

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is probable that not more than a few hundred people in this country have any notion of what lies at the back of the discussions of the forthcoming Genoa Conference. Ostensibly the chief matter to be decided is the economic restoration of Europe via the restoration of Russia and Germany; and the underlying principle is our recent Christian revelation that the prosperity of any given whole (let us say Europe or the World) depends upon the prosperity of its parts. The inner and practical considerations, however, are of another kind altogether; and they involve precisely the questions of the priority of the parts, now languishing, which are to be made to flourish, and of the balance of power that will thereafter subsist between them. Suppose, for instance, that in the name of the restoration of Europe, Germany were to become—as she may—the greatest economic and thereafter and therefrom, the greatest political and, consequently, the greatest military power on the Continent, the situation of France might be one of extreme peril. Exhausted by two wars within fifty years, France could scarcely hope to survive a third with a neighbour whose power had in the meanwhile steadily grown by defeat no less than by victory; and thus, if the restoration of Europe is to mean the rehabilitation of Germany, as it must, France, at least, would appear to have more to lose than to gain from it. It is well enough for us in this country, with the sea between us, and the whole British Empire at our back, to contemplate complacently the revival of Germany. We can afford it. But with France, as they say in France, the case is different. Perish Europe rather than that France should again be exposed to German aggression; and, in particular, perish Germany. *Sauve qui peut.*

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With this attitude of mind, so reasonably unreasonable, it is practically impossible to argue; and we do not envy the task of the European negotiators faced with the apprehensions of French neurosis. Cool common sense would convince the French that, in reality, their only hope lies in the very thing they most fear, namely, the restoration of Europe; and that every other road leads straight to the abyss. For England's interest, no less than France's interest, is opposed to a German Continental hegemony while, at the same time, it equally demands the economic restoration of the whole

of Europe. Can our French friends not *see* that the security of France is a necessity of English policy? Did the British Empire mobilise 10 million men for French defence out of pure love for France? The notion is so absurd that, if the French had any humour, they would realise that the defence of France against German aggression is almost an English domestic obligation; and, instead of creating new armies and military alliances with tenth-rate Powers, France would disarm herself and leave the burden of her defence to be borne by this country. That, however, would be policy; and, in the present state of French opinion, it is, we agree, impossible. But what are the alternatives? In the first place, the continued militarisation of Europe with an inevitable renewal of war within a very few years. And, in the second place, the widening and deepening of the gulf already dividing America from Europe. Scarcely imaginable disasters, in fact, are bound to follow from the policy dictated by the prevalent French neurosis. To a position of security, gratuitously guaranteed by the British Empire and countersigned by America, France is deliberately preferring a position of extreme insecurity guaranteed only by her own crazy efforts to keep Germany down and to form military alliances round about her; and, at the same time, the friendship of America, so necessary both to France and to England, is being needlessly alienated. From this nightmare, unfortunately, it is difficult to conceive that Genoa can rescue us. No one will be present with authority enough to demand of France to stop this foolery. Here as elsewhere the direction of affairs is in hands behind the scenes; and though, for the purposes of the Press, the coming Conference may be made to appear a success, its actual failure is already assured. The world is once more heading for a precipice.

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In these circumstances one madness more or less is not to be wondered at; however much it may be deplored. And there are excuses for the attempts of the Die-hards to break up the existing Coalition. But, once again, what are the alternatives—are they not worse than the evil we already have? Nobody can possibly believe that in the present chaos of political opinion any of the existing parties can form a Government by itself. That is the task and the privilege of a party not yet born whose platform will be the security of the Consumer instrumented by Credit-control and Price-regulation. Pending the creation of such a party, however, the only alternative to the existing Coalition

is another and a worse Coalition, a Coalition of groups even more at variance than the groups now forming Mr. Lloyd George's Government. Moreover, as we have said before, the break-up of the existing Coalition *before* either a real Opposition has been created or a new party has come into the field, will inevitably lead to the establishment of a "Kerensky" Government, that is to say, to the immediate precursor of a revolutionary Government. We like as little as anybody the personnel and the policy of Mr. Lloyd George's Government. It is all that even Lord Northcliffe spitefully says of it. But, in comparison with the Government that is likely to be formed from the remaining fragments after its break-up, even Lord Northcliffe, we imagine, would call for its restoration. The fact is that the world-situation is too obscure for any policy to be clearly enough defined to found a new party on it without moving in the wrong direction. It is true that standing still involves difficulties and dangers almost intolerable. But they are nothing to the perils that would certainly be incurred from advancing, under the leadership of the Labour Party, in the direction of Moscow. For the present, in short, wisdom consists in enduring the ills we have while preparing a new programme for a new party. And what that new programme must be our readers already know.

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The Engineering dispute has arrived at polemics between the two minor parties to it, and it remains for the major party, the public, to pronounce on the merits of the case. For our own part, we have no doubt of the verdict: both parties are equally innocent and equally guilty. On the evidence of the opposing counsel, it would appear that the matters in dispute concern managerial functions and the question of over-time; but, in reality, the causes of the dispute are much deeper than either party realises: they concern the state of the industry as a whole; and the particular matters of the articulate dispute are occasions and incidents rather than causes and essentials. The proof of this is to be found from assuming that either side wins its case in the present dispute and examining the consequences. Would the victory of the Employers restore prosperity to the industry? If all their points were conceded, would there be greater effective demand for engineering goods or less unemployment of Labour and Capital? On the contrary, there would be less demand and more unemployment. And if, on the other hand, the Men were to win, the consequences would be much the same: the slump in effective demand would continue with the consequent phenomenon of increasing unemployment. The truth is that the industry as a whole has got beyond the control of either or of both of its active partners. Neither Labour nor Capital, nor both Labour and Capital together, by difference or by compromise, can seriously affect a problem that lies outside their single and joint province. They are common victims of a financial system which neither they nor their colleagues in other industries understand or even so much as suspect. This ignorance, in fact, is the equal guilt of all the parties to all the economic disputes now raging and pending. For while the parties are biting each other's tails in the firm belief that the other is the enemy, the actual creators and preservers of their apparent bitter enmity, namely, the credit-monopolists and price-fixers, stand aloof in the security of invisibility and profit by the writhings of their victims. Of all the parties, however, none is more blood-guilty than the public itself. It sees the industrial system tottering to its grave and the active partners murdering each other in desperation. It contemplates the spectacle with the apathy of a famished crowd at a bull-fight. The invisible agents of the whole catastrophe, however, have never a search made for them. It is in vain that we point to the growing power and profit of the banks as evidence that finance flourishes on the

decay of the world. The money-system is sacred; and we blaspheme when we lay a hand on it.

* * *

The almost incredible unreality of political discussion in this country is well illustrated by the comments on *l'affaire Montagu*. No other paper has dropped the slightest hint about contests between rival financial groups behind the scenes. Various journals have come out with articles making the conventional portentous assumption of letting the public into dark and deadly secrets and telling at last the just-so story of the incident. Thus a popular Sunday paper printed, under a *nom de plume*, what professed to be the genuine "secret history." The writer exploited to the full all the usual tricks of the circus-journalist, in order to magnify his office as the mystagogue, to his highly privileged readers, of an esoteric revelation. And what did it all amount to? Merely that the alleged breach of etiquette was only a pretext, that Mr. Montagu had long been marked down for destruction, and that the true and sole cause of his fall was the Cabinet's dissatisfaction with his administration of India! Not a word about Sir Basil Zaharoff and his Council for Near Eastern Affairs—even though the article did in passing point out the bearing on the incident of Mr. Lloyd George's pro-Greek policy. The "New Witness" ingeniously misses the point as well. It is disposed to rejoice over the affair, as being possibly the beginning of the end of the control of financiers over our Government. It apparently fails to see that it is simply a victory of one set of financiers over another. It is all very well to point the finger of scorn at "financial Jews," but is a financial Jew any worse than a financial Greek? The "New Witness" must really make up its mind, whether it is opposed to the monopoly of high finance as such, or whether its interest is in narrow anti-Semitism based on racial or religious prejudice.

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It is well to remind ourselves frequently that America, despite her ability to supply herself with all the goods she needs without any foreign trade to speak of, yet has her unemployment problem too. As the outcome of a Conference held last September, a bill for the "long-range planning of public works" was introduced into the Senate. It was very much on the lines of the familiar "ten years' programme" advocated by the Webbs in this country. It is presumably harmless enough, and might possibly have some slight effect as a palliative. But its reception by the senatorial wisdom of America was extraordinary. An Indiana representative sapiently pointed out that "these recurring periods of plenty and of famine have been going on for some time." One would have thought that that indicated some underlying cause for them in the character of the economic system, and that it might be as well to try and find out what this is. But that is too simple a way of thinking for the Indiana intellect. Senator New inferred that, since slumps occur so persistently, it is probably beyond human power to arrest them. Other senators also seemed very ready to assume that they are arranged by God for some wise purpose, and that He had better be left to see them through according to plan. But the main point of interest in the debate is the curious reason given by various speakers for opposing the Bill. A Carolina senator thought that the warning from Mr. Hoover to release the reserved schemes in view of a threatening slump "might start a panic just like an avalanche, without rhyme or reason, like the panic of 1907." Several others spoke to exactly the same effect. Now the point of the joke is that, at the above-mentioned Conference, President Harding had declared, "We have builded the America of to-day on the fundamentals of economic, industrial, and political life which made us what we are, and the temple re-

quires no remaking now. We are incontestably sound." Yes, as incontestably as the old Charing Cross Station roof—until it fell. Yet that did take years of shaking by locomotives all day long to bring it down; in the financial temple of America, you must not even sneeze; or—.

* * *

Mr. Hartley Withers has once more been buckling on his golden armour in defence of the gold standard. He said he would rather depend on that than "on the caprices of Governments"; "directly a country got away from a metallic standard it got an unrestricted paper currency." Of course it does, if you do not rest the creation of money on some other definite basis instead. The nation's Real Credit seems the obvious standard. It is not a bit more difficult to secure that a Government shall abide fairly by this than by the gold standard. In the last resort the power of turning on the printing press necessarily rests with any Government, and, if it is determined to kick over the traces, it is no more possible to coerce it to respect the gold standard than any alternative standard that may be established. Mr. Withers declared that critics like Mr. Kitson "apparently thought that borrowers should have the right to determine what amount of credit they should obtain." Mr. Kitson, in some of his pronouncements, may have laid himself open to this animadversion; nevertheless, the fact remains that he supports the Douglas-NEW AGE Scheme, which is a very different proposition; and it is a sign that things are moving that Mr. Withers thought it necessary to notice the latter scheme explicitly. He said, "he could not understand how everybody could have plenty of money without prices going up." But this is altogether amazing. If prices are regulated, so that they depend upon factors having nothing to do with the quantity of money in circulation, how can money affect them? Does Mr. Withers really think that the present purely financial law of supply and demand is an absolute law of nature? It merely declares that, if you leave things to be settled by supply and demand, then certain results follow. No one has succeeded in showing that there is intrinsically any serious difficulty in taking the power of price-fixing out of the hands of financiers. Mr. Withers, it appears, has "spent some hours in trying to discover the meaning" of the Scheme. If he has not yet discovered its meaning, he cannot claim to be a competent critic of it; and in view of the high importance attached to it by really competent authorities, including the occupants of important Chairs of Economics, he cannot justify himself in putting it aside once for all after so casual an examination. He must first make sure that he has got to the bottom of its meaning, if it takes him six months, or even six years, instead of "some hours."

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"What can we do with our sons?" is the plaintive wail that is going up, through the columns of the Press, from the class that has been accustomed to send its boys to the public schools. Unemployment is rapidly becoming for them too almost as dread a bogey as it has long been to the working-class. Headmasters and university dons have been weighing in with more or less uplifting advice. It is noteworthy that "oversea openings" are freely talked of. It is not the wage-earners only who are, by economic compulsion, to be shipped out of the country for which they fought, as a nuisance to be got rid of by the shortest possible means. Further, the public school boys are finding themselves exposed increasingly in regard to many of the posts which they have looked on as their special preserve, to what the Dean of St. Paul's has barbarously described as the "unfair" competition of the sons of the wage-earners, educated gratis at elementary and Council secondary schools. Altogether the professional, and broadly the upper middle, class are rapidly becoming semi-proletarianised, and are faced with an acute struggle with a better educated genera-

tion of the proletariat proper for some tolerable status in society. The last thing we would desire is that they should go under. But if, in terror of the advance of the working-class, they fly for refuge to the arms of plutocracy, they will have brought their fate, whatever it be, on themselves. If they would be saved, in a social sense, they had better lose no time in acquainting themselves with the significance and functions of credit in the life of the community. Our national resources, as we have repeatedly pointed out, are easily adequate to assuring in this country to all, who do not spontaneously prefer to try their fortunes oversea, a secure livelihood and the opportunity of freely following their particular bent.

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It is an extreme discredit to the Government that it has refused even the very modest credit of 3 millions which Dr. Nansen was asking for the relief of the Russian Famine, and to the House of Commons that it did not insist on the Government's doing its duty in the matter. The claim on the ground of humanity admitted of no evasion. On grounds of policy, too, the case was clear to all who had any pretensions to being good Europeans, to say nothing of good world patriots. We have, indeed, continually deprecated the current exaggerations, so dear to the financial mind, of our dependence on foreign markets. But the fact remains that the world is one, and that nations are members one of another. The maximum possible prosperity cannot be enjoyed by one unless it is attained by all the others. Our ideal is to see the total resources of the world employed to the best advantage for the good of all the peoples of the world. We therefore desire to see those resources as large as may be. The lapse of a hitherto rich cornland into a desert is a disaster of the first magnitude, deplorable if due to uncontrollable forces of nature, disgraceful if avertible by human action. In this case the plea of "can't afford it" was more than ordinarily contemptible, in view of the almost simultaneous announcement of a British credit to Portugal, in furtherance of our trade interests, of the precise amount in question. But, quite apart from that, we have repeatedly pointed out (and industrial magnates themselves have confirmed) how stupendous is the Real Credit, which expresses our potentialities of production. This, and this alone, defines the limit of our ability to issue money credits.

* * *

A recent debate on the Douglas-NEW AGE Scheme provided another illustration of the bigoted conservatism of many revolutionaries. The opponent, one of the most extreme of the University Communists, showed himself unimpeachably orthodox in his financial views. He upheld the gold standard, the balancing of budgets, and all the rest of it; insisted on the imperative necessity of saving and wished all industrial development to be financed out of this; declared for "stability" and no inflation or deflation. In short, he was a faithful understudy of Mr. McKenna. Now it hardly needs pointing out that one is not doing anything practical for the revolutionising of social conditions by merely shouting for a hypothetical "Revolution" that is continually receding into a dimmer and dimmer future. The question is, what does one want to have done here and now? If one has no practical proposal for a radical new reparture at once, one is, in every practical sense, a conservative. And finance, on which the speaker in question was so peculiarly orthodox, is just exactly the controlling factor in the situation. Both he and other speakers in the discussion revealed the static mind, which is obsessed with the idea that it really is a very difficult problem how we can produce enough wealth just to go round on the basis of a barely adequate standard of life. The typical Communist is, it would seem, "a creature that moves in determinate grooves, in fact, not a bus but a tram." Can no one infuse a little sense into these people?

Credit and the Fine Arts.

By Ezra Pound.

A PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

"CONSIDERING the impossibility of getting a discussion of 'Credit Power and Democracy' in the British Press at the time of its first publication"; yes, my first review of the book appeared in Belgium, my second in New York, my third, carefully "toned," in the then "Athenæum" presumably incomprehensible to its editor, my fourth or fifth in "Les Ecrits Nouveaux," an arty sort of French magazine having no actual equivalent in the England of 1922, but being rather like the old "Blue Review" and of no more importance or significance. The point of interest is that this article was quoted almost entire, fairly quoted, with all its essential points—and if anything improved by the cuts—in the "Progrès Civique" of the week after. The "Progrès Civique" is a popular weekly for sale on all the kiosks, and no more highbrow than "John Bull." That gives you a fair measure of the comparative receptivity of France and England.

Yeats says "England is the only country where a man will lie without being paid for it." When I mentioned that to a Frenchman here, and went on to discuss the abolition of free speech, or at any rate the uncensored publication and circulation of ideas in England, he said, "Yes, we have the same thing here, I mean they know they ought to keep quiet, but they just can't. *Le français est trop bavard.*"

Discussion of the "Progrès Civique" article by a group of French and Americans here has led to the following experiment (Bel Esprit), a propos the Douglas text, "Release of more energy for invention and design."

One recognises that there is no functioning co-ordinated civilisation in Europe; democracy has signally failed to provide for its best writers; aristocratic patronage exists neither in noun nor in adjective. The function of an aristocracy is selection; illiterate motor-owners are incapable of that function.

The rewards of writers are in inverse order of merit. That is to say, the worst work usually brings the greatest financial reward. Current systems of literary prize-giving are not much more satisfactory. They occasionally reward merit, or advertise it. A carefully specified prize like the Goncourt may "work" several times; often the first two or three awards of a prize are "good"; after that the conditions change, and a third-rate author receives what might better have gone to the upkeep of someone whose work escapes the specifications (or had appeared on January 7, 1922, instead of on December 30, 1921). Anatole France may well have "deserved" the Nobel Prize, but no one will claim that his reception of it in the hundred and first year of his age is likely to increase his production or improve its quality.

The only thing one can give an artist is leisure in which to work. To give an artist leisure is actually to take part in his creation. It is a question of making freemen, in the only sense that that word is worth while. It is not a charity. "Bel Esprit" is definitely and defiantly not a charity. It is not based on pity for the human recipient: it has nothing to do with Manchester Liberalism. Civilisation has got to restart. The rich are, with the rarest exceptions, useless. One cannot wait until the masses are "educated up" to a fine demand. There is no sign whatever that they are tending in that direction. Even the "Daily Mail" is losing influence.

"Bel Esprit" proposes simply to *release more energy for invention and design*; the practical way (Douglas' scheme does include a man's beginning on his own doorstep, and his own job) is to release those artists or writers who have definitely proved that they have something in them, and are capable of its expression. What we want is not more books, but a better quality

of book; and the modus is (1) to find the man; (2) to guarantee him food and leisure, by a co-operation of subscribers (individuals or groups) pledging themselves to give £10 per year "for life or for as long as the artist needs it."

It will be noticed that this reduces the urge to write for money to a minimum. The writer is given a bare living, he is allowed a certain leeway to earn his comforts. Say that honest work under present conditions brings in about £100 a year. At any rate when the author's earning capacity reaches a certain point his subsidy diminishes proportionately, so there is as much reason for him to suppress a faulty but vendible piece of work as to print it. This solves the age-old problem of paying a man to keep quiet.

The artist's circumstances are considered. That is to say, the action of the society is strictly realist. It recognises an individual need and an individual qualification. In commerce one does not expect copper from an iron mine. The scheme permits the hypothetical individuals whom one has for years heard saying that "they would like to do something" but cannot afford £300 a year, to "do something." In that sense it is a show down. The æsthetic admirer can now "put up or shut up." The gauge of a given interest in literature or the fine arts is set. Choice of the artist is important, the *esprit* is more or less *bel* according to the artist he chooses. If he does not like the choice of the Paris group of the Bel Esprit, he is perfectly free to start a group of his own, backin' 'is local fancy.

The supposed danger of the individual patron is eliminated, there being 30, 20, or in the case of very young men, even so few as ten backers required. There would in any case be enough difference of taste among them to prevent their trying to force the artist's work into any mould or modality not his own. If one of them tried to make him write or paint in one way, presumably some other would counteract this; and in any case no one donor would be sufficiently essential to the artist's welfare to give him an inconvenient hold. As the selection of the artist is made by the people most interested in art or literature it may reasonably be taken as an honour by the recipient.

It may be of interest to note that in this group of Parisians and Americans the first choice fell on T. S. Eliot, some of whose work has already appeared here in French. The Parisians supported the decision because it seemed more probable that we should find enough backers, having three countries to draw from, and because they thought it would be much easier to arrange for their French candidates if they had a model in actual operation. Also the other cases were not as clearly defined. Rightly or wrongly some of us consider Eliot's employment in a bank the worst waste in contemporary literature. During his recent three months' absence due to complete physical breakdown he produced a very important sequence of poems: one of the few things in contemporary literature to which one can ascribe permanent value. That seems a fairly clear proof of restriction of output, due to enforced waste of his time and energy in banking. Mr. Eliot's own wishes have *not* been consulted. There were four people present at the discussion capable of subscribing instantaneously; the number of "moral certainties" increased the list to ten; with a problematical fringe; other members have undertaken further organisation, private and public.

It now remains to be seen whether Mr. Eliot's English admirers will subscribe heavily enough to leave him with any feeling that his continued residence in that island is morally or sentimentally incumbent upon him. My personal feeling is that the British literary imperium began its decline when Landor departed for Italy. The subsequent history is: Byron, Keats, Shelley, Beddoes, in Italy or Germany, Browning in Italy, and Tennyson in Buckingham Palace. And later, the dispersal of men of letters from London, Swinburne in

Putney, Hardy in Dorchester: the Irish and American use of the English capital giving it a deceptive appearance of life until . . . until even that faded from it.

I expect to meet Mr. Eliot in Sienna before I meet him in Piccadilly; but the Londoners still have their chance. (Perhaps he would stay there anyhow. It is not my affair, but I am concerned for his leisure. I consider it "economic.") Pending arrangements for permanent quarters and secretarial address, communication may be sent to "Bel Esprit," care of THE NEW AGE

Our Generation.

THE other day Lord Burnham at a public dinner remarked "that there never was a time when, in point of honour and ability, the Press of England had reached a higher standard than the present. . . He commended journalists on their very high sense of responsibility." Now we have so often said the opposite of this, believing what we said as we suppose Lord Burnham believes what he says, that we have begun to wonder whether when we call the Press corrupt, illiterate and irresponsible we may not mean something like what Lord Burnham means when he calls it able, honourable and responsible. And, on last thought, we do admit that in a sense the Press has ability, a sort of responsibility, and, as a consequence of that, a kind of honour. The ability we will not linger over; it is merely the ability to be the Press; it is, using the word in a wide sense, a technical matter. Upon the responsibility of the Press we were suddenly enlightened by a didactic article in a recent issue of the "Times," bearing the grandiose title of "Duty: The Law of Freedom," but lasting, unfortunately, for only two-thirds of a column, and having the signature of nothing more imposing than "A Correspondent." The "stern Daughter" of Wordsworth was quoted; the decline in the popularity of duty was deplored; we were reminded of our glorious ancestors, who were so respectful towards the word duty that "historians have noticed its frequent occurrence in the despatches of our most famous generals"; the subject was then divided into "duty to ourselves, to our neighbours, and to God"; a warning was given to the democratic readers of the "Times" that when they "claim their rights they must beware lest they ignore their duties"; and the beauty of Christian duty was finally exalted, which ordains that we should not merely abstain from evil but that we should do good. In short, the essay was a model one; the sentiments were correct, the diction without offence, and the ideas such as any person, dutiful or otherwise, might understand. There was not one disquieting glimmer of free intelligence in it, no hint of emancipation of mind or of spirit; the disquisition was perfectly conventional and perfectly dull. Now this, if you like, showed a kind of responsibility, and we have no doubt it is the kind of responsibility which Lord Burnham likes so much. To clear our minds about it we must make use of the distinction used by the author in his analysis of duty. He divided duty into "duty to ourselves, to our neighbours, and to God"; and we are convinced that his particular form of duty or responsibility (and that of the Press generally) is the second. The writers to the Press are responsible to the public, but not to themselves, neither—we write it with regret—to God. Having whittled down their responsibility so far, we have still unfortunately to limit it further; for even this sense of responsibility to the public is of a special kind. It reduces itself to an unspoken obligation not to utter in public sentiments which are not accepted as correct, not to shock the moral sense of the people by ideas, by passion, or by truth; in short, not to awaken the populace, rich and poor, out of the illusions and superstitions which go with them by the name of morality. Now this, we fulfil our duty of pointing

out the obvious, implies a certain attitude to the public. It implies, first, and here we agree, that the public are not capable of discussing serious matters intelligently, but it implies further that the capacity to do so should not be awakened in them. The Press, on the one hand, refuses to educate the people; and, on the other, by the habitual utterance of tags of conventional morality in which it does not believe, in the maintenance of a "tone" which has so far lost its reality that it is now a habit, it makes education more difficult and in fact implicitly relegates the public to the Hades of the uneducable. In the name of responsibility such things can be done. As for the honour of the Press, that consists in the successful performance of its responsibility. The difference between Lord Burnham and ourselves is now clear. He is responsible for the maintenance of superstition, and we, for the diffusion of light. That light may be dangerous, and dangerous especially to those who love darkness, may be true; but, in the name of the other two persons in the trinity of duty, and in that of something else which it is difficult to name, we are bound—freely—to pursue it. The striking result of the general attitude of the Press is that nothing there is discussed in the vocabulary of free intelligence, nothing approached with the freedom with which untrammelled and emancipated minds would approach it. Over the whole Press lies the shadow of the popular ignorance which it refuses to disperse, and which it fears and courts.

The mild furore which has been created by the capacity of a few doctors to be scandalised by the presence of women in medical classes shows, perhaps, that the public are more interested in sex than in therapeutics. We have not a melo-dramatic conception of the average man, but we believe that if he had not some imaginative and altogether misguided notion of the "forbidden" things which women see in their co-education in medicine, the matter would not have become an "item" of news, and we should not have heard so much of it. While the imaginative faculties of people generally remain so little developed and disciplined as they are, they will always run in this direction at the least appearance of encouragement. A more complete power of imaginative vision, a capacity to *realise* the situation as it is, would have saved the provoker of this controversy from saying that the presence of women in classes and at demonstration tables prevents the free utterance of scientific truth there, and it would also have given another turn to the controversy as it has been carried on in the papers. The question is really whether men and women cannot meet in perfect goodwill, and without *arrière pensée*, in the study of the means for combating the universal enemy of mankind, disease. If it is not possible for them to recognise on first thoughts, naturally and at once, that this is a matter much more important than that niceness between men and women which is sometimes not even nice, then one can only conclude that they are ineradicably trivial, incapable of the light, and without the truth in them. The whole business shows such a terrible lack of a sense of proportion that one does not know what to do with it. But it is certain that a sense of proportion springs from a realisation of the truth of a thing; and that the lack of it springs from error, from a blind ignorance of what is essential. So necessary is the aesthetic faculty of imagination for right action, and even for a human and natural attitude to practical affairs. It has been alleged, and perhaps there is truth in it, that some of the doctors are against the presence of women in medical classes because they are jealous and wish to keep the secrets of healing in their own hands: they are to be the only physical saviours of mankind. This is a form of love to humanity which is almost embarrassing. The whole matter, if it did not reveal such perilous ignorance, would be a subject for comedy.

EDWARD MOORE.

Credit and Society.

CREDIT-CONTROL, I have argued, is the path to workers' control, and the only path, so far at any rate as the great machine industries are concerned. For the guildsman then to contend for economic democracy is not for him to neglect or postpone the struggle for industrial democracy; on the contrary it is to remove that struggle from the academic to the practical sphere. I am aware, of course, that many of those who have been drawn to the support of the Douglas proposals are sceptical of the feasibility, even it may be of the desirability, of industrial democracy. If this be true, the guild socialist may exclaim, what business has the guild propagandist to keep such company. The answer is as simple as it is conclusive. For the guildsman the views of "Douglasites," however eminent, upon this issue are of no consequence; they are, strictly speaking, irrelevant, since the Scheme in which the proposals for the socialisation of credit have been first embodied furnishes a unique opportunity to the workers of achieving the substance of industrial democracy, while all proposals for "guildisation" which neglect the factor of credit will necessarily leave the great majority of them clutching for its shadow. In proportion as the workers through their Labour Bank establish themselves securely and progressively as shareholders will they be enabled to control an industry that becomes—in the only real sense—their own. Of such an opportunity nothing can deprive them; though the guild propagandist may still have much to do—as I think he has—to arouse them to think how they may make the best use of it.

The need for guild propaganda is not, in my view, by any means exhausted. But its value is small so long as it is associated with policies incapable—and often to-day admittedly incapable—of carrying it into effect. The Guild Socialist has become the Micawber of the social movement; disillusioned equally with political and industrial action, he is waiting for something to turn up. What else is there to do, since the financial citadel of capitalism is impregnable to assault? Some day its occupants will grow careless, make a mistake and leave the door unguarded. Till then the workers must withdraw from capitalists' lines and engage in affrays with the outposts. Small wonder that keen spirits ride away in Bolshevik despair to agitate for a "world-revolution" at a moment when Soviet Russia is clamouring for admission to the "League of Nations," to attain which she will be made to do penance to the plutocracies she has rebelliously defied.

The disintegration of the guild movement is not an inspiring spectacle, and it is only rendered more disappointing by the striking success of the guild principles of "team-work," public service and workers-control in the narrow spheres in which it has been found possible to apply them. The Building Guild above all has shown what the workers are capable of doing for the community and for themselves when once they are free to make the attempt. But the mass of the workers will never thus be free while either the factor of Finance is overlooked altogether, as it is for the most part throughout the Labour Movement, or while, where the primacy of Finance is admitted, no conclusions but those of despair are drawn from it. For it is truly a counsel of despair to maintain that in "tackling capitalism" Finance must be "left till last," or alternatively all serious effort abandoned until its manipulators "make a mistake." And this for three reasons at least. The control of industry by finance frustrates, as we are now witnessing, every industrial programme, and renders even the little encroachments made in boom years untenable. Again, by neglecting to expose and isolate the financier, the workers rob themselves

of all that aid from the "middle" classes of society, and even from sections of the employing class, which will alone give them sufficient strength to bring in a "new social order." And finally, the economic exhaustion which the maintenance of purely financial hypotheses is progressively creating may bring down society in ruins or cause it to wither into decay with threatening rapidity. If this is the sort of "mistake" which guild socialists are waiting for plutocracy to make they may be justified in their expectation, but if so, they are building their hopes on a most perilous foundation. For their guild society would have to be extemporised upon the ruins of a civilisation and under the most adverse circumstances. We may feel confident, indeed, that it is the communist dictator and not the guild theorist who would take command and keep it in such an event.

Guild development requires for its success not chaos but stability, and stability can never be recovered until society is founded not upon financial hypotheses—however "permanent"—but upon economic realities. The Douglas proposals unite—as any sound policy of social change must do—the rescue of the public with the emancipation of the worker. They enable him—as the guildsman has always demanded—to achieve freedom at his work through the employment for constructive ends of the organisation by which he has defended himself at his work, and at the same time and by the same means to attain something more fundamental still, freedom apart from his work through the dividend which "logically succeeds" the wage. For we must always remember to think of work in a society released from financial tyranny as something governed by entirely different considerations from those which dominate to-day. With the elimination of every incentive to sabotage work and the organisation of work must be looked at with new eyes. By abolishing the vested interest in the maintenance of "jobs" for their own sake we subordinate toil to the needs, not of a financial system merely, but of the requirements of society as a whole. Labour-saving machinery would begin for the first time to save labour without impoverishing those who can only live by the sale of it; "unemployment" would mean not an individual disaster and a social menace, but opportunity for the choice of a new spontaneous activity. Jack would cease to be the dull boy that too much work varied by intervals of too little food has commonly and inevitably made him.

Work in a sane society seems to me to resolve itself into three categories—"Dirty" Work; Routine Work; and work undertaken in the spirit of craftsmanship. The first class of work no one will undertake if they can avoid it; the second men will undertake with a fair degree of cheerfulness if they feel they are serving a true social end thereby, securing their own prosperity and getting a say in the organisation by which it is carried on. The third class most men will spontaneously turn to in proportion as they are relieved of the necessity of worrying about how their living is coming to them. As much of the third class as possible and as little of the first would be the result, as it would be the aim, of a sensible social organisation, and a society which had entered into the inheritance of its own credit and found thereby means to release and distribute purchasing power other than solely for jobs done would have the motive—as it would have the opportunity—to achieve it. But the organisation of work does not cease to be a social necessity because the basis of citizenship is shifted from toil to personality; and by finding the engine of change in the credit of the workers' organisations, we who seek the socialisation of powers now fatally usurped by the few should launch our experiment on the secure basis of guild principles. For it is of two parents, Social Credit and National Guilds, that economic democracy will be born.

M. B. R.

The Note-Books of T. E. Hulme.

(Edited by Herbert Read.)

BERGSON'S THEORY OF ART.

(Notes for a Lecture.)

1. THE great difficulty in any talk about art lies in the extreme indefiniteness of the vocabulary you are obliged to employ. The concepts by which you endeavour to describe your attitude toward any work of art are so extraordinarily fluid. Words like creative, expressive, vital, rhythm, unity and personality are so vague that you can never be sure when you use them that you are conveying over at all the meaning you intended to. This is constantly realised unconsciously; in almost every decade a new catch word is invented which for a few years after its invention does convey, to a small set of people at any rate, a definite meaning, but even that very soon lapses into a fluid condition when it means anything and nothing.

This leads me to the point of view which I take about Bergson in relation to art. He has not created any new theory of art. That would be absurd. But what he does seem to me to have done is that by the acute analysis of certain mental processes he has enabled us to state more definitely and with less distortion the qualities which we feel in art.

2. The finished portrait is explained by the features of the model, by the nature of the artist, by the colours spread out of the palette; but even with the knowledge of what explains it, no one, not even the artist, could have foreseen exactly what the portrait would be. For to predict it would be to produce it before it was produced. Creation in art is not necessarily a mere synthesis of elements. In so far as we are geometers we reject the unforeseeable. We might accept it assuredly in so far as we are artists, for art lives on creation and implies a belief in the spontaneity of nature. But disinterested art is a luxury like pure speculation. Our eye perceives the features of the living being merely as assembled, not as mutually organised. The intention of life—a simple movement which runs through the lines and binds them together and gives them significance—escapes it. This intention is just what the artist tries to regain in placing himself back within the object by a kind of sympathy and breaking down by an effort of intuition the barrier that space puts between him and his model. It is true that this æsthetic intuition, like external perception, only attains the individual, but we can conceive an inquiry turned in the same direction as art which would take life in general for its object just as physical science, following to the end the direction pointed out by external perception, prolongs the individual facts into general laws.

3. In the state of mind produced in you by any work of art there must necessarily be a rather complicated mixture of the emotions. Among these is one which can properly be called an essentially æsthetic emotion. It could not occur alone, isolated; it may only constitute a small proportion of the total emotion produced; but it is, as far as any investigation in the nature of æsthetics is concerned, the important thing. In the total body of effect produced by music, nine-tenths may be an effect which, properly speaking, is independent of the essentially æsthetic emotion which we get from it. The same thing is most obviously true of painting. The total effect produced by any painting is most obviously a composite thing composed of a great many different kinds of emotions—the pleasure one gets from the subject, from the quality of the colour and the painting, and then the subsidiary pleasures one gets from recognition of the style, of a period or a particular painter. Mixed up with these

is the one, sometimes small element of emotion, which is the veritable æsthetic one.

4. In order to be able to state the nature of the process which I think is involved in any art, I have had to use a certain kind of vocabulary, to postulate certain things. I have had to suppose a reality of infinite variability, and one that escapes all the stock perceptions, without being able to give any actual account of that reality. I have had to suppose that human perception gets crystallised out along certain lines, that it has certain fixed habits, certain fixed ways of seeing things, and is so unable to see things as they are.

Putting the thing generally—I have had to make all kinds of suppositions simply and solely for the purpose of being able to convey over and state the nature of the activity you get in art. Now the extraordinary importance of Bergson for any theory of art is that, starting with a different aim altogether, seeking merely to give an account of reality, he arrives at certain conclusions as being true, and these conclusions are the very things which we had to suppose in order to give an account of art. The advantage of this is that it removes your account of art from the merely literary level, from the level at which it is a more or less successful attempt to describe what you feel about the matter, and enables you to state it as an account of actual reality.

5. The two parts of Bergson's general philosophical position which are important in the theory of æsthetic are (1) the conception of reality as a flux of interpenetrated elements unseizable by the intellect (this gives a more precise meaning to the word reality which has been employed so often in the previous pages when art has been defined as a more direct communication of reality); and (2) his account of the part played in the development of the ordinary characteristics of the mind by its orientation towards action. This in its turn enables one to give a more coherent account of the reason for what previously has only been assumed, the fact that in ordinary perception, both of external objects and of our internal states, we never perceive things as they are, but only certain conventional types.

6. Man's primary need is not *knowledge* but *action*. The characteristic of the intellect itself Bergson deduces from this fact. The function of the intellect is so to present things not that we may most thoroughly understand them, but that we may successfully act on them. Everything in man is dominated by his necessity of action.

7. The creative activity of the artist is only necessary because of the limitations placed on internal and external perception by the necessities of action. If we could break through the veil which action interposes, if we could come into direct contact with sense and consciousness, art would be useless and unnecessary. Our eyes, aided by memory, would carve out in space and fix in time the most inimitable of pictures. In the centre of one's own mind, we should hear constantly a certain music. But as this is impossible, the function of the artist is to pierce through here and there, accidentally as it were, the veil placed between us and reality by the limitations of our perception engendered by action.

8. Philosophers are always giving definitions of art with which the artist when he is not actively working but merely talking after dinner is content to agree with, because it puts his function in some grandiose phraseology which he finds rather flattering. I remember hearing Mr. Rothenstein in an after-dinner speech say that "art was the *revelation of the infinite in the finite*." I am very far from suggesting that he invented that phrase, but I quote it as showing that he evidently felt that it did convey something of the matter. And so it does in a way, but it is so hopelessly vague. It may convey the kind of excitement which art may produce in you, but it in no way fits the actual

process that the artist goes through. It defines art in much the same way that saying that I was in Europe would define my position in space. It includes art, but it gives you no specific description of it.

This kind of thing was not dangerous to the artists themselves, because being familiar with the specific thing intended they were able to discount all the rest. When the infinite in the finite was mentioned, they knew the quite specific and limited quality which was intended. The danger comes from the outsiders who not knowing, not being familiar with the specific quality, take words like infinite in the much bigger sense than is really intended.

9. To describe the nature of the activity you get in art, the philosopher must always create some kind of special vocabulary. He has to make use of certain metaphysical conceptions in order to state the thing satisfactorily. The great advantage of Bergson's theory is that it states the thing most nakedly, with the least amount of metaphysical baggage. In essence, of course, his theory is exactly the same as Schopenhauer's. That is, they both want to convey over the same feeling about art. But Schopenhauer demands such a cumbrous machinery in order to get that feeling out. Art is the pure contemplation of the Idea in a moment of emancipation from the Will. To state a quite simple thing he has to invent two very extraordinary ones. In Bergson it is an actual contact with reality in a man who is emancipated from the ways of perception engendered by action, but the action is written with a small "a," not a large one.

10. CREATION. The process of artistic creation would be better described as a process of discovery and disentanglement. To use the metaphor which one is by now so familiar with—the stream of the inner life, and the definite crystallised shapes on the surface—the big artist, the creative artist, the innovator, leaves the level where things are crystallised out into these definite shapes, and, diving down into the inner flux, comes back with a new shape which he endeavours to fix. He cannot be said to have created it, but to have discovered it, because when he has definitely expressed it we recognise it as true. Great painters are men in whom has originated a certain vision of things which has become or will become the vision of everybody. Once the painter has seen it, it becomes easy for all of us to see it. A mould has been made. But the creative activity came in the effort which was necessary to disentangle this particular type of vision from the general haze—the effort, that is, which is necessary to break moulds and to make new ones. For instance, the effect produced by Constable on the English and French Schools of landscape painting. Nobody before Constable saw things, or at any rate painted them, in that particular way. This makes it easier to see clearly what one means by an individual way of looking at things. It does not mean something which is peculiar to an individual, for in that case it would be quite valueless. It means that a certain individual artist was able to break through the conventional ways of looking at things which veil reality from us at a certain point, was able to pick out one element which is really in all of us, but which before he had disentangled it, we were unable to perceive. It is as if the surface of our mind was a sea in a continual state of motion, that there were so many waves on it, their existence was so transient, and they interfered so much with each other, that one was unable to perceive them. The artist by making a fixed model of one of these transient waves enables you to isolate it out and to perceive it in yourself. In that sense art merely reveals, it never creates.

11. METAPHORS soon run their course and die. But it is necessary to remember that when they were first used by the poets who created them they were used for the purpose of conveying over a vividly felt actual

sensation. Nothing could be more dead now than the conventional expressions of love poetry, the arrow which pierces the heart and the rest of it, but originally they were used as conveying over the reality of the sensation experienced.

12. If I say the hill is *clothed* with trees your mind simply runs past the word "clothed," it is not pulled up in any way to visualise it. You have no distinct image of the trees covering the hill as garments clothe the body. But if the trees had made a *distinct impression* on you when you saw them, if you were vividly interested in the effect they produced, you would probably not rest satisfied until you had got hold of some metaphor which did pull up the reader and make him visualise the thing. If there was only a narrow line of trees circling the hill near the top, you might say that it was *ruffed* with trees. I do not put this forward as a happy metaphor: I am only trying to get at the feeling which prompts this kind of expression. You have continually to be searching out new metaphors of this kind because the visual effect of a metaphor so soon dies. Even this word *clothed* which I used was probably, the first time it was employed, an attempt on the part of a poet to convey over the vivid impression which the scene gave him. Every word in the language originates as a *live* metaphor, but gradually of course all visual meaning goes out of them and they become kind of counters. Prose is in fact the museum where the dead metaphors of the poets are preserved.

The thing that concerns me here is of course only the *feeling* which is conveyed over to you by the use of fresh metaphors. It is only where you get these fresh metaphors and epithets employed that you get this vivid conviction which constitutes the purely æsthetic emotion that can be got from imagery.

13. From time to time in a fit of absent-mindedness nature raises up minds which are more detached from life—a natural detachment, one innate in the structure of sense or consciousness, which at once reveals itself by a virginal manner of seeing, hearing or thinking.

It is only by accident, and in one sense, only that nature produces someone whose perception is not riveted to practical purposes; hence the diversity of the arts. One applies himself to form, not as it is practically useful in relation to him, but as it is in itself, as it reveals the inner life of things.

In our minds—behind the commonplace conventional expression which conceals emotion—artists attain the original mood and induce us to make the same effort ourselves by rhythmical arrangements of words, which, thus organised and animated with a life of their own, tell us, or rather suggest, things that speech is not calculated to express.

14. "*Art should endeavour to show the universal in the particular.*" This is a phrase that constantly recurs. I remember great play was made with it in Mr. Binyon's little book on Chinese art. You are supposed to show, shining through the accidental qualities of the individual, the characteristics of a universal type. Of course this is perfectly correct if you give the words the right meaning. It seems at first sight to be the exact contrary to the definition that we have arrived at ourselves, which was that art must be always individual and springs from dissatisfaction with the generalised expressions of ordinary perception and ordinary language. The confusion simply springs from the two uses of the word "universal." To use Croce's example. Don Quixote is a type, but a type of what? He is only a type of all the Don Quixotes. To use again my comparison of the curve, he is an accurately drawn representation of one of the individual curves that vary round the stock type which would be represented by the words loss of reality or love of glory. He is only universal in the sense that once having had that particular curve pointed out to you, you recognise it again.

(To be continued.)

Art Notes.

THE INDEPENDENT GALLERY. DRAWINGS AND A FEW OIL PAINTINGS BY BRITISH AND FRENCH ARTISTS.

THIS is the first exhibition at the Independent Gallery after a fairly long pause—two or three months. Without exaggeration it is one of the most interesting shows held lately in London. It is a difficult task to write on an exhibition whose level is so even: even the worst things here are better than most of the best ones seen elsewhere. I am mentioning this from fear of being misunderstood, as it would not be very pleasant if any reader thought that when I say, for example, "a bad Cézanne," it would mean the same as saying "a bad Munnings." If a painting by Mr. Munnings is described as unsuccessful it means he did not achieve his usual standard *which is not very high*; with Cézanne it means that he did not quite reach the standard set up by him and which is *very, very high*, so much so that it is practically beyond the power of one single man to reach it. At least Cézanne himself never thought that he reached it. In short it is an exhibition on a higher plane, if I may say so. For this reason Vergé Sarrat is out of place in it. It seems extraordinary that nine works of such mediocrity should be hung here.

It would be superfluous to write on Delacroix, Millet, Van Gogh and Gauguin, who are all represented by one drawing each (Gauguin by a pastel), as so much already has been written about them that even their names, like that of Cézanne, under certain circumstances may produce an atmosphere of unwelcome boredom. All the same, I feel obliged to say that Cézanne's water colour (16) is too sketchy to be looked upon as a representative water colour of his; the drawing (17) is much better in that way. Segonzac is still puzzling to me. Sometimes he is excellent, as in his drawing of a landscape with a fallen tree, where he appeals purely through the magnificent spacing and excellent craftsmanship. At other times he is too romantic, romantic in the sense in which Boecklin is, with the difference that Segonzac tells his story, or imposes the effect, through large surfaces of colour in a low tone and in that manner always forces an association with twilight, when all forms look larger, more fantastic and less definite than in daylight. Whenever I look at his oils, with very few exceptions I get an impression that they are not self-contained, that they almost entirely depend on association with that curious time of early evening so beloved by all the lovers. It looks attractive and mysterious and certainly is stimulating, but I doubt very much whether that mood is a problem which can be best solved by oil painting. Segonzac's colouring appeals to the spectator, but I believe it does it in the same way in which low notes on the piano appeal. On this point I must give way to somebody who knows more about psychology than I do. About the paintings and drawings by Marchand I shall have an opportunity to write later as his one-man show is shortly coming on at the same gallery. Freisz has a number of water colours and drawings which are not up to his mark. He is "arrivé" and is becoming a mannerist. Moreau has three very good drawings. With their sweeping lines and light shading they, at times, remind me of Holbein. The indication of volume is very good and all three drawings are happily conventionalised. On the very interesting drawings by Frélant and charming water colours by Signac I have already written elsewhere. Dufresne in his three interiors from Morocco follows the tradition of Indian and Persian miniatures. They are not as finely executed but they have a subtle charm of their own. Matisse has one oil painting of a nude.

There are only three English painters and they hold their own excellently. Roger Fry in his coloured chalk drawing, "The Water Carrier," has accomplished a

feat perfectly. It is nearer to the seventeenth century drawings than to any other period, but its charm of design and execution make it one of the most personal drawings of Roger Fry that I have seen and certainly brings it up to the level of the best drawings in this exhibition. The oil painting, "Flowers," is less successful. The design is very good but the spacing of planes in the texture is not quite satisfactory. The cloth in the background is too prominent and interferes too much with the nearest plane of the picture; in fact it breaks it. The texture of the cloth is so hard that in comparison with the vase it appears as if the vase was made of cloth—and the cloth of earthenware. Also the texture of the glass is not satisfactory. The painter preserved the transparency of the glass but neglected its other essential qualities so much that it does not play its part in the picture as convincingly as it should; in fact it is not very easy to detect it. It is true that all this brings the flowers out better, but I cannot possibly suspect Roger Fry of wanting merely to paint the flowers without feeling them as a part of the picture. Duncan Grant's still-life is the best thing at this show. The space is carefully defined by the planes of a table and a curtain in the background. The way the folds of the curtain are neglected brings it into an excellent relation to the table. The two jugs and a bowl are so admirably arranged that one feels them as one single form passing through different stages and showing all its best qualities in each of them. Unfortunately there is glass over the picture and it has a disastrous effect. The red flowers and green leaves which ornament the black tray are hardened by the glass and do not keep on their own plane—they stand right away from the tray. The light on the white bowl is also hardened by the glass so that the back of the bowl has almost lost its shape. I think it cruel to glaze pictures for exhibitions, especially when the colouring is as delicate as here. I hope that the clientèle of this gallery come to see the pictures, not use them as mirrors for putting their hats straight or powdering their noses. Porter's still-life is a very pleasant combination of oranges on a green glass fruit-dish, a bottle, and a curtain. It is very well arranged and spontaneous. In spite of the unreasonably small number of English exhibits it is safe to say that here they beat the French work.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY. Exhibition of modern British Art. It is an ambitious and very commendable effort on the part of trustees and secretary of this Gallery to arrange a show of this kind. Considering the financial (the Gallery is kept entirely by public subscriptions) and other difficulties the exhibition on the whole may be described as successful. Unfortunately, the Imperial War Museum has been too generous in lending works from its collection and we are often faced with such hideous efforts as that of Sir William Orpen called "The Official Entry of the Kaiser into Paris, 1918." In spite of all that there are some excellent works of art among the exhibits and the range is fairly wide. Augustus John has a very good drawing of a nude; in my opinion the best drawing at the exhibition. There are two excellent Sickerts lent by Mr. W. Taylor and two lent by Mr. T. G. Lonsdale. These two gentlemen, Wm. Marchant and Co., and others who lent pictures from their collections have done very much to improve this exhibition. Among the most interesting exhibits are works by Duncan Grant, Roger Fry, Spencer F. Gore, Mark Gertler, F. J. Porter, Alvaro Guevara, Elliott Seabrooke, C. B. Winsten, W. Taylor, Wm. Roberts, and so on. Among the sculpture the most outstanding works are bird and animal studies by Herbert W. Palisser and a bronze head, "Alice," by Frank Dobson. I do hope that the public response to this gallery—especially in the way of subscriptions—will be more generous, so that it may be able to continue its work, which is of great educational importance in the East End.

R. A. STEPHENS.

Views and Reviews.

THE JESUITS—III.

It was hardly to be expected that my opinion of the Jesuits would pass without comment; and here is what one correspondent thinks:—

Sir,—I have just finished reading "A. E. R.'s" review in THE NEW AGE of the Rev. Thomas Campbell's book "The Jesuits." I am free to confess that it amused me not a little, especially when I succeeded in detecting the dear old chestnut against the Jesuits, that the end justifies the means; not written down in so many words, it is true, but most gently and persuasively conveyed. Perhaps, though, I am flattering "A. E. R.," he may not be so subtle and so clever as I have judged him to be; or perhaps my own eagerness has deceived me; for, ever since I was a child and devoured "Westward Ho," "Villette," "Esmond," "John Inglesant" and the Musketeer series of Dumas, I have delighted in the fathomless abyss that yawns between the Jesuit of fiction and the Jesuit of fact; for, unlike "A. E. R.," I have all my life been well acquainted with many Jesuits.

But not to express my gratitude to "A. E. R." for the pleasure he has given me would I have written this letter; nor shall I venture to take upon myself the vindication of the good fame of my friends the Jesuits, they are thoroughly well able to defend themselves; but I should like, if I may, to join issue with "A. E. R." over the answers he gives to the four points of identification of Christianity which he adapts from those asked by the Japanese of Father Petit-Jean in 1865.

The first is: Did Christ have a pope? To which he answers No. This means, I take it, did Christ during His earthly life submit to the authority of a pope? No, of course not, but only because He was Himself pope. For if, as the catechism teaches, "Jesus Christ is the head of the Catholic Church, the visible head on earth being the pope, who is the vicar of Christ?" it naturally follows that when He was upon earth He was His own pope, or the visible head of the Church He was about to form.

And the second: Did He pray to the Virgin Mary? Does not the answer to this question depend upon the exact meaning which is given to the word prayer? The general sense, according to Webster, is, "a request, earnestly made for something desired." Surely such requests must have been of frequent daily occurrence when the Child Christ was growing up into manhood under the care of His Mother and St. Joseph. But the Prayer directed to God (adoring, praising, and thanking Him and begging of Him all blessings for soul and body), nor Christ nor any Christian has ever addressed to the Virgin Mother. Intercessory prayer, on the other hand, is in constant use the world over. Is there not the proverbial expression "a friend at Court"? The efficacy of such prayers of intercession is proved in that Jesus performed His first miracle and manifested forth His glory at the request of His Mother. So that Christ did Himself pray in a general sense to the Blessed Virgin and showed in a most striking manner the influence over Him which He accorded to her prayers of intercession on behalf of others.

The third: Was He married? No. This is indisputable, but no one, not even, I imagine, "A. E. R.," has asserted that no one else should marry. But if we are to follow Christ's example in every respect and literally; and if, because Christ had no pope, and did not pray to the Virgin Mary, and was not a flagellant, therefore Christians must have no pope, nor pray to the Virgin Mary, nor be flagellants, then surely since Christ did not marry, Christians should not marry.

As for flagellation, in the condemnation of which all other forms of voluntary maceration of the flesh would seem to be included, this is too large a question for me to tackle at the end of an already too long letter. Certain it is that asceticism has been practiced in every age and encouraged by very different religions; it would seem to be an instinct of human nature. Therefore, exercised with pure motives and under submission to a recognised authority, may it not be a salutary means of checking those animal propensities that so often obtain tyrannical power over men and women and are neither moral, healthy nor sane? And does not the very word discipline used by the Christians for scourge

or whip denote that it is used under obedience and with due precautions?

Was Christ a flagellant? No. But He was most cruelly scourged during His Passion and that this fact was chosen for preservation in the Gospel record would seem to show that such a method of subduing the unruly motions of the flesh might be legitimately and voluntarily followed.

"A. E. R." also states as an indisputable fact that the association of flagellation with sexual vice is notorious. It may be so; I am not well acquainted with the history of sexual vice; but this much I think I may venture to say, that wine and spirit drinking is at least equally notoriously associated with it. But not for this did Christ refuse to increase miraculously the wine at the wedding feast; and He solemnly consecrated not bread only but wine during the Last Supper, and said: "Do this in commemoration of me."

There is surely a right and wrong way of using most things in this world of ours; possibly even there may be a right-headed and a wrong-headed way of reviewing books.

March 18, 1922.

M. DALE.

It is a characteristically Jesuitical letter; it begins with a red herring. Because I did not say that the Jesuits teach that the end justifies the means, my correspondent detects it, reads it between the lines. I grant that it is between the lines, as it must be between the lines of any account of practical affairs. For means are always justified by ends, they are only means in relation to ends; and whether or not the Jesuits teach it, they practise it as all men of affairs do. They justify flagellation, for example, as my correspondent does, by reference to its supposed end of "checking animal propensities; although as police reports, quoted by the Humanitarian League in its "Facts About Flogging," show, practically every brothel contains the instruments necessary for what is sometimes euphemistically described as "Russian massage." I am quite aware that flagellation is a practice of considerable antiquity; an interesting and scandalous work called "The History of the Rod" has collected from general history a variety of references to the practice. The persistence of the practice is undisputed; Rasputin, the filthy monk of Russia, was one of the most recent and notorious advocates of it; but on the question of the motive, I accept the view of the specialists in morbid psychology, and regard it as a form of sadism when inflicted on others, and of masochism when suffered by oneself. As to its "checking animal propensities," Shakespeare's Lear had more knowledge of human nature:

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand.

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her.

My own grandfather used to say that for every devil you knocked out you knocked ten in; and the well-known fact in penology that a man who has been flogged once usually has to be flogged more than once is sufficient evidence against the reformatory value of the practice.

My correspondent's reference to the scourging of Christ is quite irrelevant; Christ is also reported to have used a scourge when He drove the money-changers out of the Temple, but He did not say: "Do this in remembrance of me": in that relation. If the Jesuits had introduced the Agape, instead of the "discipline," to the Japanese as a Christian practice, they would have been justified by the Gospels as well as by primitive Christian history; as it is, they are the missionaries of sex perversion, and in that fact I have the clue to their peculiar history. There is no doubt in my mind, after reading the history written by the Rev. Thomas Campbell, S.J., that the Catholics were right when they demanded the suppression of this secret Society; one admits the extraordinary intellectual power of so many of its members without thereby being assured that their values and mode of life constitute anything but a danger

to civilisation. Not being a Catholic, I do not accept the teaching that "Jesus Christ is the head of the Catholic Church"; the Catholic Church derives its ceremonies chiefly from Mithraism, its practices of maceration from Manicheanism—and Christ did not found a Church, but a community in Galilee. But it is useless to argue such points with a Catholic; Tyrrell and Loisy were excommunicated for holding similar opinions, and I do not accept the claims, and the inferences from them, of the Papacy, and its body-guard, the Jesuits.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Signs and Wonders. By J. D. Beresford. (The Golden Cockerel Press. 5s. net.)

This series of phantasies, short stories, and character studies does nothing to enhance Mr. Beresford's reputation. He seems to be dying the "intellectual" death; his interest in psychology and "psychical research," as the term goes, has reduced his style to that of a reporter of interviews. In two or three of these phantasies he tries alter-planetary speculation; but he is dumb in the presence of purely aesthetic emotion, as, for example, the opening of the heavens in "Signs and Wonders," and comes down to earth with the Cockney's exclamation: "What are you staring at, gov'nor? Airyplanes? I can't see none." He concludes the phantasy with the speculation: "As I walked home through the rain, I reflected that the people of that incredibly distant world, walking, as they always do, with their gaze bent upon the ground, are probably unable to see the signs and wonders that blaze across the sky. They, like ourselves, are so pre-occupied with the miserable importance of their instant lives." The passage betrays Mr. Beresford's limitation as an artist, which, we hope, is only a temporary limitation. He is pre-occupied with other people's pre-occupation, so much so that he raises Cockaigne to a cosmic verity. But even if we accept the fact, it is the artist's function to open his fellow's eyes as well as his own; if he condemns and despises this blindness, then all the styles of literature from the satiric to the romantic should be at his command to awaken and fix the attention on beautiful things. It is useless to tell us: "As I looked up, for instance, I saw a great door open, and out of it there marched an immense procession that trailed its glorious length across the whole width of the heaven. I heard no sound. The eternal host moved in silent dignity from zenith to horizon. And after the procession had passed, the whole visible arch of the sky was parted like a curtain and there looked out from the opening the semblance of a vast, intent eye." But as the Cockney would say: "Wot abaht it?" Here is a vision (we have quoted it in full) that has apparently neither rhyme nor reason; its significance for Mr. Beresford himself is not revealed. We already know that if we look in a certain direction we shall probably see what is happening there, and Mr. Beresford comes to no other conclusion. If a procession in the sky means any more than, say, the King's procession issuing from Parliament, as viewed from an aeroplane or a distant height, Mr. Beresford does not reveal it. He does not even tell the story of the man who, as he saw the heavens open, did not see the earth open and swallow him up. We have Biblical warrant for the assertion: "The eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth"; and if Mr. Beresford has nothing more wonderful than this to relate, he would be well advised to do as the Cockney does, and mind his own business. Observation that is utterly irrelevant to human life, that means nothing even to the observer, it is a waste of time to record. The longest story in the book, "The Night of Creation," is an attempt to do in fiction what has not been done in fact, viz., to make a sceptical witness of an apparition admit to himself that the apparition was veritably that of a revenant.

It is an argumentative story, which never rises above the level of the ordinary wrangle about spiritualism. The fact is that, teleplasm or no teleplasm, a "spirit" cannot manifest unless it is capable of separate existence. As the very definitions of "spirit" and "body" are derived from a metaphysic that is not tenable in these days, the fundamental question is not whether "phenomena" occur, but whether they are capable of interpretation in the terms of that discredited metaphysic. Mr. Beresford never touches that argument. He is on surer, psycho-analytic ground in his sketches of the extrovert and the introvert, but both of them are such commonplace characters, and so true to type, that Mr. Beresford did not hold our attention with them. His general level of appeal seems to be to the Cockney who has not discovered literature; and as a primer of modern "intellectual" culture "Signs and Wonders" may pass muster. But Mr. Beresford will have to break his shell if he is to develop as an artist.

The Magic Flute. By G. Lowes Dickinson. (Allen and Unwin. 5s. net.)

Mr. Lowes Dickinson has taken the characters and motives of Mozart's opera as a basis for this fantasia in prose and verse; and in spite of the symbolism he has succeeded in suggesting the mystical character of the search for Truth. The conflict between the "dark forces" represented by the Queen of Night and Monstrosos and Divine Wisdom or Reason represented by Sarastro has an air of fatality; it would seem that Mr. Dickinson believes the conflict to be incapable of resolution. "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have light" is the burden of Sarastro's complaint to the Queen of Night; and she, who "wanted no vision" because she "loved the night" could never be illumined. The quest takes Mr. Dickinson through much that he has already made familiar in other forms; the uselessness of war, for example, and the pacifism of Jesus. Indeed, one of the most interesting sections is that dealing with the rumoured return of Jesus, and the determination of all those professionally interested, including Satan, to instruct him concerning the present state of the world so that he might modify his teaching to suit the times. Buddhism, too, is passed under review; but when the Lord Buddha admitted that "flight from Life" was the falsity in his teaching, Tamino could only resume his search. There is a curious dialogue at the end between Sarastro and Tamino when Tamino is admitted to the company of the lovers of Truth, in which "hope, faith, and love" are given as the virtues that serve in the conflict, and Reason and Art as the weapons. But as Emerson said, there is somewhat low even in hope; Mr. Dickinson defines it as "the vision of the goal," and immediately robs it of meaning by saying that the goal "will be known when it is achieved." But what is achieved is not the goal, but the origin of the quest; and delightful as Mr. Dickinson's fantasy is, we do not think that it dives very deeply into mysticism. The symbolism of the Tarot, for example, is much subtler; there, Truth is only the seventeenth card of the Major Arcana, and beyond there are mysteries before the World, to which Tamino returns, is reached. It would be interesting to see what Mr. Dickinson would make of this return to the world from Sarastro's castle.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"ECONOMY."

Sir,—The following objection to "Economy" seems important, though I have not seen it raised. Suppose £100 distributed weekly to 50 clerks in Whitehall. It is most probable that it is almost entirely "consumed" within the week. But if as the result of "economy," and the reduction of income tax, it is distributed among five financial magnates it will, on the contrary, with almost equal certainty, be invested on the Capital side, for further production.

M.B. OXON.

Pastiche.

FROM THE MAHABHARATA BHISHMA PARVA—
SECT. XXIII.

(Sanjaya, having been endowed with the celestial eye—faculty of clairvoyance—by Vyāsa, describes to the blind king Dritarashtra the battle between the Pandavas and his sons, the Kurus. This section occurs at the opening of the contest.)

Then Krishna to Arjuna spake, as nearer came
The Dhārtarāshtra host, desirous of his good—
O mighty-armed, now cleanse thyself and speak
That hymn to Durgā for the foes' defeat
At brink of battle.

At this Partha's son,
By Vāsudeva roused, that intellect supreme,
Descending from his car, with joined palms prayed—

Thou mistress of Yogins I bow to thee here,
Thou essence of Brahman, in Mandara's woods
Thou dweller, O Kāli!
O spouse of Kapāla!
Change toucheth thee not, nor dust of decay,
Thou goddess of darkness, thou panther in hue!
O Mahakāli I bow to thee here,
Bestower of boons on thy servants!
O proud one, O spouse
Of the world's vast destroyer!
O saviour from perils, auspicious in all.
Kata thy race, of worship most worthy,
Fierce granter of victory, victory's self!

Thou bearer
Of the peacock standard,
Thou bearer
Of a mighty spear,
Thou wielder of sword and of shield!
Thou sister of Nanda,
Younger yet older
Than Nanda the cowherd.
O lover of bull's blood!
Born in the race of Kuçika, all golden thy garments!
Thou bane of the demons, as a wolf thou devourest them!
I bow to thee here,
Thou delighter in battle!
O Umā, Cākambhari, lightning and darkness,
Thou didst slay that Asura Kaitabha!

O thou of glances charged
With flame and thundercloud, I bow to thee!
Thou art the Veras, thou the Crutis, thou art virtue's
height!
Beneficent to Brahmanas art thou
In sacrifice engaged; thou knowest all the past;
Thy presence in the temples of the towns
Of Jamvudwipa fadeth not. In science
The science thou of Brahma, thou the sleep
From whence is no awakening. All the six
High attributes are thine!
O Skanda's mother, Durgā, that dost dwell
In regions inaccessible! Again,
Swāhā art thou, and Sadhā, Kala too,
And Kashtā and Saraswati. Again,
Sāvitrī thou, the Veda's source, the science
Vedānta art thou called. O goddess great!
With inner soul attuned I praise thee here.
Let victory attend me in the field!
In regions inaccessible, in time of fear,
In time of trouble, with thy worshippers,
In depths below thou reignest. To destroy
The Dānavas thou knowest. To all beings
Unconsciousness, illusion and deep sleep,
And modesty art thou, and beauty art thou too!
Twilight art thou, daylight art thou, Sāvitrī thou,
The mother!
Contentment, growth and light art thou!
The sun art thou, and makest shine the Moon!
Good fortune art thou to the fortunate.
In contemplation fixed
Siddhas and Chāranas all gaze on thee!
Perceiving thus this high devotion's urge

Displayed by Partha, came the goddess then,
That ever gracious one, and spoke to him
Before Govinda—

Pāndava, thy foes
Not long endure thee, victory is thine.
Invincible art thou, and at thy side
Nārāyana abideth. None thy foe
Can conquer thee; no, not that mighty one,
The shaker of the thunderbolt himself!

So saying, faded she from sight again.
And Kunti's son, success within his heart,
Regained his chariot. And seated there
Both Krishna and Arjuna blew their horns.

Whoso recites this hymn at early dawn,
No fear is his of any Rākshasa,
Nor Yaksha nor Piçācha. Never a foe
Is his, no fear of fang nor claw,
No fear from rulers ever can be his.
In contest he prevaileth, and, if bound
Is he, then from his bonds he groweth free.
All trouble he surmounteth, dwells secure
From all marauders, meeteth victory,
Gaineth and liveth with prosperity
And health and strength for even five score years.

All this I know from that fine graciousness,
Vyāsa's wisdom. But thy sons, O king,
Thine evil sons, o'ershadowed now with death,
They know not in their ignorance these two,
Nara and Nārāyana. Thy sons,
O'ershadowed with the noise of death, know not
The hour of this kingdom is at hand.
Dwaipāyana and Nārada forewarned,
Kanwa, sinless Rāma, both forewarned,
Thy son to all that speech hath given no heed.
Glory and beauty dwell with righteousness,
With modesty are fortune found and wit;
With righteousness is Krishna; in that place
Where Krishna is, there victory's assured.

J. A. M. A.

FIE, INNOCENTS.

Wilt thou tell thy woe?
"Nay, I have none."
Why dost thou sorrow so?
"Why doth the cloud rain,
Weeping beneath the pleasant sun?"
He goes but to his love again;
Fie then, innocent, thy tears are wanton.

"Then prithee say to me
Why thou art gay
And goest gallantly."
Doth not the moon gleam,
Hath she not too her glistening day?
"Yet cold as a cold fear doth seem.
Fie then, innocent, thy smiles are wanton."

I smile and thou dost weep,
Wherefore we may not tell.
"A murmuring in sleep;
Methinks when we shall wake,
When we have slept and slumbered well,
Laughter nor weeping shall we make."
Fie on us innocents, our dreams are wanton.

RUTH PITZER.

WINTER MOON.

Is a gold chrysanthemum
Floating face down
Upon a bowl of cloudy water:
Is an ugly woman
Gathering sticks around
The sleeping white sheep and white sleeping cows:
And when I pin the flower in the woman's hair
I watch stars crackling loudly
Burst to the ground
Into a summer day.

JOHN LANGDON-DAVEY.

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