**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 workaday life for twenty years and more. Always till two, the 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 discontented 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 thelathe 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 hysteries, 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, then we shall be able 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. The former hundreds and even thousands of deserted 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 men whose wages are even less than those of men who do not necessarily work in the same style of economics."

"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 like. "The bishops and elsewhere (fossil mines of inspiration)" 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 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 not 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 have 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 we will adjust ourselves. 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 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 navvy work and seamanship."

This is followed by the "Spectator's" economic philosophy, the above being apparently its social and ethical one. It is almost the same, but it has 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. 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 wooden bars from the field for having dared to attempt to deprive the male toilers of the indefeasible right to bear, to perspire and profane the heat and burden of the day."

"There is no other policy than to be 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 past 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 indulgence to the writer of this letter."

"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 do unskilled to-day as they did not 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 a great waste, 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 obey the 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 married, involving variety, intelligence, and utter recklessness that every report has protested against it—though this is a mere material matter. That themselves. What are we to think thousands more who, according to the heartless philosophy 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 married, involving variety, intelligence, and utter recklessness that every report has protested against it—though this 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 found, for women 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 care not, things which must ultimately destroy the work sense, and are absolutely unrelated to the life of 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 general training and discipline that no factor 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 grey 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 dressed like a star:

Or like to one that goes alone,
Whose heart is warmed with dreams
Though winter whitens 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 grey woods and wide.

Ruth Pitter.
Towards National Guilds.

With little ceremony we dismissed at the end of our last week the goose that laid the golden eggs; but not before, we hope, the ethical 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 goose to man, 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, to 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 increased 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? 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 have done? The answer is plain: he should have sold his business for a sum which, distributed over 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, that the product of each of the ten years went naturally to the owner of the bird, in other words, to the Capitalist.

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 belief, which is, therefore, the essence of Credit, 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 current of society, that without it we are 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 production 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, factorials, organisation, science, and the like) is 100; 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 suppose, 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 should not be called upon to pay for 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?
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 of 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 accompanying or preceding it, without literature and art, it merely exemplifies behaviour. 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 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?

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 space and time make measurement possible. Professor Spedding's translation of Soddy expresses 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 that cause the motion, just as it is the driver's hand that makes 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 say that they are ideas of very long distances and intervals of any one appearance by some other appearance accompanying or preceding it.

In like manner infinitesimal time or 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 the 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 to be the ego. 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 other means can never be exact, the use can be exact only 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 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 Aether?

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 inefficient basis for professing a knowledge of it. That knowledge, said the Mahaharata, 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 of knowledge. 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 fanfare 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 psycho-analysis 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, compare the “abilities” of children or rats as they refer 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 materialists, 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 Patañjali’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 lazy-casual 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 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 demon of the will, the wish, will do all the rest. Common to 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 “Christendom dearest” 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 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 £600 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 acquisitive 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 and New York 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 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 Aeschylus nipped into the palace of Agamemnon with a note-book; that he had a word or two with the butler, and took a snap-shot 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 ou un ecrivain s’est raconté lui-même en racontant les œuvres 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 personal guise, as 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 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 sun wheels round the earth, as was held by that robust old theologian Sir Thomas Aquinas. (This should be St. Thomas Aquinas.)

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 as believe, without me. He has his points, or, rather, his contours. I wish I 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 inevitable invention of ignorance; that there is no other sort of tidiness save the tidiness born of fear of exposing a fundamental ignorance which can breed the necessary caution in writers; i.e., it is 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 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.

* Belloc believed in literature, and it has banpered 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’s 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," "onslaughters on the ‘Romantic Ideal’ of war." Shawianism would not permit us to enjoy the play except as a polemic; there was something called "militarism" which was not receiving its death-blow. 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 become 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 film. Saranoff was on the staff, but Bluntschli is the stuff of Shaw. Everyman in the trenches; and in the turrets, 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 Shawian 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, not pretend to accept the imposture. The play is not only as a man, but as a normal man, who talks not wisdom or a new philosophy, but simple commonsense. The gusto has gone; Bluntschli does not now have to work on the audience; they see the point without labour in Bluntschli. He is truer to life than he was under Granville Barker’s management; he does not "make scenes," he is not "produced," he is just Bluntschli. His art is so perfect that it is invisible; one barely 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 unsurprising 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 weapon for the period. 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 now supposed to be. 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 gifts of which the attraction 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 Whitty’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 easily has, in thought of something worse than profiteering as a shopkeeper to express his independence.

The Raina of Miss Stella Mervyn Campbell is a more intelligible rendering than that given by Miss Lilith 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 her pretensions to the point where the effect 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 dramatics; 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 unering dramatic 
skill of his earlier period, that is of importance to 
culture. We are not a nation of Dubeduts, we are not 
likely to be a herd 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 "argu-
ments," his "fantasies"; and the theatre has re-
venged itself by making one of his best-made plays 
popular. The atmosphere of all the atmosphere was that 
of a cult, Shaw was singular in those days; Loraine 
had 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 "repetory theatre" performances of works that ought to be as 
common as household words.

Readers and Writers.
My prognostication of a few weeks ago of the approach 
of a new Renaissance naturally been received with 
interedness. 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: bow 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 
expected, if 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 adiance of the human spirit 
is about to be made.

It is significant that contemporarily with such a social 
dysfunction as anyone may make, special observers, with 
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 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 
impresive; for while it is absurd to believe the 
"Second Advent" will be 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 mani-
fest itself, are matters beyond direct knowledge; but 
the eye of science, I repeat, is, no less than the eye of 
mysticism, a little thrilled with the spirit of expecta-
tion.

Leonardo da Vinci's name has been frequently men-
tioned 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 occurrence of publishers. Merej-
khovsky's novel about him has just been re-issued; and 
the "Times Literary Supplement" and the "Nation" 
have recently published interesting articles on Leon-
ardo. But accidents of this kind are like miracles: 
they do not happen; and I, for one, am inclined to sus-
pect the "collective unconscious" of a design in 
thrusting forward at the moment the name and per-
sonality 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, known, 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 Renais-
sance. And since the unconscious, to-day or may be the acts of the conscious to-mor-
row, 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, far, of course, he was—one of the 
greatest that ever lived. But it is to say that the prom-
ise 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 expres-
sion without offence, a chip of the original block in 
this respect. His works, humanly speaking, were 
marvelous; they were both multitudinous and various. 
Nevertheless, after the last of them had been per-
formed, Leonardo remained as a great "promise," still 
unfulfilled. That is the character of the Renais-
sance 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 sub-
merged in it, his economics (to use our cliches) is sub-
ordinated to his personal values.

I should be trespassing on the domain of the psycho-
analysts if I were to attempt to indicate the mean-
ings 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, when he created his great "fancy," it was 
pulsing 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 cer-
tainly, 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 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 (because the conditions 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 aesthetic creation. Let them "dabble" to their hearts' content in every art-form to which their "fancy" invites them. The result, even 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 fruitlessly 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—an unconscious (and thus involuntary) begging wilfulness. 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 law 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 severely 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 subjective life to morbidly moralize, 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 insufferable 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 egozentrum 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 refine through 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. . .

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 through their striving for purity, 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.
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-reeded 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 recitalists outnumbering all other concerts three to one, or seven to one, or seventeen to one in the damp season.

Messrs. and Misses and Messieurs 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 con-traption with xylophone, whistle, and song-attachment in the solid steel bars and gut springs. This new and forthcoming implement should, from present indications, present much 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 bacio,” 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 “Svepe,” 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 the body of the orchestral sound would be more effective, and where 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 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 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 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 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 piano soloist is that he or she

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 “Soulung Song” arranged by F. Maitland was perhaps a shade too strong; but, apart from this, the “Pastoral” was almost perfectly done. I use perfect in the strict sense, for here the singing gave unquestionable pleasure.

Mr. Bryden Monteith playing Bach at the Wigmore, with delightful fluidity and clearness, notes well formed, 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 doubt of the excellent content of Arne which was not dew-fresh and full of plausibility.

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-

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 “Conventino Napoleonic” as it was then called, 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 tymanpi played with strings covered with sponge. I could not, from the grand circle, see the little spongeous 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 fathom 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 change 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 maranaathia; 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 piano soloist is that he or she
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 accomplishedlyagile, so rippling and dashingly efficient as to get one's 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 Watercolour Society, the Ducal Pastel-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 refining 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 sharpened Millais [38]; 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, 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 good and decent, is in "Menin Road" by Henry Tonks, who has displayed every despicable quality that could have been palely poured from a dozen tepid soup-plates, we can imagine; it is as if various indiscriminate soups had been pored from a dozen tepid soup-plats, 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.

[Henry Tonks] 77 displays every despicable quality that we can imagine; it is as if various indiscriminate soups had been pored from a dozen tepid soup-plats, 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 conserve; 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 enduring achievements in closely representative portrait sculpture. One can set it next the Caesar in the long gallery of Roman heads in the British Museum (among which the Caesar 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 in carried array.

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 to this depressing 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 (89) 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 than usual. [Naumeg's] "Tunefl Mouth" (365) is just landscape. The illustration à la Van Anrep in 404; Revel is decorative in 457; Paul
Nash good in 450 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," McBey in "Desert of Sinai," Will Rothenstein presents the national characteristics in 853, Nelson Dawson in 918 shows an appropriate decorativeness as distinct from inappropriate decorativeness. The large bas-reliefs seem to imply that pseudo-Mestrovich, to be the desired mood 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, and I was led to the 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 it was published.

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, Guilielmus 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 "Caesar 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 ignorant of one another's existence, nor of the nature of the former occasion I drew attention to that remarkable book, "The Hill of Vision," By Frederick Bligh Bond. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

* "The Hill of Vision."
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 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 "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 improbable that his territory will pass into the hands of 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 premises. I find it more feasible to suppose that the unconscious mind of Mr. Alayne Wood in contact with these, or other, calculated prophecies, than to believe that his prophecies were direct revelations from discernable spirits. There I must leave the matter for the moment, with the final remark that, whatever may he 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 mark 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 royalty 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.

The County of Mayo, Translated from the Irish by George Fox.

They are altered girls in Inrul 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 Inrul 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 I should be deeply obliged if you would print the following open letter to an American weekly called the "Dial."

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THE PLUMAGE TRAFFIC.
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 villany.

When I would love, thou fearest; when I warn, Thou brushest me like cobwebs from thy face, Pratting 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 palmy desery his fate, Thou takest up my pictures to say here And here doth circumstance upon thee wait. Pool! 'Tis thy self that speaketh with thy self In the night watches, in the stirring morn, Or in a trough what time thy senses fall As though in trance, until thou wakest born. 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 'A fire to be manifest, And urge to grow, to grasp, to emulate Till harmony should heed our one behest. But thou dost seel thine ears; thine eyes are shut; Thy comprehension scattered; and, as stiff As any king embalmed, they stand astir And swathed and cloaked in error's mazy shift. Fearful in dungeons dost thou stifle me; Hidingest 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. Thy comprehension scattered; and, as stiff As any king embalmed, they stand astir And swathed and cloaked in error's mazy shift. Fearful in dungeons dost thou stifle me; Hidingest 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! 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