THE MODERN SCOT

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Editorial Notes

THE BACKGROUND OF PRESENT-DAY NATIONALISM:

II

IT has been said that nations were formed as groups of people reached cultural maturity; that the throwing up of nations was the *modus operandi* of the rising cultures of Europe. Nationalism is the corporate sentiment engendered among the peoples of the world in a historical process, the sentiment first expressing itself vaguely as patriotism and most recently, in order to combat political internationalism, in such policies as that of the *Action Française* group. The varying expressions of this sentiment afford one of the most profitable approaches to the study of European history.

Evidence of the latent sentiment of Nationalism can be found from the time of Plato onwards—indeed, long before the Golden Age of Greece. The Greeks of antiquity, as we know from abundant evidence, were ready to fight for the nation as a whole, they shared a very real patriotism, and took a common pride in their excellent arts, their law and their culture generally. So it has been with every civilized country since.

This sentiment of the ancient Greeks, it is scarcely necessary to point out, was not tribal. Adherence to tribal beliefs constituted membership of most tribes, and a member of a group ceased to be regarded as a member if he forsook the religion of his fellows and adopted that of another group. Yet if he retained his tribe's religious faith and customs he remained a member, although he lived among another folk. So it is to some extent with nationality today. But the emergence of the state and the passing of a time when a group could believe with complete certainty that it alone saw the Light, that only its god was the true god, have swept away the belief that religious observances and other specific ways of life are in themselves earmarks of the group consciousness today called nationality. By the time civilization reached the heights it did in Greece, the state had become the centre round which were focussed the sentiments of

Nationalism. (It has been several times pointed out that the weakness of Greek nationality, which led finally to its submersion, was the Greek's zeal for the political institution of the city state, which became excessive.)

A nation can exist without a state, but only precariously, and often as a menace to the interests of the state or states to which its members owe political allegiance. In our days, the Jewish nation is for the most part scattered throughout the world, and a Jew may retain his nationality whilst being a perfectly law-abiding French or German citizen, but in France he will find the hand of the *Action Française* turned against him, and in Germany the anti-Jewish campaigns of Herr Hitler may seriously inconvenience him. How precarious is the existence of such state-less nations—Scotsmen take note—is evident when one reflects on such efforts as those of Bismarck to ensure uniformity of language, education and religion throughout the state. The ideal of political independence for every homogeneous national group is the one to which we as Scottish Nationalists subscribe.

The difference between state and nation is brought out in a study of Roman patriotism. It was a Roman who said, "Nemo patriam in qua natus est exuere nec ligeantiæ debitum ejurare possit." But with all their love of their country, the Romans ruined it by neglecting the nation for the sake of the empire. The idea of the Roman Empire ran counter to Nationalism in the way that British Imperialism does. The seeming unity of the Roman Empire was due to the military and political efficiency of Rome; the elements within the Empire were too numerous and diverse and devoid of all cultural homogeneity to be moulded into a single nationality. "The Romans comprised a state not a nationality," says Professor Gooch. "The suddenness with which the Empire collapsed and the readiness with which its former citizens separated themselves into distinct groups, signify that differentiation, though not apparent, existed latently in the Empire and was the basis upon which the disintegrating groups were to develop their distinct political character." There was no resisting the natural diversity of Europe.

. . . . .

It would be a fascinating but a lengthy proceeding to trace the emergence of modern nations in Europe and the rise of Nationalism.

Nations emerged as and when groups attained to full expression of their native genius. The process of national crystallization took place sometimes on a small scale, as in Scotland, and sometimes on a large scale, as in France.

In the Dark Ages, there were no great nations and no great cultures in Europe. It was only as the mixing and confusing of races ceased and nations came into being that modern civilization began to emerge. Admittedly, the fact that modern cultures and nationalities arose simultaneously in Europe does not prove that they are inseparable, just as we know that love of one's fellow-men can exist without Christianity. Our contention, however, is that Nationalism is the political manifestation of that national consciousness of which the great artist and the great representative genius of any kind is the fullest expression. Chaucer and Dante, for instance, were the fathers of great *national* literatures. We have already quoted the saying that Chaucer, Joan of Arc and Dante were the first to record by poetry or martyrdom the advance which had been made in national crystallization in England, France and Italy.

It was with the Renaissance that the masses awoke to a realization of their place in the order of things within the national group. "The Renaissance," says Bernard Joseph, "and the ensuing elevation of dialects to the dignity of literary languages provided a vehicle for the intellectual expression of the sentiment of nationality that had been gathering force. Diverse national groups came to understand that as a result of their common experiences they had developed a certain consciousness of purpose and possessed common ideals and memories. Subconscious though it was, this sentiment had already become surprisingly strong. It has been suggested that Machiavelli, who was willing to have his city merged into an Italian state, and who dreamed of a United Italian Commonwealth, has claims to the title of the first Nationalist of the modern type."

Only in the likes of Machiavelli did the sentiment become an idea. Nationalism then had not the significance it has now. At one time, in Elizabethan England, for instance, the fact of English nationality was self-evident. There was little need for anyone discussing the matter; self-conscious, intellectually argued Nationalism did not need to take the place of patriotism; for there were not then such factors as rapid transport, radio, films, cheap printing, to bring about or aid

the process of denationalization. Samuel Butler might say that "all countries are a wise man's home," but there was no fear of all countries looking like his homeland, or all peoples talking the language of his homeland, as there is today, when we are menaced by a spiritual disease which might be called *esperantosis*, the effects of which are to reduce mankind culturally to the lowest common denominator.

. . . . .

Although more often than not a sentiment rather than an idea, Nationalism has been a vital force in European history since Renaissance times, and although it may be difficult to study in the abstract, its concrete manifestations are evident on all sides. In Ireland, today, it can be seen imbuing the rebels with courage to war against England. In France it can be seen defending "la patrie et le dernier refuge de classicisme" against the inroads of American and Bolshevist influences. And so on throughout Europe.

The manifestations of Nationalism (accidentals of Nationalism, so to speak, which many Nationalists have at different times been disposed to look on as the quintessentials of nationality) are conditioned by the ever-changing factors in the struggle for existence. A country's patriotic fervour will now be directed towards the preservation of its language, now towards the propagation of its religion, or even towards the acquiring of a state, as in the case of the Jews. The ultimate end of these activities is the expression of the nation's individuality, and it is inevitable that in some of its manifestations Nationalism must run counter to "that humanitarianism which sacrifices the definite duties of social justice to vague feelings for humanity in general."

Our attitude to some of the manifestations we shall discuss later. Some of them have been as tragic as they have been absurd, especially in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and we imagine that few Nationalists could be found today to applaud, for example, Treitsche's and Fichte's impassioned invocations of the racial superiority and achievements of the Germans. But for all the absurdity of some of the excesses of Nationalist zeal, we stand convinced of the importance of the nation as an intermediary between man and humanity and the need today for preserving the traditional European *cadres*.

As we hope to show later, we have no patience with any "naturist"

worship of the race, or similar relic of nineteenth-century romanticism. Nationalism must not seek to subordinate philosophy, art, science or religion. Our attitude on this point is shared by the orthodox Roman Catholic, who insists on rendering unto Cæsar and to God their respective dues, and Monseigneur Julien, Bishop of Arras, sums up the matter in our mind when he writes:

"A nation . . . is no more able to stand alone than is a person, and like a person it has its duties as well as its rights. Internationalism ignores these rights, though they are founded on a necessary and providential constitution of society. Exaggerated nationalism, on the other hand, ignores its duties. It ignores the rights of other nations and flouts international law. It may even go further and place its particular interests above the moral, the divine law. Hence Chauvinism, imperialism, with all their attendant evils. Hence, too, the divinization of a state which knows no law but that of interest and no principle but *L'égoisme sacré*. Such a nationalism forgets that Right is higher than peoples as it is higher than individual men, for God is behind the Right."

[*The first Editorial Note on "The Background of Present-Day Nationalism" appeared in the Winter Number of* The Modern Scot. *In subsequent Notes it is hoped to deal further with Nationalism and Internationalism, the Artist and Nationalism, the Relation of Nationalism to Socialism, etc.*]

Chapter from a Novel

Warum? Wofür? Wodurch? Wohin? Wo? Wie?—NIETZSCHE.

By Edwin Muir

A MAN of our time who is converted from a Christian creed to one of the modern faiths takes without knowing it several centuries at one leap. He launches himself out of a world in which the church bells are still ringing, reminding him of the brevity of his life and the need for salvation, and in the twinkling of an eye he is standing in a landscape from which thousand-year-old lights and shadows have been wiped clean away, a shadowless landscape where every object is new, bright, pure and naked; and while he is contemplating it the medieval bells, still ringing, die away to a thin, antiquarian jangle in his ears. The astonishing thing is that he should be able to execute this feat without becoming dizzy. Yet often it is accomplished with trancelike ease, as though he were flying; and that is because during the brief time he is in the air he has been metamorphosed with chemical rapidity and thoroughness, and so it is a new man, perfectly adapted to his new surroundings, who lands at his mark. He has experienced a change of heart. And although between the creed say of a Baptist, the most narrowly individualistic of all creeds, and that of a Socialist, which is communistic through and through, there lies the gulf between the religious and the secular, as well as several centuries of human thought, the convert behaves in the most natural manner, as though he were merely stepping out of one room into another furnished more to his taste.

The difference between the world he has left and the one he enters now is perhaps simply the difference between Why and How. And perhaps he had no choice. For if a man lives in a large modern city where existence is insecure and change is rapid and further change imperative; where chaos is a standing threat and yet in the refluent ballet of becoming every optimistic idea seems on tip-toe to be realized; where at the very lowest one must put one's best foot forward to keep up with the march of invention and innovation: the How challenges

at every turn and one is irresistibly driven into its arms. Once there, however, one finds that the Why has become an importunate and niggardly claim, holding one back, and so without scruple, indeed with a sense of following the deepest dictates of conscience, one casts it off, and with it apparently all concern for the brevity of one's life, the immortality of one's soul, salvation, and God. Strange how easily all this can be done!

To fulfil itself the Why must conduct us to the definite end of its seeking, but the How leads on and on through the endless mutations of endless appearance, as if it were set upon circumnavigating a world into which one dimension too many has entered, so that it can never completely describe its circle. Nevertheless the How goes on striving towards horizon after horizon, each of which, like a door, merely throws open another circular chamber, and after that another, and after that another; it casts horizon after horizon behind it like great spent coins, interesting now only to the antiquarian. At first the convert finds nothing but delight in the potentialities of this new world where he can lose himself a thousand times and always find himself again; but as time goes on, infinity itself, which seemed the most imponderable of things, begins to weigh upon him like a massive vault, walling and roofing him in; and though it surrounds him at an unimaginable distance, sometimes it seemed uncomfortably immediate, for after all there is nothing very substantial between it and him, and so he may run slap into it one day at the corner of a street, although it appeared to be millions and millions of miles away.

To run slap into infinity is a momentarily annihilating experience; a man who chances to do it no longer knows where he is, and cannot account even for the simplest objects round him. Quite irrational questions spring up: How am I here? Why is this thing in this place and that thing in that? Why does one moment come before or after another? Am I really here? Am I at all? And he hastens to put something between him and an infinity that is annulling him, something so vast that it will fill all space and time, and leave no gap anywhere for that dreadful hiatus, that mad blank like the abyss between two breaths one of which may never be drawn—that hole into which he and all things may fall and never be found again. He seeks a How that will fill the cosmos, a How so great that it almost seems a Why:

he embraces the universal process itself, although, accepting the jargon of his age, he may merely call it evolution.

People of traditional religious feeling are mystified and repelled by such terms as the religion of humanity, the religion of science, the religion of evolution. They cannot understand how anyone can put personal faith in the universe, call upon it for personal aid, and look towards it for personal salvation; and to do so seems to them not only blasphemous, but also simple-minded. Yet such a thing is easy to comprehend, and that simply because once man has fashioned a How of cosmic proportions it reinstates in his mind the problems, the very terms, of religion. He broods once more over immortality, though it may be merely the provisional immortality of humanity's linked generations; and he recognizes the need for salvation, even if by that he means nothing more than the secular consummation of human hopes. Heaven itself, removed from eternity, which has become void, indeed non-existent, appears again as an infinitely distant dream of the earth's future, a dream so deep that the shadows of sin and death have almost vanished into it, have been almost, but not quite, dreamt away. Nor is the dogma of grace definitively abolished; for the almost providential appearance of the saving How rescues the believer if not from damnation, at least from imminent absorption by a blank cosmos, and he reposes in the universal process as the Christian reposes in God.

So it is quite understandable that the emotions with which he contemplates this How should be religious emotions, or at least should run so exactly parallel to their counterparts that a fallible human being may easily confound them, or even hold that *this* is the true and *that* the false. And this is what generally happens at the beginning, until the hour of doubt, which every genuine faith has to surmount, somewhat blankly strikes. Then there may fall on the believer a fear which the How, in spite of all its majestic inclusiveness, is impotent to relieve. And it is not merely the fear that can be caused by the recognition that this How, this pseudo-Why, is itself in process of changing, so that one has none but shifting ground beneath one's feet—for one can get accustomed to that sensation and even acquire a liking for it which may last for the years of a man's life: no, it is a far deeper and yet vacant fear, the fear that if one were to comprehend the How from beginning to end, seeing every point in the universal future as

luminously as the momentary and local point at which one stands, and seeing oneself with the same clarity as part of that whole, the universe might turn out to be merely a gigantic crystalline machine before which one must stand in blank contemplation, incapable any longer even of looking for a Why in it, so finally, though inexplicably, would that one thing be excluded by the consummated How. A man who has realized this fear, yet who longs for a faith that shall transfigure life, will be betrayed into a final mad affirmation, and in the vision of the Eternal Recurrence will summon from the void a blind and halt eternity to provide a little cheer and society for blind and halt time, and so alleviate its intolerable pathos.

It is a fear such as this that sometimes hovers round socialistic dreams of the future. Like the visions of the saints, the socialist vision is one of purification, and arises from man's need to rid himself of his uncleanness, the effluvia of his body and the dark thoughts of his mind. Yet the socialist does not get rid of them in the fires of death, from which the soul issues cleansed and transfigured, but rather by a painless vaporization of all that is urgent and painful in a future which is just as earthly as the present. The purity of the figures in his vision is accordingly the purity of the elements, of the sea and the winds, of air and fire, perhaps in rare moments of a scented flowering tree; it is a chemical or bio-chemical purity, not a spiritual. It is what is left when man eliminates from himself all that is displeasing, unclean and painful; and that residue is finally the mere human semblance, deprived of all attributes save two, shape and colour: a beautiful pallid abstract of the human form. Yet it might still be a vision of perfection if it were not for one thing, that the dreamer is unable to think away from all those multitudes of lovely beings death and dissolution; and as mortality never seems more dreadful than when it is beauty that it consumes, the more radiant the vision of a transfigured humanity becomes, the more deeply it is tinged with fear. Until something, perhaps the dread of death for one he knows, opens his eyes, and he sees that all those future generations of whom he has dreamt are only ordinary human beings without entrails. And with that his vision of the very earth upon which they walk is disastrously and yet beautifully changed; it is a world of glittering rocks and flowers, of towering pinnacled rocks and waving hills of empty blossoms: a barren world, for without the digestive tract and the

excretary canal how could there be flourishing orchards and fields heavy with corn?

Yet this dream teases him persistently, for it need change only once more, he thinks, and it might after all become the beatific vision. But when it does change, something very different is left him—an empty world, the symbol and precursor of that which will come when all life has been frozen from it. And it seems to him that his vision has been made of the wrong substance, and he begins to divine why over it the shadows of fear and mortality should fall so heavily, far more heavily than in the indeterminate light of his own days.

"Love," a Song by Francis George Scott

We have pleasure in publishing on pages 56 and 57 of this issue a new song by Francis George Scott, who is ranked by general consent as the foremost of modern Scottish composers.

Mr Scott has set to music some of the finest of Scottish lyrics, by Dunbar, Burns and Hugh McDiarmid. The one which we publish in this issue is one of his most recent works.

We hope to have the privilege of printing in the future other of Mr Scott's compositions, among them some of those recently performed (along with works by Florent Schmitt, Paul Hindemith and Alban Berg) by the Active Society for the Propagation of Contemporary Music.—The Editor.

The Auld Tree

By William Soutar

THERE's mony a sicht we dinna see
Wi' onything ye'd ca' an ee:
There's mony a fantoun brae or bent
The forret fit has never kent:
An' gin we tak nae yirdlin road
Our body, haflins corp an' clod,
Sits steerless as a man o' stane
An' kens na that it is alane.
'Twas sic a body I had tent
Ae simmer mornin' whaur the bent,
I ligg'd on, flichter'd a' its fleurs
Up tae the lift: hours upon hours
My thowless banes fu' streekit were
Like ane unhappit frae his lair.
I heard nae mair the laverock's chitter
Nor crawin' corbie wi' a flitter
Gae up frae howkin': a' my sicht
Was rinnin' thru the reemlin' licht
An' whitter'd yont that fleury brae
Withoot a sidlins gliff: a' day
My body ligg'd an' but a braith
Stannin' atween itsell an' daith.
It's no for makars tae upvant
Themsells; lat mummers mak a mant
O' a' their makins: what's tae tell
Is mair nor onybodie's sell:
Is mair nor is the word that tells it,
An' mair nor is the mind that spells it.

Forret, venturesome.
Yirdlin, earthly.
Flichter, to flutter.
Lift, sky.
Thowless, pithless.
Streek, to lie full length.
Unhap, to uncover.
Lair, grave-plot.
Laverock, skylark.
Reemle, to move with a tremulous motion.
Whitter, to move with lightness and velocity.
Gliff, a glimpse.
Ligg, to lie, recline.
Upvant, to boast.
Dauner, to wander.
Mummer . . . mant, let poetasters stutter about the quality of their verses.

There is a tree that lifts its hans
Owre a' the worlds: an' though it stans
Aye green abüne the heids o' men
Afttimes it's lang afore we ken
That it is there. Auld, auld is it;
An' was a tree or ony fit,
Nor God's, dauner'd in its saft schaw:
Nor sall it be a runt though the ca'
O' Time's hinnermaist sea dees doun
Intill a naething wi' nae soun!
It's thramml'd deeper nor the pit
O' space, an' a' our planets sit
As toad-stools crinin whaur the rit
Raxes intae the licht: owreheid
The heichest sterne, like tae a gleed
Blawn up, hings waukrifelie an' waif
Nor lunts upon the laichest leaf.
Aye, mony a sicht we canna see
Wi' onything ye'd ca' an ee:
Yet maun the makar kerrie back
A ferlie that the een can tak;
An' busk his roun-tree on the hill
In shape o' haly Yggdrasil.
There was a carl; it's lang sin he
Gowkit upon this eldren tree
Whaur thru the mornin' haar it boo'd
A brench owre earth's green solitude:
An' there, ablow the sanctit schaw,
Baith burd an' baestie an' the sma
Flitterin' fikies o' the air
Heez'd at a ca' an' they were there.
That's lang, lang syne; but at the yett
O' that saft gairden still is set

Schaw, a grove.
Runt, trunk of a tree.
Ca, motion.
Thrammle, to wind, twine.
Crine, to shrivel.
Gleed, a spark.
Waukrifelie, sleeplessly.
Waif, solitary.
Lunt, to blaze.
Ferlie, a wonder.
Roun-tree, rowan-tree.
Fikie, any small and troublesome thing.
Heeze, to lift up.

The challance o' the singin' Word
That whunners like a lowin' sword.
Strauchtly I lookit, whaur the kennin'
O' that auld prophet aince was wennin,
An' in ablow the haly tree
Noo sat, in crouse clanjampherie,
A' the leal makars o' the world.
Up thru the leaves their claivers skirl'd
The hale o' the day; nae brench but dirl'd
Wi' sang, or lauchter, or the diddle
O' flochtersome fife, an' flute, an' fiddle.
Some gait I slippit in mysell,
But ask na how—I canna tell,
An' sittin' cheek-for-chow wi' Rab
I harkint while he eas'd his gab
On him wha screed the *Sang tae Davy*.
"Aye": Rab was sayin': "mony a shavie
Time ploys on man; just tak a gliff
Richt round—wha's here that seem'd nae cuif
In ither days: it maks a bodie
Nicher, like ony traikit cuddie,
Tae ken he's hame in spite o' a'
Was thocht his folly an' his fa'.
Man, wha o' us on lookin' back
Sees ocht misgoggl'd, or whad tak
Ill-will at onybodie's flyte;
Nae doot the maist o' us gaed gyte,
Yet gyteness mebbe is the sweek
O' makin. Hae anither keek
At a' our cronnies plankit saft
Ablow this tree: a hantle 's daft
Just like yersell, an' hardly ane

Whunner, to cleave the air with a humming noise.
Wen, to trace one's way.
Crouse, lively.
Clanjampherie, large gathering.
Claivers, gossiping.
Flochtersome, under the influence of joy.
Cheek-for-chow, cheek by jowl.
Shavie, a trick.
Gliff, a glimpse.
Cuif, a fool.
Traikit, wearied with wandering about.
Misgoggle, to spoil.
Gyte, mad.
Sweek, the art of doing anything properly.

Haudna a wuddrum i' the bane.
I ken, I ken it's mair nor airms
An' laigs, or puckle harns an' thairms
That maks a man; an' weel I ken
Aft, or a man may win richt ben
Tae screenge his sell's sell, doun he snools
Tae daith—but nane liggs i' the mools:
Na, na; it 's up an' buskit an' awa,
The earth's aye whummlin'; aye the ca'
O' water jowin' tae the müne:
The lang day's darg is never düne.
But aften times it's sair tae dree
The fa'in o' braw fullyery
An' the wagaein' o' the burd:
What gin the hairt ken, frae the yird,
Anither tree sall rax itsell
An' ither sangsters flee an' mell
Intae its airms: what gin the hairt
Ken weel the auld tree is a pairt
O' a' tae come; Time brocht its fa'
An', yonder, Time maun rin awa.
O Scotland whatna thistle rits
Intae the mools; what burd noo sits
Whaur lang, lang syne there was a tree,
Younglin' an' braw wi' fullyery,
Booin' its green an' sternie croun
Abüne Dunbar an' Henrysoun.
An' I mysell hae set a fit
Ablow a tree that rov'd its rit
Doun tae the deid runt o' the auld:
But whatna brench noo lifts tae fauld
The warblin' burd; what spatrels rin
Oot on the four wings o' the win'.

Wuddrum, an extravagant humour.
Harns, brains.
Thairms, intestines.
Screenge, to search earnestly.
Snool, to submit to.
Ligg, to lie, recline.
Busk, to adorn, dress.
Whummle, to turn over.
Jow, swing of the sea.
Dree, to endure.
Fullyery, foliage.
Mell, to mingle.
Mools, earth of the grave.
Runt, trunk of a tree.
Spatrel, musical notes.

Ah shairly, gin nae makar's braith
Blaw süne thru Scotland, doun tae daith
She'll gang an' canker a' the world.
Owre lang her bastard sons hae skirl'd
Around the reid-rose; wha' sall name
The wild, sma' white-rose o' our hame.
Gin luve were routh whaur nae hairt socht;
Gin rhyme were fand whaur nae mind wrocht;
Gie me but ane frae oot this howff
An' I'd wauk Scotland frae her souff.
O wha wi' ony styme o' sang
Wad con her story an' be lang
In liltin'; were it but tae tell
It owre again tae his ain sell."

. . . . .

Noo, as I harkint, I was war
O' a lang stillness: an' a haar
Cam owre me an' nae mair I heard
O' sang, or minstrelsy, or word:
My mind churn'd round like murlin' stanes
An' a cauld sough gaed thru my banes.
Mair snell it blew an' riv'd awa
The haar afore my een; but a'
That erlish gairden had gaen by
And in a lanely place was I;
Whaur naething sounded but the whins
Clawn up tae gansh the wheeplin' wins.
I glour'd a' roun' like ane afaird
O' his ain schedaw: nocht I heard
Till richt afore my een upstude
A harnest bodie bleach'd o' bluid:
I kent, or he had spak a word,
This deid man wi' the muckle sword.

Routh, plentiful.
Howff, a haunt.
Souff, a disturbed sleep.
Styme, a spark, particle.
Murl, to crumble.
Sough, a sighing wind.
Gansh, to make a snatch at with the jaws.
Wheeple, to whistle shrilly.
Harnest, clad in armour.

Liftin' his airm he swung it roun'
An' I cud see that on a croun
O' a bare hill I'd taen my stan'
Wi' a like hill on ither han'.
"Here are the Eildons," Wallace said,
Then louted dounward wi' his blade:
"An' yonder in the green kirk-shot
Ligg Merlin an' the warlock Scot:
An' yonder the guid Douglas fand
The marches o' his promised land
Whaur Bruce's hairt, gin it cud stound,
Wud wauken Scotland frae her swound."
He turn'd him then an' in a stride
Had taen me round the bare hillside
Whaur derk against the lift upstude
The Eildon tree: about its wud
(Daithly as ivy on an aik)
Was wuppit a twa-heided snake.
Bare, bare the boughs aince bricht as beryl
Whaur sang the mavis an' the merle,
An' whaur True Thomas' fairy feir
Won him awa for seven year:
Ah! cud he busk his banes, an' dree
Yon burn o' bluid, this dowie tree
Wad flichter wi' braw fullyery.
But noo the nicht was comin' owre;
The lither lift began tae lour;
As yont the hill the floichans flew
Mair snell the yammerin blufferts blew:
Nae bleat was there o' baest or burd;
I wad hae spak but had nae word.
The Wallace stude like he were stane
His cauld lips wordless as my ain,
But saftly on the mirken'd sicht

Lout, to bow, bend.
Kirk-shot, plot of land about a church.
Warlock, a wizard, magician.
Stound, to throb.
Aik, an oak.
Wuppit, wound round.
Feir, mate, companion.
Dowie, spiritless.
Lither, an aspect of the sky when the clouds undulate.
Floichan, a large snowflake.
Yammer, to whine.
Bluffert, a bluster of wind.

His muckle blade, wi' an eerie licht,
Glister'd; an' in his een the poo'r
Low'd up tae thraw this weirded hour.
'Twas then I spak: yet no my ain
Spirit, in anguishment, alane,
But Scotland's sell, wi' thorter'd pride,
Cried oot upon that cauld hillside:
An' her ain name was a' she cried.
Wi' that the Wallace rax'd his hicht
Like he wad rive the sternless nicht;
And as his wuntlin' blade cam doun
The snell wind, wi' a wheemerin' soun',
Gaed owre me; an' my spirit heard
The challance o' yon singin' Word
That wunners like a lowin' sword.
Nae mair nor thrice the Wallace straik;
An' first he sklent the heidéd snake:
He sklent it strauchtly intae twa
An' kelterin' they skail'd awa;
The taen haud'n southard tae its hame,
The tither wast owre Irish faem.
The neist straik, wi' a sklinterin' dird,
Lowden'd the auld tree tae the yird
An' a' the seepin' sap, like bluid,
Pirr'd saftly frae the canker'd wud:
A sough gaed by me, laigh an' lang,
Like the ourcome o' an auld-world sang.
The hinmaist straik deep doun was driven
(As it had been a flaught o' levin)
An' riv'd by runt, an' craig, until
A muckle slap thraw'd thru the hill
Shawin the auld tree's wizzen'd rit

Thraw, to thwart.
Thorter, to thwart.
Wuntle, to wriggle from passion.
Wheemer, to murmur.
Sklent, to cleave.
Kelter, to move with an undulating motion.
Skail, to disperse.
Sklinter, to break into splinters.
Lowden, to cause to fall.
Seep, to ooze.
Pirr, to spring up as blood from a wound.
Ourcome, the refrain of a song.
Flaught, flash.
Levin, lightning.
Craig, a rock.
Slap, a hole, passage.
Wizzen, to become dry and shrunken.

A' tangl'd owre that reekin' pit
That gaes richt doun, frae ilka airt,
Tae the livenin' lowe at the world's hairt.
Like ane wha in the deid o' nicht
Is wander'd on a haurie heicht,
An' wi' a switherin' braith stands still
Kennin that at his fit the hill
Hings owre intae the mirk o' space,
Sae stude I be that antrin place.
An' first cam up frae oot the pit
A souff; an' on the wings o' it
A laich an' lanely mauner cam
Like an awaukenin' frae a dwalm:
Sae wunner'd was I an' afaird
I kent na a' the sounds I heard
But they were rowth—o' reeshlin' banes,
An' sklinterin' rocks, an' brakin' chains,
An' wails o' women in their thraws,
An' the rummlin' march o' harnest raws.
Then maisterin' my mawchless wit
I glour'd richt doun the drumlie pit
An' far awa the flichterin' lowe
Gather'd itsell an', wi' a sough,
Cam loupin'; flaucht on flaucht o' flame
That beller'd owre in fiery faem
An' wi' a crack, like the levin's whup,
Flirn'd an' flisk't an' fluther'd up.
I wad hae riv'd mysell awa
But cudna; an' the breeshilin' ca'
Jow'd on until its spindrift brunt
The auld tree's wizzen'd rit an' runt:
I goup'd upon the glisterin' sicht
My twa een blinded wi' the licht

Souff, a sigh.
Mauner, a vagary.
Dwalm, a swoon.
Routh, plentiful.
Reeshle, to rustle.
Thraws, birth pangs.
Rummle, a heavy noise.
Raw, a rank, row.
Mawchless, pithless, worn out.
Drumlie, having a gloomy aspect.
Beller, to bubble up.
Flirn, to twist.
Flisk, to skip about.
Breeshil, the act of coming on in a hurry.

An' a' my senses, ane be ane,
Fluff'd oot like they had never been;
Yet, far ben in the breist o' me,
I heard the soundin' o' the sea.

. . . . .

Whan I cam roun' the lowe was gaen
An' I was standin' a' alane:
But whaur the slap had gaunted wide
An' whaur, abüne the bare hillside,
The auld tree crin'd; deep in the yird
Wallace had sheuch'd his muckle sword.
An' noo the yirlich steer was düne
An' up the lowdenin lift the müne
Cam saftly till her cannie licht
Kyth'd on the cauld hill an' made bricht
The caulder sword's begesserant rime
That braidly skinkl'd, styme on styme.
But wha on ony frostit fale
Saw cranreuch bleezin' like a bale,
As in this lifted leam I saw
The hale blade rax itsell an' thraw
Ryce upon ryce like it had been
A fiery cross a' growin' green
In its ain loupin' leure o' wud;
Till deein' doun—a thistle stude
Whaur aince had dwin'd the Eildon Tree.
There was nae soun': it seem'd tae me
On that bare hill nae soun' wad be
For evermair; nor birth, nor daith,
As God were haudin' in His braith:
The müne, far in the midmaist lift,
Ligg'd like a stane nae haun cud shift,
An' strauchly on the thistle's croun

Fluff, to puff.
Gaunt, to yawn, gape.
Sheuch, to plant.
Yirlich, wild, unnatural.
Steer, commotion.
Lowden, a falling of the wind.
Kythe, to appear.
Begesserant, sparkling.
Fale, stretch of grass.
Cranreuch, hoar-frost.
Bale, fire, beacon-fire.
Leam, gleam.
Ryce, a twig.
Leure, a blaze.

Its lipper licht cam dingin doun.
But a' that stillness, in a crack,
Was by an' düne whan at my back
I heard a fitterin' fit; an' turn'd
An' saw a man wha's twa een burn'd
Wi' byspale glamer like he sklent
On routhie years Time yet maun tent.
Word-drucken was he, but his words
As the rambusteous lilt o' burds
Wauken'd the thistle; an' for lang
I harkint while he sang his sang:
But wi' his words I winna mell
Sin he has screed thém a' himsell.
Aye richt owreheid the müne ligg'd still
An' lous'd her cauld licht on the hill;
But noo she was nae mair alane,
In the lirk o' the lift, for ane be ane
The sma sternes soom'd frae oot the slack
O' space, that gaed awa far back
Ahint the müne; an' as they cam
The müne hersell dreng'd frae her dwalm
An' cannily began tae steer
Yont her lang nicht o' seven year.
Wi' that the drucken man upstude
An' shog'd the muckle thistle's wud
Until the flownrie draff like snaw
Flew up, an owre, an far awa:
An' weel I kent, as they gaed by,
That on a guidly hill was I
An' that there breer'd, at ilka hand,
The braid shires o' a promised land.
Noo, as the day began tae da',
The thistle wi' a warstlin thraw

Lipper, leprous white.
Ding, descend.
Byspale, extraordinary.
Sklent, to glance at.
Tent, to watch over.
Rambusteous, boisterous.
Lirk, a hollow.
Soom, to swim.
Slack, a hollow.
Drenge, to rally after an illness.
Steer, to move.
Shog, to shake.
Flownrie, light, downy.
Draff, grain, seed.
Breer, to germinate.

Rax't oot its airms—an' was a tree
Younglin' an' green wi' fullyery:
An' as the licht low'd in its hairt
The flichterin' burds, frae ilka airt,
Cam hameward tae their norlan neest
In the saft bieldin' o' its breist.
Richt i' the rowsan sin the wud
O' this green tree sae leemin stude
Like it had been a buss o' fire;
An', as it stude, the warblin' choir
O' burds were singin' o' their hame:
But what they sang I canna name
Though I was singin' wi' the burds
In my ain countrie's lawland words.
Lang, lang, I stude upon that hicht
An' aye it was in louthe o' licht;
An' aye the burds sang owre their sang;
An' aye the growin' tree ootflang
Its fullyery afore the sin:
"*Daw on o' day that winna düne*"
I sang: "*or Scotland stans abüne*
Her ain deid sell; an' sterkly steers
Intill the bairn-time o' her years."

I wauken'd; an' my hairt was licht
(Though owre my ain hill cam the nicht)
For aye yon antrin hill I saw
Wi' its green tree i' the gowdan daw:
An', as I swaver'd doun the slack,
I heard, aye branglant at my back,
The challance o' the singin' Word
That whunners like a lowin' sword.

Biedin, a shelter, refuge.
Rowsan, ardent.
Louthe, abundance.
Sterkly, strongly, firmly.
Swaver, to walk feebly from fatigue.
Branglant, brandishing.

A Socialist Plan for Scotland

By Naomi Mitchison

THE year 1932 was blown in by an apocalyptic wind. It seems at last really likely that there will be a great change in our lives and in the lives of all men and women in Western Europe before the year is out. It seems likely that we shall see, while we are still young enough to profit by it, the beginnings at least of a social revolution. We brace ourselves like swimmers to dive into the current, to be swept on with it and borne up by it, to glorify it and enjoy it for ever. Yet, while we are still standing on the safe brink, we have to consider the future, and—here in this paper, among friends—the relation between Socialism and Scottish Nationalism.

I am not a politician or an economist, or even a prophet, and I can only put the thing into the form in which I have seen it myself, especially during the last few months, and in the light of certain obvious social tendencies. When an ideal is still visionary it can remain vague and indefinite, shimmering with emotion, but when it is almost practical it has to become clear. Socialism will have to face a number of problems and make a number of decisions, not necessarily the same in all countries or under different conditions. Two alternatives from which it may have to choose seem likely to be: either producing more things and using them—having an increasingly high standard of life: or not producing more things but having more leisure. Closely connected with this, seem to be two other alternatives, and it is obviously wise to consider them before a mere current of accidents drifts Socialism definitely into one or the other.

One alternative is that the Socialist state should be organized on an urban basis, with the country considered and used merely as a food factory. This is the U.S.S.R. method, and was perhaps inevitable there, considering the previous history of Russia. It seems in a way to be the obvious modern economic organization. The alternative is less clear, but does, I think, exist. This would be a state based not on the town, but on the country, on a basis not of individual ownership but of a co-operative group which would in practice work out

as something like the Scandinavian or early Scottish steading. In this civilization, the country, and the good life which it is possible to lead in the country under reasonably favourable economic conditions, would be the basis of civilization; the towns would be comparatively accidental, the necessary producers of certain commodities, including the more complicated agricultural machinery.

Now at present the urban civilization seems the only possible one, mostly because of the immense pressure of population, but we are beginning to see its dangers. Its chief dangers are, roughly, that it is desperately anti-individualistic, as a factory culture is bound to be, and that it encourages a most fierce form of militarism. This latter danger comes largely because the urban and industrial state needs to organize itself into as large areas as possible, which yet speak the same language and have the same basic economic needs. These large areas tend and will tend to be large national areas. It is no use denying that the U.S.S.R. is now as militarist a state as post-revolutionary France.

What is to be done with these militarist, nationalist instincts? Can they be denied or set to working the wheels of science? Only with the intelligent. The alternative seems to be to split them. Split up this dangerous nationalism into small cultural groups, where the nationalist spirit can easily manifest itself in other ways than by force of arms.

Small, intense cultural states, whether independent or federated, seem most unlikely to be dangerous. Small nationalities in the past have only been dangerous when they have been suppressed. They turn their energies inwards into producing some peculiar form of living, in setting their stamp upon things and art forms. The larger the nationality, the less it seems to produce. I need not, here, go into the evidence that small nationalities produce much.

Yet how, after any change, can Socialist states of this sort come into being? Or, better, where? And here I think the answer is: obviously, in Scotland.

Scotland is comparatively isolated, yet completely civilized (as civilization goes, that is to say!). Scotland is not hampered by any overpowering, anti-Socialist religious organization. Above all, there are a great number of intelligent people in Scotland who are still living in the country and on the whole want to go on living in the country.

Scotland is, of course, by no means all country or small country

town. There is Glasgow and Edinburgh and the whole industrial belt stretching across the centre of Scotland and up the east coast. There is the rapidly growing industrial Ayrshire. Yet it seems to be that the main industrial belt, including Glasgow, could quite well be separated from the rest, becoming culturally united, perhaps, to some extent at least, with the industrial Midland belt of England. In these days of transport and very rapid communication it seems ridiculous to suppose that places which are apart on the map should not be in practice as united as they may think fit. It also seems possible that this industrial belt of Scotland is not so necessary or admirable as it is sometimes supposed to be. It is largely a product of private enterprise and private profit-making. It is a belt, not of magnificent factories and laboratories and workers' flats and great halls and parks where the working communities can meet, but of accidental slums, of cottages from which the green fields have been taken away, of poor shops and mean streets which house the immense surplus of unemployed which modern capitalist enterprise finds necessary for its fantastic economics. All that can go.

There is immense waste everywhere, waste brought about by competition. It should be possible to use the Scottish mines to make an electricity and gas grid across the Lowlands, supplying power to the country communities; for it is no part of the good agricultural life to waste the strength and beauty of men and women—especially women—on work which should be done by simple machinery. Apart from the mines there are infinite possibilities of using the water-power of the Highlands. Such schemes, when they get going, need comparatively few skilled men to look after them, who would easily assimilate themselves into the countryside, for its good and their own.

Edinburgh and Glasgow are both artificially large and crowded, full of unskilled labour, semi-unemployed at the best of times. Redistribution is wanted. But the Clydeside docks are part of something world-wide, something bigger even than Scotland.

This country civilization cannot, of course, be completely agricultural. There must be country factories, with good communications, which will employ hundreds or thousands of workers, who will live near it, but will, nevertheless, never get into real, crushing, urban conditions, never lose touch with the soil, the seasons, nor with the sense of being part of an intense culture, a small nationality. All

kinds of industries can best be located in the country, not only these connected with food-stuffs and timber, including paper, but also some kinds of textiles, and some kinds of printing. All that seems as though it would fit in very well with Scotland as we know it.

Let us consider the alternative for a moment: Scotland run as an urban civilization, more or less on the Russian model, and of course in connection with England, for no urban economist would consent to their separation. The thing that strikes one immediately is how difficult it would be to get the Highland or Lowland farmer or crofter into the system. The Scottish countryman is historically centuries from the Russian peasant; there are generations of freedom and argument and education between them. The Russian peasant had no real outlook, no peculiar intelligence, no real culture of his own; the Scottish country man and woman has. The Russian peasant could be easily put into the urban system; the Scot could not, or if, ultimately, and after much pain and trouble and perhaps bloodshed, he were forced into an urban Socialist or communist system, something of real importance would be lost to the world. And the world cannot afford it. The world cannot afford to lose Scotland.

It seems to me, quite simply, that a nationalist Scotland, a Scotland which was on her own, whether quite separate from England or part of a British Commonwealth of Nations, would not fit in with an urban Socialist system. England might, because the country there has been so largely killed by the towns, especially by London, which has eaten all south England and given little in exchange. But Scotland would fit in with a country—a steading—Socialist system. That system would allow for the kind of heretical intelligence which is one of the most important things Scotland has produced; it would allow for all the peculiarly Scottish solidities and excitements which the world cannot afford to lose.

Up to a point, of course, the capitalist system allows these things too; but decreasingly. Capitalism, instead of allowing for individual freedom, the thing for which its anti-communist advocates say now that it stands, is tending more and more to standardize everything, every form of culture, including thought. Capitalism is, anyhow, bound to go. We are concerned with the future, not with the past.

Can we see at all what would happen, culturally, in the two alternative civilizations? I think so. The urban civilizations would

produce more things, and have more choice; they would have an apparently or perhaps actually higher standard of living. This is not to say that the steading civilizations would have a low standard; but it would probably be a less uniformly high one, varying rather more from year to year. It would be ridiculous to suppose that anything which the towns had would be unobtainable in the country, for one supposes adequate, and adequately cheap, transport. Yet obviously there would be a slowing down in the passage of commodities, and the things which were wanted, which people would consider necessary for the leading of a good life, would be different and probably less complicated in the country.

It seems likely that the towns would be the places where science, as we now consider science—laboratory science, that is to say, which needs elaborate technique of one kind or another—would be most at home. The U.S.S.R. encourages science, both practical and theoretical, far better than the capitalist countries do. An urban Socialist civilization would provide laboratories, observatories and all kinds of expensive apparatus. It would also, probably, be largely run by scientists, by physicists and bio-physicists, and chemists and bio-chemists, and whatever new names crop up. This might or might not be a good thing. Perhaps the other obvious kind of scientist, the social scientist, might also want to work in the towns, not far from his statistics, but that seems less certain.

It seems possible that the steading civilization might encourage certain forms of biological research and also, probably, psychology when it has really become an experimental science. Yet one feels that the steading people might to some extent stand aside from the rule of science and criticize, a rôle in which the typical Scot has always been successful! And there is a good deal to be said for having some large body of critics within any community, whether national or world-wide.

Towns, again, would have the best chance of producing fine and new architecture—they would have the great public buildings which would interest architects. I take it that sculpture goes with architecture, and so perhaps does painting.

But apart from architecture and sculpture, it seems probable that the other arts, the other values by which we live, and in the light of which we apply our knowledge, would be more likely to flourish in

the community with the smaller and closer unit, among the steading people. It seems probable that among them there would be an intense revival of music, poetry, perhaps drama, all kinds of crafts which are near to being arts and which should not be lost to the world because of machinery; all kinds of imaginative literature would go on there and so would the sort of painting which, abstract or illustrative, is not closely allied to architecture. I think also that history in so far as it is not a matter of social science but of brooding and recreation, would do better in the small community. And any piecing together of the sciences, the staff work which we call philosophy, and which needs quiet and concentration, might also be most happily performed in the steadings.

The whole educational system and social grouping would tend to be different in the two types of community. And it seems plausible to suggest that in the northern countries, such as Scotland, with their colder climate, longer winter nights, and greater need of regular and heavy meals, the small, close groups of the steadings might be more suitable than the comparatively open social grouping of the urban communities. Historically, the steading would not be new in Scotland, but reborn. There were steading communities wherever the Norse and Icelandic people made inroads and stayed. It is in some ways not unlike the clan grouping, only not, except incidentally, by families, and not round a chief, but equal.

These two different Socialist civilizations in one world seem to me to provide enough possibilities of that clash of culture—not in war but in peace—which is perhaps necessary for an alive world. In a Scotland of the kind I have been picturing there would be marvellous opportunities. There would be magnificent points for the sudden and deliberate breaking in upon one another of the cultures—the steading people coming down by Garelochhead to the urban Clydeside with its utterly different, though Socialist, outlook and standards. What a gathering, what a reality it might be!

All this, of course, is in the future. Yet one must look at the future, if possible, in detail. We have to consider Scotland, not only as Scotland alone, but as Scotland in the Socialist world, and this is how I see that Scotland, as a force and a power and, above all, as a new experiment.

Croce and Modern Italy

By Grant Duff

Benedetto Croce was born in the Italian province of Aquila in 1866, *and has spent most of his life in Naples. His early years were devoted to the study of literature and history, but since his thirtieth year he has devoted himself chiefly to the philosophical studies which have given him his chief fame. The publication of his* Æsthetics *in* 1902 *marked the turning-point in his career, and this was followed by the four volumes constituting his* Philosophy of the Spirit, *which have been translated into English by Grant Duff ("Douglas Ainslie").*

In the following article Mr Duff writes of Benedetto Croce's place in post-war Italian philosophy. His own philosophic standpoint Mr Duff sums up thus: "While remaining an idealist, I have rejected Croce's views as to art, logic and practice, and have proceeded upon the lines of an absolute idealism leading to magic and to the conception of man as a divine being degenerated to his present position. This view, the precise negation of Darwin's evolutionism, is based upon the researches of such German writers as Bachofen (the friend of Nietzsche), of Wirth, and especially of Dacqué."

THERE can be no doubt that the adventure was worth while, although I had my doubts about it when I rang the bell in the Via Atri Naples in 1905 and introduced myself to Benedetto Croce. The result of my meeting was my version of the *Philosophy of the Spirit* in four volumes, and a number of other works, some of which have now gone out of print, including that on Hegel (Macmillan), and the translation of a smaller treatise on theory of art, called in Italian a "breviary," but which I baptized *Essence of Æsthetic.*

Why was the adventure worth while? Because it enabled me to see where Hegel leads, when the Latin mind gets hold of him. It leads to the most uncompromising dogmatic logicism. Croce swallows all the Kantian categories before starting on his tour round the world in four volumes. The fourth, on the nature of history, was added as an afterthought, for History's Sail had been flapping in the wind

of the philosopher's oceanic course throughout the preceding volumes, so he decided to haul it down and stow it away on board. Thus it appears transformed (to its great surprise) into nothing more nor less than—Philosophy. It is the reverse of the medal: heads philosophy, tails history, or *vice versâ*, as you like it.

But this and much else, of course, could not have been done without the aid of the Hegelian syllogism: it had to pass through the crucible of thesis and antithesis, before emerging on the other side—hey presto!—as synthesis. The process is, of course, far more complicated than will appear from this brief statement: it took Croce some four hundred pages of average print to satisfy himself that all was safely on board.

. . . . .

Croce is well known to be an antifascist, and the reason is not far to seek. Croce is an absolutist, and believes in the "argument of the stick" (as he says in the *Philosophy of the Practical*), when other means fail to convince. But the stick must be in his hands, *not* in Mussolini's. That is the true reason for all the trouble. The stick was not in his hands and some of his furniture was broken. Croce, who was Minister for Education under the Government of Giolitti, is a Liberal, in the Whig sense of the word. For when it comes to the point, as in his *Elements of Politics*, he does not scruple to say that "force and consent are two correlative terms in politics, and where one is, the other cannot be far distant." Thus liberty and authority are (*à la Hegel*) inseparable: "liberty strives against authority and yet seeks it, and could not exist without it."

Benedetto Croce, the Liberal, boils over with indignation when he hears of such bygone shibboleths as "liberty, equality and fraternity." The idea of the absence of a hierarchy shocks him as much as it shocked florentine Machiavelli. He learns from him, indeed, that the politician must first of all study to be "not kind, for in this world one cannot help soiling one's hands when associating with dirty people." Vico, to whom Croce has paid attention (he has given us a fine edition of *The New Science* at the hands of his disciple Fausto Niccolini), also comes forward to remind him that "the course of history has the right to drag along with it and to crush individuals." Croce is ready to pour forth all his scorn on "the moralists, the pedants," who hold

up some ideal criterion of moral perfection for praise, while they frown at an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Napoleon. Croce has also considerable contempt for the chroniclers of others' deeds, who do not themselves engage in action. They are, in the Neapolitan philosopher's conviction, separated from practice by a bottomless abyss, "because no one can ever tell me what I ought to do. That is my affair, it is the secret of my being and the discovery of my will."

Can an intellectual profess a greater contempt for the intellect?

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Croce's present attitude to men of action is described in his *History of Italy*, which, although chiefly autobiographical, is interesting as evidence of his complete denial to the State of any ethical quality. Croce's views as to the value of the individual were also considerably modified, for whereas formerly "a simple resolute man" was "worth all the pedants in the world," we now find (after the appearance of Mussolini) a glorification of Giolitti, who was a mere dexterous political wire-puller, but he had the supreme wisdom to give office to Croce. The State has now become a "mere exchange of services" and Croce declares himself to be the champion of "liberty," but this "liberty" seems to be of a rather dubious quality and indeed to approach very nearly to a merely hedonistic position, when he declares that he asks for the "joy of doing," since his life wishes "to expand and to enjoy itself."

But the pressure of external events soon leads him to say that all he now asks for is "mutual toleration."

When one comes to analyse this tendency in his *History of Italy* (as remarked, this is really a history of Croce), it turns out that this mutual toleration is to lead to a perpetual *transformation* for the pleasure of others and of oneself: tepidly religious with the priesthood, fiery when in revolutionary company, prudently conservative with reactionaries, this is now the Crocean rule of life, as expressed in the formula of "living life humanly, that is to say, idealistically, acting according to the matter in hand and the accompanying circumstances and constantly looking up to heaven and then down again to earth." Epicurus would have refused to sign this declaration: he would have handed the pen to Aristippus, with a smile.

Croce's recent discourse at Oxford is an attack upon Fascism.

He talks there, as Filippo Caparelli shows in his article published by *Gerarchia* (the fascist journal edited by Signora Sarfatti, the biographer of Mussolini), of "a general decline of the historical sense in Europe." He then turns to Italy and invents an attitude of Fascism which, as in a comedy of Pirandello, involves a complete negation of its own claim. First he talks of the contempt for the past manifested by the Fascists, which in the face of the vast labours at Herculaneum in Rome and elsewhere in excavating and carefully studying and so far as possible restoring the past, seems a trifle curious. Then he goes on to say that Fascism wishes to restore a past model, without realizing that it is paralysing "the progress of history"—the truth is precisely the contrary! Fascism has always cherished a vivid memory of its glorious past and of the ancient Roman world hegemony. Rome is, of course, the mother of western civilization. But Fascism has done more than this. It has imposed the "hard" Vichian spirit upon modern Italy, that spirit, which was praised by Croce, before it became the appanage of Fascism—and therefore displeasing to him.

The notion, dear to the Fascists, of being the heirs of imperial Rome is repugnant to Croce, although, as I have remarked before, he has an equal contempt for "the absurd lack of logic" in the revolutionary notions of liberty, equality and fraternity.

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As regards the social problem, Croce published many years ago a study of Marx and of communism and has since regarded the question as closed, looking with unequivocal disfavour upon the fascist *corporations* now forming the new State.

In the Italy of today capital and labour are neither of them allowed to wreak their vengeance upon one another and incidentally to destroy the amenities and risk destroying the lives of many innocent members of the community. All disputes are settled by a tribunal, against which there is no appeal. Trade unions are forbidden, and also the right to strike and to lock out. Work is guaranteed to all and Croce is wrong in asserting that individuality is suppressed. On the contrary, it is encouraged, stimulated, rewarded, providing of course that its efforts are rightly directed to the benefit of the community. For there is a strong ethical side to Fascism. Far from being only an "instrument for accomplishing useful acts," it is on the contrary

"a spiritual and moral fact," since it "unites in one whole the political, legal, and economic action of the nation."

Where Fascism differs from democracy is in regarding the head as of greater importance than any other part of the body. In the view of Fascism "the State is within us; it grows and lives and must live and grow and ever increase in dignity and consciousness of itself and of its duty to others and of the 'great ends to which it is called by our will, by our thought and by our passion.' "

To none of this will Croce assent, and although personally friendly I have been long opposed to him in this matter, for not only do I know that, thanks to Mussolini and to his ideas, which only a great political genius could have *both had and put into action*, we now see Italy resuming the lead, which long ago the Roman Empire took in the affairs of Europe, but I also believe that after saving herself, Italy may well come to the rescue of derelict Europe. If the two great Latin powers were to unite with Great Britain, they could effectively correct the economic blunders of the past—a complicated subject outwith the object of this article—and be a resolute infrangible bar to bolshevism and communism.

A few pages back, I referred to Croce as approaching rather the attitude of Aristippus than of Epicurus. By his anti-fascist writings, some of them published abroad, he has indeed shown himself to be an individualist with the hedonistic view of life as a long carnival led by Benedetto Croce. In a recent anti-fascist article, he has compared himself to the silkworm, which goes on spinning its web whether people wish to wear silk or not. He appears to be both blind and deaf to the immense progress made by Italy under Fascism, a progress reaching down to the lowest strata of Society, as it reaches to the lower strata of the marshes, out of which it has made cornfields waving in golden glory. One must indeed wilfully shut both ears and eyes to live in Italy as he does and contrive to be ignorant of all that is going on around him.

. . . . .

Turning to Croce's æsthetics—and the majority of my readers will most likely have more knowledge of Croce's theories of æsthetic than of the other three branches of his philosophy—one sees that Croce has not stuck to his *same* guns, though he has by no means

abandoned the battle. He has merely changed some of them for others.

In that may be called his third æsthetic theory, the *Æsthetic in a nutshell* of recent years. Here he talks of art as the synthesis of imagination and feeling, contemplation of feeling surpassed and dissolved in the image. By admitting feeling as an essential (romantic) element in the æsthetic act, Croce goes back on his earlier position, and at the same time hopes to have satisfied the demands of the classical theorists by dissolving this feeling in the image. But closer inspection shows that either the romantic element must be taken as forming part of actual experience, of the artist's own experience as lived, and then the *creative* element of art disappears, leaving only individual knowledge of passions pre-existing the act that cognizes them; or, on the other hand, we must regard this contemplation of the passions as an act unique of its sort, different altogether from the feelings of ordinary mankind. But then, what are we to do with this new faculty of the soul, this mode of feeling, proper to the act of contemplation?

Croce has *denied* in his system as published that there exists any other sort of feeling than that of practical life, of life lived. He now oscillates between these two horns of the new dilemma, according to the problem which he happens to be treating. He continues to look upon art as knowledge, but whereas in the first phase of his thought, he distinguished it from historical-philosophic knowledge as being *concerned with the individual* (while the other was occupied with the universal), he *now* finds himself unable to do this, in view of the fact that he has affirmed *totality* as the sign of great art, thus associating it with philosophy on the same plane, and rendering nugatory his affirmations as to the priority of intuition-expression over the concept, *i.e.* of the intuition as a primary mode less perfect than the concept, so that the concept cannot be without the intuition, but *not* vice versâ.

The position of art in the Crocean system is therefore most peculiar. Although it has become cosmical knowledge of the universal, yet it is not philosophy. It is still "ingenuous," independent of life as lived, and ideally prior to it, although it has knowledge (ideally) of passions and of interests. Croce's brilliant literary gifts enable him to conceal this latent antinomy from readers interested in any concrete problem, which he may be treating in the *Critica*, but it is nevertheless

present. Perhaps he may later on recognize and conciliate these contradictions of his speculative thought.

. . . . .

Another younger writer, Adriano Tilgher, has recently dealt in an effective manner with the æsthetic problem, clearly differentiating himself alike from that old Hegelian Gentile, who regards life lived as equivalent to art (actualism) as from Croce, who regards it as *knowledge* of life lived.

For Tilgher, *art is a unique experience.* It cannot be reduced to or identified with any other experience. It is life lived and *therefore* it is love. But life lived is usually made up of wants craving to be satisfied, of deficiencies: it is never satisfied with itself: it suffers. The struggle to make up for these deficiences occupies the major portion of most lives. But all this (and here Tilgher agrees with Croce) is practical. It is extraverted (to use a fashionable verb !). Æsthetic life is, on the contrary, satisfied with itself, loving itself, and not seeking to go outside itself. No conquests are attempted. The kingdom within is big enough. This mode of life is truly *free*, enjoying its liberty in an ether of internal bliss. Life may thus be defined as *desire for objects*: art as *love of life.*

This definition descends in direct line from the elucubrations of such personages as Kant, Schiller (to whose importance as a philosophical thinker greater than Goethe, Croce was among the first to draw attention), Schopenhauer and Schleiermacher. Signore Tilgher's name would not sound out of place before the full stop, and his remarkable achievements, not only in æsthetics but also in metaphysical speculation, would seem to point to a germanic origin. Narcissus gazing in the placid water of the lake upon his own fair countenance: life in love with itself. That, for Adriano Tilgher, is art. He also goes a long way with Croce in *negating* the identity of emotional experience as lived, with artistic experience as achieved by the artist. Tilgher holds that in so far as a work of art (poem or picture) is extrinsicated, as an activity, that capacity is *immanent* in it from the first and is not therefore the acquisition of technique. In so far as art is an activity conscious of itself, it is so by definition and not posterior to any external addition. It is conscious of itself as such, autocritical.

These two thinkers, Croce and Tilgher, represent the two most important movements in the æsthetic theory of *idealism*, with Gentile as runner-up for the third place. But although they very naturally excommunicate one another with an extreme violence of (philosophic) vituperation, all will readily and at once join forces to excommunicate such a writer as Leo Ferrero, who, although also starting from premisses furnished by the august quadrumvirate above mentioned, ends by falling into the bottomless pit of materialism, and shaking hands with my poetic friend and colleague Paul Valéry, who is very happy there, teaching the Parisians that poetry is a question of technique. Leo Ferrero's brilliant essay *Leonardo o dell' arte* might very well be placed on the bookshelf next to Paul Valéry's recent lecture on how to enunciate poetry, delivered in Paris.

What then are we to conclude as to the actual position of æsthetic theory today? Outside the writers mentioned, none seems to have made any original contribution, although many disciples of the four masters named have executed some pleasing metaphysical embroideries on the material to hand.

Kinfauns Castle

By William Montgomerie

IS there no vision in a lovely place?
Has no one in this garden sat to think,
And added to his soul another grace,
Because white arabis at the pond's brink
Glimmered at dusk, or a chaffinch came to drink;
Because about this rockery a bee,
Among the violets flying, seemed to link
All flowers along the valley to the sea,
Enmeshed, as men with men, in one wide mystery.

Is it enough to linger here for hours
Until the black slugs of the evening crawl,
And the last bee kicks into the apple flowers?
Were it enough, such harmony would fall
Among men from this place, that they would all
To these towers make eternal pilgrimage;
As men to Mecca go, or to the wall
That was Jerusalem—because a sage
Here dwelling taught the wisdom of the coming age.

Is vision born of beauty? Is it found
In orchards or in gardens, like a flower
A creature of the air and of the ground?
Like wisdom it has neither place nor hour,
Its cradle is the soul of man; its power,
Timeless as life and homeless as a bird,
Hallows a manger or a castle tower
For ever, when life leaps to a living word;
But here within these walls the spirit has not stirred.

All men remember Ilium for a tale,
But few within a wilderness would die
For a new vision of the ancient Grail;

And few have seen the eternal Phœnix fly,
Though in all lands its fallen feathers lie.
By forest paths a thousand miles away
A vision of the earth and of the sky
—Though born of neither—all about me lay,
And lingers like a light within me night and day.

A rook whose wings are fingered hands glides low,
Gleaming like water silver in the sun.
He in his kind is perfect, but we grow
Through death to life, as prophets one by one
Tell their new values to the world, when none
Will listen, and their voices seem to die.
Echoes of them remain, like streams that run
Within the souls of men. Even in the cry
Of birds I hear it on the earth and in the sky.

Immaculate conception of the new
Within the womb of life; the prophet's birth
In a man's soul; the understanding few;
Man's life transvalued to a deeper worth
Bursting the winter sheath of the old dearth;
The temple of a revelation few now dare
To hear; a new nobility on earth.
They know it who can strip their spirit bare,
And balance in the wind of life, like birds in air.

A Dialogue

By A. T. Cunninghame

The following dialogue, which is typical of the sort of wide-ranging, inconclusive debate commonly arising out of discussion of modern literature, touches on such matters as the relation of the artist to society, the break-up of old techniques, classicism and romanticism, and so on, and serves as an introduction to a series of essays in which Mr Cunninghame seeks to formulate an attitude to some of the most pressing problems of contemporary art.

THE number of charlatans abroad is incalculable. I agree, Cunninghame, with your attack on them.[1] It is inevitable that when there is a break-up of the old techniques of the arts there should be a number quite devoid of technical ability who pass muster among the coteries.

But my point was that the so-called old techniques have not completely broken up, and that artists like Yeats, in poetry, and Sibelius, in music, have shown that it is possible to breathe fresh life into old forms.

There are two points I'd like to emphasize. One is that you at once pay too much and too little attention to technique. Poetry *is* technique. The other is that artistic forms *do* become exhausted and die.

Artistic forms, I insist, die slowly: theyare not killed in a twinkling, according to a theory. I listened to a composer the other evening describing the rise of contrapuntal music in Europe, the slow merging of melodic into harmonic schools, and the exhaustion of the musical impulse in the process. His remedy for the exhaustion was to jump back—or forward, if you like—to melodic principles. He elaborated his argument most convincingly, mesmerizing us a little by his illustrations at the piano and his earnest personality; and I was half-

[1] "The Pale Cast of Thought." (Some Notes on Experimentation in Modern Verse.) By A. T. Cunninghame. *The Modern Scot*, Winter, 1931.

asleep that night when I suddenly thought, No! if there is to be a reversion to the principles of the composers of the Gregorian chants it will come about slowly and as unselfconsciously as the transitions took place in the past. You may say, of course, that the transformation has been long in process, but only now is observable. But I doubt that.

Is there not a danger, Cunninghame, of you overlooking that striking new factor — history? Is the connection between the rise of history—and it is a comparatively new thing—and this self-consciousness you talk about not admitted? We are self-conscious because we have set out to study mankind so much more thoroughly than, let us say, the Greeks. The ancients lived: we talk about living. We can telescope into a year decades of slow growth because we can trace the principles of growth. You would have us become as little children again? We are complex, hyper-sensitive, highly individualized creatures, and poetry, you will admit, is a very personal thing, and consequently today often meaningless to the multitude.

Personal, yes; but why do you write it down and publish it? There is an important issue involved here. I heard a young novelist, who had written an introspective story that had brought him considerable praise, say just the other day, "You know, there is something indecent about writing, in baring oneself in public. It is exhibitionism—nothing more or less." But, like so many modern novelists, he is highly subjective—such moments of objectivity come to him seldom —and he continues to write as personally as ever. The matter at issue is this: art, as you say, is a personal thing; but it has become a private thing, and it ought never to have done so.

As a critic you can look at it from that end. As a poet, and as a modern poet, I insist that we have no choice but to be personal, so individual as to arouse your anger. Where is there a popular myth for us to adorn as Milton did? You talk of breathing new life into old forms; but who could breathe life today into a *Paradise Lost*? The poet *has* to express himself in a very personal and perhaps even private fashion. The poet who writes as obscurely as Eliot—obscurely only to the uninitiated—is not making a good or bad choice. He accepts the inevitable.

But surely the whole function of art is to reduce thought and emotion to an order that is communicable? Art became personal with the Renaissance, and the artists like Milton who could use universal myths instead of inventing personal ones were something of anachronisms; in them pre-Renaissance qualities lingered on.—You are giving me good reasons for modern art lacking the sweep of an epic age, but you are not excusing the present-day obscurantists. You explain post-Renaissance art, but you do not justify our post-War quacks. You explain why a Yeats may be frustrated in the twentieth century, may be shorn of the glory that is inherently his, but you do not excuse Gertie Stein and *A Work in Progress*.

I am disposed to agree in part with that.

You have put your finger on what has ailed European literature for a very long time—its fall, or transference, to the personal plane and from that to the private plane. Every individualist, romantic error of the art of today—and Eliot's neo-classicism is the most romantic of them all—derives ultimately, I am convinced, from the modern relation of the artist to the community.—For how long has the artist been a rebel? For so long that his rebellion has come to be regarded as a good thing in itself. The Renaissance man was a humanist; modern artists tend to be anti-social individualists. Some of you are Socialists, but that provides you only with an economic link with your fellow-men. Nationalism does a little more for the modern artist, but even the Nationalist Yeats had to deplore the absence in his life of that which would have knit him to the normal man. I think some of you Georgians are beginning to worry about that, judging from a few remarks I heard you make the other evening.

Georgians? But the Georgians are never done basting us.

You are not the sort of Georgian Roy Campbell swats. But you are a neo-Georgian: that is as bad, really.

Explain.

Well, let me see. In the first place, Georgianism is a very English thing, although it is seeping into Scotland—part of the process of Anglicization. Only in England do you find in full blast that unintellectual, facile cultivation of the garden-suburban muse repre-

sented by the verses of J. C. Squire and Gerald Gould and the rest. Art was "naughty" in the 'nineties, so the Georgians reckoned that it was time the common decencies got a showing, and they began hymning their pet dogs and nice little love affairs. The criterion of the 'nineties was that a thing be bold, bad and glamorous. . . . No, give the best of them credit. They believed in art for art's sake, and that the artist should burn with a hard, bright flame, and all the rest of it. They believed fervently only in art; but the Georgians, unable to maintain that impossible attitude, came to believe in art for suburbia's sake. They had no god, no faith, nothing to believe in—not even art—only what is done and is not done, only the amusing and the unamusing.

And the neo-Georgians, of whom I may be said to be one?

They are as bad, if not worse! Some of them escaped from Georgianism, with its ingenuous airs, into *surréalisme* and *dada-isme*—another variant of art for art's sake. Their writing became as obscure as the vices they pursued. One or two escaped into Catholicism or an arty Anglicanism with Eliot. Only one or two—yourself, with a very few others—showed in their poetry an appreciation of the modern disintegration described in *The Waste Land* and at the same time a positive sort of energy that might lead eventually to a re-integration. You seemed to know that art for art's sake is not enough, that art expresses—albeit æsthetically—an attitude to life, and I surmised from the vigour I noticed in your work that you might be opposing to the flux a vital spiritual dynamic. That gusto made me think there might be something to you, apart from the technical discipline to which you submit—a vast improvement on that of the Georgians, who were nit-wits—to lift you out of the rut. But no. The gusto was not real; you were merely using modern rhythms and *vers libre* to the manner born. You have no vital personal faith: the nearest you get to that is the social faith of Socialism. Eliot has his anglo-Catholicism—an escape—and you, simply what is and is not done. As individuals, you refer nothing to ultimates, as we Scots have been trained to do.

"What is and is not done"—but how can you say that of me, whose record is a *chronique scandaleuse*?

I'm reaching that by my usual devious route. Last night someone mentioned "that awful team-spirit," and you said, "How is it awful?" And you went on to praise the team-spirit, and showed two things—that you had tired of the romantic antithesis of the artist and society, which I have referred to; but that you are a Georgian and are incapable of doing anything about it.

And what can be done?

How can I tell you? . . . You praised the team-spirit, even as fostered in schools. Someone said, "You'll be praising the hunting people next," and you said, "Well, I don't know but what they are better than we are"—meaning we intellectuals, for so, I understand, we are called. That is what made me say you are tiring of being misfits in society. I see what it is that appeals to you about the team-spirit. The only time the modern intellectual is really at one with his group is as a child, when the team-spirit is real. When he grows up he becomes an individual—if he is an intellectual and an artist—who does not "belong" unless among other artists.

Quite. A mere concurrence of intellectual interests is not enough. Something much more subtle is requisite.

But the hunting people—they remain a unified society, with a common faith, common ideals, at one with their own little world. They are in their way classical!—Do not laugh too soon.—And you are ready, you little Georgian, to make terms with them. Georgianism is compromise, and yesterday evening you showed that you were ready to compromise.

Why stop? You are wound up.

I was thinking, perhaps almost seriously, that there are three kinds of people—Catholics, Protestants and Georgians. The Catholics are in no doubt about first and last things. Here and now, they claim to know what is right for all time. But Protestantism is *in effect* a process of becoming, and the Protestant is always struggling towards a glimpse of salvation. The Georgian is unlike both. He says, "We know we don't have a hard and fast creed, we aren't working towards the formulation of one, let's pretend we have one." Every day of the week you find that attitude vitiating English political and religious

thought. You neither put yourself right with God nor with your fellow-men. The Georgians, playing their game of "let's pretend," fall back on the *mores* of their race, which survive after the *lares et penates* are gone. You were doing that when you applauded royalism because of the pageantry it implied. Georgianism comes out in all sorts of strange ways!

But isn't pageantry a good thing?

How English you are! Of course pageantry is a good thing—when it is real.

But how can it be real or unreal?

The pageantry of the Mass was real to the Catholic of the quatrocento; the pageantry of Bolshevism is real to the dyed-in-the-wool Bolshevist. But you do not believe, with your brain and your heart and with your entire being, in royalism?

No.

No, but the people who fought in the Crusades had to believe in them before they could have fought as they did. You get nowhere with your Georgianism: it is infantilism—"let's play." That is why England is such a depressing place these days. Scotland is in a bad enough plight, but if we are "a' Jock Tamson's bairns," there is still that vague thing called character left to us; we have not sacrificed ourselves to the ideals of Anglicanism and the public school system—twin fountain-heads of compromise.

Stop! You Scottish system-makers must put us all into categories. Georgianism is not the elastic classification you make it out to be. I see the point of your digression. But let us go back in our tracks a little. There was something I wanted to say about myths. Like you, I lament that the poet shares no Miltonic myth with the people. We have no group symbols like the cross, the virgin-birth, the resurrection. We have no Tristan and Isolda, no Fingal, no Lancelot. If we wrote of the guilt of Œdipus we would not be expressing a common emotional attitude to life, but would be romancing.

Which is exactly what you were doing in your talk about pageantry the other evening. You have just lamented the absence of symbols, themes, that are the embodiment of a traditional attitude to life, that

embody all the loves, loyalties, aspirations, hatreds of a complete life. You also said something about the importance of technique to the artist: most of you neo-Georgians are so caught up in problems of technique that you never get the length of thinking about new symbols to take the place of the old ones.

Thinking about it will not help us. It needs such an intuition as results in a poem, such an ordering of the consciousness as is effected in a painting. I found our plight expressed recently in a verse by John Lehmann:

> To penetrate that room is my desire,
> The extreme attic of the mind, that lies
> Just beyond the last bend in the corridor.
> Writing I do it. Phrases, poems are my keys.
> Loving's another way (but not so sure).
> A fire's in there, I think, there's truth at last
> Deep in a lumber chest. Sometimes I'm near,
> But draughts put out the matches, and I'm lost.
> Sometimes I'm lucky, find a key to turn,
> Open an inch or two,—but always then
> A bell rings, someone calls, or cries of " fire "
> Arrest my hand when nothing's known or seen,
> And running down the stairs again I mourn.

Perhaps you do not approve of that as poetry. It expresses our modern search for validity, however. Mere thinking is not to help us much.

And yet it may help you towards a state of grace. . . . I am certain that mere technique will not take you far. Think of the technique of the Alexandrians. What was for the Greek a deep passion became for the Alexandrians an academic exercise; and compare the sugary tosh sculptured in Alexandria with the gods of Athens. It is out of the eras of a common faith that come the greatest masterpieces of individualized genius, out of the Athens of Pericles and out of the Florence of the Medicis and the England of Elizabeth before these Renaissance epochs ran to seed.

Who knows that better than the modern artist? He becomes green with envy at the thought of the rich mass of material, already digested into myths and what not, that lies ready to the hand of the

artist of antiquity. The artist of ancient times transmuted with his own individuality what lay at his elbow. We have to scour the universe before we set to work. The artist of antiquity became an artist as his brother became, say, an engineer, with the same sort of technical training. We have first of all to concoct our own religion, philosophy and all the rest of it, for all these things go into art, and little wonder the artist is sometimes a little in the background.

And you English Georgians always strike me as shirking that fact. . . . Yet you have just given me back my own thoughts. I hesitated to talk Latin before the Cordeliers, but I find the poet approves of my view of modern poetry! Yeats, of course, has expressed what you say. " How small a fragment of our own nature," he writes, "can be brought to perfect expression, nor that even but with much toil, in a much divided civilization." And Yeats partly escaped from the modern impasse. You remember how in his *Autobiographies* he tells how he was once an art-for-art's sake sort of person. "Lionel Johnson's phrase that life is ritual expressed something that was in all our thoughts," he writes. And his early poetry indicates that. But he went back to Ireland, and note the change that comes over his work. Love and the service of a national cause made him the major poet he is today. And he would never have known these if he had spent his life sitting on his bottom in the Rotonde.

And if he had not been an Irishman there would not have been that way of salvation open to him. Modern Ireland is nearer the Middle Ages than England or Scotland: its myths are not all destroyed yet. As long as that is so, art has not fled to the museums and the art galleries, the artist has not retreated from man's daily life to a realm apart, with traditions and attitudes understood only by the initiate.

There is more than a grain of truth in that. But Yeats has had to retreat to some extent. So had Blake. He had to make a private heaven and hell, and not many of his fellow-countrymen penetrated to either. The evidence of frustration in his work is dreadful to think of. What a difference from the days of the Greeks, when art was not a "dedicated pursuit"—the Greeks' word for art meant the technique of the craftsman—and the art of performing tragedies in honour of Dionysos was comparable to the art of navigation.

You imply, Cunninghame, what I have often thought about anonymity in art. The Greek temples and medieval cathedrals, the old ballads, ancient Chinese pottery—these were the product of the group, or rather we know the group rather than the men who gave them to us. They were made by individuals, some of them of genius, who used materials given them as their heritage. There is an anonymity about all great classical art. The artist in classical times could conform safely to convention. But my point in defending the modern experiments is that the modern artist cannot conform to convention.

You continue to confuse individual with private. . . . In any case, I feel like reserving the word convention for another use, as when one says, Science has bereft the old symbols of their meaning and left only conventions.

Science is the snag! No wonder the 'nineties people ran away from it. It is thanks to science that an artist's workshop has become a dissecting room where poets pull apart a passion and novelists analyse the common man to tatters. And you know, as Joseph Needham maintains, that there is a fundamental enmity between science and art. Science has destroyed the imaginative and emotional life from which inspiration has sprung in the past. Science has been as harmful to art as machinery has been to craftsmanship. It might even kill art, as Aldous Huxley suggests in *Brave New World.*

No, it will not kill art. But it needs a Nietzsche to stand up to it. The neo-classical Eliot runs away from it. He looks at the flux, gathers up his cassock—does he not have a cassock?—and bolts. It needs a Nietzsche to arrest the flux by sheer force of personal dynamic, which may be held in check in English by false "conditioning," false theorizing, or may simply be absent because the modern Englishman —*tout court*—is decadent: trace the failure of Oxford and Cambridge to produce a first-rate poet in the past decade or two as you will. Your neo-classicist is worse than useless. We have no common myths, as in an epic age. The Renaissance was an individualist movement, and we cannot escape the consequences of it. As classical Europe has retreated further and further into past, bigger and bigger demands have been made on the individual, until by the time of Nietzsche the superman had become an apparent necessity. That

consequence of the passing of a classical age has simply to be faced up to. We are all Hamlets—there was no Hamlet in the Greek plays—and are condemned to maintaining a tension between us and society, the inner self and the world of experience. A new classicism—and classicism is a good thing, vouchsafed to man at intervals in his development—cannot be expected for ever so long: it certainly cannot be " willed."

Then you are an unrepentant romantic, Cunninghame?

I am a Protestant agnostic.

C'est la même chose!

By Wauchopeside

(*From "Clann Albann"*)

By Hugh McDiarmid

THRAWN water? Aye, owre thrawn to be aye thrawn!
I ha'e my wagtails like the Wauchope tae,
Birds fu' o' fechtin' spirit, and o' fun,
That whiles jig in the air in lichtsome play
Like glass-ba's on a fountain, syne stand still
Save for a quiver, shoot up an inch or twa, fa' back
Like a swarm o' winter-gnats, or are tost aside,
By their inclination's kittle loup,
To balance efter hauf a coup.

There's mair in birds than men ha'e faddomed yet.
Tho' maist churn oot the stock sangs o' their kind
There's aiblins genius here and there; and aince
'Mang whitebeams, hollies, siller birks—
The trees o' licht—
I mind
I used to hear a blackie mony a nicht
That had it sing t'an unconscionable 'oor
Wi' nocht but the water keepin't company
(Or nocht that ony human ear could hear.)

—And wondered if the blackie heard it either
Or cared whether it was singin' tae or no'!
O there's nae sayin' what my verses awn
To memories like these. Ha'e I come back
To find oot? Or to borrow mair? Or see
Their helpless puirness to what ga'rd them be?
Late sang the blackie but it stopt at last.
The river still ga'ed singin' past.

O there's nae sayin' what my verses awn
To memories, or my memories to me.
But a'e thing's certain; ev'n as things stand
I could vary them in coontless ways and gi'e
Wauchope a new course in the minds o' men,
The blackie gowden feathers, and the like,
And yet no' cease to be dependent on
The things o' Nature, and create insteed
Oot o' my ain heid
Or get ootside the range
O' trivial change
Into that cataclysmic country which
Natheless a' men inhabit—and enrich.

For civilization in its struggle up
Has mair than seasonal changes o' ideas,
Glidin' through periods o' flo'oers and fruit,
Winter and Spring again; to cope wi' these
Is difficult eneuch to tax the patience
O' Methuselah himsel'—but transformations,
Yont physical and mental habits, symbols, rites,
That mak' sic changes nane, are aye gaen on,
Revolutions in the dynasty o' live ideals
—The stuff wi' which alane true poetry deals.
Wagtail or water winna help me here,
(That's clearer than Wauchope at its clearest's clear!)
Where the life o' a million years is seen
Like a louch look in a lass's een.

The Economic Links of Empire

By Paul Banks

Mr Paul Banks, whose criticism of the centralization of administration in London, Metropolis, *is well known to Scottish readers, discusses in the following article the economic aspects of Imperialism and the need for a higher conception of a Commonwealth of Nations.*

THE majority of British people still hold fast, with sentimental pride, to a notion of Britain as the perfect Mother, nursing and protecting her Imperial chicks until they are strong enough to forage alone. But Empires are now held together by economic links which become thinner every year, and links of debt which only the creditor is interested to keep in existence. The accumulated debts, public and commercial, which colonies, crown-colonies, and dependancies owe to their sentimental old mother have not been caused entirely by loans to start them in life. They have largely arisen because Britain wanted the Empire's natural resources as food or raw material, and was able to throw on the Empire the cost of obtaining them. The old conception of Imperialism has sanctioned a terrible waste of the world's natural resources. Coal, oil, metals, forests, things irreplaceable or only slowly replaceable, have been used as if tomorrow we were all to die. Instead of extending freedom to the pioneers and philanthropists who gave up this natural wealth, the Mother Country has led them head over heels into her debt.

Benevolent in theory, in practice Empire-builders have taken advantage both of their "children" and the prodigality of Nature. As an exacter of tribute, Britain has not distinguished herself from the ancient pagan imperialists. Called interest on foreign investments, however, tribute is regarded as honest; whereas direct tribute was both more honest and more imperial. It was at least clean of hypocrisy. Further, as a civilizing and cultural influence Britain in regard to the Empire is no longer of any significance. In the arts England has become frivolous and imitative. Such originality as manifests itself in poetry and drama is Irish and Scottish. And so far from endowing the constituents of the British Commonwealth of Nations with a

civilization, the rule of economy results in such missions as that of Sir Otto Niemeyer to Australia to command a limitation of all that civilization implies. In world-affairs Britain has given up all initiative. England shrinks into querulous impotence. She excuses her failure in leadership by muttering something about the "interdependence of nations," while miserably whining that her tribute from abroad is not so large as heretofore.

. . . . .

Intra-imperial debts form very insecure bonds of "commonwealth." Only a fellowship with a common purpose can hold men together, from a club to an Empire. In the present economic condition of the world, while the means of civilization increase, civilization declines. If British initiative does not solve that contradiction, the so-called British Commonwealth of Nations will soon cease to be even an Empire. It is, contrary to the English imagination, only a very new Empire, and already, because of its failure to discover a common purpose, far gone in decay. The Scottish Nationalist movement will not disrupt the British Empire. The failure of Scottish, as of Irish, patience with what they did so much to build is a symptom of the disruption.

Empire Free Trade, the "garden-wall-round-the-Empire," is a trivial idea. A garden wall provokes both those outside and those inside. Empire Free Trade is a limitation of trade outside the Empire. All proposals of economic leagues are treated as hostile by the world outside; which already resents so large a monopoly of territory as the British Empire, and would quickly build up antagonistic leagues. Empire Free Trade would not set an example on the basis of which the contradiction between ample means and miserable ends could be solved. It would be a challenge bound to result in the formation of stronger empires, and the defection of constituents of the British Empire.

. . . . .

What is seriously wrong with Japanese control of Manchuria is that Japan shows no sign of a superior conception of Imperialism to the nineteenth-century European purpose of economic exploitation. The human genius has up to now failed to fit itself to manage its world

rightly, for civilization, culture, and enjoyment. Japan is not a pioneer of the new, but a repeater of the old. The only substantial change up to now in Imperialist attitude is the Russian, which is, of course, ideological. Russia fanatically believes that she incarnates a spirit superior to any elsewhere. She is Imperialist for the sake of mass-man, for whose mass-interest a line of supermen will infallibly interpret the gospel of Marx, and decide what is good, true, and beautiful. The superman will also protect the mass from the other Imperialists, particularly the "class" Imperialists; and gradually extend to the mass-man instalments of liberty as and when he is able to bear them.

No matter what respect or disrespect this affirmation of disinterested valuation by the good of the mass may draw from individualist intellectuals, it seems destined to become a great world-force. If it is to be prevented from going to extremes, and entailing a terrible world-reaction, superior conceptions of commonwealth among nations are vitally necessary. Russia, in all that is real and difficult, is at a severe handicap compared with the rest of the world, which has reached what it calls "overproduction." At present Russian imperialism acts in a manner which is entirely the reverse of that adopted by nineteenth-century Europe. Instead of denuding her colonies she denudes herself. Her enormous exports are mainly natural products. She does this to purchase mechanical equipment from the rest of the world, precisely as the colonies did. Some day she will regret her generosity. But she is likely, in some way or other, to solve the problem of distributing plenty among her people for enjoyment long before she reaches the chaotic state of the developed countries and their partly developed colonies.

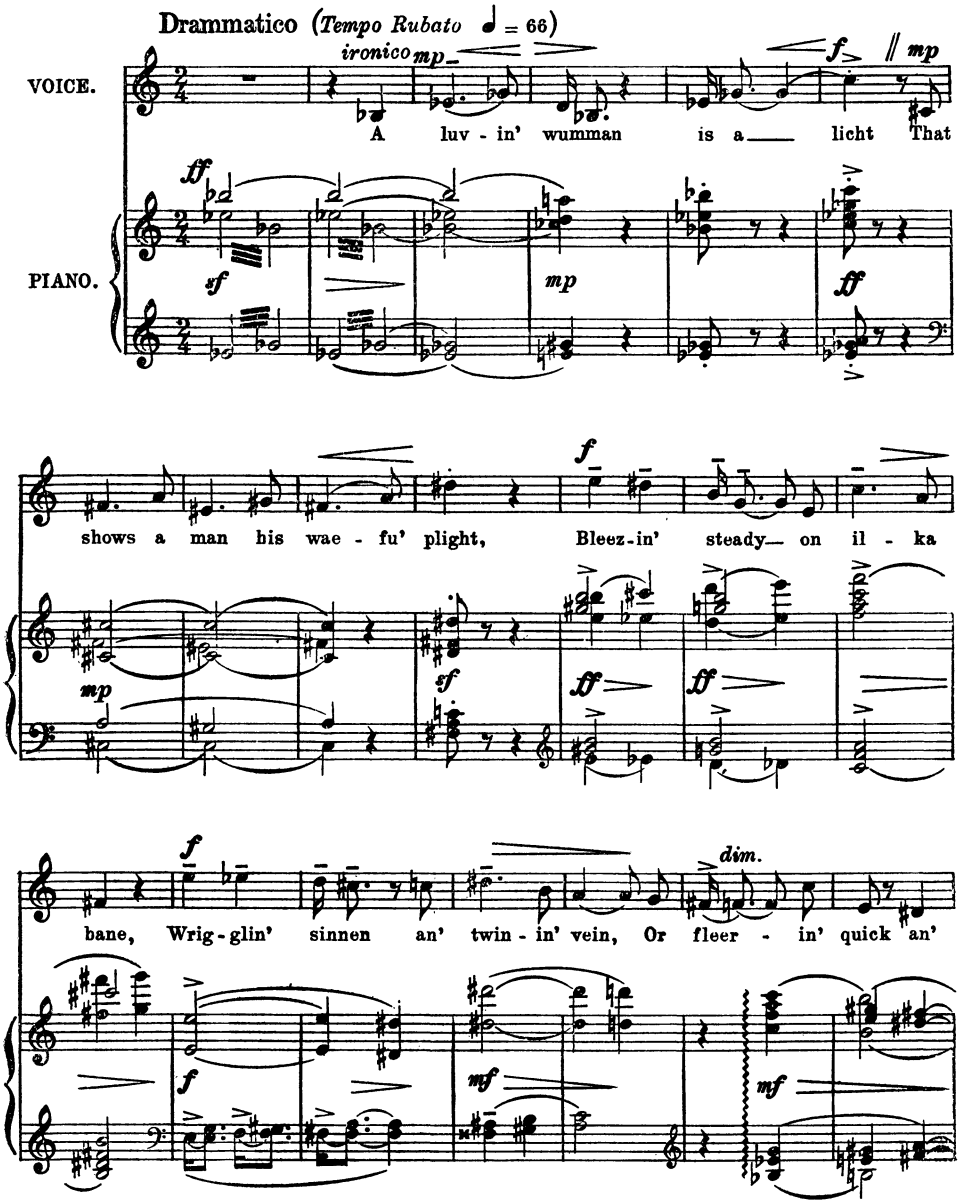
Only the great can continue to command service. If potential commonwealths of nations do not solve the world's exchange and distributive problems the Russian ideological imperialism will surely triumph, and tradition, culture, and civilization, as Western Europe understands it, will be swept away. European tradition will not even serve as a jumping-off ground for the adventurers, as it has done in the past, even in literature. If a way were found of sharing out the "overproduced" surplus among the people, which cannot be beyond the wit of man, the autonomy of each individual person, of each voluntary group, of each parish, and each country, would be enormously enhanced. International co-operation would be based on the further-

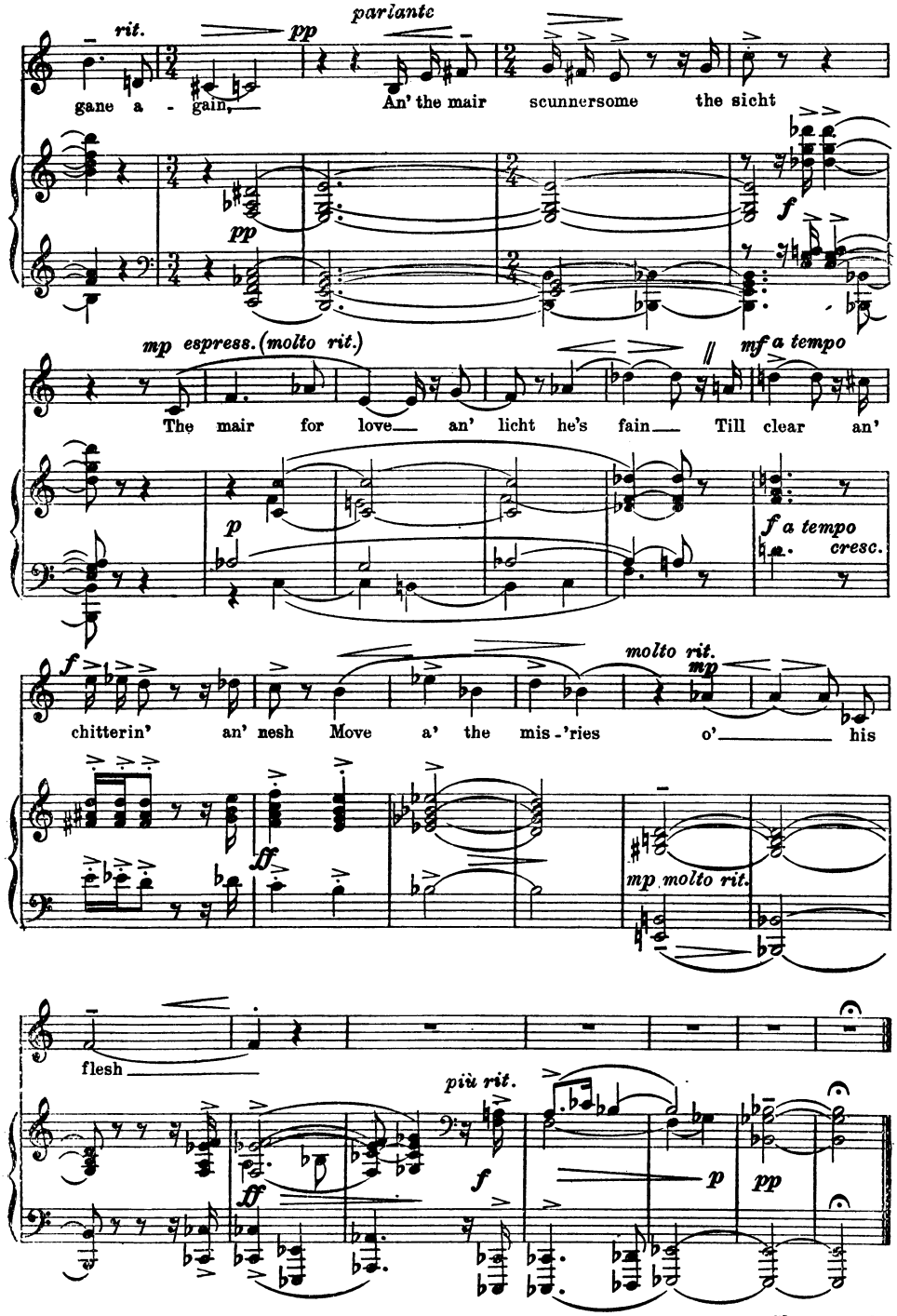
ance of the cultural aspirations of the national groups taking part. Britain would not have to turn German and American musicians out of the country because their presence threatened British musicians with death. The solution of the distributive problem wrongly called "overproduction" is an essential preliminary to the release of the individual personality, and the release of the autonomous community. With international trade on a reciprocity basis—not necessarily dual—and trade balances settled periodically by a goods or services adjustment, true commonwealth could arise. When a hitherto undeveloped country such as China had to be asked to share its natural resources with the rest of the world, it could be offered in return a complete civilization, built to its requirements, and not merely debts. The fact that such an economy would gain the voluntary allegiance of its members would influence Russia to take part in world-culture, rather than to persist in her present determination to destroy all trace and start afresh. The West has in theory elected itself to special responsibility for the freedom of the individual person. Its effort and achievement arè now in such a tangle that it has enslaved the individual person. The means for setting him free, and causing him to join voluntarily in a fellowship with a common purpose are available. Applied, they would satisfy all parties, and re-establish individual culture as the dominant world-motive and world-force.

LOVE.

Poem by
HUGH M'DIARMID.

Music by
FRANCIS GEORGE SCOTT.





Glasgow 1932.

The Stewart Kings of England

By The Hon. R. Erskine of Marr

CONCLUSION

ONE of the disadvantages of being a "royalty" is the flattery that is apt to hedge all such as are born into the purple. The first-born son of James, Henry Prince of Wales, may have been all that was alleged about him by some of his contemporaries, and has since been said about him in historical writings on the strength of these glowing representations. On the other hand, it is quite on the cards of probability that his parts have been exaggerated, that this paragon of princely virtues was such by favour of parental and court partiality rather than true merit. In any event, it is little likely, had he lived to ascend the English throne, that the son would have discarded the Solomonian raiment of his redoubtable father, and so played his part in public affairs as a normal king. I make this conjecture on the strength of the fact that the second son, Charles, was, in his peculiar way, as profound a pedant as his sire, as great a stickler for royal prerogative, and the divine right of kings, as was the other. On the principle that birds that come from the same nest are generally much of a feather, it should appear that when the English accepted for their throne a new race of princes, in the shape of the Stewarts, they received at the same time a new dynasty as it were of political theory and speculation, in fine a mode or manner of royal rule to which they were not accustomed, and against which, in the event, they rebelled, casting out from their midst with contumely the descendant of the man who had invented and introduced it.

I have said already that the politics which James professed, and which, dying in due time, he bequeathed to his successors on the English throne, were very mixed—singularly ill digested is the best that can be said of them. However, hear now what Professor T. W. Allen has to say about James as absolute king-maker in his *Political Thought in the Sixteenth Century*. "Indefinitely (says this author) he may have been influenced by what he knew of the writers of France of the

later sixteenth century. He seems to have got something from Blackwood, and something from Barclay. He may have derived suggestions from Bodin. If so, he only half understood them: his view is quite unlike that of Bodin. Much of what he had to say is merely rhetorical, and conveys little but his sense of his own importance. He was fond of argumentation, and prided himself on his cleverness in dialectic; a sure sign, this, of the second-rate. But there is little argument in the *Trew Law*, and what there is, is singularly futile. That the book expresses a tendency, rather than a theory, should be evident to anyone who reads it carefully."

That a prince whose powers of reasoning were so slender, and whose learning was so often, and so much, at fault, should nevertheless have had power to bind the political thought of his successors in office seems somewhat extraordinary, or rather would seem so, were it not that indifferent reasoning, and defective learning, are often shared by princes and subjects alike. Charles I was certainly true son to his father, so far at least as politics were concerned. Charles II, though able enough, yet was too lazy, too utterly indifferent to all form and ceremony of a dialectical nature, to embrace with vigour his grandsire's notions, at which in private he probably laughed. As to the second James of England, this prince took the potion at a gulp; and how it fared with him thereafter is common knowledge.

Melius bene regnare quam late regnare; but wise saws of this kind make small impression on the like of the later Stewarts. Hardly could they rule respectably one kingdom, yet to them was gifted the governance of three; and a sad mess they made of it. Better by far for the family of Stewart had it remained at home, instead of walking through the political looking-glass into England; but then it is ever hard to persuade him that claims the whole loaf to rest content with half.

Book Reviews

A SCIENTIFIC HUMANIST

"WHAT DARE I THINK?" By JULIAN HUXLEY. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

Mr Julian Huxley's new book of essays falls easily into two parts —the first dealing with biology, in which he indicates the possibilities of racial improvement, etc., and the second with broadly philosophical matters, in which the future of religion is discussed from the viewpoint of the "scientific humanist." Neither part states much that he has not indicated one way or another in his previous writings, but both are written in Mr Huxley's most lucid expository manner and the stamp of his individuality is on every essay.

As is well known, Mr Huxley is not one of the glib optimists who mistake mere change for progress. Science has put great power into man's hands, but he knows as well as anyone that there are values as well as substances—although he thinks man creates the values. He is no glozing Rotarian, and his essays on biological subjects show a regard for emotional as well as material factors, and he is cautious enough to foresee difficulties inherent in proposed eugenic and other revolutions. With the first part of his book few people will disagree: the second half is quite a different matter. To the upholders of organized religion it will be anathema. For our part, we welcome it with very few reservations.

By the time this appears in print, Mr Huxley will no doubt have been told by the orthodox that his "religion of the future" is no religion at all, being grounded in psychology rather than metaphysics, that his attempt to substitute for the Christian God a rival conception evoked by man's emotional needs is bound to fail, and much more in the same strain. Setting aside Divine Revelation, how these people can decide this, unless out of their own emotional experience, we confess to be at a loss to conjecture. However, until it is demonstrated more satisfactorily than hitherto that the world is to be explained in the light of Christianity, instead of *vice versa*, we are prepared to meet

Mr Huxley on his own ground, where discussion, we feel, is profitable. The choice of such a ground as a basis of discussion is all-important. The comparative success of Confucius and other founders of ethical religious systems in the East was due to their abandoning the search for metaphysical reality, their ignoring the conflicting theories of the purely disputatory, and their preoccupation with behaviour. Socrates took the same attitude, more or less, having little use for the metaphysicians' *philosophia*; and the rightness of the attitude is brought home when one finds that in the year 1932, in spite of all the cosmological, the axiological and the empirical arguments brought forward in the past in support of belief in God, the Christian apologist (*vide* Canon Quick's *The Ground of Faith and the Chaos of Thought*) has to admit that as regards "ultimate ends" we at the best "remain in the position of seekers, guided in a sense by guesses." After a good deal of misguidance in all those centuries of guesses, surely it is as well to say, "we give it up!" Julian Huxley says that in effect, and since his interest is not limited to verbal controversy, discussion on his plane is profitable. There are lots of questions arising out of his book that one would like to debate at length. For instance, it would be interesting to discuss to what extent the quarrels that rage between the groups represented by (say) Mr Huxley, Mr T. S. Eliot and Mr Middleton Murry are due to different terminologies: Mr Aldous Huxley recently fell foul of Mr Murry simply because one used a rather mushy rehash of Christian phraseology and the other employed terms with more modern associations. And here is an even more important topic for discussion on the same plane of rationalism. Organized religion has collapsed, as a consequence of the inroads of modern science, the comparative study of religions, etc., and Mr Huxley comments that it will be a long time before a new religion is evolved that will be as satisfying to the modern man as Christianity was to the intellectual European of, suppose, the fifteenth century. "It will need many decades," he says, "before any new religion is able to organize itself." But will religion ever again be organized to the extent of Christianity? The ritual of the Roman Catholics, for instance, is based not on a poetic conception but on what the Christian accepts as *facts*, and can the world again accept such miracles? Will not mankind forsake the Church for a Protestant-like faith, leaving the boundaries of belief vague (throwing

man back on his conscience) and relying on no ritual, since the ritualistic would have no more than an artistic *raison d'être*? And is the prospect so dreadful as the reactionaries, tired of their doubts and eager to find an easy security within the protection of inadequate premises, would try to make out?

For our part we face frankly the possibility (and it is more than a possibility) that man may never again feel so cocksure about his answer to the riddles of the universe as the Christian did. Rather scorn with Socrates "to think ourselves wise, without being wise," "to think that we know what we do not know," than take a complacent satisfaction in surveying the world of contemporary thought from a Thomist stronghold, and saying to pioneers like Mr Huxley, "What do you mean by such phrases as 'man's higher impulses,' 'the supra-physical'? Why such vagueness? How can you expect us to interest ourselves in a new integration when we have the comfortable old attitudes to fall back upon? 'True inwardness' indeed! Compare that stuffy phrase with our bracing lucidity. Imitate our precision: why, we can quote you (almost) the number of angels that can dance on the point of a pin." [1] There was a time, after all, when the Christian was a heresiarch, and, dislocated though so much modern thought may be, it is probable (in Mr Huxley's words) that the "strange confusion of ephemeral and partial creeds presages a new birth now as it did before the birth of Christianity."

Without a Nelson's eye, we do not see how one can fail to endorse Mr Huxley's general conclusions. Religion *must*, so far as human knowledge can show, square with science, and the religion Mr Huxley is discussing in the second part of his book must take account of the knowledge glimpsed in the first half. Christianity fails to do that, and if the likes of Mr Huxley blunders in places, not being a trained theologian, in trying to make religion and science tally, not he but the professional religious bodies are to be blamed. Scientists and artists no more want to do the priests' work than the poet wants to do the economists'; but when the professional man so lamentably fails, what is the layman to do?

[1] *Vide* Mr T. S. Eliot's evasion, in *The Criterion*, January 1931, of Mr Hugh I'Anson Fausset and Sir Arthur Keith's assaults on Christianity.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE SCOTSMAN'S HERITAGE

"SIR WALTER SCOTT." By JOHN BUCHAN. Cassell. 9s. 6d.

"A SCOTSMAN'S HERITAGE." By VARIOUS AUTHORS. Maclehose.

Writing recently about the Scottish literary tradition, Edwin Muir said the main body of Scottish literature falls into three "blocks"—the old ballads, the poetry of the school of Dunbar, and the work of Scott and Burns. The heritage of the ballads (Mr Muir was writing as a practising craftsman) is of little service to the contemporary Scottish writer, since the ballads are of an epic nature; and the output of Burns and Scott he regards as less valuable than that of Dunbar and Henryson and King James, because it reflects only aspects of a complete national life, neither Burns's poetry nor Scott's novels being the perfect artistic expression of the complete, complex sort of civilized Scotsman that Dunbar was. Mr Muir's comments come to mind on reading John Buchan's eulogistic biography of Scott, in which Mr Buchan writes, "He seems to me the greatest, because the most representative of Scotsmen, since in his mind and character he sums up more fully than any other the idiomatic qualities of his fellow-countrymen and translates them into a universal tongue . . ." and much more to the same effect. Which estimate is right?

Scott was a great, if at times prolix, romancer, but that claim to distinction is not enough for Mr Buchan: he must be spoken of in the same breath as Goëthe and Shakespeare. To "place" Scott, Mr Buchan is not only moved to remind us that Goëthe thought *Waverley* "one of the best things that was ever written in the world," but that "Scott's method of character drawing is pre-eminently the method of Shakespeare . . . the two are alike in another point—their attitude towards sex." For Mr Buchan it is not enough that Scott should have spun many well-told yarns of adventure; he must be revealed as a psychologist of profundity, and, lest the chief respect in which Scott failed as a depicter of character comes to mind, Shakespeare's success is misrepresented: thus, both Scott and Shakespeare "are not obsessed" by sex, says Mr Buchan—just as though *both* had

been brought up among Presbyterians. *Antony and Cleopatra* and the Sonnets (Scott "has no curiosity about sexual aberrations," says Mr Buchan approvingly) must be bitter pills for the author of *Sir Walter Scott* when he comes to swallow them!

And as with that point of sex, so it is with many other things about Scott: Mr Buchan constantly makes claims for him that have simply no foundation in fact. The book is written with the object of showing Scott to be the great figure who, with the aid of Burns, enabled Scotland to carry over her traditions into the modern age. Scotland in the eighteenth century, he says, "was shutting her door upon her past." "There was a danger lest the land, setting out confidently on new paths, might condemn as provincial and antiquated what was the very core and essence of her being." "In 1771 Scotland stood at the parting of the ways. That she chose rightly was due to two children who were then alive on her soil"—Burns and Scott. But *did* Scotland choose rightly? Did she have any choice in the matter? We think not. Scotland succumbed to the process of industrialization and Anglicization, and Scott invented a bogus Celticism that partly concealed the fact. Scott, writes Mr Buchan,

> completed what the eighteenth-century philosophers had begun and gave her her own Renaissance. He is, with Burns, her great liberator and reconciler. He saved his land from the rootless gentility and the barren utilitarianism of the illuminates; he gave her confidence in herself by reopening to her the past; and he blended into one living tradition many things which the shallow had despised and the dull had forgotten. Gently he led her back to nature and the old simplicities. His mission was that of Hosea the prophet: " Behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there as in the days of her youth."

But that is just so much pulpit eloquence—empty sound and nonsense.

Scott did not lead Scotland back to the "old simplicities," and if he was a great reconciler, he reconciled warring elements only by gelding them. By his reference to reconciliation Mr Buchan may have in mind the King's visit to Edinburgh. "The visit," says Mr Buchan, "completed the work which he himself [Scott] had begun, and brought the Highlands into a close relation with Scottish life. . . . A bogus Celticism became the rage." Quite. Or he may be referring to Scott's saving his land from the "barren utilitarianism of the illum-

inates . . ." etc. But then Mr Buchan allows that Scott had no philosophical background. Scott, as a matter of fact, left Scottish thought exactly where he found it heading when he began writing.

Scott was incapable of doing the things Mr Buchan attributes to him, if for no other reason than that he was a romantic—not in the sense in which Nietzsche was a romantic, as opposed to classicist; he was romantic as distinguished from realistic. Scott was too busy romancing about Scotland to be the "tutelary genius of his native glens," or to help to remould Scotland as Mr Buchan suggests.

Apart from the Messianic qualities with which Mr Buchan would endow him, Scott, it is arguable, was too much of a romantic even to be in the Scottish tradition at all! Scottish literature has always been a literature of realism—*vide* Burns's *Address to the Deil*, the best of Dunbar, the old ballads. Only seldom did Scott show a desire to work in this Scottish tradition. Incidentally, it was when he worked in the ballad tradition that he wrote his best verses, among them his version of *Helen of Kirkconnel*, with its lovely ending:

> I wish I were where Helen lies.
> Night and day on me she cries;
> And I am weary of the skies,
> For her sake that died for me.

Be it said to Scott's credit that the penultimate line of that is his: it is one of the few lines of real poetry that he ever wrote. Most of the others are to be found in his *Sir Patrick Spens*. Scott went to Scottish literature and history not for a literary discipline and to perpetuate a tradition, but in search of the "romantic," Gothic elements that appealed to him in Mrs Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* and Mathew Lewis's *Ambrosio*. The novel was not indigenous to Scotland, and Scott put into it elements which were used in a manner very different indeed in earlier times in Scotland. Small blame to him for that; but Mr Buchan wrongly harps on Scott's regard for things Scottish, whereas his romanticism is what is chiefly evident.

If Scott's writings were only bastard-Scottish (especially his Highland writings), like the castle he built at Abbotsford, what sort of Scottish *man* was he? It is not enough for Mr Buchan that he was a strong, in some ways brave, lovable man: he must become *the* representative Scotsman. For our part, we would say he was the

representative Scottish Tory, Edinburgh's greatest son—a very different thing. Mr Buchan really puts the whole matter in a nutshell when he says, "Scott was pre-eminently a social being." It is doubtful if there was ever on the face of the earth an indisputably great writer of whom that could be said: certainly not when the society was such as prevailed in Scotland a century and a half ago.[1] Carlyle has said, "Your Shakespeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards; your Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them." That is the sort of Scotsmen Edinburgh prefers, in real life as well as in fiction; and Scott was really very much a native of Edinburgh.

This pseudo-Scottishness would not matter much if it existed alongside the real thing, but it ousts the real thing. Scott's Scottishness has come to be shared not only by Mr Buchan but by all sorts of Scotsmen, by the contributors to *A Scotsman's Heritage*, for instance, who are all very much concerned with the trappings but very little with the heart of what is Scottish. Major Walter Elliott expresses something like Scott's political convictions, and the Duke of Atholl his notions of the Highlands and the blessings of Anglicization, whilst Mr George Gordon, who writes on Scottish literature, shows as little concern as Scott with the Scotsman's literary heritage as a working tradition. The best essay in the book is that on Scottish Law. . . . Truly has it been said that our capital has become a city of advocates.

A PROPAGANDIST NOVEL

"THE LOST GLEN." By NEIL M. GUNN. The Porpoise Press. 7s. 6d.

In a review of *Morning Tide* which appeared in *The Modern Scot* over a year ago we ventured to remark that Mr Gunn had not yet completely succeeded in relating his political convictions to the artistic medium which he had created for himself. It must regretfully be confessed that *The Lost Glen* has left us with our convictions unaltered.

[1] When Scott said he would not confess to the authorship of *Waverley*, he wrote, "I am not sure it would be considered quite decorous of me, as a Clerk of Session, to write novels." Mr Buchan adds: "The novel was not the form of literature in the best repute."

The reason lies not so much in the fact that *The Lost Glen* was written several years before *Morning Tide*, as that Mr Gunn's nationalism has led him into artistic and psychological blunders. It is only fair to say that certain episodes have been written with the same delicacy and sureness of touch which distinguished *Morning Tide*. The scenes, for example, between Clare and Ewen depict in a thoroughly convincing manner the uncertain relationship between the educated Highlander and the young girl fresh from London. The storm scene in which Ewen's father is drowned is up to the level of the storm scene in *Morning Tide*; whilst the dialogue at the end of the book between Ewen and Colin Mackinnon is tense with suppressed emotion.

On the other hand, the character of Colonel Hicks, whom Mr Gunn presents as the prototype of the English shooting tenantry, is grossly and fatally overdrawn. He represents not so much an individual as a bundle of vices without a single redeeming virtue, not even that most characteristically English virtue—a sense of humour. Even if, and it is quite possible, such a personality should exist—the writer has met several shooting tenants in the Highlands who exhibit several of Colonel Hicks' characteristics—is it altogether desirable from an artistic point of view to take Colonel Hicks as most representative of his species? Would it not have been better to make the Englishman a sympathetic and kindly person, though completely lacking in real sensibility and, of course, quite ignorant of the Highland mind? The greatest conflict after all, is not between good and bad, but between good and good, between the values of one nation and the values of another. If Mr Gunn had made his theme into a tragedy instead of a melodrama, he would have created not only an inspiring piece of propaganda, but, what is even more important, a splendid novel.

JOHN COLLIER'S POEMS

"GEMINI." By JOHN COLLIER. Desmond Harmsworth. 3s. 6d.

The author himself has provided such a penetrating criticism of these poems in his preface that one is almost forced into making it the foundation for a review. They are, he confesses, the products of two personalities which he has been unable to unite, "spasmodic

gestures which each of me has made, during the last few years, in an attempt to usurp a unity at the cost of the other. Something archaic, uncouth, and even barbarous is very obvious in one, and the other is an hysterically self-conscious dandy." Yet he insists—and as his confessions are so candid and the poems in this volume so remarkable, one is bound to take his word for it—he insists that both of those personalities are genuine, "having lived in them very wholly and intensely for some years, and not only alternately and in discord, as appears in their behaviour here, but sometimes simultaneously, though of that there is only one odd manifestation." The odd manifestation is an exercise in Joycian prose which concludes this volume.

One feels that this attempt at coalition has not been quite successful, as indeed the author hints; but the products of his separate personalities are astonishingly complete in their quite different styles, and Mr Collier presents himself as two extremely interesting poets. Yet even between the two of him a distinction in genuineness may perhaps be made; the uncouth Orson being more personal in his utterance, the dandiacal Valentine more fashionable. It may be, indeed, that this inner division, which the author, being a man of great penetration, sees in such definite terms, is at bottom a general one: that between the writer as an individual, and as a figure involuntarily representative (whether or no) of his time. At any rate, in Valentine's work there is far more of the *Zeitgeist* than in Orson's; his inspiration, while obviously genuine, is more anonymous; and he sometimes writes, though not often, lines which one feels A or B or C, who, as is well known, are also in the *Zeitgeist*, might very well have written:

> I am the child of joy, morning sun cigarette smoke arouse
> And embody the frail flowering of the heart its lonely
> Fugitive poem heard in the quiet when words die.

These lines would be inconceivable in any of Orson's productions; they show the weaknesses of Valentine, exquisite as he is; and if Mr Collier has any claim to be a major poet, as one imagines he has, it is Orson that he has mainly to thank for it.

"Three Men in One Room," the long poem which takes up about half this volume, is a brilliant and continuously sustained piece of realistic and intellectual imagination. Mr Collier says that its feeling is not "distinctively modern," though he qualifies this by adding

that "the interbreeding of satirical consciousness and the dumb and angry instinct is as powerful a source of poetic feeling today as ever it was." "Modern feeling" is a term very difficult to attach any definite meaning to; but this poem certainly gives one more strongly the impression of something newly fashioned, just now wrested from the inarticulate domain with which all original poets have to deal, than any English poem that has appeared for many years. That Mr Collier is indebted to Donne is clear enough. The three lodgers in the room are drawn with almost as vivid and immediate strokes as Donne's own, the Donne of the satires and some of the elegies. Yet it is not in any deliberate aping of artifices that Mr Collier most essentially resembles Donne, but in the concentration of his verse, a concentration that gives significance, even excitement, to the very punctuation, investing the comma with all the weight of an algebraical symbol. His lines are packed, as Donne's are; for concentration in poetry works out almost automatically into a packing of the lines which seems in perpetual danger of springing them, and gives them the tension of a thought which can just barely be confined in words. When this feat is successfully accomplished, when the last crucial word or syllable has been edged in and hammered into its place, straining the metrical framework to its utmost, but yet not bursting it, there is produced perhaps a more radical sense of what form essentially is than any other kind of poetry can give us. Mr Collier in his "Three Men" has not this concentration in the same degree as Donne, but yet in a very high degree. He has also an almost inexhaustible supply of apposite imagery, which under the concentrating impulse is poured out hastily, as if the writer were out of all patience and wished to get to the end of it; and this haste, this somewhat draconic way of dealing with the metaphors which insist on starting to one's mind, intensifies perhaps more than anything else the condensed and full character of a poet's utterance. But quotation is needed, and the following passage from the monologue of the third lodger shows Mr Collier perhaps at his best:

> " For me, alas, the tree of Eden grows
> Small crabbed fruits, and curs'd great cudgelly boughs,
> Spread like a witched wood over seven years:
> Seven Saharas, seven seas of tears,
> Seven woes begot by woes, as plagues arise
> On wars, war's dearths, and dearths on tyrannies.

As, weeping, from circle to circle, a damnéd soul
Might pass, and think at each, each made the whole,
I fled from scorn to betrayal, thence in haste
To triflings, lies, hysterias, corruptions, waste:
And found, like ravaged Poland, that did call
One nation, then another, foe, till all,
And half herself, stood open foe to her,
No one was love, but love was all, and more.
And now, as peasants, who've in long wars forgot
The plough, must still find wars, or rob, or rot,
Fit for no other business, like trees gone
To coal, my heart must burn or be a stone:
Like a sacked city to wolves and ghosts forlorn,
Desolate, it weeps the fire and sword withdrawn:
Like a fired feverish body that did yearn
To be cool, and, icy, shivers and longs to burn;
Like some poor dog on a raft, who, once he flies
To the sea from his thirst, goes mad, and drinks, and dies,
I, even at the tooth-pick after a great meal,
Such an edged hunger deep within me feel,
Big-bellied as I am with Cupid, who
Lurks ambushed there to drive his barbs into
My heart, my ravening has gone for naught;
Like a fat, pregnant, queasy wife, I'm wrought
With sharp-toothed craving for a costly dish
Would be my poison if I had my wish."

This is only an excerpt from the long passage which concludes this remarkable poem, a passage of concentrated bitterness, yet written with such noble and magnanimous frankness that one sees it proceeds from a virtue, and not a fault. It is questionable whether any other living English poet has written poetry of this intensity and range.

This passage gives some idea too of Mr Collier's command of language (which was shown so variously in *His Monkey Wife*); but it gives very little of his wit, which is an essential quality of his poetry. To pick out witty lines verges almost on a vapid parlour game, and besides Mr Collier's poetry is so closely knit that it would do him an injustice. The reader must find the wit for himself, and he will find more in the second or third reading than in the first. He will find also, one imagines, that this volume is, what so many volumes are called each year and are not, an addition to poetry.

TWO MODERN MUSICIANS

"SIBELIUS." By CECIL GRAY. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

"OPUS CLAVICEMBALISTICUM." By KAIKHOSRU SORABJI. Curwen. Two Guineas.

Mr Gray tells at the outset of his excellent account of the music of Jean Sibelius how he came gradually to the conclusion that the Finnish composer is one of the major figures in the entire history of music. One after another, the more sensationally outstanding of contemporary composers engaged his attention and sympathy, and one after another they gradually ceased to hold him: meanwhile, the music of Sibelius rose higher and higher in his esteem, until in the end he found in the outwardly *démodé* and really thoroughly traditional writing of Sibelius a body of music as daring and original as any being written today and more satisfying by far than the work of any other contemporary. The reasons for classing Sibelius with Beethoven he sets forth in what is one of the best volumes of music criticism of recent years.

It was almost inevitable that the critic should come to feel about Sibelius as he does, for no one is less likely than Mr Gray to be caught up in the nonsense of fashion. He is above all an individualist, and in his *History of Music* he upset not a few critics' apple-carts by his attempt always "to look at composers and works for what they are in themselves, and not simply for what they came from and what they led up to." He has little use for the person who judges all music by "movements," although he is interested in the evolution of musical forms and idioms, and he stoutly maintains that "talent is ultimately the only thing that matters." Sibelius's music bears out all Mr Gray's critical convictions.

A member of no "school," Sibelius has ploughed a comparatively lonely furrow. Whilst *Les Six* (for example) have been screeching and banging their way into something like fame, Sibelius has declined *étonner ses contemporains*, and without worrying his head once about being "modern," without bothering about the "exhaustion" of the arts, has written eight symphonies, thirty large choral and orchestral works, a hundred songs and as many piano works, incidental music

to plays and a vast number of miscellaneous compositions, all of widely diverse emotional and intellectual appeal. Whilst others have been employing novel techniques and saying next to nothing by means of them, he has been writing music the undeniable originality of which lies in its thought.

Mr Gray analyses Sibelius's chief works, gives an account of his life, and has an informative chapter about Finnish art in general. (Incidentally, he says some very sound things about nationality in music.) The concluding section deals with Sibelius's relation to present-day music, in the course of which Mr Gray trounces the rabid experimenters and the neo-classicists with equal severity. He writes as follows about romanticism and the reaction:

> Generally speaking, the whole history of music during the last hundred years or so has been one of idiomatic development and expansion, a progressive enrichment of every kind of tonal resource—melodic, harmonic, rhythmic, colouristic—accompanied by a corresponding weakening and impoverishment on the formal and intellectual side of the art. The beginnings of this tendency are to be seen in the music of Bellini, Chopin, Weber, and Berlioz as clearly as its end in that of Strauss, Schönberg, Bartók, and Stravinsky. In other words, the art of these latter composers, despite its factitious appearance of novelty, is in reality nothing more than the continuation and final phase of the Romantic Movement, the end of the old rather than the beginning of the new, as it is commonly represented to be. That it is impossible to go any farther in the direction of idiomatic invention can almost be mathematically proved. . . . On the other hand, there is nothing in the music of the last hundred years which can be compared with that of Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven, as regards depth of intellectual content or formal subtlety and complexity; and while most modern composers still continue desperately seeking for some hitherto unexploited resource, some thrill or experience not previously experienced, Sibelius, almost alone among them, has gone in the opposite direction. In all his later works, one finds a deliberate avoidance of anything in the nature of idiomatic novelty or experiment for its own sake, together with a refinement and intricacy of form which are only paralleled in the art of the great classics.
>
> It is true, of course, that within the last few years an increasing number of composers have come to realize that a new departure of the kind was not merely desirable but imperatively necessary, if music was to emerge from the hopeless *impasse* in which it was confined, but it is not enough to realize the fact consciously . . . and the self-conscious neo-classicism of the later Stravinsky, Casella, and many others, is hopelessly sterile because it is artificial and *voulu*—the outcome of deliberation, calculation, and the desire to set a new fashion . . . it is highly entertaining to observe that the one composer

who has actually achieved a genuinely spontaneous, unconscious classic art of the first importance, namely Sibelius, should pass unnoticed and disregarded by the adherents of the [neo-classical] movement.

These are not the words of an old fogey who is afraid of the new and revolutionary. On the contrary, Mr Gray has written one of the most understanding and perceptive studies of modern musical techniques, and his objection to the early, rebellious Stravinsky and the chastened pastiche-monger who wrote *The Fairy's Kiss* is that the one said nothing new but said it weirdly and at the best piquantly, and that the other, unable to transcend romanticism, ran away from it. Actually, is it not Sibelius and Mr Gray and their kind who are most modern, having outgrown "the contemporary love of experimentation for its own sake," and Stravinsky and his kin who are *vieux jeux*? Even the coteries are tiring of the war-cries of *transition*: in the next decade or two the influence of Sibelius promises to be great:

The influence of Sibelius . . . which is now gradually beginning to make itself felt, whatever may be the intrinsic æsthetic merit of his achievement, can only be salutary and beneficial, for his art is based upon the same fundamental, immutable and ever-fruitful principles that have inspired the great art of the past and are equally destined to inspire that of the future. Sibelius has triumphantly disproved the belief that the idioms and methods of procedure which have served so many generations have now become exhausted: almost alone at the present time he has conclusively shown, what most people had legitimately begun to doubt, that it is still just as possible as it ever was to say something absolutely new, vital and original, without having to invent a new syntax, a new vocabulary, a new language, in order to do so.

That seems more than reasonable to us; and there are critics who have come to the same conclusion about the other arts. And yet, after reading Mr Gray's book and an enthusiastic review of it by Kaikhosru Sorabji, we find Mr Sorabji, of whose remarkable gifts we have no shred of doubt, writing a work like *Opus Clavicembalisticum*, which for sheer length, complexity of structure and difficulty of performance (it is a pianoforte solo) must set a record for the most "advanced" atonalists.

Like those who heard the composer play it last year in Glasgow, we pass no opinion on it, for although it is possible to decipher portions of the score, and pretend to ourselves that we see the "reason"

behind this and that, the work as a musical design, as a piece of tonal architecture, completely baffles us. Does Mr Sorabji really have to let out all that tremendous mesh of net to catch the musical ideas teeming in his amazing head? Apparently, for there can be no questioning his integrity. And how does that square with the "moral" Mr Gray deduces from Sibelius's achievement? To us the only solution seems to be to fall back on Mr Gray's resolute individualism and regard Mr Sorabji as a "sport." He is a genius unique in music; which is not to say that, musically, he is a genius—an affirmation impossible when we cannot pretend to understanding.

THE NEW EDUCATION

"THE PROBLEM PARENT." By A. S. NEILL, M.A. Herbert Jenkins. 5s. net.

This is the most explicit book that Neill has yet written. It is a book not only for all parents—there is no parent who is not in some sense a problem to himself and the unconscious cause of problems in the lives of his children—but for all thinking persons who are concerned with the welfare of the human race. In tackling the problems of the individual Neill is quite consciously dealing with the problems of nations, for every nation to him is a congeries of more or less thwarted and bewildered individuals.

Parents, the most bewildered of all individuals, are nominally the theme of this book. But, since every parent begins life as a bewildered child, its real theme is how to keep children both unthwarted and unspoilt. Neill's general thesis is probably well known: he denies the necessity of original sin and insists that original virtue, like Christianity, has never been given a chance. The fears and guilts that are foisted upon childhood in the name of adult morality cramp and distort the child's natural life, which proceeds on a level far below conscious standards and is bound to evade them in every possible way when they are imposed upon it. The law makes the crime; the taboo that checks natural impulse merely diverts it into other and probably undesirable channels; the fear and hatred that arise from a sense of guilt inevitably engender cruelty, cowardice and destructiveness. This is not mere theory, for Neill has spent many years in proving, by experience that freedom (not licence)

and love (not affectionate possessiveness) can undo these evil effects of a mistaken system, and that the clearing away of obsolete values leaves room for new and living values to grow. This book gives sufficient corroboration of his experience. In it he comes nearer to giving a just account of his work than he has ever done before, although his sensitiveness, intuition, and understanding of children have never yet found adequate expression in print.

WILLA MUIR.

THE NEW ECONOMICS

"LIFE AND MONEY." By EIMAR O'DUFFY. Putnam. 5s.

The various economists—or amateur economists, if you will—calling themselves Douglasites or Credit Reformers have this in common: they put the proper questions to the orthodox economists. They see that the sole sanction of a system of economics is that it shall work, and that the present capitalist system does not. They see that the sole function of money is to enable goods to be consumed; that there is a practically endless supply of raw materials, with millions of people clamouring for commodities and millions ready to manufacture them—and only the financial system standing in the way of "the age of plenty." The Credit Reformers have the right end of the stick, but they too often wield it clumsily. Mr O'Duffy, for instance, bungles the whole question of the relations of Social Credit and Socialism in his *Life and Money*, and, in spite of the soundness of his arguments generally, there are a score of points one feels impelled to jib at in his book.

It would be possible today, by making use of the enormous productive resources at our disposal, to expand very considerably the incomes of the poorer classes without in any way interfering (unless to expand them also) with those of the wealthy. Socialists, therefore, in continuing to stress the importance of redistributing wealth on a more equitable basis, are pursuing the wrong tactics. They are right, however, in contending that at the root of our present economic troubles is "private ownership of industry"—a fact which Mr Eimar O'Duffy and Social Creditors with him refuse to admit. It is absurd to suggest, as he does in his *Life and Money*, that the nationalization

of industry would not completely solve the distributive problem. With the merging in the State of the interests of producer and consumer, there could only be one incentive to production—namely, that there were needs to satisfy. A costing system, it must not be forgotten (and according to Mr O'Duffy it is the existing costing system which is responsible for the present situation), is a condition of private ownership only. Under a system of State Control, incomes would be distributed in exactly the same way as at present. As regards price-fixing, the total supply of consumable goods would always be made to equate with the available supply of money. There would be no question, therefore, either of the Budget not balancing, or of the total goods not being distributed.

But there is another and very important argument in favour of State ownership. Granted the conditions are those of "plenty," there can be no advantage to individuals from the private accumulation of wealth. Private ownership is a condition of scarcity only.

There is only one economic argument which can rightly be used against Socialism—namely, that it may be possible by other and less drastic means to achieve the same ends. And even that argument is of doubtful validity. Admit the Social Dividend and the Associated Tax System, and for all practical purposes you have dealt the death blow to Capitalism. The existing discrepancy between the supply of goods and the supply of money is represented in the accounts of producers by corresponding accumulations of Capital. If, therefore, the public *are* to be put in possession of sufficient money to buy these surplus goods, producers as a whole must forfeit them. Which means the end of effective private saving, which in turn means the end of Capitalism.

There is no doubt, of course, that if Mr O'Duffy's scheme were put into practice it would solve the present problem. Its success, however, would be the result not of the double currency system to which he attaches so much importance, and which is of no practical value, but of the scheme of "Dividends for all," subsidized out of taxation. And that is, after all, simply a variation of Socialism.

The fact is that any scheme, provided its aims are sound, could solve the problem, and for that matter a child could devise one. But that is not the difficulty. What most economists are concerned with today is how to make the existing system work—and they are so

concerned, not necessarily because they have any illusions as to its superiority over others (for that is clearly not so), but because, if in the long-run by such means the same ends could be achieved, it would be much the easier way. There is, for instance, every certainty that in carrying the existing system to its logical conclusion we should approach a state much akin to Socialism.

Social Creditors are perfectly justified in contending that under an ideal economic system, work would not constitute the only claim to income. Bearing in mind the fact that income is an annually recurring flow of goods, the dimensions of the flow should naturally be limited by the use that can be made of it, since work in itself is not necessarily a desirable thing. The use that a man has for his income is, therefore, the only reasonable claim he has to it. The carrying into practice of such a restriction, however, involving as it would the removal of the right to save, would mean the inevitable break up of Capitalism.

Social Creditors do not, however, propose to dispense with Capitalism, but they wish by means of the Social Dividend to dispense, as earlier explained, with all that it stands for. Actually, they have only one of two options—either to assist in the patching up of Capitalism, and hope that men will ultimately learn that by accumulating income surpluses they are destroying their only means of existence, namely their markets, or to lend their support to a more enlightened Socialism. Should they adopt the former course, they may then see that when work schemes are advocated as the means of circulating more purchasing power, it is only with the aim of making Capitalism function.

Under existing conditions the public can only be allowed to share in the surplus consumable goods on the condition that they render equivalent services in return. And the return is the Capital or intermediate goods which their work is the means of producing. Thus, savings as the result of work schemes tend to be sunk in Capital goods, instead of as before in consumable goods, and the very desirable result of equating purchasing power and the supply of goods is achieved.

This is what is meant by carrying Capitalism to its logical conclusion. There is obviously a limit to the amount of Capital production which can profitably be indulged in. Which means that there is a limit to the amount of income which can be saved. Excessive saving

means destruction of the consumer's market, and therefore of business men. It becomes clearly in the interests of producers, then, to limit their incomes to the amount of their personal needs, and utilize their surpluses in increasing wages.

That business men may one day see this is the only hope left in Capitalism.

As regards the practical proposals made by Mr O'Duffy, it might be mentioned that since "P" money was interest free, there would be no inducement for producers to borrow savings which involved the payment of interest. There would be no scope, therefore, for saving. This is another instance of the inconsistency of his proposals with Capitalism.

Books Received

"THE LAIRD OF ABBOTSFORD." By DAME UNA POPE HENNESSY. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

"LA VIE DE PATRICE PEARSE." By LOUIS LE ROUX. G. D. Ernest & Co. Ltd., Bessemer House, 5 Duke Street, London, W.C.2. 10s. 6d.

"THE ROAD HOME." By F. MARIAN MCNEILL. Maclehose. 7s. 6d.

"RETURN TO SCOTLAND." By MORAY MCLAREN. Reissued with New Preface and Illustrations. Duckworth. 5s.

"JAMES JOYCE AND THE PLAIN READER." By CHARLES DUFF. Desmond Harmsworth. 2s.

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