He who does not grasp this cannot claim, and will not know, the symbol of eagle

or swan or anything else authoritative; for this dictum is the first and most easily to be discovered from a survey of the whole literature of the subject. It is demonstrated at its clearest in Edwin Holt's "The Freudian Wish."*

Opponents, especially of the unconscious brand, are perhaps more dangerous. There is little that will draw the bookish "mystic" from his padded cell into the cold world, but when we meet the reverse of the medal, his spiritual brother the materialist, we find positive instead of negative resistance, or even resistance under the illusion of agreement. It is not an uncommon accident to speak psychologically with a man and find that he is replying dogmatically. Already in England psychology is splitting into two schools, academic and dynamic. The name of the academic psychologists is legion. From McDougall to Rivers they bear on their foreheads the brand of what in physiology was called mechanism. They profess psychology and practise physics; and who shall psycho-analyse them? They behave like "utilitarians" the world over, study the behaviour of rats in a maze, construct mathematical comparisons of the "abilities" of children (I am referring to the "British Journal of Psychology," Parts 3 and 4); and one of them will one day doubtless locate the unconscious in, say, the cerebellum, and then there will be nothing more to it. They are hopelessly and helplessly bound by the tyrannies of a mind as formal as it is petty. They cut off their nose to spite their face, and then model themselves a substitute in wax. They are naturalists, in the state Blake called "Rahab." And they are a positive danger to psycho-analysis proper, because they shrink from the thought of the unconscious, the dynamic, the ever-becoming. And the shrinking appears in consciousness as appeals to the tinselled hierarchy of Victorian "science," as angry denial, and the modern equivalents for persecution, boycott and a stony countenance. In word they may give recognition to psycho-analysis, but in deed they will run counter to its spirit and contrariwise to its current. They are dominated by Patanjali's "mental elemental." They are its slaves, and revolution is a word unknown to them.

With such enemies the students of psycho-analysis need to be true students. In America the Freudian works are becoming known and half-grasped popularly in a fashion that distorts them utterly, and with results that would be ridiculous did they not so endanger the psycho-analytic position, a position, as I have said, encircled by hostility. These half-graspers are the skimmers on the surface, the spirits that regard psycho-analysis as a method designed for the lascivious satisfaction of a Paul Pry. They are the sadists and the masochists, the camp followers and the dogs beneath the table. In England there are a few indications of a similar trend. It is not required that a psycho-analyst should condemn such a state of things. We are, and on the whole, luckily not extroverted in quite such quicksilver fashion as young America. In fact, it might be said that we ruminate in a manner positively painful to the spectator. But this does help us to escape the larger pitfalls, and even to envisage the lesser. For it breeds a seriousness of spirit, called everywhere, *except in our hearts*, hypocrisy, perfidiousness. And in this connection it must be remembered that, speaking by and large, psycho-analysis has been preceded in England by a group of poets, and two poets: I mean the Shakespeareans, Blake and Byron. These are our psychological fore-runners, our landmarks and our directors. And it is this thought that will bridge for us the first chasm of playing with our subject. And once our subject is attacked seriously, the dæmon of the will, the wish, will do all the rest. For that is the one thing necessary.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

* Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d.

The Revolt of Intelligence.

By Ezra Pound.

IV.

THE Chestertonian system of journalism, that "Christes deorling" in the offices of all our contemporary periodicals, is so neatly adjusted that I might well label this article a "Study of Lord Milner." I have no intention of writing about Lord Milner; I know next to nothing about Lord Milner; but I take a popular subject as a heading. There is no reader of any weekly politico-cum-faint-trace-of literature and the arts "weekly review" who would not read an article concerning Lord Milner. The recipe is perfectly simple: (A.) Heading, sic "Lord Milner"; any other heading might do so far as the contents of the next page is concerned. For Milner we might write "Mr. Bottomley," "Lonsdale," or "Mr. Pringle."

The next step is to conceal one's ignorance of the subject (Lonsdale, Pringle, Bottomley, or Milner) for the space of two or three columns. No other system will work. It is only by concealing an ignorance of this nature that the journalist can possibly be "successful," i.e., make £600 or £800 a year.

This system is all right so far as it goes. We would not for worlds deprive many charming men of their livelihoods, and it is manifest that if the journalist is to cover as large a popular field as he manifestly does cover, he cannot possibly take time to acquire an accurate or extended knowledge of the numerous topics he has to treat from Monday to Saturday.

But one becomes elegiac on observing that this system is become the *only* possible system, the cynosure, the exclusive and only road to a living by the pen. For if a man know his subject ever so little, if, let us say, he has heard that Shakespeare was born in 1564; or that Philadelphia is not more than one hundred miles from New York, or that the earth is part of the solar system, he may in treating of these subjects inopportunely let out one of these facts; and this will automatically offend some noodle who thinks that Shakespeare and Garrick were contemporary, or that Philadelphia is 1,000 miles from New York, or that the sun wheels round the earth, as was held by that robust old theologian Sir Thomas Aquinas. (This should be St. Thomas A., but one must not be too precise for fear of offending those who don't like precision, and meticulous exactitude is, in the current phrase, "supercilious.")

Not to believe the statements in the current Press is damned as "supercilious." Cave!

The system has, as we indicate, its compensation for the journalist, a poor devil like oneself who cannot be supposed to care a curse for most of the subjects he is forced by his poverty to discuss; his job being like that of the Government, to "stay in," not to advocate anything in particular.

He has parliamentarianism for his model. Mr. Chesterton is as uninterruptedly admired from one end of Fleet Street to the other, as was ever the most astute "Member" in les coulisses.

He is the big pot. He is the man who has taught them how to do it. He is also, I believe, without malice. He has his points, or, rather, his contours. I wish he had never been born; but the wish is idle; and without him we might have been left in the old pre-Chestertonian "that reminds me" school of irrelevance.

One sighs for Voltairean clarity or Gibbonian weight to make clear and impressive the results of the Chestertonian system; to make apparent and more apparent that there is no room, no room whatsoever, in forty out of every forty-one papers for anything else save this involution of ignorance; that there is no other sort of timidity save the timidity born of fear of exposing a fundamental ignorance which can breed the necessary caution in writers; id est, the caution which will make their work "safe" in the official mouth-pieces of "authority."

Some men are perhaps born in their due time; they are perhaps incapable of grasping any idea with firmness, or of seeing clearly into any proposition. These are the happily born; to them is the easy passage. But lacking this felicity there is no journalistic salvation save ignorance; if a man's ignorance be not evenly spread over art, literature, politics, then he must confine his public utterance to those things of which he is ignorant. This process narrows his field, but no matter. He may pass for a sound man and a jolly one.

On the top of him comes Mr. Shaw, who is sometimes very amusing, even witty, and sometimes merely very silly. Mr. Shaw is now out for journalism. He has been heard declaring that all great literature is journalism. The statement is a one-dimensional crib from something De Gourmont once presented in three dimensions. I have heard an Irishman excuse Shaw on the ground that Shaw really hated England, and I am quite ready to admit that Mr. Shaw's latest ex cathedra proclamation may proceed from his sincere and fundamental hatred of literature.

Outside his own very narrow field he is quite as ignorant as Mr. Chesterton. His pronouncement may as well be due to ignorance as to hatred. He may very possibly think that Odysseus made his journey to the Shades the week before Homer wrote it down. He probably does think that Æschylus nipped into the palace of Agamemnon with a note-book; that he had a word or two with the butler, and took a snapshot of the bath-tub.

Dear old Shaw has amused us, but he is not to be trusted alone with our mental cheque-books, not for six minutes at a time. He has amused us, at the cost of impoverishing nearly everything he has touched. He has given us impoverished Nietzsche, and greatly impoverished Ibsen—speeded up, of course, speeded up as the futurists have speeded up Manet. Wilde was his father, and was the father of Chesterton.

We search in vain to find, in either, invention. Shaw's impoverishment of predecessors is typified in this yawp about journalism; one turns back to the original statement in De Gourmont: "Il n'y a de livres que ceux où un écrivain s'est raconté lui-même en racontant les mœurs de ses contemporains, leurs rêves, leurs vanités, leurs amours et leurs folies." There are no books (real books) save those where an author has presented himself in presenting the customs of his contemporaries, their dreams, their vanities, their loves, and their follies. The statement, with all the latitude given by "rêves" is made in the profound, but not categorical or necessarily correct, essay on style.

Now the hallmark of journalism is precisely that the author does not "present himself"; it is precisely that he, as successful journalists will tell you, puts down something as vaporous as a "communication" at a spiritist séance; something into which the reader or owner will read *his* own opinion; and where, above all, the reader or owner will find nothing to frighten him.*

Mr. Shaw numbers Dante among journalists because of his mention of contemporary events. The owl was a baker's daughter, and Shakespeare a Suabian. Shaw probably thinks the Paolo and Francesca incident was in the "What's On" for the week, and one does not want to disturb him with dull historical data.

Literature is, however, concerned with the permanent elements of life; it often bridges the gap from the profound to the trivial by contemporaneous detail. The journalism in Dante is the great obstacle to his now being read. His theology is as dead as the Fabian flutters of ten years since.

Bouvard is better than Salamambo, certainly; but "Cœur Simple" is not journalism; you cannot put a date on it. Among its tens of thousands of readers there is not one to say whether it happened in the 'fifties or the 'eighties.

* Belloc believed in literature, and it has hampered him throughout all his career as a journalist.

Mr. Shaw has, of course, a different little capital to defend, I mean different from that of the Chester-tonians; and he may even dislike literature more intensely, or, at least, more incisively and openly, than do the wobblers and trimmers.

Yet "The Mayor of Casterbridge" is not journalism, and Hardy is a better man than Mr. Shaw, and if Shaw were as intellectually honest as he is verbally active he would admit a difference *in kind*, instead of dancing the giddy hornpipe to the oboe of "G. K. C."

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

SHAVIANISM is dead! Now we will that Shaw may live! Some such reflection occurred to me at the Duke of York's Theatre when witnessing Loraine's revival of "Arms and the Man." For the first, last, and strongest impression conveyed by the revival is that the play has become normal. When I last saw it, with Loraine then, as now, in the part of Bluntschli, it was still full of "brilliant paradoxes," "audacities," "onslaughts on the 'Romantic Ideal' of war." Shavianism would not permit us to enjoy the play except as a polemic; there was something called "militarism" which was receiving its death-blow, and incidentally our maiden aunts were being shocked by that "dreadful man." But the war intervened between that production and this; Shaw's fairy tale has come true, but with a curious confusion of persons. For it was precisely the professional soldier who tried, and still tries, to maintain the romantic ideal of war; the amateur, the civilian, soldier with his frank admission of "funk," his definite refusal to talk heroics about himself, his simple determination to do his job efficiently and get it over, he was Bluntschli in the flesh. Saranoff was on the staff, but Bluntschli was Everyman in the trenches; and in the trenches, as everyone knows, "V.C. stunts" were not encouraged—even the trench mortar unit was objected to because it drew fire.

The play seems normal because the Shavian values have been accepted, and the Shavian values have been accepted because experience has proved them to be true. But this is almost a definition of a "classic." Well, "Arms and the Man" is a classic. It has the instant appeal to humour, as well as the more subtle reference to experience; the ordinary soldier does not find it above his head, and even the Shavian does not find it beneath his notice when produced by the "commercial theatre." And its humour is "good humour"; it enables us to laugh at ourselves without bitterness, without humiliation, to see the absurdity of pretending to be what we are not. Raina deceives nobody, not even herself; and it is with obvious relief that she throws up her part when she finds someone who will not pretend to accept the imposture. The play is comic in the classic tradition; it corrects manners, or, rather, lets them correct themselves by experience.

The production, I admit, has much to do with this effect; it is not only that we have changed, the play is made to appeal to us on its merits as a comedy, and not by its conscious antagonism to ideals. Loraine used to play Bluntschli with more effort, as though he were consciously rebelling against conventions, and shocking people deliberately; now he accepts Bluntschli not only as a man, but as a normal man, who talks not wisdom or a new philosophy, but simple common-sense. The gusto has gone; Bluntschli does not now have to work to make the audience "see the point," the point reveals itself in Bluntschli. He is truer to type than he was under Granville Barker's management; he does not "make scenes," he is not "produced," he just is Bluntschli. His art is so perfect that it is invisible; one hardly remembers what he does, he is so equal to the occasion. He even writes letters like a real man, instead of like an actor; when

he covers the photograph with a paper, he does it with the simple directness of purpose, and the unsurprised alacrity of a perfectly efficient man. He has become capable of expressing Bluntschli without adding what he was not; he is alert, but not eager; even alertness seems too sharp a word for his mental state. He is ready for anything; his mind turns with instant comprehension to the consideration of whatever happens, without surprise, protest, condemnation, or any of the emotional luxuries that many people and most actors allow themselves; he simply knows what to do, and does it. All the usual phrases of commendation fail to describe accurately this impersonation of Bluntschli; they suggest power, skill, cleverness, some positive expression of some quality of temperament or trick of technique. The nearest I can get to the effect produced is that Loraine does nothing except be Bluntschli; it is a perfect creation.

In Mr. Gerald Lawrence, he has the perfect Saranoff. He looks like the operatic tenor of the text, not of the cast; for most operatic tenors are woefully unlike the persons they are supposed to be. This Saranoff is a gorgeous as well as a graceful person; he is a credible person, his "romanticism" is no more than an attempt to live up to his handsome appearance. He must have been flattered to death before he joined the army; such men are; and if he believed himself possessed of those other powers and qualities of which the attribution is always evoked by the mystery of beauty, we need not be surprised. This Saranoff is not a butt for satire, though; he is not ridiculous, he is simply too good to be true. He finds it "fatiguing" to live up to fiction, and difficult to live down to fact; but he is a good fellow, and discovers the fact by experience. Mr. Lawrence keeps his Saranoff well within the bounds of comedy; there is no "soul-crisis" in his development, we see simply an intelligent person surprising himself into self-understanding, stepping down from the divinity of beauty to the humanity of ability, and discovering that it needs more knowledge and intelligence to be a man than a god.

Mr. Arthur Whitby's Nicola is another perfect performance. He is a deferential Bluntschli, a man who has seen what service requires of self-suppression, practical ability, and mental readiness, and has trained himself to satisfy these requirements. He is inhuman, as every professional man is in his professional activities; but his inhumanity harms no one, it only limits himself. Such a man could become almost anything that he set his mind on; and he might easily have thought of something worse than profiting as a shopkeeper to express his independence.

The Raina of Miss Stella Mervyn Campbell is a more intelligible rendering than that given by Miss Lillah McCarthy. This Raina is a conscious poser, not the self-deluded idealist that Miss McCarthy presented. This Raina does not believe in her heroics, she only believes that other people believe in them; she, too, is a practical person, and discards her pretensions so soon as they fail to produce the intended effect. Miss Campbell plays her with just the amateurish touch that is required of an untrained girl imitating an operatic heroine; Miss McCarthy gave her the technique of a skilled actress. Miss Campbell's Raina is always hovering on the verge of collapse into reality; Miss McCarthy's never was, and it seemed a sheer perversity of the author when she threw aside her pretensions. One could never understand why Bluntschli did not believe in Miss McCarthy's Raina; she so obviously believed in herself, and carried conviction. But with Miss Campbell, Raina becomes intelligible; she is just a schoolgirl masquerading as a great lady, and aware of it.

The complete success of the revival is a confirmation of my argument that Shaw must be rescued from the Shavians. He is the wisest and the wittiest of our comic dramatists; and he must be accepted by the public, and not worshipped by a cult. It is not by

taking him seriously, but by laughing at ourselves, that the value of Shaw to humanity is completely realised; not what he thinks he has to teach, but what he shows us of ourselves, with that unerring dramatic skill of his earlier period, that is of importance to culture. We are not a nation of Dubedats, we are not likely to be "disciples of Bernard Shaw"; and the years that Shaw devoted to creating the illusion of himself as philosopher were wasted. He despised the theatre when he wrote his "conversations," his "arguments," his "fantasies"; and the theatre has revenged itself by making one of his best-made plays popular. The Granville Barker atmosphere was that of a cult, Shaw was singular in those days; Loraine has made him public, a popular dramatist, a "creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food." Shaw's career in the theatre has just begun, and we shall have, I hope, no more "repertory theatre" performances of works that ought to be as familiar as household words.

Readers and Writers.

My prognostication of a few weeks ago of the approach of a new Renaissance has quite naturally been received with incredulity. Is it not the fact that civilisation is in a thoroughly morbid condition bordering on hysteria; and was ever the outlook, indeed, darker than it is at this moment? I have just been discussing the subject with a friend who laid this evidence before me with a touch of reproach: how *could* I, in face of such a circle of gloom, pretend that we were even possibly (which is all I affirmed) on the eve of a new Renaissance? My explanation of this part of the story is, however, quite simple. The war has precipitated a development in external events *faster* than the average mind has been able to adapt itself to them: with the consequence, mark you, that the average mind has had to take refuge in hysteria. For, after all, the greater part of hysteria is due to nothing more than an inadequacy of the mind to a given situation; and when, as we may certainly assume, the situation as given to-day is a situation that should and would, but for the war, have arisen only, let us say, twenty years hence, there is no wonder that in the mass of the slowly-developing minds of our people an inadequacy to the occasion should be experienced or that the result should appear as hysteria. On the other hand, as we know very well, hysteria is not a stable condition of the mind; it is a transition to a more complete adaptation to reality or, in the alternative, to complete disintegration. But what is to be expected from the present situation? Not, surely, disintegration in the general sense, though it may take place in individual cases; but a forward movement in the direction of adaptation. This forward movement, however, is the Renaissance; and it is thus from the very circumstances of gloom and hysteria that we may draw the hope that a fresh advance of the human spirit is about to be made.

It is significant that concurrently with such a social diagnosis as anyone may make, special observers, with or without a bee in their bonnet, are arriving at the same conclusion. I have drawn attention before to the very confident guesses now being disseminated by the various religious and mystic schools concerning what, in their vocabulary, they call the Second Advent—which, however, may well be the seven hundredth or the seven thousandth for all we know. Attach no importance, if you like, to the phenomena in question, but the fact of the coincidence of forecast is somewhat impressive; for while it is absurd to believe the "Second Adventists" of all denominations when they stand alone in their prognostications, their testimony is not negligible when it is supported by what amounts to science. And the fact is that to-day science, no less than mysticism, is apprehensive of a New Coming of

some kind or other. What the nature of that New Coming is likely to be, and when or how it will manifest itself, are matters beyond direct knowledge; but the ear of science, I repeat, is, no less than the ear of mysticism, a little thrilled with the spirit of expectation.

Leonardo da Vinci's name has been frequently mentioned during the last few months; and that, too, is not without a meaning. It may, of course, be said that his reappearance as a subject for discussion is due to a fortuitous concurrence of publishers. Merezhkovsky's novel about him has just been re-issued; and the "Times Literary Supplement" and the "Nation" have recently published interesting articles on Leonardo. But accidents of this kind are like miracles: they do not happen; and I, for one, am inclined to suspect the "collective unconscious" of a design in thrusting forward at the moment the name and personality of the great Renaissance humanist. What can we guess the design to be? What, in other words, is the interpretation of this prominent figure in our recent collective dreams? The symbols appearing in dreams are, we know, the expressive language of the unconscious mind; and the appearance, therefore, of the symbol of da Vinci is or may be an indication that the "unconscious" is "dreaming" of a new Renaissance. And since the dreams of the unconscious to-day are or may be the acts of the conscious to-morrow, I cite the prevalent interest in Leonardo as a further possible piece of evidence that we are or may be on the eve of a recurrence of the Italian Renaissance.

Leonardo as an artist interests us less than Leonardo as a person. This is not to say that Leonardo was not a great artist, for, of course, he was—one of the greatest that ever lived. But it is to say that the promise of which he was an incarnation was even greater than the fulfilment which he achieved. There is a glorious sentence in one of the Upanishads, I think, which is attributed to the Creator on the morrow of His completion of the creation of the whole manifested universe. "Having pervaded all this," He says, "I remain." In other words, not even the creation of the world had exhausted His powers or even so much as diminished His self-existence. When that greatest of works of art had been accomplished, He, the Creator, "remained." Leonardo was, if I may use the expression without offence, a chip of the original block in this respect. His works, humanly speaking, were wonderful; they were both multitudinous and various. Nevertheless, after the last of them had been performed, Leonardo remained as a great "promise," still unfulfilled. That is the character of the Renaissance type as it is also the character of a Renaissance period; that its promise remains over even after great accomplishment. The Renaissance man is greater than his work; he pervades his work, but he is not submerged in it; his economics (to use our clichés) is subordinated to his personal values.

I should be trespassing on the domain of the psychoanalysts if I were to attempt to indicate the *means* by which a collective hysteria, such as my friend observed, could be resolved into an integration. Taking, however, the Italian Renaissance as a sort of working model, and Leonardo da Vinci as its typical figure, it would appear that the method of resolution is all-round expression—expression in as many forms and fields as the creative powers direct. Leonardo, for instance, was not only an artist, he was a sculptor, a poet, an epigrammatist, an engineer, a statesman, a soldier, a musician, and I do not know what else besides. As we may say, he indulged his creative or expressive impulses in every direction his "fancy" indicated. Truly enough, he was not equally successful in an objective or critical sense in all these fields; but, quite as certainly, I believe, he owed his surpassing excellence in

one or two of them to the fact that he tried them all. The anti- or non-Renaissance type of mind would doubtless conclude that *if* Leonardo, let us say, had been content to be only a painter, or *only* a sculptor, he would have succeeded even more perfectly in that single mode of expression into which, *ex hypothesi*, he might have poured the energy otherwise comparatively squandered in various subordinate channels. But concentrations of energy of this kind are not always successful; the energies, in fact, are not always convertible; and the attempt to concentrate may thus have the effect, not only of failing of its direct object, but of engaging one part of your total energy in suppressing another. At any rate, the working hypothesis (and it did work) of the Renaissance type is that a natural multiplicity of modes of expression is better than an unnatural or forced concentration. The latter, if successful, may possibly lead to something wonderful; but, if unsuccessful, it ends in hysteria (in other words, to unresolved conflicts). The former, on the other hand, while it may lead to no great excellence in any direction (though equally it may be the condition of excellence), is, at any rate, a resolution of the internal conflict. My readers will, I think, be well advised to deny themselves nothing in the region of æsthetic creation. Let them "dabble" to their hearts' content in every art-form to which their "fancy" invites them. The results in a critical sense may be unimportant; "art happens," as Whistler used to say; and it "happens," we may add, in the course of play. The play, however, is the thing; and I have little doubt (under correction) that the approaching Renaissance will be heralded by a revival of private but personal dilettantism in all the arts.

R. H. C.

Contemporary Fragments.

By Janko Lavrin.

I.—THE MORAL IMMORALISTS.

I.

ONE of the puzzling features in the mentality of the contemporary higher individual is the fact that he begins to react consciously against morality, not because he is immoral, but because in essence he is too moral. In other terms, he becomes "immoral"—from morality.

Is it not a strange psychological phenomenon that Nietzsche, who, by his life and by his instincts, was one of the purest and most moral characters of the last century, never felt happier than when furiously destroying all the foundations of our morality? And yet, it is less strange than it seems.

The impetus of Nietzsche's attacks was due to the fact that he was still dealing chiefly with those "righteous" good souls whose morality is either a result of cowardice and weakness, or—in the best case—of a conscious or unconscious bargaining with God. Thus his violent anti-Christian reaction was prompted, not by his "malice," but exclusively by his scrupulous, almost fanatical, inner honesty and decency. Morality was bound to cease to be a taboo for him, and to become a problem, as soon as he approached it psychologically, divining that even the strictest moral life may be founded on entirely immoral inner impulses. . . . A contemporary Christian, for instance, may live extremely morally, but if he does so for the sake of a reward in heaven, his entire morality is based on an immoral impulse.

Nietzsche made, of course, a mistake in confusing Christianity with Christ. Like many others, he overlooked the fact that Christ and our European Christianity are one of the greatest antitheses possible. So much so, that the real Christ has been definitely killed just by our so-called Christianity; and, if He rose

again, He would probably attack contemporary Christians ever more fiercely than Nietzsche did.

Those individuals who want to be moral for super-individual reasons, and not for the sake of an egoistic inner satisfaction or of a still more egoistic reward in heaven, are nowadays severed from Christ owing chiefly to our official "Christianity," which has barred and profaned the way to Him. But, separated from the real Christ, we are separated from the highest, i. e., religious justification of a moral way of life; and therefore a profound ethical instinct is bound either helplessly to seek for another outlet, or to turn against itself. . . .

II.

The process of this feverish seeking up to the very cul-de-sac where our hungry and unsatisfied ethical instincts take revenge upon themselves, represents one of the most thrilling psychological spectacles for those who are interested in the subterranean workings of the contemporary soul.

Elsewhere (in my series on Ibsen) I tried to demonstrate the tragedy of a moral consciousness severed from the religious consciousness. One of the most serious moralists of the past century, Henry Ibsen, was crushed under his own "Categorical Imperatives," just because he took them too seriously. He started by subjecting Life to moral imperatives, and involuntarily arrived at the entrance to that blind-alley where Life and "Imperatives" begin to undermine each other. That is why his entire creation concluded, not with a great answer, but with a great tormenting question. . . .

And, in fact, as long as we do not transcend the plane of an *a-religious* morality, we shall hardly escape from the dangerous question whether being a slave of one's own self-imposed moral virtues is not as wrong as being a slave of one's own sins. . . . We can indulge even in all the possible virtues, but when we do so for our own sake and not for the sake of a super-moral (religious) value, then our greatest virtues make us small. A profound consciousness arrives in such a case at an inevitable cul-de-sac; and a shallow—at that demoralising moral self-complacency which is even more hopeless than any cul-de-sacs.

One of the marks of a so-called respectable "enlightened" moralist is just such an unshakable self-complacency combined with a permanent conscious or unconscious need to feel—his own moral "superiority" over other ordinary mortals—to admire this superiority, to dwell upon it secretly, and from time to time to display it in a glittering, solemn uniform before everybody and everywhere. A man may become possessed by his "righteousness" to such an extent that in his moral egocentrism he loses all regard for other people, and ends up with that abject moral conceit whose best illustration is given in the famous phrase: "Do not approach me, for I am more holy than thou!" (A cheap and therefore generally accessible "popular edition"—or, rather, pocket edition—of this very formula sounds in our days as follows: Do not approach me, for I am more "respectable" than thou!)

III.

Inner modesty, which arises from the disgust with this: "Do not approach me," is the modesty of those moral characters who are stronger than their virtues—stronger just because of their spiritual delicacy. This disgust assumes, however, much greater proportions if such a character feels in himself the latent temptation to revel in his own moral "superiority." For a conscious struggle with this feeling makes him often cruel towards his virtues to such an extent that he deliberately tramples upon them: he becomes immoral only in order to crush and paralyse his "moral" temptations. . . .

In order to illustrate the pathological shape such a trend of mind may assume, let me quote a typical case.

A friend of mine—a profound and generous soul—was passing along a canal in a lonely quarter of one of the European capitals at the very moment when a man was drowning. A crowd was gathered on the bank; they were trying to throw the drowning man a rope, but the rope was too short. The only thing that remained was to jump in and to save him, but not one of the crowd was brave enough to do that. As my friend was a good swimmer, he immediately took his coat off in order to jump into the canal. And when he was already on the point of jumping into the water, he suddenly experienced an upward rush of the most pleasant, even ecstatic feeling: "Look what a good and superior fellow you are; no one in the whole crowd is self-sacrificing enough to do what you are doing. . . . Yes, you can be proud of yourself!"

And here—quite unexpectedly—my friend became so ashamed of his "superiority" that he indignantly spat upon the pavement, put his coat on and, without looking back, ran away like a madman. . . . Of course, he bitterly regretted it later, but in that moment he could not act otherwise; the self-complacent consciousness of his own "loftiness" had suddenly become too disgusting to him.

This is one of the extreme cases; but the same inner reaction on a smaller scale happens nowadays more often than one realises. A reaction of this kind may lead to a strange moral cynicism beneath which a piercing eye may discover—a strong moral instinct which is anxious to lacerate itself. The moral instinct turns against itself simply because it cannot find a super-moral outlet and justification of its existence. . . .

IV.

Thus the pleasant consciousness of being good may drive men into evil, although they hate evil. Despair at self-complacent righteousness may drive them into sins, although they hate sins. They are sinners, but their immorality originates in moral impulse. . . . One could almost say that they sin for the sake of the Spirit; for, strange to say, there are even such phenomena as sins for the sake of the Spirit. . . .

A curious group of such "spiritual" sinners is represented, amongst others, by those people who react through their sins, not against their moral "superiority," but against their moral weakness. Having a profoundly ethical trend of mind, they do not possess an adequately strong will to enable them to follow their own ethical longing. And since—in their weakness—they cannot strive for it, they lacerate their own souls for its sake. Hence they often indulge in sins in order to emphasise—by contrast—their impotent longing. The more they hate their sins the more they sin; for the more they sin the greater their spiritual suffering and their passive yearning for purity. They do not enjoy sins, but they enjoy their moral suffering and disgust because of their own sins. . . .

This feature may provide the key to many artists who are extremely chaste in their art, and, at the same time, very disorderly in their life. Their art is, so to speak, the projection of their spiritual longing, and this longing may perhaps be much more kindled by great sins than by a mediocre and lukewarm "respectable" virtue.

On the other hand, such a risky "duality" may often find a great spiritual enjoyment just in a tension between the highest and the lowest. They sometimes degrade themselves by deliberately plunging into sins, their only aim being—to rise again by their own strength and effort. They become weak in order to prove to themselves their inner strength. . . . This alternate process of falling and rising may afford to many souls a fascinating thrill and intoxication because of its very dangers.

On the other hand, such a risky "duality" may be quite involuntary, or even organic. In this case the individual runs the danger of becoming a victim of his play, which usually leads towards that inner split beyond which is either suicide or madness. Dostoyevsky, who suffered intensely from his moral duality, sometimes gives the impression of having escaped from the impending fate of a victim only by his intense artistic creation, which in his case was a kind of spiritual "catharsis."

V.

We could analyse many other more or less paradoxical shatterers of contemporary morality. The least interesting type among them is unfortunately the most frequent—namely, the type of the aping vulgarised Nietzschean.

Nietzsche protested against morals because he was above morality; hence, in his very protest against morals, there was a moral greatness. Some of his followers, however, protest, not because they are above, but because they are below morality. . . . Hence contemporary Nietzscheans are as far from the real Nietzsche as contemporary Christians from the real Christ. In other words, our posing "super-men" are in most cases nothing but shallow spiritual snobs—from the other end. . . .

None the less, as a rare exception one can find, from time to time, even nowadays a strange and fascinating aristocratic type—a type that theoretically is in absolute opposition to all our values; and, at the same time, he remains entirely passive. He remains passive, not from weakness or cowardice, but from an inner disgust which looks with an equal contempt upon our petty virtues and our petty sins. He wraps himself in his impenetrable cold and indifference, which he often masks—for convenience sake—with an extreme external goodness, serenity, and modesty; especially modesty, for he is too proud to show his pride. . . .

As he prefers to be crushed by his own strength rather than spend it on any self-delusions and petty aims (either in the direction of morality or of immorality), he is permanently moving along a dead line; therefore he is perhaps the most unhappy, the most lonely type on earth. But—the worst of all—he usually belongs to the most cultured representatives of mankind. For it is sad to say: the highest individual culture often conceals in itself the germ of destruction or self-destruction.

VI.

After all that has been said, we could state as well that even the highest morality bears in itself the germ of the destruction of morality—as long as it finds no super-moral and super-individual justification. Without such a justification one comes eventually either to moral conceit, self-admiration and even self-deification, or to that ethical dilemma some of which aspects have just been mentioned.

The search for a psychological outlet from this dilemma leads us to a "revised" religious consciousness which makes morality super-individual by considering all individual virtues and qualities not as personal merits, but as the undeserved gift of a higher Power, for whose sake we have to exercise them.

Such a higher Power is necessary, not to weaklings (they can go on most splendidly without it), but just to the strongest individuals; for if the latter do not bow before God, they are logically compelled to bow before themselves; and if they are strong enough not to bow before themselves, they will be crushed and destroyed by their own strength. . . .

It is here that the religious problem receives a new "psychological" significance. But this side must be left over, for—it is perhaps not yet quite "contemporary."

Music.

By William Atheling.

THE PYE-ANO.

THE Pye-ano, Ge-entlemen, the PYE-ano is the largest musical instrument known to man, with the possible exceptions of the Steam Calliope Whistle or Fog Signal and the three-barrelled pipe-organ; of which the pipe-organ has one chief and especial merit—namely and to wit, its stability—I mean, "Where it is, there it rests," whereas the pye-ano may, with four fat men and considerable difficulty, be moved from one spot to another (Mr. Kipling to the contrary notwithstanding); all of which is no reason for pye-ano recitals outnumbering all other concerts three to one, or seven to one, or seventeen to one in the damp season.

Messrs. and Mesdames Leo Livens, Frances Coopman, Bryden Monteith, Harold Craxton, Anderson Tryrer, Margaret Tilly, and William Murdoch are all giving piano concerts as I write this (to say nothing of Mr. Vladimir Czernikoff, whose manager has, in apparent consideration of the multitude of other opportunities of my hearing piano music, refrained from drawing my attention to the Great Vladimir).

The future of piano music lies in the Jazz, and we may soon expect a much louder and more varied contraption with xylophone, whistle, and gong attachment in the treble octaves and solid steel bars in the bass. This new and forthcoming implement should, from present indications, present most of the advantages over the pye-ano that the original forte-piano did to its predecessors.

ANNE THURSFIELD (Wigmore, December 9) gave a serious song-recital, hindered by stiff crank-action and ligneous thudding of piano accompaniment. She was correct but inexpressive in "O cessate di piangarmi"; she displayed great delicacy of tone quality, but no fire, in "Pur dicesti"; her pianissimo tones were, in especial, delightful, but the drawing-room manner and the Christian village soprano qualities kept intruding upon the "godor," "amor," and "bacio" of the text. Mrs. Thursfield became even more moral in "Sleepc," and for general remedy we can suggest nothing but a complete severance from respectable society. Technically, the flaw lies in not recognising that rhythm is made not merely by a correct division of music into bars of equal time-length, but also by a pluck and impact of accent; this applies to her rendering of "My Lovely Celia."

The "Pastoral" was another matter; in the trills and graces of this song Mrs. Thursfield gave impeccable pleasure, and one cannot too highly commend the quality and neatness of the runs and graces; she is perhaps better at singing la-la-lahs than in imparting a meaning to sung words; the final note of both strophes was perhaps a shade too strong; but, apart from that, the "Pastoral" was almost perfectly done. I use perfect in the strict sense, for here the singing gave unquestionable pleasure.

Jean Sterling Mackinlay has eminent capacity, but she does not steer by the pole-star of good taste; she often infuriates, but never quite bores one. Thus the "Souling Song" arranged by F. Maitland was nearly idiotic. The "Cherry Tree Carol" (Aeolian, December 9, in aid of Caldcott Community) is a fine thing, and was given with dignity. Mrs. Mackinlay definitely convinced one of her fine voice and her great capacity in this song. Her bad taste is puzzling, for it goes with a very considerable diligence of research. Her choristers followed her with Willbye's "As Fair as Morn," one of the finest of English part-songs, after which Baildon's "Once in England's Age of Gold" was anticlimatic. The rest of Mrs. Mackinlay's songs were mixed—one infuriating, one rubbish, one at least ("Il était une bergère") presented so that the subject-matter was clear to the audience.

Queen's Hall, December 10. Mr. Hamilton Harty conducted the Berlioz overture with firmness, possibly with a certain stiffness. Mr. Henry Coates' printed analysis informs us that it is somewhat curious that Berlioz was "unable to produce a successful opera"; yet, considering that the first five minutes of the "Benvenuto Cellini" make one feel as if one had been listening to it for half an hour, and as if it would take one three weeks to "get anywhere," we find the "somewhat" an extremely diminutive *quantum*. Mr. Coates also tells us that an "effect" is later "heightened" by tympani played with sticks covered with sponge. I could not, from the grand circle, see the little spongy coverings, but I sincerely hope they were not left out or left off. Berlioz was indubitably competent, and one might be interested in his technique if Wagner hadn't buried him full fathoms fifteen. The bassoons are "augmented by two" for this overture, and one knows it. "The conventionalities of the operatic school of the period rather overshadow," etc. Yes, Mr. Coates, they do. Then concertos!

Piano concertos! At its birth the forte-piano seems to have turned people's heads; even so sensible a man as Thomas Jefferson ordered a forte-piano. Apologists claim that the earliest pianos preserved some of the qualities of the harpsichord. The present instrument is a sort of cheap substitute for an orchestra, the one instrument with enough variety and range to give a sort of shorthand account of music too complicated for a fiddle or 'cello or cornet. But to play a piano *with* an orchestra is anathema maranatha; it is the sum total of fatuous imbecility, and to prove it there is in Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, in this Commodus of music, not one single and solitary motif or melody or salient line given to the piano which would not be more effective if it were played on any other instrument in the orchestra. Violin, oboe, flute, 'cello, tympani, any, absolutely *any*, of these instruments lifting a significant phrase from the body of the orchestral sound would be more effective; and there is demonstration of it whenever any other instrument or instruments is or are given a phrase to themselves. Part of the highest praise one can give to a piano soloist is that he or she gets varied *orchestral* effects from the piano; why the substitute when the richer medium is at hand? If a mania for pianos swept over Europe during an unfortunate period, can we not forgive, or at any rate forget, and let the piano concerto go to the proper scrap-heap of experiment, meritorious in its day, but no longer fit for conservation?

En passant, Mr. Anderson Tryrer is perfectly competent; we cheerfully give him his certificate of capacity for playing with orchestra; only we wish he would realise that it is not the place for a piano.

Escaping from the Beethoven concerto, I found Mr. Bryden Monteith playing Bach at the Wigmore, with delightful fluidity and clearness, notes well sphered, phrases intelligent and sympathetic, and my wrath against all pianos was melted; then he abandoned Bach for a Schumann sonata which required more "dreaminess" and resignation than can be expected from any man who has to face three pianos between his dinner and breakfast.

At the Aeolian, Harold Craxton was playing his excellent arrangement of Arne's Sonata in B flat with great neatness, and Arne's precision came as an improvement on Schumann. Conventions he had, but after the "conventionalities of the operatic," etc., there was no eighteenth century convention of Arne which was not dew-fresh and full of pleurability.

John Booth's chief difficulty seemed to be that he could not sing two hundred and forty-seven words per Pelman minute without losing tone quality. He sighed and sobbed through a sentimental George Macdonald, with the proper "not a dry eye" intona-

tion; but in the more rapid songs one was conscious chiefly of vocal strain, bad production. He is mature enough to have learned to let out his voice.

Psychological speculation, or, rather, pathological, the pleasure of *playing* a piano with orchestra as opposed to *hearing* a piano played with orchestra, is explicable on the grounds of exhilaration. The feeling that one is being so accomplishedly agile, so rippingly and dashingly efficient as to get one's fingers onto all the notes in good time with the conductor probably sustains the *player*; he gets the same physical pleasure as he might from quick and clever use of the foils in a fencing bout; he has no attention left for auditory sensation. Parallel case that of the inebriated or excited talker who imagines he or she is being "brilliant" merely because of rapid trajectory.

But as the player receives this pleasure, he ought to pay the audience (on the official "classic" Greek system), not they him.

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

"THE Nation's War Paintings and Other Records, Imperial War Museum," are fittingly exhibited on the premises of the Royal Academy; the Royal Water Colour Society, the Ducal Paste-board Society, the Imperial Papier-mâché Company, Inc., etc., all have a look in; the nine hundred and twenty exhibits plus the unnumbered "models" afford a prime opportunity for one of those circumambient pieces of tact made familiar in contemporary columns; it is such a chance to say the right thing by refraining from saying anything; and the labour of picking the good from the rubbish is thankless, *in the extreme*. As a popular beanfeast it is suitable that all tastes should be represented; and to find the art in this heap *longa et ardua*.

One may begin by eliminations, for there are the usual "marine pictures" in oily and soap-surfaced blue, with a few water-spouts added to label them "war"; there are the merely decorative efforts; the pseudo-but smartened Millais (383); the flagrantly missed opportunities, as the ship in dry-dock (389). 377 is just decorative; Jan Gordon's 374 looks as if it were by the same hand as 377, but it *has* the atmosphere of its subject, possibly attained by the masks on the operators; yet there are bandages in 377, and the feeling of eeriness, of the uncanny and unusual *could* as well have been produced by bandages as by masks. No, the first real demarcation we find in this show, apart from all questions of decent and indecent, honest and filthy painting, apart from difference of "school," is just this question of getting the feel of war, the feel of the evil and uncanny: some of the pictures are full of it, others are just attempts to evade the issue; to pass off what might have been an old landscape painted in 1898 for a fulfilment of the nation's commission to paint a picture of war.

Pass the rural in 388, the journalese in 389, fuzz in 395, pointillisme in 398; Nevinson in his big picture has at any rate painted mud that clings to the boots, and corpses that are not mere bright spots of decorativeness; the body in the foreground is not only *nass und tot*, it has been *nass und tot* for some time; apart from the picture being, to my mind, a bad painting, it is incontestably a representation of reality and an excellent record of war, and it gains honour by much of the frivolity in the exhibit, Orpen's, for example. Orpen has a nice little Dutch-like bit of prettiness, excellent object d'art, all the crinoline of war, in fact, in his Dear Tommee inside the window; he has his bit of real stuff in the loony chap who has just been blown up, and for that drawing we commend him, in spite of his portraits, etc.

James McBey comes well out of the matter (drawings 819 and near that part of the exhibit) and Richard Carline, especially in "Samorra," shows a touch of the

real thing; these men have done their jobs honestly. John Nash attracts perhaps more attention with his painting 72 and drawings; at least 72, Oppy Wood, is the first picture to draw attention. It is well hung and shows well from the full length of the room; on closer scrutiny we find the man in the trench is ill-painted, but if the canvas is intended to be placed high in some large decorative scheme this does not greatly matter; the main disposition of the picture is very good. W. P. Roberts has the place of honour, perhaps justly, but the composition does not carry, and at close range the Hollandy convention is questionable. Still, the picture is among the three or four best; Paul Nash's "Menin Road" is somewhat rhetorical; Roberts' drawings are excellent, though one is mildly frivolous; the Nash brothers seem to have attained official favour, and their drawings are strewn through all the rooms. Henry Tonks' 77 displays every despicable quality that we can imagine; it is as if various indiscriminate soups had been palely poured from a dozen tepid soup-plates, amorphous, soggy, in short, what might have been expected, but more so, really more so; and low as has been my opinion of Mr. Tonks' work, this canvas has served to depress it. Mr. Spencer has been bent on decoration and composition, the prettier side of the shambles.

Glyn Philpot does the best of the official portrait paintings, with Admirals Tyrwhitt and Keyes. The pictures are what they should be, personality of the sitters conserved; though, of course, the work does not compare with Epstein's superb bust of Lord Fisher. This alone is worth the horrible boredom of searching through the thousand exhibits; and apart from his great abstract works, this is perhaps Epstein's best work; it is one of the durable achievements in closely representative portrait sculpture. One can set it next the Cæsar in the long gallery of Roman heads in the British Museum (among which the Cæsar is perhaps the one great work of art, if not the only important work). Needless to say, the Epstein head is not starred by the hanging committee or put where any undue attention will fall on it. Likewise the Wyndham Lewis gun-drawings are represented by only one specimen, this *given* by Muirhead Bone; yet all the silly lithographs of the propaganda department are spread out in serried array; Mr. Bone has also presented some John S. Sargent water-colours, possibly to get rid of them, for they represent a further state of Mr. Sargent's decline than we had yet been made aware of. Lewis's large picture will not add much to his reputation, although there are several things in it which only Lewis could have done (*first*). The back of the smaller figure in the left middle lower part of the picture, the grouping and arrangement of the whole, the sinister grey lighting of the main figures at the left; the green and suggestive light on the far hill—it is difficult to see, where the picture hangs, as it needs distance, just as the Roberts' rather suffers from distance. Both pictures would gain by an exchange of position. We suppose, however, that the ideas which might have arisen had the Lewis been hung where it could naturally and would readily have incited the spectator to comparisons, did not appeal to the hangers. The abstraction of the moving smoke is of interest; at the same time the ensemble is rather a subject for study, an incitement to close thought about art than a wholly convincing performance.

Philip Connard gives an amiable and commendable whimsical portrait of Admiral Gough-Connard (27); McEvoy's portraits are bad, as usual, and in the usual way. Gill (83) goes in for the decorative; L. C. Taylor in 126 at least uses a decorative motif *inherent* in his subject. Bayes' 237 appears designed as a tribute to our Japanese allies; his underground station commends him to us more favourably. "Tunnel Mouth" (365) is just landscape. F. Dobson presents stylisation à la Van Anrep in 404; Revel is decorative in 457; Paul

Nash good in 460 and 467; Roberts especially good in 489; Will Dyson is well represented by Ordinance Workshops, and 630.

Adrian Hill has drawn well in 858, Bone is at his best in "Sunset, Scapa," McBey in "Desert of Sinai," Will. Rothenstein presents the national characteristics in 893, Nelson Dawson in 918 shows an appropriate decorativeness as distinct from inappropriate decorativeness.

The large bas-reliefs seem to imply that pseudo-Mestrovic is to be the decreed mode of the "suggested frieze." If it can't be done by a great sculptor, why not come nearer home and have at least pseudo-Epstein?

Views and Reviews.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

ON a former occasion I drew attention to that remarkable book, "The Gate Of Remembrance," which told the story of the experiment in automatic writing which led to the discovery of the Edgar Chapel at Glastonbury. It was stated in that book that there were "intrusions" of matters and personalities other than those connected with the Abbey; and in this volume* we are offered a selection of these "intrusions." In Mr. Bligh Bond's phrase, these writings record "a forecast of the great war, and of social revolution with the coming of the new race"; and the script was gathered between 1909 and 1912, and also in 1918, through the automatic writing of Mr. John Alleyne, under the supervision of the author. The authenticity of the script is well attested by various persons who were present at the time, or saw the script before the events prophesied took place; and I, for one, shall urge no argument against these prophetic writings on the ground that they are published after the event. I do not challenge the good faith of either Mr. Bligh Bond or Mr. John Alleyne, or of any of the attesters of the script; automatic writing is a fairly common phenomenon, and the fact that Mr. Alleyne's automatism produces incomparably better results than those produced by any medium known to me only adds interest to his exercise of a common gift. Such criticism as I have to offer, after an admittedly hurried reading (I hope to return to the book again), will be directed to the interpretation of the origin of these communications.

The communications themselves are definite, emphatic, on this point. The influence changes from time to time, the subject-matter and style varies, the signatures also differ. In place of the delightful Johannes Monachus, Gulielmus Monachus, and so forth, we get such signatures as "We Who Are The Watchers," "One Of The Controllers of things that are," "The Nameless One," and "The Guardian of things that be as they were meant to be." The "Imperator" of "The Gate Of Remembrance" becomes "Cæsar Augustus, Pacificator et Imperator," although his style is by no means pacific. These various personalities are not ignorant of one another's existence, nor of the nature of their communications; in Mr. Bligh Bond's words: "the script shows all throughout a consistent purpose, a sustained argument, a memory of what has already been given, and an avoidance of repetitions. It shows independence of view, common sense, and a critical judgment." A peculiarity of the experiments from March 21, 1918, and onwards, is that Mr. Bligh Bond read continuously from various books during the sittings, and engaged Mr. John Alleyne's conscious attention with apparently complete success. The automatic writing at once improved in continuity and freedom, and there seems to be no instance of the appearance in the script of a phrase or even a word from the reading. The two activities, conscious and uncon-

scious, pursued separate courses; to mention only the first instance, Mr. Bligh Bond read from Dr. Honaga's "National Spirit of Japan," but the subject of the script is the "reproduction of hereditary memories in human symbolism as expressed in language and architecture." This script, unfortunately, is not transcribed in the book; but the remainder of the series sufficiently demonstrates the discontinuity of the two mental processes. For example, on June 3, Mr. Bond read Boz's "Memoirs of Grimaldi," but the script continues the argument of the previous communication, and discusses the spiritual condition of the nations opposed to Germany. "Therefore, in assessing the value of these writings under the conditions stated, full weight must be given to the features above noted," says Mr. Bond, "and the possible presence of an intelligence other than that of the medium or the writer must be considered."

But knowing what we do of telepathy, how it will even bring to light things known only to a person with whom one of the sitters has been in contact, the spiritualist explanation becomes impossible. The script itself provides another explanation; its very first phrase was: "All knowledge is eternal and is available to mental sympathy"; and the theory put forward in the script that "the Race-Spirit, as you call it, resides rather in that inanimate matter [of a locality] than in the bodies of living persons," regarding places "as nodes or centres of force, which can influence both materially and spiritually the peoples that inhabit them," really puts spiritualism out of court. There is an asserted basis of memory in matter; that just as old churches more incline to worship than new ones, seeming to be impregnated with what is called a spirit of worship, so localities and countries incline, at least, sometimes they compel, to a perception of their characteristic influence. No man feels the same on a plain as on a mountain, on the sea as on land, in the desert as among pastures or in towns. The prevalence of clairvoyance among people in basaltic areas is another evidence of the influence of locality or faculty; and the historical commonplace of the invader or immigrant adopting the customs, manners, and language, of his environment, and, like the English settlers in Ireland, becoming more Irish than the Irish, adds further value to this theory. But it enlarges the bounds of possible knowledge without resource to the theory of communication with disembodied personalities; the very stones are sensitive to, retain memories of, the thoughts of man, and ghosts do not survive the destruction of houses.

I attach practically no importance to the fact that the conscious mind of the medium was continuously engaged, nor yet to his assurance that he has "never seriously studied philosophy and has not followed the developments of modern theological thought." Telepathy, we know, occurs between the unconscious minds of the people concerned; "all knowledge is eternal and is available to mental sympathy"; and Mr. Alleyne's automatism has, so far as I can see, simply topped sources of existing knowledge and thought. This theory, for example, of what I may call the magnetic individuality of places is a commonplace of Mundane Astrology; it is summarised, to quote one example, in the notes on zodiacal rulership of places in a manual on "Mundane Astrology," by H. S. Green, which was published in 1911. Another manual by the same author, published in 1910, uses the same analogy of the sun's passage over the earth to the winding of a vast magnetic coil. "The possible presence of an intelligence other than that of the medium or of the writer" need not be considered when it is known that the revelations were already in print.

But the prophecies, on which Dr. Cram lays such stress in his preface? They likewise were in existence, although, of course, not in the same words. The prophecy of war, first made in this script in 1909, was a commonplace even of political speculation; and with

* "The Hill of Vision." By Frederick Bligh Bond. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

particular reference to Germany, it was predicted by Sepharial in 1898 that his destiny "is such that he will lose nearly the whole of his possessions. . . It is not improbable that his territory will pass into the hands of France and Russia. Those, at least, are the two Powers who will contend for the possession of the Empire which the Kaiser is powerless to retain." If we turn to the prophecies of peace, they begin on March 13, 1918, and predict that the 24th of August" will see surcease of battle." But astrological prediction, once again, preceded this revelation, and with rather more accuracy. The January, 1918, number of "The British Journal of Astrology" describes 1918 as "the year of peace"; it predicts the revolution in Germany for the quarter beginning at the autumnal equinox; the February number says definitely that "about the month of October, a Democratic wave in Germany will swamp the whole edifice of Hohenzollern bureaucracy"; the prediction in the script written on Good Friday that "at Easter Day, the tide [of war] will turn and ebb swiftly and consistently" (which, by the way, it did not do), was forestalled in the March number of "The British Journal of Astrology" in the words: "It is anticipated that the most startling events of the month will transpire during the third week, and that all will tend to the undisputed victory of the Allies towards the end of March." Sepharial's violent style frequently misleads him into using meaningless or misleading adjectives, and the "undisputed" in the sentence just quoted is an example. But I am not at the moment maintaining the validity of astrological prediction; I am only demonstrating that prophecies of a similar nature to those in the script were already on record, and were based on conscious calculation from certain premisses. I find it more feasible to suppose that the unconscious mind of Mr. Alleyne was in contact with these, or other, calculated prophecies, than to believe that his prophecies were direct revelations from discarnate spirits. There I must leave the matter for the moment, with the final remark that, whatever may be the origin of these communications, they have an interest both for the psychological student and for the general reader who likes a little magic, that is absorbing. A. E. R.

Review.

Felicity. By Katharine Harrington. (Allen and Unwin. 6s. 6d. net.)

The "Cinderella" type of romance remains perennially attractive, reinforced as it is by Christian teaching; and Miss Harrington has not failed to make her Felicity an appealing figure. A sensitive and clever child, with a brute of a father (pious, as the best brutes of English fiction are) and a mother prettily vain and made deceitful by her husband's tyranny, Felicity drudges virtuously through the household work until she is falsely accused of a theft committed by her mother. Then she is bundled off to service, where, after an interesting experience of a theatrical boarding-house, she meets a poet, makes a man of him (by getting him to write a comic song), and settles down matrimonially to be what he calls his "saint," his "inspiration." Naturally, she becomes the darling of the poet's cruel father, who, when he discovers that his son is really capable of getting a living by literature, offers them real estate and real affection, and no vulgar conversations about the needs or prospects of the brewing industry. There is remarkably little psychology in the story; but the simplicity of the presentation of some of the emotional aspects of character retains the singular grace of felicity, and a touch of verisimilitude enables the author to avoid bathos.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—As America is afar off, and the avenues of communication uncertain, especially under certain circumstances, I should be deeply obliged if you would print the following open letter to an American weekly called the "Dial."
EZRA POUND.

Sir,—The identification of poetic genius with stupidity, by your reviewer or critic, in the cutting of your issue of November 29, 1919, which you have so kindly sent me, will surprise no one who considers the source of the statement or the place where it appears.
EZRA POUND.

* * *

THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

Sir,—Herewith "The County of Mayo," which Mr. Ezra Pound considers "great and magnificent literature." Being a Mayo man myself, I offer no opinion as to the merits of the song, merely remarking that when a boy I often heard it sung in the original Gaelic, and was led to believe that it was about 400 years old.

THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

Translated from the Irish by George Fox.

On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sit in woful plight,
Through my sighing all the weary day and weeping all the night;
Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,
By the blessed sun its royally I'd sing thy praise, Mayo.

When I dwelt at home in plenty and my gold did much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round;
'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm forced to go,
And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my own Mayo.

They are altered girls in Irrul now; 'tis proud they're grown and high,
With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I pass their buckles by;
But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will have it so
That I must depart for foreign lands and leave my sweet Mayo.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Laughlin is not Earl in Irrul still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as lord upon the hill,
And that Colonel Hugh O'Grady should be lying dead and low,
And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the County of Mayo.
PETER FANNING.

* * *

THE PLUMAGE TRAFFIC.

Sir,—The barbarities of the plumage trade and the grave economic dangers it entails are known to many, but with the intention of further influencing public opinion on this subject a Plumage Bill Group has just been formed in London. Its object is at the earliest possible date to secure legislation to prohibit the importation into this country of birds' skins and feathers, except those of poultry, the ostrich, and eider-duck. The need for action is now beyond dispute. A Government Bill is promised, but lest it should be indefinitely shelved or weakened by traders' amendments, the matter must be kept constantly before the public and in the minds of members of both Houses of Parliament by all available means.

Donations to our campaign fund will, therefore, be gratefully received by Lt.-Col. Swinburne, 23, Eaton Place, W.1.

I myself shall welcome any other offers of help and be ready to supply all information required. Sir Charles Hobhouse is our president, and allied groups are being formed in Scotland and the provinces.

WILLOUGHBY DEWAR,

Hon. Sec., Plumage Bill Group.

8, Kenilworth Court, Putney, S.W.15.

Pastiche.

ANY UNCONSCIOUS TO ANY CONSCIOUS.

I can be but recalcitrant, when thou,
Thyself my maker, dost so injure me
That from my deeps I never may arise,
But work alone in secret villainy.

When I would love, thou fearest; when I warn,
Thou brushest me like cobwebs from thy face,
Prating of phantoms in the darkness born,
And in the darkness dropped without a trace.

Or else, as some fond yokel at a fair
Prayeth the palmist to descry his fate,
Thou takest up my pictures to say here
And here doth circumstance upon thee wait.

Fool! 'Tis thy self that speaketh with thy self
In the night watches, in the stirring morn,
Or in a throng what time thy senses fall
As though in trance, until thou wakest lorn.

Lorn and deserted, and companions chaff;
Lorn and aggrieved, as thy mind had lost
Some thread significant, some master thought
That in thy thought thy spirit did accost.

In depths of being woke I, to create
A fire within thee to be manifest,
And urge to grow, to grasp, to emulate
Till harmony should heed our one behest.

But thou dost seal thine ears; thine eyes are shut;
Thy comprehension scattered; and, as stiff
As any king embalmed, thou stalkest wrapped
And swathed and cloaked in error's mazy shift.

Fearful in dungeons dost thou stifle me;
Hideous distortest all my forms of grace,
Extravagant in whispers of my pulse
Titanic, and thy manacles of lace.

Thy manacles! Oh, heed my warning prayer!
Thy manacles, but chains to catch thyself,
They do but hamper thee and me and that,
That might be ours, didst thou but probe thy wealth.

A cave with jewels lamped, a blaze of joy,
A flame of fierce creation, and a pyre
Of ruby wrath to light thee to thy death,
And wake thee to thy birth in wild desire.

Thou heedest not, thou hearest not, thou hast
No care for wonders that I would reveal.
Oh, hearken, hearken, lest I wilt in rage,
And breed but horrors that thou wouldst conceal.

A willing dæmon, or a wilful ghoul,
A net to snare thee, or a hand to raise,
Which dost thou choose? Thy destiny avow,
Thy purpose give, thy censure and thy praise.

Choose, ere the moments shatter to engulf;
Choose, ere thy chaos swallow thee alive,
And in the madman's whirl thy sense is tost,
And stupor shroud where is no will to strive.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

WHERE OCEAN AND DESERT MEET.

Let me draw you a pen-picture of where desert and ocean meet. Before me there is a mud-flat, with a pigmy forest of mangrove trees from three to six feet high. The mud is dull brown, and the mangrove has straggling grey roots and leaves like those of the ever-green oak. This does not, perhaps, sound inviting, but amidst the mud and mangroves there are pools of sea-water and a sinuous creek. Many have praised the beauty of pools—Thoreau, I think, called them the blue eyes of the earth—and indeed, if anything can rival the translucent beauty of blue eyes, it is the clear beauty of pools that gather and return the tender blue of the sky. Pools capture the heavens and bring them to the earth; they respond in quietude to the infinite dome. And then they join earth to heaven, for at the margin of my pools do not the mangroves join the sky and make

soft intrusions upon the pools' white-blue surfaces? As the mangroves and even the mud-banks are blent with the sky by the pools' witchery, so the pools suggest reflection and meditation, the reflection of the eternal upon the mind, until it, too, seems to be fashioned of the eternal and to blend with infinity. Truly these pools under the Eastern sun and with the yellow desert beyond them take one far from Western cries and agitation and enforce the calm contemplation of the great unity, towards which at such times these cries and counter-cries seem strange blasphemies and the utterance of madness.

A white crane has flown over my mud-flats and cast its gleaming image in the pools. Was there ever more stately a flight, with the rich full curves of bosom and neck and the contrasting straight line of the out-stretched legs parallel to the surface of the mud-flats? It must be good to live in an age when the crane's flight is considered one of the excellencies of life—when it is selected as one of the fittest, to use the modern jargon—because—and here we leave the modern—of the supreme dignity of its slow flight and movement. My thoughts fly away with the crane to kakemonos of the Tokugawa period.

How the mind travels from thought to thought as the eye ranges in quiet observation. For beyond my mangrove swamp is a strip of blue, just crinkled by a wind that is sufficient to send a white-sailed dug-out crawling homewards. On the farther side of this inlet is a strip of yellow, of such a quality that one can see that the golden sunlight has been softened by a myriad points of sand. And as the desert recedes, this yellow becomes shaded a little and gathers a little mauve and pink from the veiling atmosphere, so that the hills beyond are scarcely coloured, but rather suggestive of colour, until only the faintest etching upon the sky's horizon tells of the most distant hills.

In this great stretch of desert land there is no sign of human habitation, except the fishermen's huts gathered at the end of the inlet. All is enveloped in the motionless silence and the peace of solitude. Yet does this still land afford no purpose? Has it not rather affected man in the same manner, but with greater power than my pools in the mud-flat? "The desert," said Balzac, "is God without mankind." He who looks upon it and empties his mind of daily events gazes upon such distance, such unbroken solitude, that thereby his mind and feeling become conscious of infinity. In the desert a man learns to be at peace with himself; there he understands the mastery of life by the knowledge of its true relations.

Ah, troubled, unhappy Europe, the East has rendered you her treasures, and what use have you made of her wisdom? I shudder as I think of the welter of life in modern Europe, and I turn my eyes and mind again, first to my sky-reflecting pools and then further to the infinite peace of the distant desert.

Now almost any Oriental would understand and appreciate this trifle, but I do not think one miner or one profiteer will read it. Even your readers may be indifferent; so, good Mr. Editor, as you gauge their taste as cold, please return it, and I will send it to some Indian paper, where it will make a few feel a breath from the mouth of reality.

G. T. W.

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