THE MODERN SCOT

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Contents

Editorial Notes

"THIS AFFLIGIT REALM"

FOR a few years now, people of culture have been deploring the state into which Scotland has fallen. What was once a nation is now a province. Scotland, which has given great artists to the world, now merely tolerates the arts of life and the fine arts, when it does frown upon them. In spite of its rich lands and well-stocked waters, the visitor finds here a life poor by all comparison with, say, the Faroe Islands or the Tyrol. The people that merited the eulogy of Thomas Urquhart have sacrificed education to a wage-earning machine (and could not even provide a successor for the Chair of Masson and Grierson). It has no great religious thinker, no great philosopher, no great statesman. Technicians have taken the place of creators.

A minority of Nationalists, poets and others, have been deeving their fellow-countrymen with these facts for a long time now. The effects of the propaganda are difficult to estimate. One cannot be very optimistic; for it is difficult to make barbarians feel shame at the barbarity of their barbarism. But a stage has been reached now in the life of Scotland when the decline is beginning to hurt in a physical way, and the hard-outside-and-soft-inside business men and the politicians and the newspapermen are beginning, if not to heed the decaying provincialism, to heed its attendant consequences. The technicians, incapable of framing principles and of laying down lines of progress, are beginning to resent being rationalized out of business by London. They do not mind living in the spiritual vacuum of Kelvinside and the New Town; but they do not relish being turned out into the street.

Mr Robert Boothby, M.P., could display his utter ignorance of Scottish history ("Prior to 1707, the Scottish people were a pack of miserable savages, living in incredible poverty and squalor, and playing no part in the development of civilization") and few thought his views wrong or that their wrongness mattered. Not so long afterwards, however, when Mr C. Milne, M.P., drew attention to what are in point

of fact the material consequences of the obtuseness, the follow-my-leader complacency, of the Mr Boothbys, his lament was widely echoed. "Relatively speaking, as compared with England," said Mr Milne in the House of Commons, "Scotland is a distressed area. I have always held the view that there are really two Commissioners in Scotland. There is Sir Arthur Rose, the Commissioner appointed under the 1934 Act for the Special Areas, but there is another Commissioner who has no statutory title. His jurisdiction is far more extensive, and in some respects his powers are far greater. He owes his position as Commissioner to the fact that he holds the office of Secretary of State for Scotland. He is Commissioner for that distressed area, North Britain." So much for the part Scotland is playing in the development of civilization in 1935! The imperialist blessings, for which Burns thought the loss of Scottish independence was too great a price, are at the moment not at all in evidence, and the Scots who think Burns a sentimentalist have to face the facts of Scotland's declining population, her rising unemployment and falling industrial production, her dwindling national income. When the Nationalist praised, let us say, Holland's or Finland's superior way of life, it left the barbarian unmoved: he may whistle another tune now he looks at his balance sheets.

Mr George Malcolm Thomson has chosen the moment carefully to drive this home. With Mr Milne's speech of March 29 as a text,[1] he preaches to the Scottish business man on the consequences of his folly. His little book is a deadly bomb, compounded of statistics and cogently argued deductions, well calculated to blow sky-high the lingering smugness and false peace of mind. He juxtaposes the facts of Scotland's decadence alongside the comments of its spokesman —the loud-tongued confidence of Mr Boothby, the oracular nonsense of Mr Walter Elliot ("What is wrong with Scotland? . . . I think it is the death of John Knox"), Lt.-Col. Moore's faith in the efficacy of royal visits to Holyrood, Professor J. Y. Simpson's advocacy of "more determined expansion," Mr H. C. Cree's injunction to "leave no stone unturned to encourage trade," and all the rest of it. The verbatim reports of the *Scotsman* and the *Glasgow Herald* have yielded circumstantial evidence of the worse than uselessness of the average politician's panaceas, and Mr Thomson, sparing neither ridicule nor

[1] *Scotland, That Distressed Area.* The Porpoise Press. 3s. 6d.

abuse in the process, exposes the trimmers, in the light of facts of the situation, for the fools they are. Repercussions of the bomb should be heard at many an election meeting.

"One could no doubt quarrel with some of Mr Thomson's statistics," one of the more cocky reviewers of Mr Thomson's book wrote—but he took good care not to. In point of fact, most newspapers are past contradicting such statistics. Scotland's waning prosperity is acknowledged: now her dependence on the charity of England is being envisaged. "It is clear . . . where most jobs are to be found," says Mr Ridge-Beedle—therefore, do not quarrel with England. "The Welsh," says Sir Robert Horne, "knowing that the amount of their unemployment is so much greater than elsewhere, . . . realize that they would find great difficulty in providing unemployment benefit by themselves, and they are wiser to rely on the richer country than to seek separation"—wiser than the Scottish Nationalists, who appear to have some sense of self-respect. The facts of growing poverty are too plain to ignore altogether. As set forth by Mr Thomson they are seen to be even more depressing, perhaps, than even the less optimistic had previously realized.

At the Census of 1931, Mr Thomson recalls, the population of Scotland fell—by 40,000—for the first time in recorded history. The Scottish birthrate is higher than the birthrate in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Iceland and England, but in the same period the population of all these countries showed a rise—in England, a rise of 2,060,000. During the decade preceding the Census, unemployment in Scotland was 50 per cent. worse than in England. The numbers of insured workers in Scotland in 1921 and in 1931 were the same, although in England there was a rise of 1,300,000 by the end of the decade. By 1931, Scotland's unemployed amounted to three-quarters of the total unemployed of six countries—Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland and Switzerland—whose aggregate population is six times her own.

Coming to finance, Mr Thomson points out that in 1906–07 the net Exchequer receipt in Scotland (from all Inland Revenue duties) was 17 per cent. of the English total; in 1914–15, 11 per cent.; in 1922–23, 8·8 per cent.; and in 1931–32, 6 per cent. In 1900–01, the net receipt from income tax was 11·9 per cent. of the English total; in 1914–15, 11 per cent.; and in 1929—before the "slump" had set in—7·9 per cent.

It is useless, as the National Government spokesmen do, to attribute this growing impoverishment to the failure of Scotland to keep pace with new industrial demands: it is not merely a case of losing "heavy" industries and failing to acquire "light" ones. For instance, between 1924 and 1930 employment in the iron and steel industry remained stationary in England, whereas in Scotland it declined by about 9 per cent. In engineering, shipbuilding and vehicle-building, manufacture in England showed a 9 per cent. increase during the same period, and in Scotland a 4 per cent. decrease. In the chemical and allied industries, there was a slight increase of employment in England and an 8 per-cent. decrease in Scotland. The effect of the world "slump" had not yet been felt. Following the "slump" and the National Government's accession to power, at the end of two years England had 565 more factories, and Scotland 31 fewer.

And the prime factor? It is not merely the impotence of the Scottish minority in the House of Commons and England's unjust treatment of Scotland. It is a crazy financial system which works greater havoc on a weak community than on a strong, a rationalization which is harmful to a nation and fatal to a province. A growth of Scottish nationalism would not of itself cure the evil; but without a recrudescence of the national spirit no cure whatever can be expected. Mr Thomson sees very clearly the need for something more than economics: ". . . the task before Scottish Nationalists is not to rouse a nation but to make one, not to expose economic and social evils but to relate such evils to a reawakened national consciousness. If they hope to make political capital out of the economic decline of their country, they may well be disappointed, for the individual to whom their arguments are directed may reply that, if matters are really so bad, the sooner he joins the 700,000 emigrants the better; that England is a land with an agreeable mode of life and Canada a country with a dazzling future; that Scotland's decay is a matter for regret, but that a comfortable bank balance is a wonderful consolation to the exile. Instead of being roused to defend his country he may be inflamed with the desire to catch a train for somewhere. Economic arguments relating to Scotland have only validity in so far as there is a spirit of Scottish nationhood. But to call such a spirit into being is probably neither a brief nor an easy enterprise. In the case of the modern Scots, it involves the working of a revolution in habits of mind which have

grown up through many generations. Nor, let it be confessed, have these habits proved to be narrow or ignoble, or altogether barren of fruits. To attempt to awaken such a spirit by a recital of economic woes is to ignore the fact that the woes are felt only if the spirit is already awakened. It may be that the task before Scottish Nationalists is not to present a strictly political case, not to argue from Scotland's economic plight to a Scottish government, but to convince their fellow-countrymen that nationhood is in itself something worth having, worth paying for, worth the sacrifice of economic interest. If it may be had without sacrifice, so much the better. If it may be found in company with positive economic gain, better still. But that it is a good in itself, an entity existing in a world of high but no less real spiritual values—that is the real gospel of nationality. A hard gospel, it may be agreed, but surely one that, with adequate apostles, may yet get a hearing from a race which has been capable of austerity, romanticism and sacrifice."

That is well said. At the same time, Mr Thomson's presentation of the Nationalists' case does nothing to help the recruitment of thorough-going economic reformers to the Nationalists' ranks. His comparisons between Scotland and other countries are all made within an orthodox economic framework which must change somewhat within the next few years, and he leaves out of account the revolutionary factors in the Scottish make-up that move such as Sir John T. Cargill to exclaim, "Can you imagine what a Scottish Parliament would be like? I cannot and I should not like to dwell on it." Scottish Socialism gets less than a fair show at Mr Thomson's hands. Douglasism is not so much as mentioned. One big nettle Mr Thomson does not seize, although he pulls up others right and left.

Kind Kitty

By Eric Linklater

"Thay threpit that scho deit of thrist, and maid a gud end.
Efter hir dede, scho dredit nought in hevin for to duell,
And sa to hevin the hieway dreidles scho wend."—DUNBAR.

OUT of every ten people who live in Edinburgh, nine never look at anything but the pavements and the shallow shop-windows and the figuration of neighbours as belittled as themselves. This is for safety, because whoever will raise his head to the Castle when it looms like Asgard in the mist, or to Arthur's Seat when it hoists itself into the upper clouds, may let his thoughts go wandering after them and lose control of his wits—for any mundane purpose—for a time of indefinite duration. Less than most cities has Edinburgh been made by the hands of men, and in the days of Creation there was such dissension about the proper shape and nature to bestow on it that it never achieved a stable or determined being. It will so change its form in a changing light that the hills above Holyroodhouse are one day no more than slopes for children to play on, and the next they are mountains that thrust huge shoulders through the clouds and bare their monstrous brows to thin airs in the heights of the sky. And the Castle on the rock is not one but many castles. Sometimes it is small, its ramparts low, and being full of chattering visitors it is in truth empty as a ruin. Sometimes it is a savage memory in the night. And there are days when its walls recede, and are scarcely visible from the street below, and its stony causeways are populous with a moving host more tenuous than the mist they walk in, their laughter like the echo of a whisper, the small noise of their steel like the memory of a wheatear talking.

So also if you look down at the houses that press numerously against the outer walls of Holyrood, you may see nothing but a multitude of mean roofs. But you may as easily surprise a covey of witches dancing in the smoke, and warlocks leaping on the chimney-pots. This was a sight that Kind Kitty saw whenever she came up out of the Canongate to sit on a seat in the gardens under the Calton Hill, with a little flat

bottle of whisky in her pocket, and a bonnet with a broken feather precariously pinned to her dirty grey hair.

Kind Kitty was never afraid to look at the hills and the air-drawn heights of the town, for though they might steal her wits away she had no wealth or position that needed her wits' attention, and nothing to lose, though her thoughts took holiday for days on end, but a dozen hens and the wire-netting that confined them. It was the odour of hens that strangers first noticed, and most urgently disliked, when Kitty sat down beside them in the Gardens. It overcame the other smells that accompanied her, of smoke, of clothes incredibly old, of a body long unwashed, of yesterday's beer and the morning's dram. It was a violent unexpected smell, and Kitty's casual neighbours would soon rise and leave her. Then she would grumble through her old blue lips, and peer after them malevolently with her red and rheumy eyes, and unwrapping a piece of newspaper from the little bottle she would take a quick mouthful of whisky. "Tae hell with you, then, for a high-minded upstart," she would mutter, and wipe her mouth, and a water-drop from the end of her nose, with the back of her bony hand. But in a minute or two she would forget the insult, when her bleary eyes were captured by witches and warlocks dancing in the smoke, or by a flank of the Pamirs that pushed its stony ribs against the firmament. Then she would think of life and death, of the burnside in Appin where she had been born, of the great soldier, Sir Hector McOstrich, and the lovely wicked Lady Lavinia. The weave of life, like gun-metal silk shot with bright yellow, shone for her, at such an angle, with the remote and golden-lovely frailty of sunset after a rainy day. Misery in the morning was forgotten, and squalor after noon, beneath that aureate sky, returned like rain to the deeps of the earth.

But sooner or later the sunset would fade from her thoughts, the hills diminish, the warlocks dissolve into bitter vapour, and her belly protest its emptiness with loud exclamatory repetition. Then, with a twitch to her bonnet, a hitch to her dusty skirt, and a pull at her broken stays, she would rise in a sudden temper, and muttering furious complaints against the littleness of small whisky bottles, she would hobble back to the Canongate, and stop to stare balefully at The Hole in the Wall, whose doors were not yet open. "The mealy-mouthed thowless thieves," she would mutter. "The bletherin' kirk-gaun puggies!" And she would spit on the pavement to show her contempt for the law,

and those who made it, that public-houses should be closed while thirst still grew unchecked.

It was drink, not food, that her empty stomach clamoured for. She ate little, and took no pleasure in such tasteless stuff as bread and potatoes and tinned beef. But for beer and black stout and whisky she had so great a love that her desire for them was unceasing, and her relish for their several flavours more constant than any carnal love. Except for a shilling or two that she was sometimes compelled to pay for rent, and a few coppers that went on corn for her hens, she spent all her money on drink and still was dry-mouthed for three or four days out of seven. She had the old-age pension, and ten shillings a week was paid her, though unwillingly, by Sir Hector's grandson, who was not a soldier but a stockbroker, and bitterly resented such a burden on his estate. This income might have been sufficient to preserve her from the most painful and extreme varieties of thirst had she been content to drink draught ale, and that in solitude. But Kitty was both extravagant and generous, she liked whisky and good company, friendship and bottled beer, and twenty shillings a week was sadly insufficient for such rich amusement. Many of her friends were poorer than herself, and none was more wealthy, so their return for Kitty's entertainment was always inadequate. They would sometimes treat her to half a pint of beer, more rarely to a nip of whisky, but usually they repaid her with cups of tea, or half a herring, which gave her no pleasure whatever. She never calculated the profit and loss of good-fellowship, however, and so long as her neighbours had lively conversation and a cheerful spirit she would share her last shilling with them.

But a friend of hers, an old cast whore called Mima Bird, found a ten-shilling note one Christmas, and buying a dozen bottles of Bass invited Kitty to come and drink six of them. The nobility of this entertainment inspired Kitty with a great desire to emulate it—not in vulgar competition, not for the ostentation of surpassing it, but simply to give again, and enjoy again, the delights of strong liquor and warm fellowship—so after much thought, and with high excitement, she formed a plan and made arrangements for a Hogmanay party that would put the Old Year to bed with joy and splendour.

New Year's Eve fell on a Saturday, and on Friday Kitty drew her old-age pension and cashed the ten-shilling order that came from young Mr McOstrich. But a pound was not nearly enough to furnish

such a party as she intended. She went to see James Campbell, the landlord of The Hole in the Wall, and after long discussion came to an agreement with him, and pledged her whole income for the first two weeks in January in return for thirty-three shillings in ready money and the loan of five tumblers. These were the best terms she could get, for Campbell was a hard man.

But Kitty did not waste much time in bemoaning so heavy a rate of interest. She had no reverence for money, as respectable people have, nor concern for the future; and her mind was occupied with entrancing preparations for the party. She bought two bottles of whisky, two dozen bottles of beer, and a dozen of stout. Nothing like so huge and extravagant an array had ever been seen in her dirty little kitchen in Baxter's Close, and the spectacle filled her with excitement that yielded presently to a kind of devotion, and then became pure childlike joy. She set the beer, orderly in rank, on the table, with the two whisky bottles on the mantelpiece, and the porter like a round fender before the empty fire. Then she stood here and there to admire the picture, and presently rearranged the bottles and marshalled the beer, like a fence, in front of the wire-netting that closed her dozen hens in a small extension of the kitchen that might, with a more orthodox tenant, have been the scullery. The hens clapped their wings, and encouraged her with their clucking. Then she made patterns and plans on the floor, now a cross, before which she signed herself with the Cross, and now a rough plan of Tearlach's Hall, in Appin, where Sir Hector and Lady Lavinia had lived in pride and many varieties of sin. Her old hands took delicately the smooth necks of the bottles, she patted into place a label that was half-unstuck, she made a shape like a rose, the bottles standing shoulder to shoulder in the middle, and the tears ran down her cheek to see the loveliness of that pattern. Weary at last, replete with happiness, she fell asleep with a bottle of whisky in her arms.

When morning came she woke in pride to be confronted with such riches, and her demeanour, that only her hens observed, was uncommonly dignified. Setting the bottles on the table, according to their kind and now without fantasy, she carefully considered her arrangements and debated their sufficiency for the imminent party. Was her house properly furnished for entertainment? There were five tumblers that she had borrowed, one that she possessed, a bed where four might sit,

a chair, a stool, and more drink than had ever been seen in one room in all her memory of Baxter's Close. What else could be needed for the pleasure of her guests?

A thought entered her mind that she first repelled and then suffered to return. Some of her visitors might like something to eat. If that were so, it would be a great nuisance, and for a little while Kitty thought impatiently about the frailties of humankind and the monstrous demands that people made for their contentment. But presently she counted her money and found she had still four shillings left. So she put on her bonnet and went out shopping.

The wind blew coldly down the Canongate, with a flourish of rain on its ragged edge, but Kitty, with money in her purse and in her heart the intention of spending it, was too important to notice such small discomfort, and going first to a baker's she bought for two shillings a Scotch Bun. With that fierily sweet and bitter-black dainty under her arm she turned and walked slowly, over greasy pavements, to a corn chandler's in the High Street, where for ninepence she obtained a large bag of Indian corn for her hens. Then she returned to the Canongate, and having purchased three-pennyworth of cheese she entered The Hole in the Wall, at the very moment when its doors opened, and made a satisfying meal off a shilling's worth of draught beer and the bright wedge of American cheddar.

The afternoon was slow in passing, but Kitty amused herself with ingenious new arrangements of the bottles, and with feeding her hens, and soon after six o'clock her first guest arrived, who was Mima Bird, the old whore. Then came Mrs Smiley, who made a small living by selling bootlaces; Mrs Hogg, who should have been well-off, her husband having had both his legs shot off while serving in the Black Watch, but he spent all his pension on threepenny bets and twopenny trebles; old Rebecca Macafee, who had been a tinker till she married a trawler's cook, who deserted her, and varicose veins kept her from the country roads; and Mrs Crumb, who had a good job as a lavatory attendant, but had to support a half-witted husband and three useless sons. These were Kind Kitty's oldest and favourite friends, and when she saw them all sitting in her kitchen, each with a dram inside her to warm her stomach and loosen her tongue and flush her cheeks—each with a glass of beer or stout in her hand and another bottle beside her—then she was so happy that all of a sudden she cackled with

laughter, and rocked to and fro on her stool, and began to sing an old song in a loud hoarse voice:

"'O Sandy, dinna ye mind,' quo' she,
'When ye gart me drink the brandy,
When ye yerkit me owre among the broom,
And played me houghmagandy!'"

"It's better among the broom than in the Meadows on a cauld winter night, or up against the wall of Greyfriars Kirk with a drunken Aussie seven foot high," cried Mima Bird.

"Ay, but they'd money to spend, had the Aussies," said old Rebecca, "and faith, they spent it."

"It was a fine war while it lasted," sighed Mrs Hogg, whose husband, for three good years, had been more use to the Black Watch than he had ever been to her.

"The boys did well enough," said Kitty, "but the generals and the high heid yins were a pack of jordan-heidit losingers." And she thought, sadly and lovingly, of Sir Hector McOstrich, who would have shown them how to win battles had not shame, not war, untimely killed him. But far-off thoughts could not long endure the loud immediacy of her cummers, whose laughter grew more frequent, whose tales and jolly memory became with every passing minute more rich and lively and delectable. Now and again their laughter would wake even the corn-fed hens to responsive clucking and scratching; and in the smoky light of a dingy lamp the coarse and weather-beaten cheeks of the six old women, their wrinkled eyes and creasy necks, were lovely with a life invincible. The air was full of the rich odours of beer and stout, and ever and anon its heavy layers would lift and waver before the genial shock of a great crackling belch. Kitty gave them another dram, and thick slices of black bun.

"If whisky was a river, and I was a duck,
O whisky! Johnny!
I'd dive to the bottom and I never would come up,
O whisky for my Johnny!"

sang old Rebecca. "When that man I was married on, and a hog-eyed lurdan he was," she said, "would come home from sea, he was so thick with salt it would fill you with thirst to smell him half-way up the stairs."

"You must have robbed a bank to give us a party like this," said Mrs Crumb. "It beats the High Commissioner's garden-party at Holyrood just hollow. Why, we've drink to every hand, and the very best of drink at that, but there, so they tell me, the ministers' wives are fair tumbling over each other, and tearing each other's eyes out, to get to the eatables and the drinkables, and them nothing but lemonade and ha'penny cakes."

"It's the very best party I ever was at," said Mrs Hogg.

"It's the only one I've ever been to," said Mrs Smiley, and that was a lie, but she thought it was true and began to cry, and got another dram to stop her.

So the evening wore on, and by half-past eleven there was nothing left in the glasses but dry feathers of froth, nothing in the bottles but a remembering air. By then, however, it was time to go out and join the multitude, coming from all directions, that was crowding the pavement before St Giles and filling the night with a valedictory noise. These were the common people of Scotland, come to tread underfoot, as bitter ashes, their lost hopes of the Old Year, its miseries they had survived, and to welcome the New Year with hope inexpugnable and confidence that none could warrant and none defeat. The procession of the months would give them neither riches nor wisdom, beauty nor holiness, but under every moon were many days of life, and life was their first love and their last. So the bells rang loudly as they might, the little black bottles were offered to friend and stranger—for all were brothers out of the same unwearying and shameless womb, and many were drunk enough to admit the relationship—hands were held in a circle by unknown hands, songs were sung, and a boisterous dance was trodden. The New Year was made welcome like a stranger in the old days of hospitality, though none knew whether he was whole or sick, or loyal or lying.

Now when the old women, who had spent such a fine evening with Kitty, came out into the night, the cold air beat on their foreheads and made worse confusion of their befuddled minds, so that four of them lost control of their legs and nearly all cognizance of the world about them. Mrs Smiley lay in the gutter and slept, and Mrs Hogg, lying curiously across a barrel, slept also. Mrs Crumb, walking in a dwaum, clung to the arm of a kind policeman, and old Rebecca, having bitten the hand of an officer in the Salvation Army, vanished

in the darkness of a nearby close. But Kitty and Mima Bird staggered valiantly along and came near enough to St Giles to be caught in the crowd and to join their cracked voices in song, to lurch bravely in the dancing, and to crow their welcome to the infant year.

It was late the next morning when Kitty woke on her dirty and disordered bed. Her boots had made it muddy, her broken bonnet lay on the pillow beside her. How she had reached home she could not remember, nor did she worry her aching head to try. Her mouth was parched and sour, her eyes smarting, her stomach queasy. She lay for a long time before she had the strength or the courage to move, and then agonizingly sat up, her head splitting beneath a great jolt of pain, and wretchedly set her feet to the floor. She groped among the débris of the feast, holding bottle after bottle with shaking hands to the dim grey square of window to see if any sup remained. But they were all as empty as though a hot wind of the desert had dried them, till at last, hidden by the greasy valance of the bed, she found one that held—O bliss beyond words!—a gill of flat beer. This she drank slowly and with infinite gratitude, and then, taking off her boots and putting her bonnet in a place of safety, she returned to bed. "What a nicht with Burns!" she murmured, and fell asleep.

In the middle of the night she woke with a raging thirst. Headache and nausea had gone, but her whole body, like a rusty hinge, cried for moisture. Yet water was no good to her. She filled her rumbling belly with it, and it lay cold and heavy in her stomach and never penetrated the thirsty tissues. Her tongue was like the bark of a dead tree, her mouth was a chalk-pit, her vitals were like old dry sacks. Never before had she known such thirst. It seemed as though drought had emptied her veins, as rivulets go dry in the high noon of summer, and her bowels resembled the bleached and arid canvas of a boat that has drifted many days beneath the parching, pitiless sun of Capricorn. In this agony, in this inward and ever-increasing Sahara, she lay till morning, while her very thoughts changed their direction with a creak and a groan.

But when the time came for it to open, she went to The Hole in the Wall and pleaded with James Campbell for a little credit, that she might save her life with a quart or two of beer. He, however, refused to let her have a single drop, not a sparrow's beakful, till she had paid into his hands, on the following Friday, her old-age pension

and her ten shillings from young Mr McOstrich. Then, he said, out of pure Christian kindliness he would let her drink a pint or so on consideration of her pledging to him another week's income. Nor could he be moved from this cruel and tyrannous decision.

It seemed to Kitty, as she walked home, that her body at any moment might crumble into dust and be blown away. She opened her mouth to suck in the wind and the rain, but the wind changed in her throat to a hot simoom, and choked her with a sandstorm of desire for the slaking gold and cool foam of bitter beer. She sat in her dark room gasping for assuagement, and tormented by the vision and the gurgling noise of ale cascading into glass. The marrow dried in her bones.

But despite the unceasing torture she would not yield to the temptation to beg sixpence or a dram, supposing they had it, from her friends. To sorn like a tinker on those whom she had so lately entertained like a queen was utterly impossible. Her spirit was too proud to stoop so low for comfort. Her torment must continue. She had nothing to sell, nothing that anyone would conceivably buy, not even her hens, for they were long past laying and too thin to be worth the plucking. She was shipwrecked, and she must endure till time should rescue her.

But she had not so long to wait for relief as she feared, for about six o'clock in the evening, when The Hole in the Wall was open again for those who had money, her hens began clacking and chackling as though they were mad, and anyone who had been there might have seen Kitty's head fall to one side, and one hand slide stiffly from the arm of her chair. She was dead, and it was thirst that had killed her. Thirst had sucked out the vital essence of her life, and left nothing but dry tubes and a parched frame behind. Her body was dead and as dry as a powdery sponge in a chemist's shop.

Some little time later her soul felt better, though not yet at ease, when she found herself walking along Death's Road to the worlds beyond this world. She was still thirsty, but not agonized with thirst. She was worried by the flies and the midges on the lower part of the road, and she was angry to find herself dead; for she had enjoyed being alive. But she kept bravely on her way, knowing the proper thing to do, and she felt exceedingly scornful of the innumerable travellers who grumbled at stones in the way—for it was not a motor-

JAMES BRIDIE

road—and complained about the lack of signposts, and sulkily lay down in the shadow of a hedge to wait for a bus that would never come.

The road climbed slowly round the side of a hill whose top was lost in a luminous mist. After a few hours Kitty became reconciled to death, and trudged on with growing curiosity. The farther she went the lonelier the road became, till for a mile or two she saw no one at all. Then, at a fork in the road, she found a group of some twenty people, very well dressed for the most part, who were discussing which way they should go. For on the left hand the road led downhill to a valley shining in the sun, but on the right it climbed steeply and narrowed in a few hundred yards to a mountain track. The majority of the disputing travellers favoured clearly the low road, but a dubious minority furrowed their brows and looked without relish at the upward path. The debate came to an end as Kitty drew near to them. A well-bred female voice, like a ship's bell in the night, exclaimed: "The idea is absurd. As though such a wretched little path could lead to anything or anywhere!" "Unless to a precipice," added a tired young man. And the party, with scarcely a glance at Kitty, turned downhill with resolute steps or a shrug of the shoulders.

"Tyach!" said Kitty, and went the other way.

The path she took was not unlike the little road that leads to Arthur's Seat. The resemblance comforted her, and so did the mist, which was like a Scots haar with the sun coming through it. The track bent and twisted and crossed a depression between three hills. It rose into the mist. She walked for a long time in a sunny vapour, and lost her breath, and grew thirsty again.

Then the view cleared, and on the forefront of a great plateau she came to a high wall, with a tall white gate in it, and beside the gate a house with an open door, two bow-fronted lower windows, and three upper ones, from the centre of which jutted a green holly bush. So Kitty knew it was a tavern, and taking no notice of the ivory gate in the wall she walked gladly in, and rapped on the bar. But when she saw who came to answer the summons, she was so astounded and so abashed that she could not speak, though a moment before she had known very well what she meant to say.

It was a lady with high-piled golden hair who came to serve her —but the gold was dim, the colours of her dress were faded (it had

been fashionable when King Edward VII was crowned), her mouth had forgotten laughter—and Kitty, seeing not only all that had changed but that which was unchanged, knew her at once.

"Well," said the lady, "and what can I give you?"

"O your ladyship!" stammered Kitty, and twisted her dirty old hands in joy and embarrassment.

Then, before either could speak again, a tall thin man came in through the outer door with a basket on his arm. He had a nose like a hawk's beak, a pair of fine moustaches like the wings of a hawk, he wore a deer-stalker's cap and an old Norfolk jacket, and the basket on his arm held a loaf of bread, a beef-bone, and some vegetables. He put the basket on a table and murmured to the lady with the dimmed golden hair, "A customer, my dear? Things are looking up, aren't they?"

"Sir Hector!" said Kitty in a trembling voice.

But though she recognized them, they did not remember her, for she had lived longer than they had, and life had used her inconsiderately. It was only after long explanation, after much exclamation, that they knew her, and saw faintly in her dissipated features the sweet young lines of Kitty of the Burnside. Sir Hector was visibly distressed. But Kitty, giving him no time to speak his pity, indignantly asked, "And what are you doing here, in a pub at Heaven's gate, who never soiled your hands with work of any kind on earth below? Is there no respect in Heaven? Or has someone been telling lies about you, and dirty slander, as they did in Appin, and London, and Edinburgh too?"

"We have been treated with understanding and forgiveness," said Lady Lavinia, and Sir Hector loudly cleared his throat and added, "It was a situation of great difficulty, a very delicate situation indeed, and we have no complaints to make. None whatever," he said, and took his message basket into the kitchen.

But Kitty was sorely displeased by the indignity of their condition, for in her youth they had been great and splendid figures—though shameless in their many sins, dissolute in all ways, and faithful only to their mutual love—and in her loyalty she vilified the judgment of Heaven, that kept them beyond its gate. She swore that if they were not good enough for God's company, then He could do without hers also. She wouldn't go to Heaven. Not she, she said. Not

though God and all His holy angels came out to plead with her. "Be damned if I'll consort with you," she would say, and that would teach them what other people thought of their treatment of a great gentleman like Sir Hector, and a lady like Lady Lavinia.

So for a few days Kitty stayed in the inn by Heaven's gate, and the beer there was as good as she had ever tasted, and her heart was glad to be in such grand company. But she could not restrain her curiosity to see what Heaven was like, and one morning she knocked on the ivory door, and when St Peter opened it she did her best to slip inside. But St Peter pushed her back, and asked her who she was. Nor did he seem much impressed when she told him.

"And how did you get here?" he asked.

"Well," said Kitty, "it all began with a Hogmanay party in Baxter's Close in the Canongate——"

"That's enough," said St Peter. "We want none of your kind here." And he shut the door in her face.

Now, having been refused admission, Kitty's curiosity became overwhelming, and she made up her mind to enter Heaven by hook or crook. So she walked up and down, muttering angrily, till she thought of a trick that might beat St Peter's vigilance, and the following morning she knocked again on the ivory door.

St Peter frowned angrily when he saw who it was, but before he could speak, Kitty exclaimed, "There's an auld friend of yours in the pub ootbye that's speiring for you, and would like you to go and have a crack with him."

"What's his name?" asked St Peter.

"I just canna mind on," Kitty answered, "but he's a weel-put-on man with whiskers like your own."

"It's not like any friend of mine to be spending his time in a public-house," said St Peter.

"You wouldna deny an auld friend because he likes his glass, would you?"

Now at that moment Kitty had a stroke of luck, for beyond the wall a cock crew loud and piercingly, and Kitty said quickly, "You'll remember that once before you cried out you didna ken a man you kent full well. You'll not be wanting to make the same mistake again, I'm thinking?"

At that St Peter's face grew dark red with rage and shame. But he

tucked up his gown and went swiftly out and over to the inn, leaving the gate of Heaven open. And Kitty, as soon as his back was turned, scuttled inside.

It seemed to her that Heaven had a rather deserted look. She had expected to see well-dressed crowds and a fine air of prosperity and well-being. She had hoped to associate with lords and ladies, or at least with wealthy people of the kind that lived in Heriot Row and did their expensive shopping in Princes Street. But the only people she saw were almost as shabbily dressed as she was, and even they were few in number.

She stopped and spoke to a mild little man who sat on a green chair beneath a white-flowering tree. "The others will have gone for a picnic?" she asked. "Or they'll be busy with their choir-practice?"

"There are no others," he answered. "At least, not here. Some of the farther regions, that people of an older birth have chosen, are well enough populated, but here we are very few in number. So many on earth today have lost their faith——"

"The glaikit sumphs!" said Kitty, and continued her walk, but without much enjoyment. She was saved from boredom, indeed, only by discovering, in the shelter of a little wood, a hen-house with a run attached, in which a score of finely feathered Rhode Island Reds were gravely scratching, their ruddy plumage a very pretty contrast to green leaves and white sand. While Kitty stood watching them with interest and admiration, she was surprised, and somewhat perturbed, by the approach of Our Lady and a young woman in a khaki shirt and cotton breeches.

Kitty most reverently curtsied, Our Lady as graciously smiled, and the young woman in the breeches went into the hen-run. Presently she reappeared with a dejected look on her face and two small eggs in her hand.

"Now really," said Our Lady, "that's *most* disappointing. Two eggs today, three yesterday, and four the day before. They're getting worse and worse. I do think you might persuade them to do better than that, Miss Ramsbottom."

"I'm giving them the very same feeds that were recommended by the Government College of Dairying and Poultry Management," said Miss Ramsbottom unhappily.

"Well, if that doesn't suit them, why not try something else?"

"But I don't know anything else. We weren't taught anything else in the Government College. It took us so long to learn——"

"You let me look after them, Your Ladyship," said Kitty. "I kept a dozen hens in a back-kitchen in Baxter's Close, in the Canongate in Edinburgh, and fed them on anything I could find, or on nothing at all, and they laid like herring-roe for eight or nine years, some of them, till the poor creatures were fairly toom, and nothing could be done with them at all. But with bonny birds like these we'll have eggs dropping all day, like pennies in the plate at a revival meeting."

"All right," said Our Lady, "I'll give you a trial and see how you get on. And if there's a choice—though there hasn't been for a long time past—it's the brown eggs that I prefer, especially for breakfast, though the white ones are good enough for omelettes, of course. Now come along, Miss Ramsbottom, and I'll find something else for you to do."

So Kitty was given work in Heaven, and for several weeks she was happy enough to be looking after such handsome and well-disposed fowls, for under her care they became not merely prolific but regular in their habits. Two circumstances, however, kept her from settling down in whole contentment, one being the lack of congenial company, the other the fact that in Heaven there was nothing to drink but light wines and beer, and the beer was poor in quality.

She took to wandering far afield, and found that regions more remote from the gate were fairly thickly populated. But many of the inhabitants, to her disgust, were foreigners, and even among those of Scottish or English origin she found few with whom she had much in common. Yet she continued to explore the upper reaches of Heaven, for having met Our Lady she was seized with ambition to encounter God the Father and the Son of Man.

It was after a very long walk that by chance she saw God. He was sitting in a pleached arbour drinking wine with a bald man in doublet and hose, his head the shape of an egg, and another in sombre garments, with a broad bony forehead, untidy thick hair, and a wild mouth. Their voices were loud and magnificent, and a pleasant lightning played about the forehead of God the Father.

"I wrote your true morality," said the bald man, "when I made Parolles say *Simply the thing I am shall make me live.*"

"And I," said the man with the bony forehead, "I wrote your pure wisdom in the third movement of my Emperor concerto, when I put the Hero—the Conqueror, the Fool—in the middle of a ring, and fenced him round with dancing countryfolk and laughter that would not stop."

"So you're my Moralist, and you're my Philosopher?" said God the Father. "And what was I when I said *Let there be light?* Simply the Artist for art's sake?"

"A pity you hadn't also said *Let there be understanding*," said the man with the bony forehead.

"Then would you have robbed poor dramatists of their trade?" said the bald man.

Now this kind of conversation, though it appeared to please its participants, had no interest for Kitty, and without waiting to hear more she went on past the pleached arbour, and came presently to a little rocky foreland in the cliff of Heaven, and looking over the edge she saw something of the world below.

She had never known till then what evil there was upon the earth. But looking down, through the clear light of Heaven, she saw lies and tyranny and greed, misery like a dying donkey in the sand and greed like a vulture tearing its vitals. She saw hunger and heard weeping. She saw a fool in black uniform who had made his own people drunk with lying words and threatened all Europe with war. She saw bestial stupidity consume the horde of humanity like vermin on a beggar's skin. And then she found that she was not alone on the little foreland, for in a cleft of the rock was the Son of Man, weeping.

So Kitty, in a great hurry to escape unseen, came quickly away from there, and without waiting to look at anything else returned to her hen-house and the comforting plumpness of her Rhode Island Reds. She was hot and leg-weary after her long walk, and very depressed by what she had seen of the farther parts of Heaven. She wanted to sit down in a comfortable chair, and take off her boots, and drink a quart or two of good strong ale. She needed ale, and plenty of it, to soothe and reassure her. But as luck would have it, the beer that night was thin as a postcard, sour as vinegar, and there was very little of it. Kitty lost her temper completely, and let anyone who cared to listen know just what she thought of Heaven and the only brewer—since men brewed their own—who had ever succeeded in swindling

his way into it. At dinner-time the next day she repeated the whole story, for again the beer was small in quantity and less in quality, a cupful, no more, and little better than swipes.

She rose from the table in fury, and went straight to the gate, which was unattended. She threw it open, and without any feeling of regret heard it slam behind her.

But in the tavern below the wall, with a tankard of their own brewing before her, she soon found good temper again, and told Sir Hector and Lady Lavinia a fine story of the hardships she had had to endure.

"Not that I wasn't real pleased to be working for Our Lady," she said, "and a fine time *she* had while I was there, with two good brown eggs to her breakfast every morning, but apart from her the company was poor—no gentry at all—and there were sights there that I wouldna care to see again, and talk that made no sense, and the beer was just a disgrace. It's maybe all right for them that like it, and God knows I wouldna say a word against the place, but I think I'll be better suited here, if you'll keep me. I can peel the tatties and scrub the floor and clean your boots, and if you won't grudge me a nip and a pint when my work's done, I'll be far happier here than in ahint that wall of theirs. And I wouldna find it easy to get by yon birkie with the keys again," she added.

There then, in the inn at Heaven's gate, Kind Kitty found her proper place. There she is still, doing a little work and drinking a good deal, and whomsoever Death takes from this world, whose legs and faith are strong enough for the hillward path, will do well to stop there and drink a pint or two for the good of the house and his own comfort. For Kitty's presence is sure proof that the ale is still good. Had its quality failed she would have gone elsewhere long before now.

Two Poems in Scots

By Hugh MacDiarmid

I

BONNIE BIRDIE, A' AFLOCHT!

BONNIE birdie, a' aflocht!
What's in me to gar ye dreid
Till affward frae the earth it seems
Your wings athwart the sun maun spreid?

Aswaip the lift ye drop again
To tak' anither keek at me.
Or was't the sun I dinna fleg
That smilin'ly encouraged ye?

I wad that like the sun and you
I had a' Space for awmous tae,
And wore it wi' a gallant cant
In sic a bricht astalit way.

Adist, ayont, you come and gang
Inerrand in abandon.
Men say that God's awhaur at aince,
Then you're his imitation!

Ah, no! blithe bird, man's thocht is that,
Invisible as God himsel!
Wad else 'twere mair like you or him
—Or baith, you aefauld miracle!

II

VEUCHEN

THE sun that has lit the world a' day
Its last beam here is content to lay,
No' on a hill but on this laich sod,
No' on a tree but on this puir weed.
Earth sprang frae less. It wadna be odd
If ocht mair to be lies here in seed.

Look at it! Look at it! Awa' wi' your greed!
It's less, no' mair, ony poet can need.
Look at it! Look at it! For a' you ken
You may never set een on ocht again.
The sun's content tho' a' else is away.
I feel as tho' I had waled it tae.

Wyndham Lewis and the "Fanatic Celt"

By Cuthbert Graham

WHEN Mr Wyndham Lewis is defending his work as a satirist, in his Enemy essays, he gives a firework display of invective. He is most of the time a tireless and dazzling performer. Yet at the same time he may be said to be doing himself an injustice. So much unnecessary energy appears to be called into play in order to make some simple and reasonable point that the seriousness of his intention becomes suspect to many readers. This is a pity, for despite the emotional basis of Lewis's Enemy attacks they clear the air of the oppressive vapours that hang about the modern literary scene. They are merciless exposers of humbug. It would be a mistake to suppose, however, that they provide a satisfactory introduction to his satires. All that they do is to fight guerilla battles in one patch or other of the larger firing line which is called into action in such books as *The Childermass* or *The Apes of God*. In these works one is more conscious of the scope of the battle which Lewis is waging against the spirit and temper of the age.

It is necessary to insist that the criticism of our habitual ways of thought and of life which is implicit in his writing does not pretend to be other than extremist. Quoting the philosopher Caird, Lewis hands out this description of his function:

> When some aspect of thought or of life has been for a long time unduly subordinated, or has not yet been admitted to its rightful place it not seldom finds expression in a representative individuality who embodies it in his person and works it out in its most exclusive and one-sided form, with an almost fanatical disregard of all other considerations, by treating it as the one thing needful.

Few students of Lewis's work would deny that this account is felicitous. The unduly subordinated aspect of thought and of life for which Lewis pleads is the objective approach; the way of looking at the world which insists on the value of the external in antithesis to the subjective and

internal. This attitude is valuable in an age when beliefs are heterodox and values shaken, when the individual no longer rests in the security of an organic communal life, or in an ordering faith shared by the majority of his fellows. It is of course absurd to claim that Lewis is alone in his plea for an objective approach to the phenomena of life today. But his achievement consists in having built up for himself a vision of the modern world which demonstrates the relevance and value of the objective approach. It is a vision which, while it ensures the independence of the individual, relates him to the society in which he moves.

After pointing out that in a time like the present the chief peculiarity of the individual is that his acts are morally unrelated to society as a whole, and entering a plea for literature which directs the reader's attention outwards from himself to the world, Mr Stephen Spender says: "Anyone who holds these views is in some ways more indebted to Wyndham Lewis than to any other writer." There is justification for this remark. In the objective method Lewis has discovered an effective instrument by which to display the moral insignificance of the individual in modern society. It is difficult for most readers not to quarrel with Lewis's point of view as soon as it becomes organized into a system, but it is equally difficult to deny the urgency of his vision of the here and now in which "we are all slipping back into the machinery" or of a future threatened by the retrogression of society "to a state indistinguishable from that of an anthill or a colony of bees." Perhaps in the long run it will be found that what is most valuable in the body of his work is not his satirical method dependent in the last resort upon his "painter's eye" but a sensibility, comparable in depth and intensity, however differently focussed, to that of D. H. Lawrence or of W. B. Yeats.

In his most ambitious work, *The Childermass*, Lewis attempts to dramatize, in the form of an allegoric farce, the transformation of society which he sees going on around him. The most unpalatable part of this book for some readers is that in which concepts from current philosophy are bandied across the stage. Mr Stephen Spender complains in his book, *The Destructive Element*, that the satire in Lewis's novel, *The Apes of God*, ceases to be effective when external description is abandoned and the content becomes "cerebral—full of chatter like the talk of disembodied ghosts." A similar complaint might be made of *The*

Childermass. Yet in the latter book the "cerebral" passages are highly dramatic. The philosophy is essential in that it is as much part of the vision as the fantastic clothes the characters wear, so much so that without it the "external description" would be meaningless.

In *The Childermass* the modern world of transition and chaos is presented as a vast encampment outside the gates of the millennial paradise on earth towards which our democratic "religion of progress" teaches us that we are moving. "It is here," we are told, "that in a shimmering obscurity the emigrant mass is collected within sight of the magnetic city." After a fanciful sketch of this world as reflected in Lewis's "painter's eye" we are treated to a close-up of two characteristic citizens. These are savagely drawn puppets: Pulley, a modern "past hunter," and Satters, a more stolid though not a more stoic satellite, effervescent with a repellent youthfulness and clothed in "knee-cords, football stodgies, tasselled golf stockings, a Fair Isle jumper," etc. Pulley and Satters are satirical representations of the English Public School product of today and lead us on a sightseeing trip of the encampment. Of the two Pulley is the more at home. When faced with a situation damaging to his complacency he can retire at will to the security of the "spent landscapes" of the past, which are quite as real to him as the present. Satters is more naïve and less fortunate. The past has fewer potentialities for him as a way of escape, so that when he meets with the Peons, creatures who symbolize for Lewis the "pygmy hordes of a more and more mechanical Future," he gives way to hysteria. The encounter is described in an impressive passage:

> Satters in the dirty mirror of the fog sees a hundred images, in the aggregate, sometimes as few as twenty, it depends if his gaze is steadfast. Here and there their surfaces collapse altogether as his eyes fall upon them, the whole appearance vanishes, the man is gone. But as the pressure withdraws of the full-blown human glance the shadow reassembles, in the same stark posture, every way as before. . . . Some are mere upright shadows; they accompany the rest as the supers of the clan. Satters watches them sidelong to see if they will come out. They have no tools—as followers, or a residue of thin dependants. The principals are entrusted with the heavy instruments; there is the hammer and there is the sickle; they can hardly lift them as they stand tense and separate where they are stationed.

We are told that this spectacle inspires a terrified fascination in the watching Satters:

> The effort to understand is thrown upon the large blue circular eyes entirely; but the blue disk is a simple register; it has been filled with a family of pain photisms, a hundred-odd, it is a nest of vipers absolutely—oh, they are unreal! what are these objects that have got in? signal the muscles of the helpless eye: it distends in alarm; it is nothing but a shocked, astonished apparatus, asking itself if it has begun to work improperly.

After his first astonished recoil from the phenomena of these functional slaves Satters appeals to Pulley for an explanation. The answer comes pat: "They are the masses of personalities whom God, having created them, is unable to destroy, but who are not distinct enough to remain more than what you see."

Throughout *The Childermass* Lewis's effects of negative emotion are marshalled in a series of dramatic ironies. The method is similar to that employed by Swift in *The Tale of a Tub*. After the failings of one character are exhausted we pass on to another and the attack is begun anew. Sometimes Lewis's anxiety to heap ridicule upon his men of straw appears too forced, and intrudes too blatantly compassing the downfall of his "fuel for the world bonfire." The inferiority of Satters to Pulley is thrust upon the reader in the earlier pages. The onslaught on Pulley commences later when a satirical account is given of his "past-hunting" and Satters is for a moment allowed the sensible reaction:

> Satters inhales the new air, a critical eye cocked beside his dilated nostril. Having analysed it he reports:
> 'It's a little musty, isn't it? It's like a damp vault!'

But Pulley is quite at ease and "makes his way sturdily across a meadow, treading the green and dewy nap with a step to the manner born, born to the English grass."

Not only is the influence of Swift patent in the technique but Lewis's vision of the decay of modern democracy seems to contain echoes from Swift's satirical pamphlets. One cannot help recalling in Lewis's account of the mob hysteria at the Bailiff's court lines from *A Tritical Essay*:

> Some men admire republics because orators flourish there the most, and are the greatest enemies of tyranny: but my opinion is, that one tyrant is better than a hundred. Besides these orators inflame the people, whose anger is really but a short fit of madness. . . . After which laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.

It would be difficult to define the extent of Lewis's debt to Swift. He uses as a buttress to his "philosophy of the eye" Swift's rhetorical tirade against "that pretended philosophy which enters into the depths of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries that in the inside they are good for nothing." F. R. Leavis contends in his essay on Swift that this passage makes no positive assertion but merely conceals an ironic device; but for Lewis it is more than a device. It has become for him a self-justifying dogma.

The Childermass is designed as a satire on the philosophy of flux, and gains in dramatic intensity as the smaller fry such as Pulley and Satters sink into the background and their place is taken by the spokesman of that philosophy—the Bailiff, a scientific "medicine man"—the dictator of modern orthodox opinion. Over against him is set Hyperides, who is too closely identified with Lewis's point of view to be an object of his satire. To see how closely Hyperides fits in with the definition of the disinterested fanatic quoted earlier one need only turn to Montaigne's comment on the Hyperides of classical renown:

> Sincerity and pure truth in what age so ever, pass for current, and besides the liberty and freedom of a man who treats without any interest of his own is never hateful or suspected, and he may very well make use of the answer of Hyperides to the Athenians who complained of his blunt way of speaking: 'My masters, do not consider whether I am free or no, but whether I am so without a bribe, or without advantage to my own affairs.'

The rôle of the extremist replete with disinterested devotion is indeed the only one which Lewis can see in a heroic light. He appears a recurring figure, in most of Lewis's books, frequently as a Scot—or at least a Gael. He is Kerr-Orr of the short stories in *The Wild Body* and Kell-Imrie of *Snooty Baronet*. In the latter book Kell-Imrie announces: "In some respects I have the Oriental character. I am, for instance, quite unlike a European in one particular. I refer to my capacity for disinterested devotion. . . . To feel I take it is to live. You cannot, however much you try, separate feeling and thinking." It is not surprising then to find the type represented in *The Childermass*. Macrob makes his entry in *The Childermass* as a caricature of the picturesque Gael of popular convention. There is, I think, an attempt to satirize the more spectacular trappings of the spokesmen of Scottish

and Irish nationalism, a playful tilt at the atmospherics of the Celtic Twilight:

> He has swung to his feet at the crying of his name as though struck in the centre of a dream with a potent impersonal watchword to awaken him; his body has swaggered and swung into the limelight as if it had stepped out of the sombre ranks of its clan, alone of the innumerable silent clansmen, responding to some summons of fate, to a wailing music privy to its ears as the tom-tom of the surf pulses in the revolutions of the shell.

But as the action progresses it becomes clear that Macrob, like Hyperides, stands for the principle of disinterested devotion, a realist in an age of scientific romance.

Macrob, as much as W. B. Yeats, for example, is the enemy of popular science, the "opium of the suburbs"; as much as Yeats he distrusts contemporary philosophy that is overshadowed by the scientific "medicine man." The "religion" of progress stirs in him an equal repulsion and distaste.

> "Are you not," he demands, "in your present system merely extracting the creative principle from us and collecting our dead shells? This static degradation is the opposite, even, of the becoming to which you are so partial. Or is it the dregs of your becoming that we are asked now and for ever to lap up?"

Lewis thus claims this personification of the Celtic spirit as an ally in the battle against the "religion" of progress which is the underlying theme of *The Childermass*, and we have clues to this attitude in *Time and Western Man* and *The Lion and the Fox*. In the former book Lewis refers to Yeats as "the chivalrous embodiment of 'Celtic' romance, more of St Brandon than of Ossian, with all the grand manners of a spiritual past that cannot be obliterated, though it wear thin, and of a dispossessed and persecuted people." In the latter his reason for regarding the Celt as a pattern of disinterestedness is made quite clear: "It was that strength in mystery like the inhuman strength of a demented person, that caused the 'Celtic' peoples to create, and enabled them to launch the notion of chivalry—the only great spiritual creation of Europe—which the democratic renaissance superseded. . . . Renan gives as the principal reason of the universal success of the Celtic romance its abstractness. . . . Its other-worldliness, unlike the Christian, of course, but giving it similar advantages, disarmed every national antagonism."

Such evidence from his own writings indicates that Lewis's Celt is introduced as a precedent for his self-appointed rôle as disinterested extremist and champion of impersonal principles. It gives point to the argument that Lewis, while he disavows all moralistic bias, is in fact a moral artist. In reading *The Childermass* one cannot doubt that Macrob's vision of modern civilization is presented as a positive good to set against the "bad" of the Bailiff who offers an "eternity of intoxication" and lives by "prophesy, tumult, magic and terror." It is by accepting Lewis's vision as a moral vision that one is likely to value it as it deserves. In order to show how heavily Lewis leans upon his "Celtic type" for support I have brought together the above quotations from his various books illustrating the disinterested devotion with which he endows the Celt. But the correspondence between his own vision and temperament and that of the Celt is by no means so slight as these quotations suggest. Nor is Lewis quite so much alone in his moral and metaphysical vision as at times he pictures himself to be. His emphasis upon the lonely and arrogant individualism of Macrob makes it easy for him to find in that fanatic Celt a magnificent justification of his belief that "human individuality is best regarded as a kind of artificial godhood. When most intensely separated from our neighbour and from all other things—most 'ourselves' as we say—we are farthest away, clearly, from an Absolute, or any kind of Unity. Yet in another sense, we are nearest to it." Lewis's preoccupation with this paradox of the One and the Many in metaphysical speculation, and the solution of it which he favours lies at the bottom of his championship of the "fanatic Celt" and it is interesting to find that in one "Celtic" philosopher at least he can claim an ally. J. McT. Ellis McTaggart, whose book *The Nature of Existence* is not so widely known as it might be, shares many of the tenets held by Lewis, and has carried out on the plane of systematic philosophy, the reaction against contemporary "progressist" and "evolutionary" thought which Lewis urges.

W. B. Yeats, if he is to be taken as a representative of Lewis's Celtic type, in reaction against "progressist" ideals, expresses himself in such a way as to be easily equated with Macrob and with McTaggart, to whom, indeed, he owns his debt. In the preface to *The Resurrection* there is in one passage this statement of his faith:

> We may come to think that nothing exists but a stream of souls, that all knowledge is biography, and with Plotinus that every soul is unique. . . .

> Such belief may arise from Communism by antithesis, declaring at last even to the common ear that all things have value according to the clearness of their expression of themselves—and not as functions of changing economic conditions or as a preparation for some Utopia.

It will now be clearer, perhaps, that the introduction of concepts from current philosophy was necessary in *The Childermass*. Part of the "static degradation" which Lewis, speaking through the mouthpiece of Macrob, sees in modern society, he conceives as derivative from a popular philosophy that considers time as real and the individual as less real than time. It is useless for Lewis to protest as he does in *Men Without Art* that he creates an amoral art when he links his attack on contemporary metaphysics with an ethical philosopher like McTaggart. Yet his work loses nothing in taking on a moral temper. It is not, certainly, the temper of the moralist, but the temper of the artist whose vision is organized on the pattern of a personal morality. It is this which unifies the experience which the reader acquires in *The Childermass* with its apocalyptic picture of the humanity of today settling down into a species of mechanical inferno, and "progressing" towards an angular and lifeless norm of which the Peons are an advance copy. The parodies of fashionable styles of the literary coteries of today, such as those of Gertrude Stein and James Joyce, take on a sinister significance as symptoms of this mechanical blight. It is the vision of an extremist, and the nervous explosive technique, aided by the stolid recording of the eye of a painter in love with the grotesque, and abetted by harsh cadences from modern colloquial speech, was its appropriate dress.

Lewis's position as a writer is that of a specialist, confining himself to certain well-defined fields. This specialization is imposed upon him both by his philosophy and by his talent for a surface art in which his painter's eye is his talisman. The validity of his "recipe" for objective art is narrowly limited, even as a satirical technique—limited because of the accidental consideration that Lewis is a painter, and carries over to the practice of satirical fiction the painter's gift of visual observation. Art can be objective without relying on visual imagery. Yet Lewis's contribution to the criticism of satirical art, does, despite its specialist bias, provide us with general definitions of what satire is, and how it achieves its effects, which are capable of the widest application. His essays in *The Wild Body* are rich in these valuable and suggestive

formulae. The essence of the satirical vision, as defined in that book, and as it is seen operating in Lewis's satires, is a sense of the inroads made by the purely mechanical in personal life, or as defined in another context by Lewis himself: "the keen appreciation we have of the particular foolishness and futility that as animals willy-nilly we fall into." Because he has this awareness, and gives it pointed expression, his work is relevant at such a time as the present.

Sea Glimmer

By William Jeffrey

SAIR gruppit by the flesh, and wraxed wi' thocht
That canna in this birling mappamound
Mak sense o' stern and flouret, I was brocht
By chance or flichter o' a birdis sound
Intil the faem-reach o' a muckle sea
Where mews and gannets danced in lichtsome round,
Wi' mony a dip and bound,
And tongues o' ilka wave liglagged wi' me.

This maks an end, I cried. The ontron's here
Of oucht that could hae yielded anchorage
In aw this skimmer and shallmillened steer.
A wave's green wame shall still the bluid's lowse rage,
The lassocks o' the sea shall pile the banes
Of ane that wad hae rouped an archimage
O' signs and sayings sage
Upon the autumnal weeds and cauldrid stanes.

To shield the dooming thocht frae lanesomeness
I spied me in a skaddow o' that coast
A lairach-cairn where ance wi' blithesomeness
Beilded the hunters o' the mackerel host.
The taed and horny-goloch snoovled by
Toom hearths where burly fishers ance made boast
O' midnichts tempest tossed,
Their ears aye thrumming wi' the thunder's cry.

Noo these hae nae remembrancer in time,
Nae trumpetour, I cried, o' royal estate
To peal them forth, nae bard to guild wi' rhyme,
Preserving frae the universal fate.
And sae I looked agen, and lo! I saw
Upon a bank there, beauteous and blate,
Her heid wi' floures ornate,
The goddess o' the fremit watergaw

Forfochen is the man that canna fin'
Enchantment in a wraith that meets his e'e,
Engenrit by the braid and busteous win'
Frae caves and shielings o' the emerant sea!
Thou goddess! weel I kent thou wert but air,
An image that had taen the hert o' me,
Yet I reclaimed through thee
A mood I had deemed lost for evermair.

Sae sped the chaos like a drive o' leaves
In gowd o' autumn, till the braid warld rose
In skeily order, like a field o' sheaves:
The reid land here, and there the soople rows
O' sun-looed waves, and yonder in the lift
The siller seamews and the vapour floes:
All herdit close as does
By that rare image in the flowering shift.

D. O. Hill: Master Photographer

By P. Morton Shand

["*An impartial evaluation of the modern trend and achievement of photography,*" *Mr Ansel Adams, of San Francisco, has written,* "*would indicate that the medium has advanced to extraordinary perfection as a craft, but as a form of æsthetic expression it has matched the glowing achievement of the* 1840*s only in the work of a few exceptional creators.*" *The glowing achievement of the* 1840*s was D. O. Hill's; he* "*succeeded both in making remarkable photographs and in demonstrating one of the basic principles of art: complete expression within the limitations of the medium.*" *His work was nullified by the romantic pictorialism of the later nineteenth-century photographers, and it is only within the last two decades that Alfred Stieglitz's stand for* "*straight*" *photography has borne fruit and Hill's work has been fully understood. Hill* (1802–1870), *a native of Perth, where his father was a bookseller, was remembered only as a painter—a popular illustrator and one of the artists who established the Royal Academy of Scotland—until Mr J. Craig Annan in the 'nineties drew attention to the beauty of his photographs. He is still best appreciated on the Continent, and the only monograph on his work is that of Dr Heinrich Schwartz, of Vienna.*—The Editor.]

IN the Edinburgh Presbytery Hall of the late United Free Church of Scotland there hangs, or did till very recently, a truly enormous picture in oils; an autotype print of which, complete with numbered key to the egg-like outlines of close on five hundred heads packed within its frame, once occupied the place of honour in thousands of God-fearing Scottish homes. This 56 square feet spread of canvas depicts the culminating scene, the vibrantly heroic "here stand we and can none other," of a phase in Scottish history which the decay of public worship in the laity and a panic faith in the panacea of "reunion all round" among the ministry are rapidly making as much of an enigma to the Scots themselves as it has always been to the rest of the world.

"Signing the Deed of Demission," the original edition of the Dictionary of National Biography informs us, was the magnum opus of a man who "occupied a high position in that school of Scottish landscape-painting to which Horatio McCulloch belonged." That his landscapes were "admirably suited to reproduction" was evidently a corollary to a preceding statement that "he early displayed considerable artistic taste." Towards the end of this very short notice is an incidental reference to his experiments with photography and the fact that "many of the calotypes of eminent men which he took are still in existence," leaving it to be assumed that these prints naturally cannot claim to be included in his work as an artist.

But the place that Hill commands is, ironically enough, by virtue neither of his skill nor of his ideals in what he believed to be his art, but wholly of the labour-saving device he employed to simplify the painting of a single picture. What survives to stand to his name was for him only an incidental by-product of his work, a practical expedient which, being in the nature of an artistic subterfuge, was necessarily devoid of creative value. Had there been no parish-pump rift in the Scottish Kirk over patronage in the Roaring 'Forties, Hill would never have felt the imperious religio-artistic urge to turn aside from his mawkish and meticulous landscapes and set up as a portrait-painter *en gros et en détail*. For his fellow-citizens that event was hardly less portentous than the swearing of the Solemn League and Covenent itself. Had he thought otherwise we should never have had those hundreds of pregnant calotypes which served him as studies for the vast family group which had to be huddled into that 11 ft. 9 in. × 4 ft. 10 in. frame. Up to the Diet of the Canonmills, Hill can only have experimented with photography. Once the sacred duty of eternalizing it in paint was well under way he abandoned "the handmaiden of art," and returned to the sort of "art" he fondly imagined to be her, as his own, one legitimate mistress. "Hill's noblest work," says Dr Schwartz,[1] "proceeded from the need and served the purpose of his paltriest. He squandered his inspired camera-portraits—those wonderful relics of the earliest days of photography which remain the most consummate masterpiece it has ever produced—on a sort of frozen photomontage."

In May, 1840, Dr John Adamson, Professor of Chemistry at

[1] *David Octavius Hill.* By Heinrich Schwartz. Insel Verlag, Leipzig. 1931.

St Andrews, the elder brother of Hill's future technical collaborator, had succeeded in taking a calotype photograph which was the first in Scotland and one of the earliest recorded anywhere. Shortly afterwards an enthusiastic little band of scientific amateurs—mostly professors and lawyers—formed the Edinburgh Calotype Club. But as the question of photography's utility for art was already being eagerly ventilated,[1] almost all its members confined their work to historical monuments, romantic ruins and picturesque landscapes.

During the summer of 1843 Hill entered into an informal working partnership with Robert Adamson; and in September of the same year (the 5th to be precise) they began their photographic portrait studies for "The Deed of Demission" in Rock House, at the foot of Calton Hill, where Hill arranged a studio for himself and a chemical laboratory for Adamson. Here nearly all their photographs were taken, and the great picture itself ultimately began to materialize under Hill's brush. But it was not only the recusants of Tanfield Hall who found their way to Rock House. They were preceded by the English, Irish, American, Dutch, French, German and Swiss delegates who had attended that fulminating declaration of independence. All these benevolent international observers were duly photographed by Hill to be subsequently painted in on the fringes of the synod.

Soon the studio under Calton Stairs became one of the sights of Edinburgh. As public interest increased, the pillars of the new Free Church began to brush shoulders with more wordly notabilities, the great names of Scottish society, and eminent visitors from south of the Border. Among the last were Etty, Millais, and possibly Ruskin; Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., Director of the National Gallery in London, and his almost equally celebrated wife, Lady Elizabeth; and that long-forgotten literary light, Anna Brownell-Jameson, the authoress of *The Diary of an Ennuyée*," whose friendships with Lady Byron, Ottilie von Goethe, and Schlegel enveloped her with a cosmopolitan intellectual glamour.

It is almost impossible to estimate the number of calotypes taken by Hill during this period. The most important collections of his portraits are now to be found in the Scottish Academy and the Scottish National Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh, and the Royal

[1] In contradistinction to painting, the "art" in photography has to be exercised before its technique comes into play.

Photographic Society in London; each of which includes some of the albums he captioned with his own hand. Andrew Elliot, the Edinburgh bookseller, had what was formerly the largest and finest of all, from which he printed a selection of 38 plates in the 'nineties that his son increased to 47 and published privately in 1929. The couple of hundred prints Dr Heinrich Schwartz has gradually amassed in Vienna form the most comprehensive Hill portfolio to be found abroad. But though these five collections put together represent well over a thousand different studies they probably do not cover half his work.

Apart from the portraits there are numerous architectural examples: Greyfriars' Churchyard (a favourite subject with Hill, in which the members of the Edinburgh Calotype Club had anticipated him), the Castle, John Knox's House, Leith Docks, the new buildings in Princes Street, various phases in the construction of the Scott Memorial which Hill's wife was busy carving, and Bonaly and Crichton Castles; besides typical scenes in Aberdeen, Melrose and Linlithgow. Less than twelve months after the publication of Fox Talbot's *Sun Pictures of Scotland*, a set of photographic views of St Andrews had appeared, consisting of 21 full-sized plates and a title-page vignette, which bears the imprint "published by D. O. Hill and R. Adamson at their Calotype Studio, Calton Stairs, Edinburgh, 1846."

The most remarkable of the *genres* are the Newhaven "costume" studies. In one of these a score of fishwives with several babies in arms and young children are exquisitely grouped, though with complete naturalness. Considering that not a single figure is even slightly blurred it must have been a *tour de force* in both the arranging and holding of poses, for in Mr Dudley Johnston's opinion the exposure could not have lasted less than four minutes.

The art of portrait-painting reached its zenith at the end of the eighteenth century, when the British School is universally admitted to have been supreme. As one of its most outstanding masters Raeburn was the first purely Scottish painter to win international recognition. The fact that Hill first exhibited in the same year as Raeburn died is something more than a coincidence. What Hill the portrait-photographer owed to Raeburn the portrait-painter almost leaps to the eye. Yet hardly any disinterested modern art critic would deny that Hill entirely eclipsed Raeburn on his own ground. This

becomes overwhelmingly plain if we compare Hill's calotypes with the oil portraits of his own contemporaries (like John Watson Gordon and John Graham Gibbert) on whom the mantle of Raeburn descended. Nowadays it is a commonplace to say, as Delaroche declared on leaving Daguerre's studio, that the discovery of photography heralded the end of painting as a representational art. Hill's work has therefore a double significance for us. It was at once the beginning of the modern school of photographic portraiture and (paradoxical as it may sound) the culmination of the classical British school of portrait-painting. Speaking of the destructive influence of the camera on painting, Dr Schwartz singles out Great Britain as the only nation possessing a tradition of excellence in portraiture vital or deep-rooted enough to have permeated photography from the outset. Hill's work was traditional in the truest sense, and it was what he derived from the vigorous native culture of his own country as a Scotsman which helped him to pass so effortlessly from landscape-painting to portrait-photography.

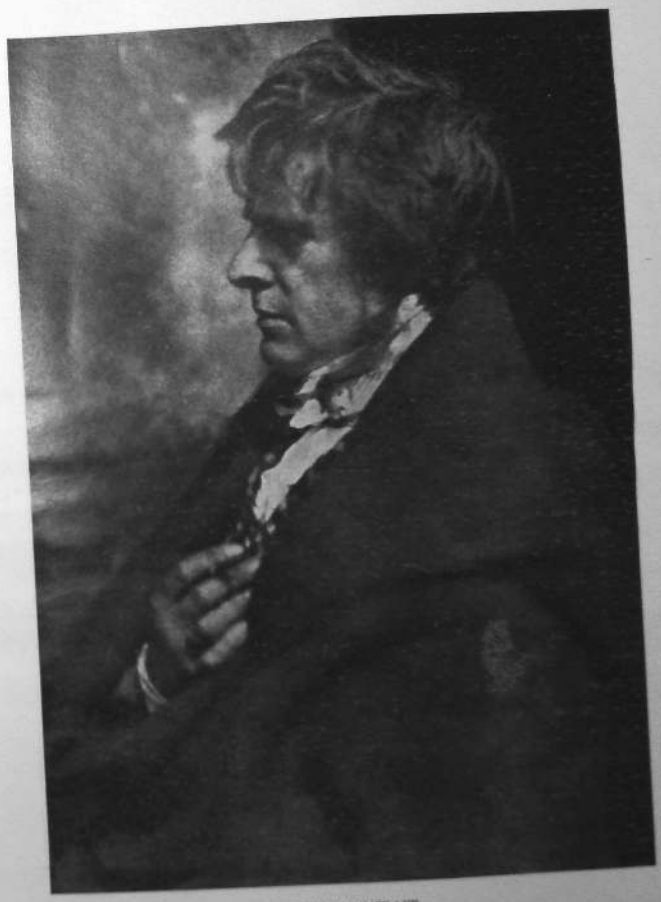
The superb human and tonal qualities of these calotypes are the fruit of Hill's innate discretion in refusing to overstep the natural limits of his medium. His camera kept its distance with the delicacy and dignity of a well-bred reserve, never allowing itself to see too much. He scorned hand-colouring—which was early introduced in daguerreotypes in the fond belief that this would make it possible to mistake them for water-colour miniatures—as he scorned the touching-up of prints.[1] Photography enormously extended the scope of the various graphic effects associated with engraving on wood, metal and stone, because it allowed all the characteristic qualities of line and stipple etching that could previously only be obtained separately in each to be combined in a single mechanical process based on uniformity of the printing surface. Hill learnt lithography as a boy. His brother Alexander was an Edinburgh print-dealer, and mezzotint reproductions of the great English portraitists, rather than their originals, were obviously Hill's immediate inspiration. In mezzotints and calotypes alike there is the same predominance of a gradual, almost weary, transfusion of darkness. Hesitant half-tones emerge out of the inner-most depths of shadows like weak sun-rays filtering through clouds

[1] The touching-up of negatives was impossible until glass began to be substituted for paper about 1860.

Three Photographs

by David Octavius Hill

AN OLD LADY



SELF-PORTRAIT

JAMES FILLANS AND HIS DAUGHTERS

to attenuate the transition from the void of complete obscurity behind to the full light falling on heads and hands; and figures become invested with an indeterminate, fluid chiaroscuro whose all-pervading softness resolves them into what seems their preordained backgrounds. In both, too, the texture of fabrics—the glistening of a high satin stock, the hidden subfusc glint of a velvet waistcoat, or the dull sheen that reveals the half-divined caress of a woollen shawl or a fur—can be made to impart an almost startling personal significance. Hill loved to seize on the optical-textural characteristic of a material Moholy-Nagy calls its *Faktur*, and enhance it by a bold touch of contrast: a lace collar diapered over a black taffeta dress or the dramatic emergence of snowy white linen from sombre male broadcloth.

Raeburn's later portraits have eyes receding into their sockets because he painted them in a studio with a very high top-light, and Hill obtained the same effect with models sitting out of doors by over-exposure. Another trick he learnt from Raeburn was that a brow shaded by a coif-like bonnet or a hat-brim can envelop cheeks, mouth and nose with the luminosity of a death-mask. Hill never allowed his genius for costume to descend to its use as fancy dress—an uneasy suspicion of which haunts our admiration for certain famous Raeburns. Nor have his most carefully posed studies anything in common with what professional photographers call "a studio portrait," for little as their conventional backgrounds betray the fact nearly all of them were taken against the *outside* wall of his house.

Through patient observation of the habits and movements of his models, and his wonderful gift for typical characterization, Hill was able to transform the mechanical content of photography into the unobtrusive vehicle of an intellectual process. This can be seen in the way he sometimes suppresses whatever physical factors appear subordinate to his aim, concentrating on heads and hands as the primary elements in which character becomes visualized; or else makes some minor detail of dress—a necktie or a brooch—"the beauty spot" in order to stress its basic affinity with the sitter's personality and heighten the graphic quality of his portraiture. From Raeburn he discovered how to sift out salient traits of physiognomy and isolate them with an almost overpowering intensity of emphasis.

If Hill was the first to arrest the inwardness of the human soul in photography, this was only rendered possible by dint of the most

laborious spadework. It was a ceremonious and a mannered age; and as contemporary Scottish society, polite and learned, defile before us in Hill's kaleidoscope every nuance of its social and moral characteristics assumes physical embodiment. Never has aristocracy found completer expression both in its strength and weakness, or the good and evil of the triumphant middle class been more sharply differentiated from its forbears'. All the Scots portrait-painters put together cannot offer more than an anteroom prelude to such a gallery of Scottish types as these. How drably much of a muchness, how standardized to a minimum of facial common denominators, seems any representative nucleus of Englishmen and English women of that or any subsequent generation we care to set against it! Characteristically Scottish types every whit as individual and varied must abound today waiting for some photographer with insight to discern them through their international uniforms of overalls, plus-fours, grey-flannels and pullovers, lounge suits or "clerical attire." How amazingly, for instance, Principal Haldane's battering ram of a cranium anticipates the polished conning-tower of the late Lord Haldane's!

White Nights

By Naomi Mitchison

WHITE nights in Aberdeen
And the June primrose on bank and brae:
Sweet broom and thick may.
Could the Lord Provost say where we've been,
Or the gay gowans by the gold sands,
The pale stone and the morning blackbirds?
My love holds me by the two hands,
My bonny love that's a red sailor,
A red sailor from Leningrad . . .
West, west for Aberdeen.

A Broken Apollo

By Edward Scouller

DOWN in the shelter of Port na Roinn, at the extreme end of the island of Tormaid, nestles the tiny croft of Dunsailteig. In the summer its white walls sleep peacefully in the languorous rays of the sun; in the winter its slumbers are constantly menaced by the reverberant grinding of huge, pounded pebbles dragged backward and forward by the waves of the Atlantic. Sometimes the spray is driven up to the very doors of the croft. No record exists of a time when the MacCallums did not graze their shaggy cattle on the Sron and raise abundant crops in the little, sun-kissed glen. They were a family always noted for hospitality; and no Sunday passed but one might see some party or another winding through the heather above the loch to come upon the croft from the rear and hear Marsali's trilling voice call a Gaelic welcome to them from the doorway.

All that is a memory now. No visitors call at Dunsailteig on a Sunday. Those whom business compels ever to enter sit uneasily looking into the peat fire; for no one can look at Aonghus Fada without a feeling of constraint. There are cripples and invalids whom one can regard with pity and even tenderness; but the affliction of Aonghus is one that disgusts the senses, and then one is shamed by the disgust. His long, loose frame sprawls slackly in the oaken armchair; his eyes roll aimlessly in his head, and his tongue lolls slobberingly from his gaping and gibbering mouth. His clothes are foul with spilled food and with the muck they gather when he crawls out and falls in the byre or in the mud beyond the flagged threshold. On two sticks he totters and lurches about the kitchen, and looks up with a childish expectation of applause when he launches one of his sticks with ineffective malice at some passing cat or hen. No ray of intelligence will ever again reach his clouded brain.

For sixteen years Aonghus Fada has lived in this state of helpless imbecility; and he may live for sixteen more, the wreck of the finest man upon the Isle of Tormaid. Even those who knew him in his prime—the men who fished and dug with him, the women who sang

and danced with him—shrink with disgust from his poor, foul body that still retains a caricature of the likeness of Aonghus Fada MacCallum. They have ceased to call at Dunsailteig, because it became too painful to meet the eyes of Marsali and Calum and Seumas after furtively regarding this stricken Apollo, their brother.

A wonderful lump of a man was young Aonghus. His dark, curling hair and his slumbrous eyes put the love on many a maid at the harvesting; and he was namely among the men for the lissom strength of his back and arms. At the island regatta there was no oarsman—not even Para, whom men called the Water Rat—that could match him. As for the sports, it was only for second place that the others thought of competing when Aonghus tossed the caber or put the shot. And they said that, if he only cared, he could make better poems than Domhnuill Bard himself; but he only laughed when the young girls teased him and asked him what love verses he was making up.

It was really Aonghus' appearance that led to all this banter. In an island where everyone dressed in coarse flannel and heavy tweed and wore caps even when they sat in the house of an evening, Aonghus was noticeable for the lightness of his clothing. His shirt flew open above his hairy chest and his curls danced uncovered in every wind. Always, too, a light smile played about his lips, although his tarn-dark eyes often enough looked sombre and thoughtful. Everyone declared that when he stared ahead at nothing he was thinking, and one day he would compose something grand. But he never did. And, when people worried him, or teased him to know where his thoughts were, he would just laugh and say they were nowhere.

Indeed, said his sister Marsali, that was the truth of the matter; for he had no great head to him, and he was just enjoying the air and the freshness of everything.

In the long run Aonghus grew tired and annoyed with all this pestering. He could not help it if his look was dreamy. He came to dread being rallied about his faraway thoughts. But he was far too gentle ever to show his resentment, and no one guessed from the gay toss of his head and his offhand laugh how he hated it all. Other men could leave a rake behind them in the fields or forget to bring home a bag of potatoes in the cart, but, whenever he forgot even one of a long list of things he had to remember, it was sure to be

laughed over and talked about in every kitchen in the island as the latest bit of fun. From his own home it would be spread to the MacNeills' croft; and then the gossiping tongue of Sorcha Mhor would carry it to every croft and farm in Tormaid. For a week Aonghus the Dreamer would be the subject of jest and merriment wherever he went: men would stop to ask him what girl his thoughts were on, and the dairymaids at the Big House would call out to him as he passed, offering him a pat of butter for a paper of verses. Even the Lowland minister would treat him with gravely condescending raillery.

The worst of the whole affair was that, try as he might, he simply could not remember things. He would come home from the hills without his coat, or he would forget to feed the calves. Whenever he went over to Garvaig with the cart for messages, he would fix firmly in his mind what he was to bring back with him; but, when he arrived in the shop, he would be sure to meet someone that he hadn't seen for months, and then they would have so much to talk about that invariably something escaped his memory. Everyone always seemed bent on confusing him too. The MacNeills, for example, couldn't see him pass their door with the cart but they had to ask him to bring them something from the village—and Eoin Mor himself sitting all the time by the end of the house hardly able to move himself for fat and laziness. But Aonghus always smiled and promised; he never found it worth while to be disobliging or disagreeable to anyone.

On a Wednesday morning of August sixteen years ago, he had harnessed Colin to the cart and set out across the five miles of broken track and rough hill road to Garvaig. He had made up his mind that this time he would show them he was not such a silly, dreaming fellow; he would forget nothing. He smiled quietly to himself as he reckoned up the number of things he had to see to. There were seven articles from MacDougall's shop; there was the wheel that was getting a new rim fixed at the smithy; he had to ask Iain Chaluim about the net he borrowed six weeks ago; and, lastly, he had to inquire at Dolly Choill about the pattern for Marsali. Ten things he had to remember altogether. Then, at the last moment, Sorcha MacNeill from her door hailed him to fetch her up a hundredweight of flour that had come by the steamer and been left for her at MacDougall's shop. And MacNeill himself sunning his vast lazy bulk in the garden!

At midday Aonghus Fada arrived in Garvaig. The sun was

blazing straight down, but he walked at the horse's head uncovered, glorying in the warmth. He went slowly, for the hill was steep and he had no wish to tire old Colin. It was a change to come across from their lone corner in the westernmost point of the isle to the populous village with its half-dozen houses. On every hand he exchanged greetings, but he resolutely declined Niall Ban's invitation to the taproom. He would get the ten things he had to do done and then he might have time and peace for a little relaxation. Meantime he wouldn't let a drop pass his lips that might confuse his memory. So he went to MacDougall's shop, and he scarcely answered Flora Mhairi's civility till he had rhymed off his seven messages. Then he went round to the smithy and got the wheel; that made eight. Fortunately he ran into Iain Chaluim working on the road and reminded him of the net; nine. Then he dawdled up to the schoolhouse and got the pattern from Dolly Choill. Ten things; he checked them off on his fingers again and chuckled pleasantly. And the postman that he met just then, when he saw him laughing that strange way all to himself, was afraid to speak to him for fear he'd interrupt some verse that was on the edge of completing itself. Ten things remembered: no one would chaff him this time or put their fun on him for his dreaminess.

In the taproom Aonghus joked with Mrs MacDougall and tossed his curly head light-heartedly at Para and Niall Machrins. He was carefree; his mind was at rest. He sat long at the table, but he did not drink very much with the piece he had brought with him. Aonghus never was one to get drunk. The sight of a drunk man offended his healthy open-air animalism. If anyone pressed him to take more than he was inclined for, he would laugh and declare that it was an ill day when the horse knew the road home better than its master. At four o'clock he set out for Dunsailteig, taking the long road by the shore, so that Colin should not be fatigued for the work on the morrow. Colin was getting very old. It was after six when he reached home, for no one could hurry when there was so much to see and the salt air was so good to taste.

Great was the triumph of Aonghus when he unhitched the cart and fed and stabled Colin. Laughingly Marsali counted and examined her groceries, while Seumas inspected the new rim of the wheel. Calum had to ask him about the net; and Marsali—that was the best of the whole of them—nearly said he had done well when she found that

he had not forgotten her pattern. Everything was just perfect. He felt a little tired, for he was more used to working in the fields than to trekking about the hard roads. And the drink had maybe made him a trifle drowsy.

He was just half-dozing on the settle when he heard Marsali's trilling voice speaking to Seumas: "What ailed Sorcha Mhor today that she could let Aonghus go to Garvaig without asking an obligement?"

Aonghus Fada felt himself suddenly go sick. It was as if the pit of his stomach fell a great distance down and turned over. The flour! He had forgotten the MacNeill's hundredweight bag of flour! Ludicrously a verse from last Sunday's lesson recurred to his mind: "Their joy shall be turned to sorrow." Everything was ruined. And old fat Sorcha of all people, that loved to tease him, pretending it was fun all the time but grinning all over her face when she saw she'd stung him! She'd put the laugh of the island on him for a week.

No! He could not stand that. After all his carefulness too in counting his messages. Curse old Sorcha! Could she not get her own lazy lump of a man to bring her flour? But he would not let them have the laugh off him. He had time yet to harness Colin again and go over the short way by the Bruach a' Chaileig to the shop before it closed. Maybe he could do it, and none but Marsali the wiser. He would tell her when he came back and ask her specially not to spread the story. She would have a good laugh herself; he didn't mind that; but she'd promise when she saw he was in earnest.

But when Aonghus went to the stable to put Colin in the cart, the poor brute looked round at him in dumb reproach, so that he had not the heart to bring it out again to labour for his mistake. Always a soft-hearted big man was Aonghus Fada.

Afoot he stole out of the door and crossed behind MacNeill's croft. As he passed, he had a glimpse of Eoin Mor still lying idly by the gable and Sorcha gazing from her untidy doorway; perhaps waiting for her flour. He eluded the notice of both and strode swiftly over the hill. When he reached MacDougall's shop, it was Coll himself that was at the counter, so that Aonghus was saved from discovery; for Coll didn't know he'd been there that day already.

"A hundredweight bag," said Coll. "Here it is. Wait you a minute and I'll give you a lift into the cart with it."

"No, never mind," said Aonghus hurriedly. "I left Colin round the corner a bit. I was getting some things at the smithy."

So he was saved from ridicule. He shouldered his hundredweight bag of flour and did not pause till he was well out of sight of Garvaig. After his hard day he was a little tired, but the bag seemed lighter than he had looked for. As he climbed the long, winding ascent, he even whistled with joy at his stratagem. What was a five-mile tramp over hills with a hundredweight on his back to him, Aonghus Fada with his long legs and mighty shoulders!

But soon the miles which he had already tramped began to tell on him. He had hardly reached the Black Gate, where one first meets the gentian-blue butterflies that live in the high Hebridean altitudes, when he was blowing badly. The midday whisky had become a clog instead of a spur; and he felt his cheerful spirits give way to depression. By the gate he rested for a minute and wiped the sweat from his face.

On again, up the steep track. He had far to go before he would reach the crest from which Dunsailteig could be glimpsed away in the distant glen. He toiled on, stumbling now and again, or tripping over a heather root. Plovers rose above him, screaming plaintively; and a lark sang joyously and derisively overhead. He noted with increasing bitterness the beauty of earth, and almost hated the quick whirr of the snipe as it swooped gracefully hither and thither in its love dance. Once he stepped in a rabbit hole and tumbled headlong; the heavy sack crushed his face into the ground as he fell.

On, on he lumbered. His fatigue mounted, and his hatred of the lazy Eoin and the ever-begging Sorcha grew within him. Once he saw the city-bred minister in the distance, and he hurriedly hid his burden in the bracken. He sat down till the minister came up to him.

"Well, Aonghus," inquired the suavely condescending tones, "are you having a little stroll?"

Aonghus cursed savagely to himself. But he hated unpleasantness, so he smiled and answered with a blithe "Yes."

Then commenced the inevitable kindly chaff, the talk about poetry and visions. As if a man who had to work for his living had time for that foolishness! But he must not show his impatience. He kept smiling his inscrutable smile and agreed in monosyllables. The minister talked on and on. Curse him! Would he never go away and leave

a man? He would see the sack if he turned that way again. Then there would be searching questions. What a fine story to tell about quaint Aonghus Fada, how he had carried a huge sack of flour on his back over Bruach a' Chaileig. Maybe he had forgotten his horse; ha, ha! Aonghus squirmed in an agony of apprehension, but all the while he smiled and tossed his curly head nonchalantly.

The minister was going at last. He made a tentative sort of offer to walk back a short way with Aonghus; but even Aonghus's politeness was insufficient to conceal his unwillingness to have company. "Ah well, you Celtic visionaries like to be alone with your thoughts," said the minister with a pious laugh; and, whirling his stick, he departed towards Garvaig. Aonghus, with a rueful grimace, swung the sack to his shoulders and trudged on up the hill. Up the endless hill.

Later he saw the bard coming down towards him; but the bard had a sharp eye and a sharper tongue. Aonghus left the path and hid behind a rock till he passed. His legs were now weary and his back ached. His head thumped and pounded with metallic rhythm. His eyes felt strained and bloodshot. He rested more often; and when he rose black spots reeled and danced before him. Still he pressed on. He was the strongest man in Tormaid, the strongest man that even the incredibly aged Donnchadh Ruadh could remember; and he would not have folk joke at his forgetfulness again.

Upward and upward he climbed, bent now almost double, and the sweat dropping in front of him. If he could only reach the top, it would be easier to go downhill on the other side. And of course he could reach the top. Aonghus Fada he was, not Aonghus the Dreamer; no one had ever seen him beaten.

The crest at last! He could see the corrugated iron of MacNeill's new roof glinting in the rays of the setting sun, while his own croft drowsed like a dream of white and brown, framed in a glory of purple. He started the long descent, taking the watercourse for speed. Soon he found that this was no better than the climb up the Bruach. He was bone-weary, and his feet skidded and clattered on the boulders of the dried-up stream. Many times he stumbled, but always he saved the bag from falling on the jagged rocks. Once he strayed, he who had journeyed this way since childhood, and landed in the peat bog. He was wet and clammy-black to the knees; but he kept the flour dry and clean.

In an agony of pain and weariness Aonghus completed the final

stage of his journey. When he was within a hundred yards of MacNeill's croft, he felt almost too heartsick to care whether he was observed or not; but the indomitable spirit within him conquered. He set his teeth and made a detour to reach the hayshed unobserved. He would leave their cursed flour there, and Marsali could tell them about it as if it were a mere matter of course. Marsali would understand. Yes, Marsali would understand. His foot suddenly caught on a trailing bramble, and he fell flat on his face. The hundredweight sack landed with a thud on his spine.

It was some little time before he could roll the burden off his back and struggle to his feet. He swayed drunkenly. A mist, blood red like the sky at sunset over the Paps of Jura, floated between him and MacNeill's shed. Aonghus Fada steadied himself, the bag in front of him between his feet. Then, stooping and seizing it, he swung it upward with a superhuman effort on to his broad shoulders. As it landed, he felt a spasm of pain, and something cracked in his ears like a dry twig. A gout of blood fell from his nose, and his knees wilted like cornstalks.

But he ground his teeth and stood upright. Then he resolutely marched to the hayshed and dropped his burden. He seemed to see Sorcha Mhor, far, far away, through a fog of blood, and to hear her shrill voice. But he spoke no word in answer. He trudged on to his own croft.

Round the bend, and out of sight of the MacNeills, he fell brokenly to his knees and crawled onward. It was thus that he reached the door of Dunsailteig; and, when Marsali heard the thump of his body and opened, she gave but one cry, "Dhia na grais, m' Aonghus priseil,"[1] and called on Seumas and Calum to lift their brother on to the bed.

There is no admiration now for the grace and strength of Aonghus Fada, and no light banter about his absent-mindedness. He crawls about the end of the house and falls in mud and dung and slush. He is the foul caricature of a man. Even the charitable turn from him in disgust; and those who once called him Am Bard Og[2] shudder at the vacancy of his eyes. He that was so smilingly reticent now slobbers and jabbers senselessly, and round the corners of his mouth a grin of secretive triumph lurks from dawn till dusk.

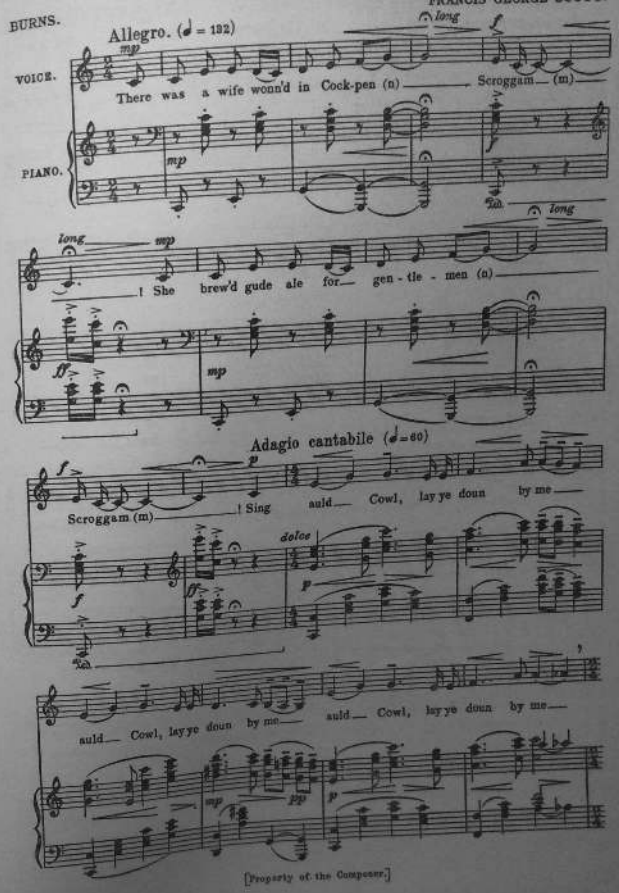
[1] God of grace, my pretty Angus.

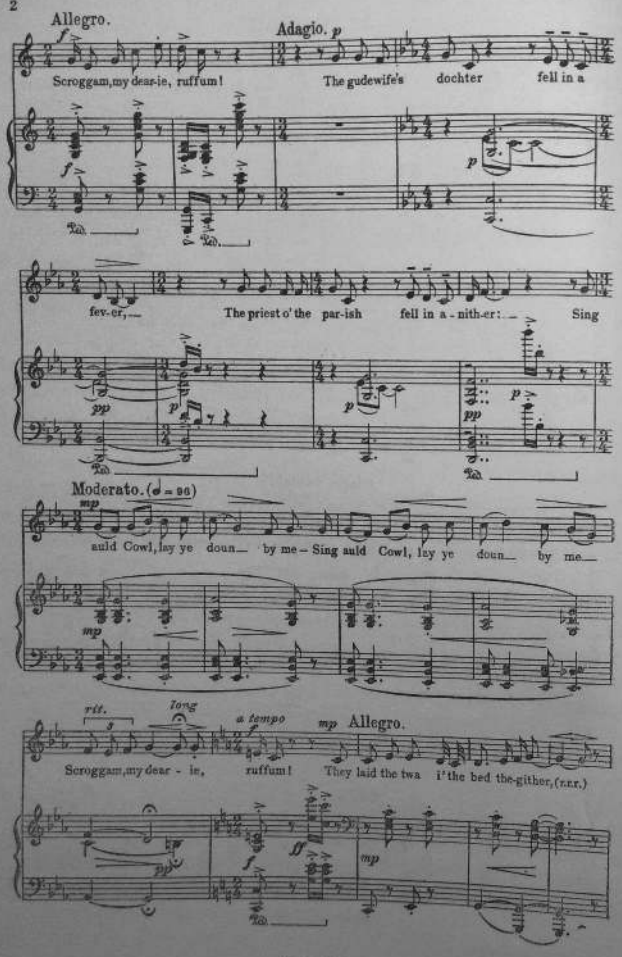
[2] Heir to the Bardship.

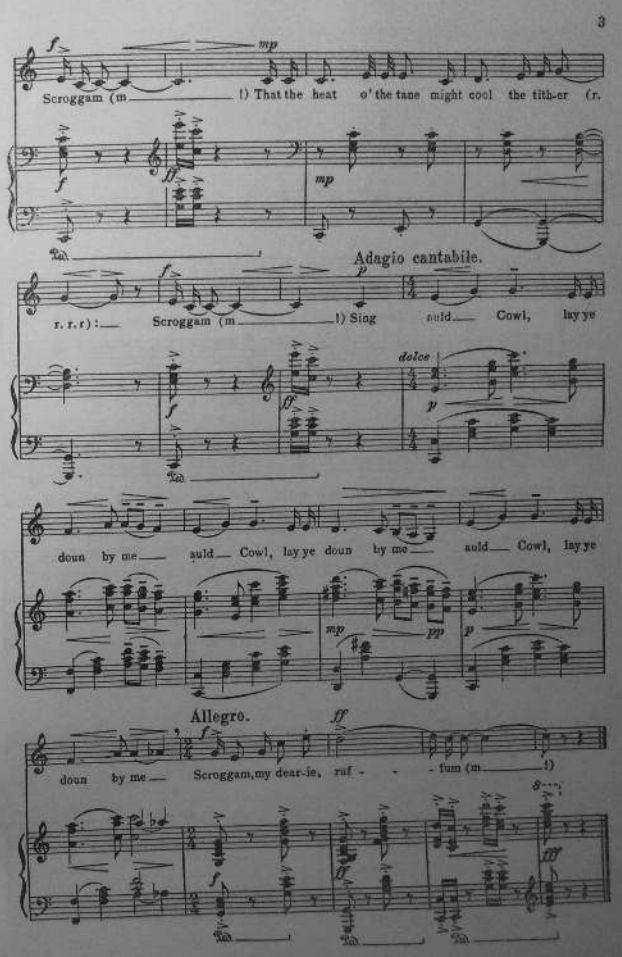
Scroggam.

FRANCIS GEORGE SCOTT.

BURNS.

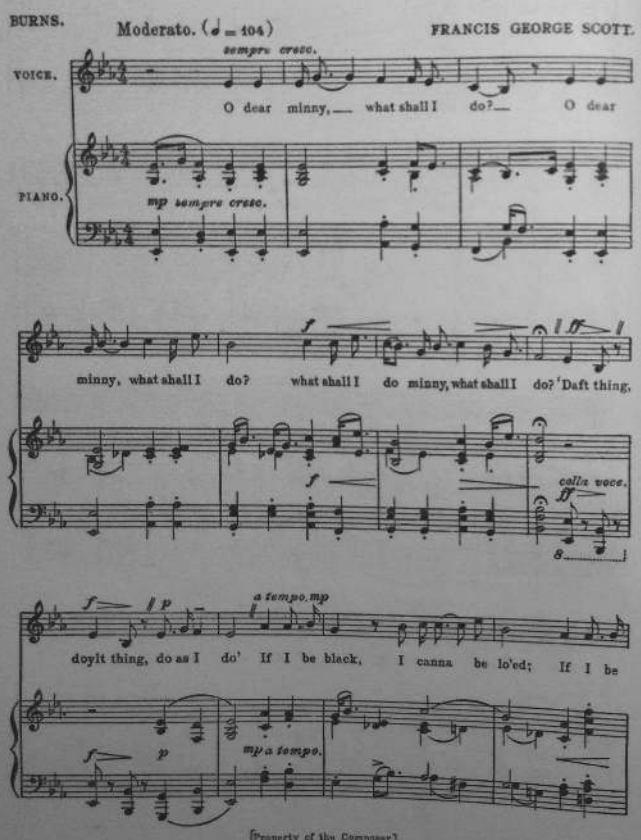


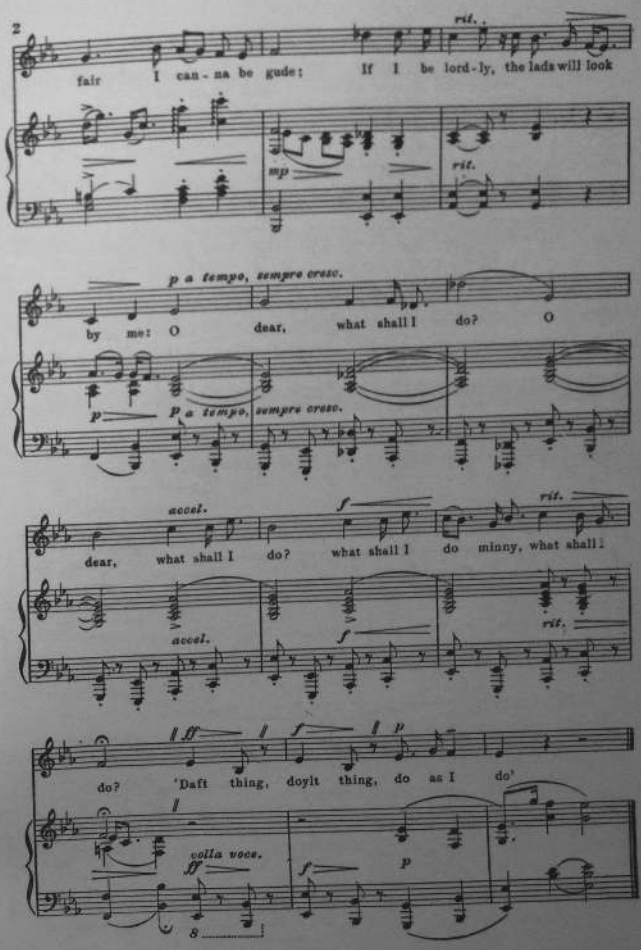

Allegro.
Adagio.
Scroggam,my dear-ie, ruffum! The gudewife's dochter fell in a
fev-er,— The priest o' the par-ish fell in a - nith-er: — Sing
Moderato. (♩ = 96)
auld Cowl, lay ye doun— by me — Sing auld Cowl, lay ye doun— by me—
rit.
long
a tempo
Allegro.
Scroggam,my dear - ie, ruffum! They laid the twa i' the bed the-gither,(r.r.r.)


Scroggam (m——— !) That the heat o' the tane might cool the tith-er (r.
Adagio cantabile.
r. r. r): — Scroggam (m——— !) Sing auld— Cowl, lay ye
dolce
doun by me— auld— Cowl, lay ye doun by me— auld— Cowl, lay ye
Allegro.
doun by me— Scroggam,my dear-ie, ruf - - - fum (m——— !)

O dear minny, what shall I do?

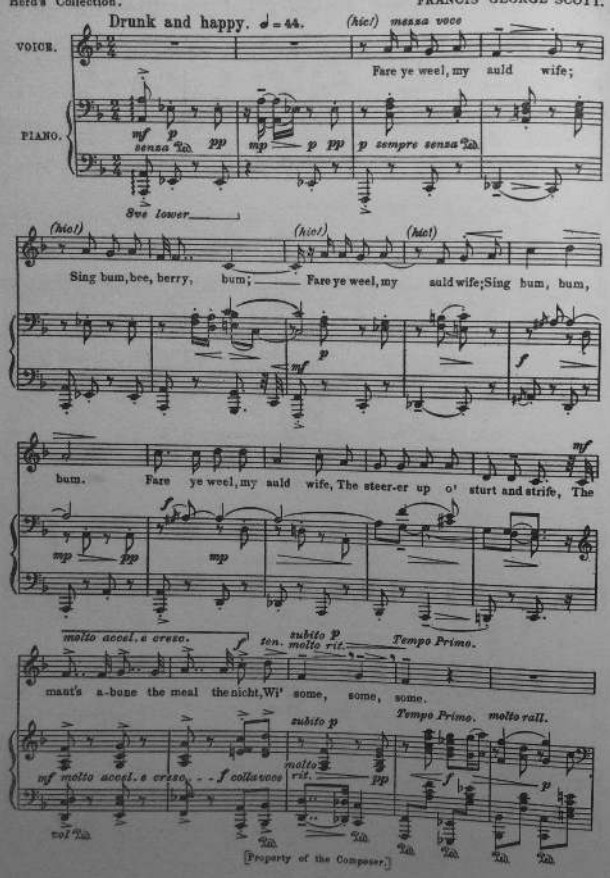
BURNS. Moderato. (♩ = 104) FRANCIS GEORGE SCOTT.

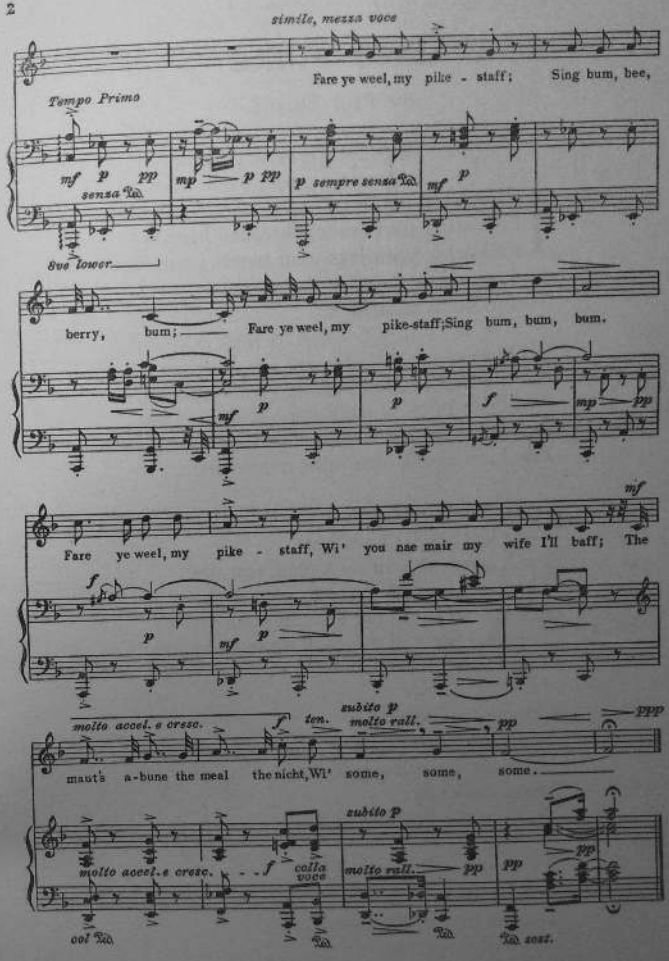




Fare ye weel, my auld wife.

Herd's Collection. FRANCIS GEORGE SCOTT.





Two Alike

By Paul Eluard

(Translated by Ruthven Todd)

I CHANGE my mind
Following the tenuous threaded breezes
Following your legs your hands your eyes
And the subtle garment that devises
You to be its substitute.

I change my mind
As you pass in the street
A sudden burst of sunshine
And meeting you I am stopped
For I am young you must remember.

I change my mind
Your lips are far from here
I will speak to you no longer you sleep
There are fires of terror in your night
And a field of limpid tears in your dreams
Together we will not total up our sorrows
I am forgetting you.

I change my mind
You cannot find sleep
Upon the uncaring ladders
Slung endlessly
Between the flower and fruit
In space
Between the flower and fruit
Seeking sleep
And the first silver frost
You will forget me.

I change my mind
You laugh you play and are alive
For you the piquant wilderness has blossoms
And I have faith.

It is finished
I am unable to forget you ever
We can never leave each other
And we must give
An appropriate death to security
The rustic snowscene and the broken millwheel
Day uselessly extinguishes the stars
With the flash of a single beam
And that same glance
Must scorch the sphinx which we resemble
And its eyes which are the seasons
And its bubbles of solitude.

The Modern Movement:
A Painters' Symposium

SCOTTISH painting, it is generally agreed, is in a relatively healthy state: the leeway of provincialism which Scottish artists have in recent years set themselves to overtake has been minimized to a greater extent by Scottish painters than by other artists. This is ascribed to several causes, apart altogether from that vague thing called the "National Movement." Although there is no gallery of modern art in Edinburgh, there is a very much alive art school, handsomely endowed and rapidly leaving the Glasgow Art School in the lurch; and the annual exhibitions of the Society of Scottish Artists, while the Glasgow Institute is given over to banality, are invariably stimulating and attractive of new talent. Even the staid Royal Scottish Academy exhibitions contain a much higher percentage of vigorous contemporary work than the English Academies. Scotland has not thrown up a Picasso, or a Gaudier-Brzeska; but one has only to compare its output of more than sound paintings in a modern idiom with, say, Ireland's, to see the progress that has been made.

Ireland is a fair comparison, perhaps, for Irish artists have had to face much the same problems as Scottish. In both countries, national schools of painting are things of relatively recent growth. The earliest pictorial art of both countries was the geometrical art of the Book of Kells—an inward-looking, non-humanist art, with no sculptural or architectural achievements to its credit. When this Celtic art gave way in Scotland to what we may call European art, there was a brief period during which an indigenous art gave promise of evolving—much domestic architecture of a singularly high quality remains standing—but a complex of factors, of which the Reformation was far and away the greatest, inaugurated a period of sterility, and Allan Ramsay, Raeburn and the merest handful of others are all to arrest one's attention between the Crucifixion at Fowlis Easter and the art of the day before yesterday. The so-called Glasgow School, which attracted attention as far afield as Munich in the 'nineties, was the reaction of a band of brilliant craftsmen and decorators against the dull didacticism of the mid-Victorians. They stand in relation to the mid-Victorians as does Whistler. It was with the introduction of post-impressionism by S. J. Peploe and Leslie Hunter that Scottish art came into something like its own, and the promise of a solitary worker like the pleine-air-ist McTaggart was fulfilled.

While the wave of post-impressionism has had very salutary effects in England, in Scotland nothing less than a modern national school has advanced on its crest.

The recent exhibition of Scottish art organized, with the assistance of Messrs Reid and Lefevre, to coincide with the conference of the New Education Fellowship in St Andrews, was not planned with tendentious motives; yet in any collection of modern Scottish paintings very definite tendencies, I think, can be traced. The artists represented in this very representative collection inhabited no one Bloomsbury and were conscious of diverse artistic motives: certain characteristics marked all their work, however—noticeably a leaning to strong and often high-keyed colours which Mr Forsyth (among the contributors to the following symposium) notes as being a Scottish characteristic. True, it is a characteristic of much modern painting in England, but whereas with the English artists it is a mannerism caught from the French painters and is at odds with the English tradition (the chief glory of which is the water colours), in the case of Scottish art it is a distinguishing mark to be noticed whenever Scottish art is true to itself.

The following comments on contemporary art in general and Scottish art in particular are chosen from a symposium for which I am indebted to the artists represented at the exhibition of post-war Scottish art in St Andrews. Not all the exhibitors say their say here: I selected at the time the statements that seemed to be of interest to such as the members of the New Education Fellowship who are concerned at second- or third-hand with the creative process. Inevitably there must be discrepancies between what the artist practises and the ideas he forms of his practice, for artistic motives are never easily analysed: that does not lessen the interest of the ideas, however, with their revealing sidelights on his age of transition.

J. H. WHYTE.

DOUGLAS PERCY BLISS

1. *Q. What was the starting-point towards the decision to become an artist?*

Ans. I had always meant to be an artist. There is nothing at all uncommon in such an aspiration. But I was lucky in the encouragement of my art master at Watson's. Alexander Roche, too, and John Duncan took for granted that I was going to be a painter, and that was very cheering.

2. *Q. What do you consider is the function of a painting?*

Ans. I think that the function of a painting is to give pleasure to the senses and to the mind. I care little for painting out of which all human interest has

been strained. The painter should be intensely interested in nature. If he has personality it will colour his vision of everything. Above all things, I love romantic art—nature seen vividly through a temperament.

3. *Q. To what extent are you aware of consciously participating in or of departing from European traditions of painting?*

4. *Q. Have you any particular formula for the conception and execution of your work?*

Ans. As for my method of working, I like to live near the places or objects I am painting, to prowl around at all times, to try and soak myself in " the mood " of the place. I make lots of little pencil sketches to aid my memory. Then I try my luck on the canvas, having two main considerations to guide me: first, the desire for truth to the spirit of my subject; second, the desire for clear-cut pattern.

5. *Q. What is your opinion of Scottish painting?*
(a) *past;* (b) *present;* (c) *future.*

Ans. I have always loved Scottish painting. Ramsay, Raeburn, Geddes, Wilkie, Orchardson, McTaggart—all were remarkable men. The beginnings of the Glasgow School, too, fascinate me. What promise, what achievement, too—but how soon the glory faded! I see nothing very hopeful in the present state of Scottish painting and refuse to think of its future.

HUGH ADAM CRAWFORD

1. *Q. What was the starting-point towards the decision to become an artist?*

Ans. I could say that it was " this " or " that," that it pleased my youthful vanity to know there was one subject in which I had a fair measure of confidence and general approbation; but I know that the cause was economic, and but for a chance circumstance which followed the War I would have been now an electrical engineer—hankering after the hold of a brush.

2. *Q. What do you consider is the function of a painting?*

Ans. The function of a painting should be to—if function can and does mean purpose served—enable the painter to express himself wholly and completely within the medium he chooses—not necessarily towards the creation of something respectably beautiful—or nice. It must be in relation to line, form, and colour, and it is the ability to think and feel in these that distinguish the artist-painter from the artist-writer or musician.

Shakespeare could see the " form " and " colour " of a social circumstance —a moving yet external circumstance—of the growing individual consciousness against society. He could organize the elements of this within a five-act play, always maintaining the truth of the situation and never—or rarely—allowing personal whim or prejudice to distort it. But Shakespeare might have been a

very bad painter, just as Goethe and Tolstoy and Shaw were very bad thinkers in art—painting. In one thing they are correct, and that is, one must be big enough and feel himself related to society—that he should be a representative man, answering to the deeper prompting of his nature, and not allowing himself to be the medium through which so much thin, shoddy stuff, often encouraged by our contemporary art critics, comes through. That's why Cézanne and Van Gogh stand out; they had a deep root. Let's finish by saying the function of a painting should be to enable a person to fulfil himself more completely, and hope that whatever he does might stimulate another to the appreciation of values that make up a life fit to be lived by a human being.

3. *Q. To what extent are you aware of consciously participating in or of departing from European traditions of painting?*

Ans. European painting—whether we like it or not—has taken a road unlike any before. The same attitude of mind has brought about Western civilization as we know it today. Some values we are now beginning to reconsider. I don't believe there is a turning back. God forbid! I consciously accept some principles of Western tradition as through Giotto, Fra Angelico, Francesco, Rembrandt, and El Greco, apart from the demand society forced upon them in their time. I depart where I know there is no longer any need to concede so much to society.

4. *Q. Have you any particular formula for the conception and execution of your work?*

Ans. No.

5. *Q. What is your opinion of Scottish painting?*
(a) *past;* (b) *present;* (c) *future.*

Ans. Scottish painting in the past was too much concerned with the poetic aspect—the human, the religious, the romantic.

Few artists understood the language of pictorial art—line, form, and colour—pattern. Latterly Whistler lit the lamp for them, and with Corot and the Impressionists showed the Glasgow School the way they should go.

McCulloch, in my mind, was an outstanding man. Guthrie made something of the finer elements of Western portraiture which became his own.

W. J. McGregor, with Hornel, E. A. Walton, and McCaulay Stevenson were outstanding members of the Glasgow School, however diverse they are in their attitudes to art and nature. Latterly, Leslie Hunter saw the light and produced a few fine paintings.

(*b*) The painters of the West show a truer contact with life than those of the East. If not entirely Scottish, it is at least British in origin and thought. Given a social demand, the present-day painters of Scotland could hold their own with any that have gone before.

(*c*) I am not a seer, but from the position I am in, where I have a chance of surveying the younger men, I would say that good stuff is ahead. The

youth are beginning to have more national and self respect. There is not so much looking back and away over the mountains. Given encouragement, something quite unique should happen. That is my opinion. I work towards that end.

JAMES LAW FORSYTH

1. *Q. What was the starting-point towards the decision to become an artist?*

Ans. There was no one point. The wishing of the wish by myself must have been very early and is quite beyond my memory. Probably when I was old enough to be sophisticated I used the words "to become an artist," and asserting my will at a parental discussion on the boy's future made my aim apparent to others. An aim that seen from here was quite hopelessly misdirected and yet led, through a maze of false objectives laid by the way, to this present state of making a job of painting.

2. *Q. What do you consider is the function of a painting?*

Ans. What each painting does for me is to make a paint-peculiar statement of my insufficiency. It always clears a way, and either through miserable failure or new findings, demands more and better painting.

Were I content I would not paint. A painting raises the sluice on an otherwise unbearable pressure of influences.

I am at sea in a tub with the bung out. Unconsciously I drifted too far from land to turn. I can make my position supportable with reasonable application. By a tremendous effort I can take myself within an ace of satisfaction for the fraction of a second; and in so doing return to the sea almost all that she has given to me: never all. The bung is contentment and somewhere on shore. There ought to be no bungs today.

What the painting ought to do for others I might only surmise as a critic. I might build a case for why some people love me and lose a lot of time on a very agreeable subject. I want my paintings to be seen.

3. *Q. To what extent are you aware of consciously participating in or of departing from European traditions of painting?*

Ans. As tradition follows from something handed on, including the past departures, and influences are now handed on from almost all periods of painting conjointly, it follows that tradition is rather a complicated business.

In some paintings done in the past, I see what I love. This influences me. In some I see what I hate. I hope that I depart there. In some I see nothing of present interest. I leave them. I cannot cite from what period I gain most.

With energy from the digestion of this eclectic meal I try to paint upholding my loves.

I am not aware of any departure as a break. I do not think I am doing anything that has never been done before, but that it is done today as I need it and am of today deeply affected by present conditions, makes the difference a difference of time only.

I am aware of an interest in beginnings of movements and things, that seems in sympathy, to indicate a new beginning now; but I am still aware of the labouring.

4. *Q. Have you any particular formula for the conception and execution of your work?*

Ans. I have a certain understanding that exists in paint-feeling. If I see something to which I respond, as being on the same level of understanding, I want to use it to paint from. If I am without the means of passing it through to paint, I store it: seldom consciously, but as some quality bound to act later.

Again there come to me times of artistic pregnancy when this paint-understanding gives inevitable rise to mental paint-images due to some acute formative urge. They emerge from a general sensation of character or atmosphere to a more particular awareness of detail. During this progression I make ready a canvas or board of the size suggested and encourage a more complete understanding with drawings and paintings of the subject. When I feel prepared to appreciate the whole in paint, I tackle the final statement. This process may take days or months, and the actual painting any time.

Generally I conceive in these ways.

5. *Q. What is your opinion of Scottish painting?*
(a) *past;* (b) *present;* (c) *future.*

Ans. (*a*) I find myself surprisingly uninterested in Scottish painting of the past, and therefore possessed of no definite opinion. The effect of the Auld Alliance in paint has, I think, been the main factor in releasing a hitherto obscured national faculty for handling a high key of colour.

(*b*) The present common ideas of painting in Scotland are too respectable. A kind patronage of well-to-do merchants has gradually died out, but their standard of well-fed appreciation dies hard. Painting, thank God! has fallen on its beam ends and is not wanted. It only lives because to some it is necessary: not a luxury, but as dangerous and worth while as speaking the truth. I want original energy and stability up to date and I see it coming. I believe Scotland is happily placed to breed the final satire on the old and give birth to new constructional strength.

(*c*) One or two people I know fear for the survival of Scottish painting because of the isolation of Scottish artists.

There are too many crowds moving that one man could break. There are too many men afraid of solitude in the middle of things.

I believe that our ability to stand alone has a positive value in painting now.

I shall continue in trying to contribute constructively significant statements (character unknown) as a result of being able to stand apart, yet under the influence of present conditions.

WILLIAM JOHNSTONE

1. *Q. What was the starting-point towards the decision to become an artist?*

Ans. The pleasure discovered in painting in early childhood.

2. *Q. What do you consider is the function of a painting?*

Ans. The initial function of painting is to give the painter the satisfaction which comes from the organization of the diverse data, relevant to paint, which his world provides. The subsequent function is to provoke, in the painter or other observer, feelings derived from the new data provided by this achievement.

3. *Q. To what extent are you aware of consciously participating in or of departing from European traditions of painting?*

Ans. I am fully conscious of participation in the European tradition of painting. But I should qualify this with some statement of my opinion as to what this tradition is, since I hold that much work conventionally supposed to be in the European tradition has no title to art. The repetition of a formula is no qualification for traditionalism. All true art is creative. Creativity is concerned with novel being.

4. *Q. Have you any particular formula for the conception and execution of your work?*

Ans. I have no conscious formulæ for the conception or execution of my painting. I paint and the painting grows. Possibly the formulæ which I learned when training, such as the classification into warm and cool colour, into light, middle tone and dark, and into the straight line and the curve, operate unconsciously in the selection of my tones and lines.

5. *Q. What is your opinion of Scottish painting?*
(a) *past;* (b) *present;* (c) *future.*

Ans. Apart from one or two men, such as Andrew Geddes and Allan Ramsay, I cannot find much evidence of great painting either in Scotland's past or in the present. There is a distinctive quality in the best Scottish painters, and my opinion is that the dearth of Scottish painters is due to the power in Scotland of elements destructive of art, rather than to any lack of native ability.

WILLIAM McCANCE

1. *Q. What was the starting-point towards the decision to become an artist?*

Ans. At no time in my life have I been consciously aware of any starting-point. It just grew on me. I have a vague feeling in my bones, however, that the decision was made a long time ago by that little part of me which was inherent in Adam, the first man. Art is biological.

2. *Q. What do you consider is the function of a painting?*

Ans. This question is a tall order. But here goes. Socially, the function of a painting is, as likely as not, to act as a kind of poster advertising the future Leisure State. If and when that State arrives, the painting will be a poster for a particular kind of game or mode of life that is more worth while than any other in that happy land. Aesthetically, its function is to express, by a rhythmic relationship of forms (suitably initialled with colour harmony and colour contrast) clearly defined by means of colour and texture, an organic unity—dynamic —neither a mechanical arrangement based on a cerebral formula nor a neurotic opening of the mouth and letting the guts rumble. Nietzsche has said, "the artist has the ability *not* to react to immediate stimuli." I am in agreement.

3. *Q. To what extent are you aware of consciously participating in or of departing from European traditions of painting?*

Ans. To no great extent am I aware of departing from European traditions. On the contrary I have a keen appreciation of and respect for certain traditional artists: Mantegna, Leonardo, El Greco, Carpaccio, Giotto, to mention hurriedly the first that come to my mind. At the same time I admire the Ajanta Cave paintings, practically all the art of the early Chinese, Maori designs, Aztec and Mayan sculpture, everything that Thomas Cook has brought within my ken. In fact, my appreciation seems to be so devilishly wide that I may become suspect as a native artist, and queer my pitch with the critics.

4. *Q. Have you any particular formula for the conception and execution of your work?*

Ans. My conception comes *at* me at rare intervals. Then I behave like the pugilist in an important fight (except that the purse is smaller). I use all my past ring experience, all the tricks I have learned in my training, all my instincts; and go hell for leather at my problem. Sometimes I am knocked out; sometimes I win on points; sometimes I throw in the towel; sometimes I deliver a knock out; and sometimes I award myself a win on a mere technical knock out. I spend a lot of my time, however, in training with inferior sparring partners, to keep myself in trim. I like to think of myself as a heavy-weight with the nimbleness of a fly-weight. I have no place for the irresponsible drunken brawler in Art, who does not know what he is up to.

5. *Q. What is your opinion of Scottish painting?*
(a) *past;* (b) *present;* (c) *future.*

Ans. (*a*) A few seeds of craftsmanship have been dropped by the wayside and been planted in various Scottish kail-yairds, fairy rings, and respectably trimmed gardens.

(*b*) The seed has found its way into more kail-yairds, less fairy rings, and into still more respectably trimmed gardens, where a bit of interesting grafting and pollenization has produced, at times, more than Dead Sea fruit.

(c) I have hopes that Scottish art of the future will develop along the lines I have suggested in these answers, and so align itself with the psychology of the Scot—a constructive kind of chap with deep instincts who can use his mind when he wants to. I am all for professionalism in Art. None of the monkey's paw business—reflex action—automatic response to immediate stimuli.

SINE MACKINNON

1. *Q. What was the starting-point towards the decision to become an artist?*

Ans. I think I really decided to become a painter at the age of eight when my father took me in a small steamer to visit Loch Coruisk, Isle of Skye. It made such an impression upon my feelings that next day I tried to express my impression and found it gave me such satisfaction that ever after that when I felt a place or object gave me a deep feeling I wanted to try and express that feeling in paint.

2. *Q. What do you consider is the function of a painting?*

Ans. I consider that all true painting is the most direct expression of the painter's vision of the world and the objects placed therein, that he can achieve and express the impression and emotion which he feels in seeing them.

3. *Q. To what extent are you aware of consciously participating in or of departing from European traditions of painting?*

Ans. I consider that all real artists are "in the tradition" whether consciously or unconsciously, but I also think that it must be left to future generations to decide which these are.

4. *Q. Have you any particular formula for the conception and execution of your work?*

Ans. I try very hard to have no "formula," but to search every time to come to a nearer conception of the truth in paint, but very largely, I believe, all "art" is a process of elimination towards essentials.

5. *Q. What is your opinion of Scottish painting?*
(a) *past;* (b) *present;* (c) *future.*

Ans. My opinion of Scottish painting in general is that it is excellent in the achievement of its craft, as understood in the Academic style, but that there is very little feeling for the "matière." This, I feel, is being corrected in present times when Scottish artists mix more freely with French schools of thought. I think that in the past there was an even more abnoxious sentiment oozing through the paint in Scotland than there was among the pre-Raphaelites in England, but I feel that the future generations are directing the flow of sentiment into more palatable channels.

JOHN MACLAUCHLAN MILNE

1. *Q. What was the starting-point towards the decision to become an artist?*

Ans. Is this one a leg-pull, or must candidates attempt all questions? . . . One can no more explain one's natural bent for painting than say why one prefers blondes or brunettes. Obviously, mine is to some extent a case of "Such a father, such a son"; but the factors of heredity and environment are too complex for analysis. I cannot look back on a time when I was not familiar with the smell of oil paint and the paraphernalia of a studio. *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* reminds us, however, that "a life passed among pictures does not make a painter . . . As well assert that he who lives in a library must needs be a poet."

2. *Q. What do you consider is the function of a painting?*

Ans. "Art is not a thing but a way," a way of apprehending reality. It is not a painter's job merely to make something pretty, any more than to be useful—uplift people in Victorian times, make propaganda for "the Party" in our own day . . . If for the ancients it was enough to say "*omnis ars naturæ imitatio est*," that was because imitation meant always representation and not naturalism: style prevailed. When chaos came to modern Europe and bourgeois materialists hung their walls with horrors that merely flattered their pride of property, it was inevitable that a theorist like Ruskin should seek a way out of the impasse by proclaiming that the greatest artist is he "who has embodied in the sum of his works the greatest number of the greatest ideas," and that in turn an artist flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public should herald the rejection of high principles, photographic realism ("Nature is always wrong") and all the rest of it. Since Whistler's time subjectivism has run riot, expression has been elevated above communication, and the artist has tended to become a creature quite apart. It is not altogether the artist's fault if he has not been able to sustain the serenity of Cézanne: just as the artist has a duty as a social being, so society has a duty to acknowledge the function of the artist. This function a modern aesthete has defined as the creation of "significant form," and a Christian poet not so long ago described as the exercise of "that immortal instinct for the beautiful which makes us consider the world and its pageants as a glimpse of, a *correspondence* with, Heaven." The remedying of the rottenness that prevents society recognizing this function is not the artist's job.

3. *Q. To what extent are you aware of consciously participating in or of departing from European traditions of painting?*

Ans. I feel under no compulsion to try to "extract the tapeworm of Europe from the brain of our countrymen." If remoter parts of the earth have preserved plastic values European art threw overboard for a time, there is no saying that they will not throw them out under similar compulsions, and meanwhile we must paint as we can—as twentieth-century Europeans. *Le goût nègre*, like the *goût chinois* of Sheraton's time, or the *goût japonais* of not so long ago, must be a short-lived

esotericism. I am conscious of being at once a Scotsman and a European—when I'm not aware only of being a painter.

4. *Q. Have you any particular formula for the conception and execution of your work?*

Ans. I often wish I had. . . . Some subjects leap to the eye and give one no peace until they are worked out: others have to be looked for. The process by which content and form become one never seems twice the same. There are occasions when one is aware of imposing a pattern, and others when one is more aware of a pattern being imposed on one; but as a general rule, I suppose, invocation and evocation become one in the act of creation. We are most of us not very self-aware, and introspection does not tell us much, least of all about this. The artist thinks of himself chiefly as a creature of moods: sometimes, quite simply, he is "in the mood," and sometimes not. Before trying to be more precise about it, bear in mind that "*On confond l'homme et l'artiste sous pretexte que le hasard les a réunis dans le même corps.*"

5. *Q. What is your opinion of Scottish painting?*
(a) *past;* (b) *present;* (c) *future.*

Ans. (*a*) Scottish art of the remote past—the art which reached its highest levels in the Irish Book of Kells—was very vital and rhythmical; but it led to a dead end, and it is difficult for us today to enter into the minds of its creators. So far as I can judge, it has influenced none of my contemporaries. (It is interesting, of course, to a modern Scottish artist as being the work of a Celtic people: by comparison, the Germanic people, whose mode of thought was conceptual, was not so much given to plastic art.) When we come to later centuries, when figure painting and landscape were introduced, there is virtually nothing to hold the modern painter's attention for long, so that the modern Scottish artist shares what Mestrović calls the advantages and disadvantages of the artist without a rich, continuous national tradition. Calvinism, the loss of national individuality (which was to drain the country of so many of its finest spirits and turn good Scots into poor Englishmen), and the rise of modern capitalism wrought their havoc.

> Firm and erect the Caledonian stood;
> Sound was his mutton, his claret good;
> "Let him drink port!" the English statesman cried:
> He drank the poison and his spirit died.

He drank much poison of different kinds from over the Border. The Nationalists do not tell the whole truth, however. Herbert Read has just been telling French readers of the movement, partly economic and partly religious, which in England brought an end to plastic modes of expression. The movement went further in Scotland than in England, and the English were not to blame. Though the resultant neurosis "is determined by societal pressure, the effects reach beyond social activities and rule the individual in his purely personal modes of expression. Plastic expression is the most objective mode of expression; it involves

giving fixed material expression to personal impulse." Thus, although we find much self-assertion in the Scottish Calvinist we find relatively little self-expression. (*b*) Things are improving, however: the welcome given to post-impressionism is not causal, but symptomatic. (*c*) Although the convalescence must be long, the future looks at the moment more promising than threatening.

GRAHAM MURRAY

1. *Q. What was the starting-point towards the decision to become an artist?*

Ans. In the play of a child fantasy may transform and express all his experiences in life. My childhood delight in the form of drawing and painting led me to see all things in such a way as determined me to be an artist.

2. *Q. What do you consider is the function of a painting?*

Ans. A good painting has the outward and visible sign of the spiritual: it is a symbol; but beyond that it is sacramental, having entity. That is to say, it is a cosmos: it has life and purpose expressed within itself. It lives; that is its function.

3. *Q. To what extent are you aware of consciously participating in or of departing from European traditions of painting?*

Ans. Under the influence of studies from Dutch masters I consciously aimed at the quality of their works. Vermeer seemed the peer to follow in his colour, while the tonality and unctuous impasto of Rembrandt dominated my student palette. But the study of the theory of light, and the revelation which that gave me, set me off in this realistic pursuit to the realm of the impressionists. Thus was I led unto Pissarro and later to Cézanne.

Much as I admire the Italian schools, I have not consciously been in their tradition nor in that of the Spanish. Nor had the art of the East much influence upon my work. My stay in Asia Minor led to a break from European tradition when I borrowed largely from the ceramics of the Near East. This was but a phase.

4. *Q. Have you any particular formula for the conception and execution of your work?*

Ans. It changes with my development and the various problems I meet.

5. *Q. What is your opinion of Scottish painting?*
(a) *past;* (b) *present;* (c) *future.*

Ans. (*a*) The defeat of the Celts, their art and culture, led the Scots under continental influences, also in the plastic arts. So there is truly no particular Scottish painting.

Geddes, Wilkie, William McTaggart borrowed from the Continent. McCulloch seems to have had more interest in Scotland than in painting. Naismyth, I believe, did contribute some elements particularly Scottish in spirit, Raeburn also.

(*b*) Present-day Scottish painting fluctuates, as life is unsteady everywhere. I believe that gradually oriental influence reaches out west-northwards, and to some extent this is also reflected in present Scottish painting.

(*c*) The future of Scottish painting depends on so many exterior things the which I can prophesy nothing of. "The Dutch were a stay-at-home people, hence their originality" (Constable). Perhaps were it possible for us Scots to stay at home we might accomplish a truly Scottish Art.

S. D'HORNE SHEPHERD

1. *Q. What was the starting-point towards the decision to become an artist?*

Ans. Dr Shaw has just been saying there is no more need to teach children to like music-making than to like chocolate—they like both. And so, I suppose, with picture-making. I've been told, however, that I was never so much at peace as when busy with a box of crayons or water-colours. To say when one's enjoyment in drawing trains and patient uncles passed into the decision to devote one's life to painting is difficult. Certainly, in Scotland there is no social pressure, no widespread cultural *snobisme*, compelling one. Probably, if the truth were known, my teachers acquiesced in my passing on to an art school because they were glad to be rid of me, and my parents because I seemed not clever enough for business and not quite dull enough for, say, the ministry.

2. *Q. What do you consider is the function of a painting?*

Ans. Architecture (so we cannot escape hearing) is functional; but a painting is not. . . . If I were a philosopher, I might be able to decide with Plato that a work of art is an intimation of an ideal order, a glimpsing of perfection in this world of casual phenomena. In the act of painting, however, I am not so much aware of making a raid on the Absolute as of taking pleasure (a strenuous, exhausting pleasure, for painting is hard work) in the creation of measure and symmetry, beauty of form and colour. I'd liken the aesthetic experience, as K. Gross does, to play, if that were not to confuse partial resemblance and complete identity.

3. *Q. To what extent are you aware of consciously participating in or of departing from European traditions of painting?*

Ans. No matter how enamoured I may be of the wood carvings of Sierra Leone and the Ivory Coast, no matter in what remote corner of the globe I might be tempted to go native (and there's no telling, if the National Government continues), I suppose I must always paint as a European. The discovery of the arts of other continents has driven many European artists to reconsider first principles and rid latter-day painting of harmful excrescences; yet I am aware that not the search for pure form merely, but religious—or, if you like, superstitious—considerations, among others, are responsible for the secondary characteristics of primitive art so many Europeans are busily copying, and am

forced to reflect on the no less thorough-going innovations of such stay-at-homes as Cézanne and Aristide Maillol.

4. *Q. Have you any particular formula for the conception and execution of your work?*

Ans. Are not the formulæ best left to —— and ——? To have stacks of portraits labelled, *inter alia*, "Viscount," "Lord Mayors," "Débutantes-blondes," awaiting only the finishing touches when the customers arrive, surely that is to have reduced painting to a formula. . . . If by "formula" is meant "procedure," then I can only say that sometimes I am spurred to creation by unlooked-for stimuli—a face in a bus, the lie of a glen, the motion of a beast—and sometimes I moon around with an itch that can be described vaguely as creative, and then anything to hand may provide a subject for my brush.

5. *Q. What is your opinion of Scottish painting?*
(a) *past;* (b) *present;* (c) *future.*

Ans. The earliest Scottish art, the abstract conceptual style of the Celt, was a wonderful achievement; but (as Roger Hinks has pointed out) the Celtic notion of form was unlike the Greek conception, which was monumental, and the Celtic artist did not know the discipline of studying and reproducing the human figure, with its symmetrical structure. As a result, Celtic art was "as involved and restless as its humanly aimed model was clear, calm and static." Ancient Celtic art had not within it the seeds of growth, and the humanist art from the south that took its place was not to stand much chance after the Reformation. Scotland became "that garret of the earth—that knuckle-end of England—that land of Calvin, oat-cakes and sulphur." Belatedly, it is leaving that stage behind. Scottish art is sharing in a national revival: its still dubious future depends largely on the future of the nation.

Three Lyrics

By William Soutar

I

YELLOW YORLINS

THREE yorlins flitter'd frae the elder tree;
Three glisterin yorlins gledsome on the e'e:
Pity the blind folk, wha hae never seen
The yellow yorlin, for they canna ken
Sae sma' a sicht is a' a man need hae
To keep his hert abüne his misery.

II

FIRST BORN

A MAN'S thocht like a hameless bird
Steers atween stern and stern:
But the thocht o' a woman bides far ben
As she boos abüne her bairn.

She wudna gie the wecht o' her breist
For a' that men micht hae;
And the soundin o' their thocht gangs by
Like the whish o' windlestrae.

III

I LANG TO GIE MYSEL'

(*Adapted from Ady*)

I HAE nae bairn to gie his bairn my name:
Faither and mither and nae fere I claim:
Dead to the dead I am:
Dead to the dead I am.

Like ilka man I am a mystery:
A lanely sea-bird owre a landless sea:
A gleed sae süne blawn by:
A gleed sae süne blawn by.

And in my laneliness nae ease I win:
I lang to gie mysel' to a' mankin';
That I micht be their ain:
That I micht be their ain.

I wud be nae mair loveless; I wud gang
Hale in the herts o' a'. This is my sang;
My sorrow and my sang:
My sorrow and my sang.

Book Reviews

SCOTLAND SCRUTINIZED

SCOTTISH JOURNEY. By EDWIN MUIR. Heinemann and Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Mr Muir's journey did not last long and did not take him into every quarter of the country—it is a pity he missed out Aberdeen—but he covered enough ground to fuse his earlier impressions into a coherent view of Scotland as a whole; and since he is an observer of such keenness and brings so lively a critical intelligence to bear on his native country, *Scottish Journey* is of unique value. Although several writers have of late written good accounts of the scenery of Scotland, of its history and of its present economic condition, Mr Muir gives us by far the best comprehensive picture of Scotland as a national entity—its landscape, peoples, religion, politics, trade. "No reader thinking to find the Scotland of the tourist's delight should open this book," say its publishers; but no one, on the other hand, concerned with the realities of present-day Scotland should overlook it.

Whereas the "tourist's-delight" kind of book describes a country consisting of Borders, Burns Country and Highlands, about half of Mr Muir's *Scottish Journey* is concerned with Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the industrial belt of Central Scotland, and attention is chiefly directed on the matter of most urgency in modern Scotland—the silent clearance that is going on in industrial Scotland, "a clearance not of human beings, but of what they depend upon for life." On his way through Hamilton, Airdrie and Motherwell, Mr Muir suddenly felt that "everything had the look of a Sunday which had lasted for many years." This awful feeling suffuses the larger part of the book; and no doubt there will be people who will lament the absence of adequate description of what worth-while life there *is* in Black Scotland, for, of course, we all know of the courage and self-sacrificing labour of mothers who in this hell rear God-fearing and self-respecting sons and daughters, of the kindliness and wild high spirits that break through the gloom, of the thousands of "good works." The basic facts of

human decency can be taken for granted, however (unless one is a Good Companion). After all, up and down France in the summer of 1789, people made love, children were affectionately brought up, here and there under the wing of a more humane grand seigneur the peasantry had not too bad a time, laughter was heard, and the pleasure of bed and board and the consolation of religion were not unknown; but we expect to hear not of all that but of the fall of the Bastille and the rumblings of revolution. In a fairly short book, that is the line Mr Muir takes.

Where he finds a healthy and vigorous communal life, Mr Muir is only too glad to record the fact: he tells with pleasure of the happy towns of the Borders, for example—tells of it, true, rather than re-creates the spirit of the place, for the whole book is written in a low key and the tone throughout is uniformly studious, meditative, tolerant of all except the grossly materialistic and the puritanical. It is a tone admirably suited for describing the subtler aspects of Scottish life that escape our more heathery commentators—the social distinctions that complicate the life of Edinburgh, for example. The opening chapter on Edinburgh, in which Mr Muir puts his finger on the spiritual and intellectual barrenness of the city, is perhaps the most striking in the book. It contrasts its ultra-respectable and ultra-sordid aspects in pages of great effectiveness. Mr Chesterton has written of the harm Edinburgh did to Stevenson, of the "something very specially sordid and squalid" that "is the very reverse of so much that we rightly associate with the dignity of the Modern Athens," and Mr Muir, too, is shocked by the gulf that divides Princes Street from Leith Walk. His exquisite irony pricks the bubble of Edinburgh respectability very neatly. Edinburgh's streets, tea-shops and drawing-rooms have never been more expertly anatomized.

The dichotomies of the modern Scot fascinate and repel Mr Muir. He writes, for instance, of the author who visited Edinburgh, attended many public receptions, and was puzzled by the "circuitousness of Edinburgh hospitality," thinking the arrangement of hiding away the drinks "a quaint custom . . . but hard on the ladies."

> Another thing which struck him . . . was the excessive stiffness combined with the excessive conviviality of Edinburgh society. He had the impression . . . that he had shaken many bailies' hands in the most solemn way and drunk with many bailies in the most hilarious way. . . . Your bailie, he told

> me, is a good fellow at heart; but there is a division in his nature; he is simultaneously proud and ashamed of the part he is playing; and the result is that he is by turns, or in the same breath, too dignified and too undignified.

This is matter for thought indeed, for the dichotomy runs throughout all the strata of society. The identical problem crops up time and again, in different forms; and in the whole of his book Mr Muir gives no full-dress picture of a Scot of a thoroughly harmonious personality, a Scot without lopsidedness: the bailie is always too dignified or too undignified, too drunk or too sober, too bourgeois or too improvident. That has been so for a long time. Scott, for instance, who should have been to Scotland as Goethe to Germany, failed lamentably to reconcile the different sides of his character, and Mr Muir walked vainly from room to room at Abbotsford in search of the real Scott.

> Abbotsford is a very strange house. It is a place certainly well suited to be displayed, to astonish, to stagger, and to sadden; but that it should ever have been lived in is the most astonishing, staggering, saddening thing of all. One feels, while wandering through it, that one is on the track of a secret more intimate than either Scott's biography or his written works can tell: and that if one stayed here long enough one would at last understand the mania which drove him to create this pompous, crude, fantastic, unmanageable, heartless, insatiable, comfortless brute of a house, and sacrifice to it in turn his genius, his peace of mind, his health and his life. . . . The study is the place in the house which one can most nearly believe in. . . . One imagines him stealing down in the morning before his guests were awake, finishing off a paper duel, changing, and appearing in the dining-room surrounded by his dogs, a Border laird more convincing than nature. A fantastic life in a fantastic house.

Or if not a Goethe, Scott should have been Scotland's Balzac. Mr Muir mentions one point where Balzac excelled him: Scott "conspicuously ignored one sphere of life, sensual passion, or else treated it from a genteel distance." Burns—the other pole towards which the Scottish masses veer—did treat of sensual passion, often sentimentally, and has become "a legendary figure . . . who took upon him all the sins of the people, not to redeem them, but to commit them." Is there no truce to the warring impulses of the Scot? Must he always be pulled toward an Edinburgh propriety, or mere earthiness? There was a time when he struck a happy balance, when there was "the super-human passion of the Border ballads," the "inexplicable refinement of sensibility" of the Gaelic songs.

Like watercress gathered fresh from cool streams
They kiss, dear love, on the Bens of Jura.

That is a poor translation from the Gaelic, but even so, says Mr Muir, it must be very beautiful in the original, and how different from:

Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
Come to my arms and kiss me again.
Drunken or sober, here's to thee, Katie,
And blest be the hour that I did it again.

The only two magical lines that Burns wrote, says Mr Muir, were inspired by a tragic apprehension of his own fate:

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave
And time is setting for me, O.

Precisely how much the Reformation had to do with the whole matter we shall perhaps never be able to determine: it obviously had a great deal to do with it.

How congenial the soil of Protestantism was for the growth of industrialism has been shown by Max Weber and others, and Mr Muir's long essay on industrial Glasgow drives home the full horror of the Presbyterian capitalist's creed. There are appreciative references to the Clydeside craftsmen, and the early achievements of the trade unions is applauded. Mr Muir looks to Socialism to abolish poverty, arguing that the abolition of poverty will be the first sign of a renaissance of the Scottish national spirit. This must appear at first glance to be the viewpoint of the Scottish Socialist leaders, but if one compares Mr Muir's statements with those of, say, Mr Maxton, to name the foremost of the Scottish Socialists, one sees important differences. Mr Maxton opposes the view that there is anything wrong with Scotland except poverty, and in a recent broadcast said (our italics):

> According to the best statistics, the total population of Scotland at the end of the fifteenth century was somewhere in the region of half a million. By 1707, when the Union took place, the population was one million. At the last census of 1931, after two and a half centuries of Union, the population of Scotland was 4,800,000, and the nation was as alive *in every important respect* as ever it had been; for while it is possible to idealize the pre-Union Scotland, the hard facts indicate that there was nothing in the lives of the common people to enthuse over.

Mr Muir, however, shows that the lives of the poor are definitely poorer in respect of things for which money (if it were present) is no substitute. His main impression, he says, is that Scotland, in addition to its money, is being "emptied of its population, its spirit, industry, art, intellect, and innate character."

One is tempted to jog along in Mr Muir's wake—he made his Scottish journey in a 1931 Standard, at a maximum speed of 35 m.p.h.—and quote from his experiences at the seaside, in the depopulated Highlands, in prosperous Orkney. For he is a fascinating writer, and his book is at once easily read and vividly remembered—an unusual merit. It has the realistic note that we have come, under a business man's government, to expect only from poets.

MACHTPOLITIK

POLITICS AND MORALS. By G. P. Gooch. The Hogarth Press. 1s. 6d.

RELIGION AND THE MODERN STATE. By Christopher Dawson. Sheed & Ward. 6s.

Dr Gooch and Mr Dawson tackle the same problem—the divorce of politics and morals—but from rather different angles.

Dr Gooch deplores the Machiavellianism of modern politics, and pins his faith to Liberal principles embodied in the League of Nations: "interest divides," said President Wilson; "what unites us is the common pursuit of right." For Mr Dawson, the evil is even more widespread, and extends to quarters in which Dr Gooch would find nothing to criticize. He argues that the only cure for the Moloch-worshipping *étatisme* of *laissez-faire* capitalism and Marxism is a return to Christian principles as embodied in the teaching of the Catholic Church: Protestantism eliminated the Church, Liberalism eliminated Christianity, and Marxism the human soul.

Politics and Morals is the text of the last Merttens Lecture, and follows fittingly on Mr S. K. Ratcliffe's lecture last year on the roots of violence. Briefly (of necessity) and in skilful generalizations, Dr Gooch discusses the predominance of the ideas of *The Prince* in

the last four hundred years. "Machiavelli," he says, "proclaimed the divorce of politics from morals in a little book which is still very much alive. Numberless rulers in all times and countries had anticipated in practice the advice which he gave in *The Prince*, but the thought of the Middle Ages ran on transcendental lines. Its publicists strove to deduce the maxims of statecraft from the teaching of the Old and New Testaments, and even the worst monarchs paid lip-service to the Christian creed. By contemptuously brushing aside all religious and ethical considerations, and approaching the problem of government in a spirit of naked realism, the audacious Florentine thinker, far more than Columbus or Copernicus, Erasmus or Luther, ushered in the modern world. For the dominating intellectual feature of the last four centuries, as Lecky pointed out long ago, is the secularization of thought. The spell of authority had been broken before Machiavelli sat down to write, but it required a thorough-going pagan to preach the gospel of pure empiricism and to turn his back on the ideas of a thousand years." Machiavelli's concern was with the fortunes of Italy, but his influence has been felt everywhere, for by no means only Thomas Cromwell has slept with *The Prince* under his pillow. "The sixteenth century," says Dr Gooch, "is the Augustan age of Machiavellian statecraft." But perhaps the past century has seen his ideas carried even further. For Hegel, for example, the state is the realized ethical ideal, having an end in itself and owing no higher duty than to maintain itself: if it seems that he tones down Machiavelli, emphasizing that a state is bound together not by force but by a deep-rooted instinct of order, he is seen as a thorough-going Machiavellian when he deals with the relation of States to one another, arguing that international law is no binding contract and that real differences between nations can be settled only by war, which is neither good nor evil, but natural. And Marx, of course, merely "turned Hegel upside-down." Hegel and Marx, in the last resort, both believe with Treitschke that "The essence of a State is firstly power; secondly power; thirdly power." This is the gospel of pure empiricism, and it is only the demonstration in the practical sphere of the disastrous consequences of this view that has made it possible for the voice of Protestant humanitarianism to be heard again.

Dr Gooch points out, quoting President Wilson, that political morality *pays*. A Liberal, he believes in sweet reasonableness, and

with Humbolt that "man is naturally more disposed to beneficient than to selfish actions." Like all Liberals, he sees the problem primarily as one of how to appeal to enlightened self-interest and not as a problem of authority. "Power must be pooled"—in the League of Nations. Yet as we write, this country stands in dismay at the prospect of the League being unable to prevent Fascist Italy forcibly annexing the land of an ancient nation, a fellow-member of the League Assembly. The League was the creation of idealistic statesmen, and the objects for which it was established are beyond all praise; it has certain real achievements to its credit; but it has become to a very large extent a Franco-British organization for the maintenance of the *status quo*. Without a common religious basis, it is almost powerless to hold in check the conflicting national ambitions—not altogether powerless, admittedly, for there are elements in "the idea of Europe" other than Catholicism that are opposed to Moloch and Mammon. Mr Dawson, however, argues against the non-Christian humanist that organized Christianity is the good that holds all other goods together, and his emphasis on the importance of the transcendental at least prevents him from minimizing the gravity of worldly conflicts at Geneva, as Dr Gooch tends to do.

Obviously, professing Christians have been very successful in evading the principles Mr Dawson reaffirms. "Christianity has never been more than a leaven working in the world," he remarks; but it *has* been a leaven, and a principle is better than no principle, and a good principle still better than a bad one. Mr Dawson's statements of the paramount claims of conscience against the State is timely. It is interesting to find him opposed to clerical or Catholic political parties. (The existing ones are too tainted through association with the *bourgeoise* Centre parties to make much appeal to the intelligent and honest Catholic—at the moment, the emphasis is all on the *Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne*.) Christians should have principles, says Mr Dawson, but not party machines. At the same time, good Churchman that he is, he does not fairly face the objection that, while the Church has reaffirmed Christian principles, it has been over-lenient towards efforts to modify the consequences. Following the example of Rome—the Church is much more concerned over Lenin "liquidating" White Russians than over Signor Mussolini slaughtering Abyssinians—he is much more tolerant of attacks on Christianity from the Right

than from the Left. He upholds Christian principles all right in the abstract, and states what he thinks the loss of such principles has meant to the modern world, but while he is particularly good on Marxism he is less than reassuring in his comments on Fascism. He brings all his heavy guns to bear on the "Russian Jerusalem which has no Temple," and the "Jerusalem of the social reformers which is all suburbs"; but the Fascist Jerusalem, where there is rationalization and a distribution of work but not of wealth, comes off lightly. The anti-cleric would see in this evidence of the worldliness of the Vatican (proof, for instance, of the Italian idemnity paid under the Lateran Treaty having linked the finances of the Vatican too closely with those of the Italian state). But in Mr Dawson's case, it is largely due to obtuseness on the subject of economics. He is a splendid philosopher, a first-class historian, as the articles comprising *Religion and the Modern State* show; but faced with the phenomenon of poverty in the midst of plenty he declares that "the war is strictly responsible for the economic crisis from which we are suffering today." Until he clears his mind of such-like cant he will be himself in danger of giving "a quasi-religious character to forces that in themselves are neither ideal nor spiritual." He puts quite unnecessary difficulties in the way of a Christian sociology.

IN PRAISE OF THE JAMESES

THE RISE OF THE STEWARTS. By Agnes Mure Mackenzie. Maclehose. 12s. 6d.

The Crown passed to the Stewarts forty years after the death of Robert the Bruce, in a period when Scotland was disunited and relatively poor; and under James IV the efforts of the Crown to pacify and unite Scotland were just about to bear fruit—"no country seemed more ready to share the new life of the Renaissance"—when the character of Henry VIII and a tangle of complications on the Continent put a stop at Flodden to the growing national concord and prosperity. Miss Mackenzie tells the story of the years from 1429 to 1513 with an uncommon appreciation of how much the country's progress up to the time of Flodden was due to the monarchs, and

with an understanding of "Scotland's place in the comity of Europe" that is unfortunately rare. Complaining, very lightly, of the "strong anti-national and anti-Stewart bias" of the dominant school of history of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and the ignoring of "anything outside this *nobill Ile callit Gret Britaine*," she does not write of Catholic Scotland in the cock-eyed manner of Scottish historians from Buchanan to Hume-Brown.

It has been the custom to blame the kings—after the Reformation, not their luck, but the men themselves—for the bulk of the misfortune that befell Scotland in the century following Bruce's death. But Robert II is not to be blamed for being too old when he came to the throne, any more than James II was to be blamed for being killed by the bursting of a cannon. The Stewarts were the victims of mischance, and Scotland with them. They faced tremendous problems, and came nearer to solving them than they are generally given credit for.

> The change from the Scotland of the mid-fourteenth century to that of the later part of the fifteenth [writes Miss Mackenzie] is very largely the work of three of her kings, men of the house that succeeded that of Bruce. They had to change a wrecked country, with little left living but fierce nationalism, into a nation, not a mere nationality; to grip the powerful forces of disorder, the strong individual greeds, and fuse them together, force the wild sectional loyalties and hatreds to serve not a man but an undying government and a country, as a preliminary to establishing that country united, civilized, prosperous, and safe from internal and foreign tyrannies alike. Put merely thus, the problem is formidable: and there were further complicating factors. One was the presence, on the very edge of the wealthiest of the provinces, within striking distance of most of the greater towns, of a rich, powerful, and active enemy, with somewhere from five to eight times Scottish man-power, and an unappeasable greed to extend her possessions. The other was the constant luck of the house, the repeated minorities that not only threatened to undo their work but made them a sequence of young sovereigns, only two of whom —significantly, the greatest—lived to reach the forties, and they only barely: the longest lived of "the Jameses" was scarce forty-two, while the others died at twenty-nine, thirty-seven, forty and thirty-one . . . and of the eight sovereigns of the First House of Stewart, three died in their beds, and two among those of heart-break.

We measure them all by the Bruce, and he, of course, was a leader of genius. The Stewarts were without exception less inspiring monarchs; but they were able men, of sound instincts. They made Scotland a

power in Europe; they were patrons of learning; they stood for all that was best in the Scotland Ayala described so glowingly.

The weakest Scottish monarch after Bannockburn was David II—"more unfortunate than incapable," in Buchanan's words; in Miss Mackenzie's, "Bruce's unworthy son." His successor, Robert II, was not, however, so weak and vacillating as is popularly supposed. He had been an intelligent, energetic and brave Regent, and his weakness as a king was largely due to his age: "he was upright, generous, tender-hearted, and courteous to all men, but his youthful energy had gone with his beauty," and much—sometimes all—depended in these days on the monarch's personal strength. Robert III was likewise "gentle, courteous, dignified, and kind-hearted . . . but with broken health and a lack of vitality that made him unwilling even to attempt to cope with the arrogant turbulence of his nobles." It is when Miss Mackenzie comes to deal with James I than she can praise without qualification (although, when all is said and done, his assassin did have a grievance). Courageous, devoted to duty, a statesman of high ability, the poet-king was "the ideal prince of the Renaissance," and it is good to have Miss Mackenzie's enthusiastic account of him. He and James IV more than anyone else were chiefly responsible for the high esteem in which the Continent had come to hold Scotland by the time of Flodden.

It is in writing of Flodden that Miss Mackenzie's insistence on treating Catholic Scotland as a part of Europe produces the happiest results. The common view is that James "for amusement or glory, wantonly invaded a friendly neighbour"; whereas the truth is that James "worked harder perhaps than any man to avoid the general European war in which this fatal campaign was an incident. He feared in it the undoing of Christendom"—a thing of small consequence to the historians who have fixed their image of this period in the Scottish mind. The character of Henry VIII and England's policy justified James's loyalty to the French alliance, and Miss Mackenzie exculpates James from responsibility for "the splendid promise of the late fifteenth century sinking gradually to a bloody twilight." There is practically no gauging what was lost at Flodden—the setback to Scottish culture was tremendous; civil war blazed up again; and the war with England still further sapped the country's strength, leaving her too weak to resist the awful effects of the religious conflict. Yet

up to the time of Culloden, two hundred and thirty-three years after Flodden, there were still Scots prepared to die for the things represented by the Stewarts, and the past ten years, Miss Mackenzie notes in her concluding lines, have shown a marked recrudescence of the same spirit: "King James, perhaps, may ride home from Jerusalem yet."

Miss Mackenzie, it is clear, writes from a definite standpoint—Catholic, Jacobite, Nationalist—and she does so in scholarly and understanding fashion, contending successfully not only with the Whigs and the Presbyterian vilifiers of Stewart Scotland, but also with the "strong pro-English bias" of the Cambridge *Mediaeval* and *Modern Histories*. *The Rise of the Stewarts* continues the story so well begun in *Robert Bruce, King of Scotland*; and we look forward to the third volume she will surely devote to the fall of the Stewarts.

NOT ALL FOR NOTHING

KIERKEGAARD: HIS LIFE AND THOUGHT. By E. L. Allen. Stanley Nott. 6s.

Sören Kierkegaard was born in 1813 and died in 1855. For a long time he had been recognized in Germany as a writer of the same rank as Nietzsche; his thought has influenced German theology, both Protestant and Catholic; and it made a deep impression on the imagination of Franz Kafka. More recently he has been widely discussed in France; but this little book seems to be the first that has thus far appeared on him in English.

A summary of a writer's thought, even when it is accompanied by criticism as acute as Mr Allen's, is always disappointing; for the thought has to be killed before it can be summarized. Summaries are nevertheless necessary in extreme cases—and this is one of them—and Mr Allen's seems to us fair and sympathetic. It proves, and this is valuable, that as a system Kierkegaard's philosophy was full of contradictions. But by its nature it cannot show the dazzling brilliance of Kierkegaard's thought, and one feels that if Mr Allen had quoted more at length from Kierkegaard the book would have been improved. Take the following passage, which he does quote:

> In relation to the Absolute there is only one time, the present. He who is not contemporary with the Absolute, for him it is not there at all. And as Christ is the Absolute, we see easily that in relation to him there is only one situation, that of contemporaneity. The three, seven, fifteen, seventeen or eighteen hundred years neither take anything from him nor add anything to him, they do not alter him, nor do they reveal who he was. For who he is is manifest to faith alone.

That really tells us more about Kierkegaard than any summary of his thought can, for we feel behind it the principle of his thinking, and are confronted with something formidably alive.

It is clear from this book that a great part of Kierkegaard's thought sprang directly out of his experience, and the most valuable thing that Mr Allen has done has been to show where it reflected the events in Kierkegaard's life, and particularly the central event in it, his love affair with Regine Olsen and his subsequent break with her. The cause for this break is still mysterious, for Kierkegaard never divulged it; Mr Allen thinks that it was mainly psychological, though there also seems a possibility that Kierkegaard was physically impotent. The way in which he set himself free, or set Regine free from him—it is hard to tell which was which—is characteristic: he blackened his character in her eyes, and deliberately put himself in the wrong. But after that he seems to have felt the need to justify himself again, and he wrote a number of anonymous books *at* her, in which a similar situation was presented in various lights, some flattering to him and some not. Mr Allen seems to think that by doing this he was actually trying to win her back again. Later, long after she had married another man, he arrived at the uncompromising view that all marriage was sinful, and forbidden to a genuine Christian. Obviously his personal experience influenced his philosophy in the most wholesale way.

This made him a bad philosopher but a superb psychologist. What he says, therefore, of the categories of experience, the æsthetic, the moral and the religious, is of the utmost interest. His criticism of Mozart, who represented to him the pinnacle of the æsthetic, was masterly (it does not come into Mr Allen's argument, however). His theory that man passes from the æsthetic to the moral by means of irony and from the moral to the religious by means of humour is based on a brilliant intuition that illuminates all three categories in one flash. His observations on dread, the theme he came back to

again and again, are as good as Pascal's. It is not really a philosophy that he has to offer but a vision of life, and he is not to be put with Hegel but rather with Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, who were poets who insisted on writing like philosophers. Indeed, the comparison with Nietzsche cannot be ignored, for like Nietzsche he was in love with the impossible, and though he set fulfilment not in time, like Nietzsche, but in eternity, he ended by making it as nearly impossible as he could.

At the same time, again like Nietzsche, he was not a strong character, and although his philosophy came to be an "All or Nothing," he himself vacillated all his life, as Mr Allen shows, between the impossible claims which he made on humanity and his own wishes. But this vacillation as he actually experienced it, was an unrelenting fight with himself, and his art turned that fight into a heroic spectacle. It is said that another book upon him is in preparation, and also a translation of some of his books. They are long overdue.

A CRITIC OF PRESBYTERIANISM

SCOTLAND'S SUPPRESSED HISTORY. By M. E. M. Donaldson. Murray. 7s. 6d.

The seventeenth century was by no means one of the happiest in European history. The religious dispute in France which entered its most serious phase in 1562 was prolonged far into the seventeenth century, culminating in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 and the expulsion of thousands of Protestants from France. In Germany, the same century saw such happenings as the total subversion of the Protestant cause in Bohemia and the murder of the leaders, the expulsion of Lutherans from their homes and the confiscation of their private property and their churches. The Inquisition was busy torturing and burning Jews, Mohammedans and other heretics in Spain and its dependencies, in Portugal and in Italy. In England there were the Civil Wars, and in Ulster the Cromwellian massacres. In Scotland there were the disgraceful happenings of which Miss Donaldson writes—shameful ecclesiastical bickerings

ending in bloodshed and a tyrannous theocracy of which all Presbyterians should be heartily ashamed.

Because—it is the nature of vested authority—they are not ashamed, and because of what Miss Donaldson calls "the increasingly arrogant attitude of Presbyterians towards Scottish Episcopalians"—which we have not observed—she has written with all the emphasis and vigour of which she is capable, sparing no effort of ridicule or abuse in her attempt to pierce the thick hide of "the Presbyterian Church of Scotland as by Law Established." Unfortunately, her earnestness and pugnacity make some of her arguments just a little ridiculous, for while she has a good case against the Presbyterians she shows no sense of perspective. The Scottish Episcopal Church, whose cause she espouses, has commanded the devoted service of saintly, patriotic and cultured Scotsmen: it has remained faithful to a philosophy and a ritual which even at this time of day can appeal, in its English variant, to a person of the calibre of Mr T. S. Eliot. But what importance it has is as an offshoot of the Catholic Church. It is a very trifling affair in itself, and its orthodoxy is not a big enough background for a study of Scotland's history in the seventeenth century. Scottish Episcopalianism is weakened by a lack of realism, a sort of dilettantism, which vitiates Miss Donaldson's writing. She protests her Scottishness, as the Episcopal Church does its Scottishness; but the "higher" Episcopalians are *Anglo*-Catholics, and Miss Donaldson, too, never gets down to bed-rock. She shows no grasp of the fundamental political issues—quite an inadequate understanding of the Anglicizing factors at work, of the part the changing function of the Crown played in the matter, etc.

A tremendous barrier to the proper understanding of Scottish history is the Protestant bias of the average Scottish historian—a bias responsible for wholesale distortions and wilful misreadings which Mr M. V. Hay and others are slowly correcting. A smaller barrier, but nevertheless a serious one, is the falsification of the story of the Covenanters of which Miss Donaldson writes. If the Presbyterians have not consistently succeeded in suppressing how large was the percentage of the population bullied into Presbyterianism, they managed pretty well to cover up the most Nazi-like deeds of the Covenanters. The disgraceful Act of Classes, the butchery at Dunaverty, the massacre—of women and children, as well as of

men—after Philiphaugh, are either ignored or glossed over in what passes for Scottish history in schools and universities. Much that is discreditable in the past of Presbyterianism is set forth with circumstantial detail by Miss Donaldson, and her effort to correct popular impression of Claverhouse, for example, and redirect attention to those rural parts which retained truly Scottish traits of spirituality and tolerance long after Knox had done his fell work, are amply justified and highly successful. The book's besetting fault is provincialism. The "personal introduction," which contrasts Episcopalianism and Presbyterianism Church services in a highly subjective fashion, ignores altogether deep religious and cultural issues that cut right across the talk of "joyless Sundays."

THE ARTS IN TRANSITION

THE ARTS TODAY. Edited, with an Introduction, by GEOFFREY GRIGSON. Lane. 8s. 6d.

The eight essays in *The Arts Today* are "individual statements . . . independent of each other, and of the editor. . . . They are not in any ways the united views of a clique in the arts, in criticism, in politics and social attitude, or in age." They differ widely in merit and in methods of approach and aims. There is no fundamental agreement between them all as to what is new in the arts today and what is its relation to the immediate past as well as the distant past.

True, one common characteristic has been found by most of the several writers. A welcome process of clarification has been going on in the past few years, evidenced (for example) in the difference between the earlier and later poems of Mr Auden. "Poetry at the moment," writes Louis MacNeice, "is becoming narrower and less esoteric. The narrower it becomes, the wider the public it represents and the nearer it comes to being popular." In music, too, the period of experiment for experiment's sake is over, and much of Edward Crankshaw's discussion of music is taken up with arguing the futility of Schönberg's anarchy: "Like Joyce, Schönberg has made himself unintelligible to his contemporaries by destroying not merely the arbitrary superstructure of music but the very foundations, the base,

the common ground upon which all music meets; by destroying tonality, the sheet-anchor, he has destroyed the convention, apparently instinctive, that turns physical sounds into significant sounds." "Tradition," "convention" and "style" can again be mentioned without disdain. Certain hitherto new and exciting things are being taken for granted: there is no Marinetti-like worship here of speed and the machine-age. John Summerson, for example, is on his guard against the "danger of trying to drive the whole of architecture down to the level of the stream-lined kitchen." Poetry and the plastic arts are no longer "difficult"; architecture is not to be pure functionalism; music is not to be atonal. Altogether, the arts of the thirties are to have qualities lacking in the immediate past—unless painting and sculpture follow the course advocated by the editor, who, making a desperate and confused effort to transcend England's provincialism in these matters, falls for the least worthwhile of last year's Paris novelties.

Yet Mr Grigson's demand for abstractions of a certain "organic tensity"—although with him it is akin to the call for "poésie pure" and ignores the fact that "You may not eat the shell of a nut, but you can't grow nuts without shells"—is a safer cry than Arthur Calder-Marshall's for more vitality in modern fiction. "Organic tensity," in the context of Mr Grigson's essay, describes an artistic quality; but Mr Calder-Marshall fails wholly to draw a distinction between what is vital in life and in art. "The stench of the library," he writes, "hangs over too many books today. . . . We want writers today to whom England is fresh, which it always is for literature. They must see with courage and clear minds. Critically and with pride, they must feel the essential spirit of our race in their deep hearts . . ." and so on, in the strain of the Fascist "hearty" denouncing *Kulturbolshevismus*. In a rather less obvious way, a failure to define the æsthetically "vital" detracts from Mr MacNeice's essay on poetry, which is noteworthy for its excellent criticisms of certain individual contemporary poets. In the case of Mr MacNeice's essay, as in the case of most of the others, it is for the sake of critical *aperçus*, made more or less in passing, that it is to be read, rather than for any sustained argument.

An exception is W. H. Auden's *Psychology and Art*, the best brief exposition of the place of Freud in modern thought that we have come across, and undoubtedly the outstanding essay in the present

book. A chart designed to show Freud in perspective and setting forth the distinguishing religious, artistic, social and material characteristics of the medieval, post-Renaissance and modern worlds shows that Mr Auden really does understand the age we live in. Much modern art is enjoyable in spite of the wrong theory produced to explain it: Mr Auden, however, theorises with profound perceptiveness. He gets down to the deeper significance of the age, so far as we can discern it, with a seriousness (though, of course, not a thoroughness) recalling Hermann Broch's. It would have been better if the book *had* set out to express a united view, and Mr Grigson had allotted to his contributors the task of showing the confirmation to be found in the various arts of Mr Auden's views.

Some of the "typical characteristics" of the period ending with the nineteenth century and the period just beginning (the third period of the Christian era) Mr Auden in his shorthand method describes thus:

First Cause—*2nd Period.* Official: God transcendent. The universal mechanic. Opposition: God immanent. Pantheism. Romantic. *3rd Period.* Energy appearing in many measurable forms, fundamental nature unknown.

World View—*2nd Period.* Official: The material world as a mechanism. Opposition: The spiritual world as a private concern. *3rd Period.* The interdependence of observed and observer.

The End of Life—*2nd Period.* Official: Power over material. Opposition: Personal salvation. *3rd Period.* The good life on earth.

Personal Driving Forces—*2nd Period.* Official: Conscious will. Rationalized. Mechanized. Opposition: Emotion irrational. *3rd Period.* The unconscious directed by reason.

The Sign of Success—*2nd Period.* Wealth and power. *3rd Period.* Joy.

The Worst Sinner—*2nd Period.* The idle poor. Opposition: The respectable *bourgeois*. *3rd Period.* The deliberate irrationalist.

The First Period was a classical period, in which experience was unified—God was immanent and transcendent; the visible world was a symbol of the eternal; the end of life was the City of God and the means of realizing it faith and work—and we can look forward at the tail-end of a long romantic period to a new synthesis of experience that will be as complete. The post-medieval "autonomous value systems" of Mr Auden's Second Period are passing into a value system more like the theocracy of the Middle Ages. The formally beautiful

abstractions Mr Grigson praises so exclusively are a carry-over from the art-for-art's sake phase, just as Mr MacNeice's social feeling is an intimation of the new. Mr Auden is the only one of the writer's in *The Arts Today* who gets sufficiently back from his material to indicate this development. A good deal of some of the essays is merely rudeness directed by one clique to another—and in this respect, the editor is the worst offender.

MORE AMBIGUITY

SOME VERSIONS OF PASTORAL. By WILLIAM EMPSON. Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.

One should not expect from Mr Empson's book a study of pastoral in its most obvious form, the pastoral that derived, through Virgil's *Bucolics*, from Theocritus, and was popularized in England in Spenser's *Daphnaida*, Milton's *Lycidas*, and so on. For Mr Empson, pastoral is a process of putting the complex into the simple and "taken widely . . . might include all literature." And besides taking account of much material that would be irrelevant if the term "pastoral" were interpreted as narrowly as is customary, he deals with "the way in which the pastoral process . . . and the resulting social ideas have been used in English literature" in only a roughly historical order, taking the surprising cases rather than the normal ones, and, once started on an example, following it—in his own words—"without regard to the unity of the book." The result equals in freshness and importance the criticism of *Seven Types of Ambiguity*.

In his *Seven Types of Ambiguity* Mr Empson stretched the term "ambiguity" to cover "any treatment of language, however slight, which adds in some measure to the statement of prose," and in his new book, what he calls "following the same trick of thought through a historical series" involves essays on proletarian literature, on the double plot of Elizabethan drama, Marvell's *Garden*, Richard Bentley's edition of *Paradise Lost*, *The Beggar's Opera*, and *Alice in Wonderland*. Each of the essays shows the most unexpected facets. For example, the sonnet, "They that have power to hurt and will do none," which it is generally agreed, under cover of the most affectionate words, delivers some pretty hard knocks at W. H., is shown in passages of remarkable

acumen to illustrate a "twist of heroic pastoral ideas into an ironical acceptance of aristocracy." Elaborate ironies, unsuspected even by the sophisticated crowds who flocked to the little theatre where *The Beggar's Opera* was first performed, are revealed in the story of Macheath. In *Alice in Wonderland*, on which the Freudian can throw a good deal of light, we are shown "the child as swain." Marvell's *Garden* is made to demonstrate "the ideal simplicity approached by resolving contradictions," as in the lines

> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade,

which the Oxford edition says means "either reducing the whole material world to nothing material, *i.e.* to a green thought," or "considering the material world as of no value compared to a green thought," and in which, Mr Empson says, the poet achieved a state of ecstasy "like the seventh Buddhist state of enlightenment." Mr Empson speaks of pastoral as "a great help to the concentration needed by art;" and no one has better analysed the forms this concentration takes, revealed so fully and so subtly how opposed ideas are united in puns and other types of "ambiguity."

The pastoral is a type of ambiguity not so much of words as of situation. For instance,

> . . . the essential trick of the old pastoral [writes Mr Empson], which was felt to imply a beautiful relation between rich and poor, was to make simple people express strong feelings (felt as the most universal subject, something fundamentally true about everybody) in learned and fashionable language (so that you wrote about the best subject in the best way). From seeing the two sorts of people combined like this you thought better of both; the best parts of both were used. Their effect was in some degree to combine in the reader or author the merits of the two sorts; he was made to mirror in himself more completely the effective elements of the society he lived in. This was not a process that you could explain in the course of writing pastoral; it was already shown by the clash between style and theme, and to make the clash work in the right way (not become funny) the writer must keep up a firm pretence that he was unconscious of it. Indeed the usual process for putting further meanings into the pastoral situation was to insist that the shepherds were rulers of sheep, and so compare them to politicians or bishops or what not; this piled the heroic convention on to the pastoral one, since the hero was another symbol of his whole society. Such a pretence no doubt makes the characters unreal, but not the feelings expressed or even the situation described; the same

pretence is often valuable in real life. I should say that it was over this fence that pastoral came down in England after the Restoration. The arts, even music, came to depend more than before on knowing about foreign culture, and Puritanism, suspicious of the arts, was only not strong among the aristocracy. A feeling gradually got about that any one below the upper middles was making himself ridiculous, being above himself, if he showed any signs of keeping a sense of beauty at all, and this feeling was common to all classes. It takes a general belief as harsh and unreal as this to make the polite pretence of pastoral seem necessarily absurd. Even so, there was a successful school of mock-pastoral for so long as the upper and lower classes were consciously less Puritan than the middle. When that goes the pastoral tricks of thought take refuge in child-cult.

Mr Empson works out all this and much more in fascinating pages. He is more concerned with psychological states and social relationships than with literary evaluation, but artistic processes and values are never judged by other than artistic criteria, as one might expect when the critic is the poet of "High Dive" and "This Last Pain." When the Marxists are beginning to get busy in English criticism, perhaps a special value attaches to the comments on proletarian art: Mr Empson can crowd a vast amount of hard sense into very little space.

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