

Bontine -

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of the human spirit is to incorporate and actualize these in its own thought and activity. Consider moral experience, for example, as seen from within. Morality begins when the line is crossed, which marks the boundary of what may be termed natural impulse. The sub-moral life is moved by appetite and impulse, and by habit based on impulse. When we enter the moral life, we meet principles and enthusiasms leading to action which makes for the conservation of values, which can be realized only in personal character. Here we discover the instinct of spiritual self-preservation—an instinct stimulated to action by the soliciting presence of the Ideal Right. With the emergence of this mental or spiritual, or rational impulse, the moral life sets out upon its adventurous career. The reach of the moral agents always exceeds his grasp; but in so far as he does lay hold of the ideal right, he translates it into principles which order and harmonise his desires, and will and at the same time constitute the moving powers to further advance. It is this power to frame, and, consequently to follow, an ideal which constitutes man's nature as a rational creature—which makes him more than an intermittent pulse of animal desire. Man's ideals are, in a sense, the creative forces which shape his life from within. They have brought him thus far, and they confer on him the possibilities of an endless advance. In the power of the rational being to lay hold of the objective ideal, and to make it the informing power of his experience, he proclaims his freedom in the only sense of the word which it is worth while contending for.

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MIND AND BODY.
THE NATURE OF PERSONALITY.

That the problem of the relation between mind and body has proved one of the worst recalcitrant to philosophic thought, was the opening remark of Professor J. McKellar Stewart, to hear whose lecture a good audience gathered in the Prince of Wales Theatre, Adelaide University, on Tuesday evening. This was the last of three addresses, which the professor had been announced to deliver on the study of the nature of philosophy. "Experience convinces us," began the professor, "of the intimate union of mind, and the organism; life, or nature, or reality has achieved their union. The total fact from which we have to start is a living, thinking organism. But most of the traditional theories, from that of Descartes onwards, have involved a pre-supposition, the very nature of which has rendered the theories inadequate. These theories fall under three main heads. They explain the relation between mind and body as either one of interaction or one of parallelism, or one of epi-phenomenalism. But they all set out from a common pre-supposition, namely, that the body is no more than a machine. If, however, we reject this pre-supposition, and frankly recognise the characteristic features of the organism, the problem assumes a different and more hopeful form. Dr. Head, the well-known neurologist, has recently argued on the basis of experimental observation, that the organism acts as a whole, and that in this action it exhibits the essential elements of purposive adaptation. He describes what he terms the vigilance of the organism, which is a characteristic of the organism as a whole. He argues that the central nervous system does not function on the principle of an automatic machine. It exercises, for example, selection among the diverse and massive influences acting on the organism from without. Some of these are effective in arousing a neural reply. Others pass unnoticed. If we follow the clue here given, the problem of the mind-body relation assumes a different form from that which it has traditionally taken. It is that of explaining how body as a living unity is included in the higher unity of mind, taken up into mind, and thus raised to a higher power. The question is ultimately the philosophical one of the relation of mind to nature; and the principle to be held firmly is that neither life nor mind is foreign or alien to nature. The physical, the vital and the conscious are elements, or stages, in the one total process. Neither life or mind are intrusions in a world organised on other principles. They are rather the flowers of the process of nature, and the task is to show that mind has its beginnings in nature, and to trace the development by which these beginnings have evolved into self-conscious mind through the living organism. This task can be achieved only by the co-operation of the physical scientist, the biologist, and the philosopher.

Moral Personality.
Reference to such typical thinkers as Descartes and Plato shows that one main contention of idealistic philosophy has been that the self has contact with a spiritual order of reality. In its specific activity, exhibited in the disinterested pursuit of truth, in moral aspiration and the appreciation of beauty, the self is conscious of the presence in its experience of ideals, operative powers, which are not of the self's creating, but which possess a nature of their own. The essential task

Source of Ideals.
When we ask what is the source of these ideals, and what is their meaning in human life, the religious consciousness replies that they constitute 'the presence of God within us.' For the religious man the ideal is the Divine power seeking him out, soliciting him to his full life as a spiritual being. It expresses the Divine importunity, an importunity which respects the relative independence of the rational individual, for it solicits, but does not coerce him. Thus for the religious reason—the significant fact, the fact that gives meaning to the time process, is the self-giving of the Divine to personalities which He has Himself elicited into being, and of which He is the informing and sustaining power."

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ART AND MR. NORMAN LINDSAY.

To the Editor.

Sir—I should like to ask, through your valuable columns, what the police are thinking about to allow the objectionable drawings at a room in King William street to remain on view? The committee of the Society of Arts rightly refused to allow them to be exhibited at their hall on North terrace. I viewed Norman Lindsay's pictures in the company of a number of young girls and boys, who were nudging one another and giggling over the indecencies. The sentiments expressed so strongly by Professor Coleman Phillipson are the same as those of many people who lack the ability to put their thoughts into words, but who would like to do so. Those in authority, whoever they are, are lacking in their duty in not prohibiting such atrocities from contaminating the minds of our young folk. The Police Department, surely, should take immediate steps to stop the exhibition, or, at least prevent young people from viewing it. We must not cross the street at right angles, or bet, yet drawing that must disgust the public mind are allowed to pollute the minds of innocent girls and boys.—I am, Sir, &c.,
E. P. AULD.

Sir—"Graduate" seems to be ignorant of the fact that university professors, in common with every other member of the community, have a perfect right to criticise any matter of such public concern as the exhibition of pictures. As a citizen and a father I wish to thank the committee who rightly rejected Norman Lindsay's pictures. I should also like to express my appreciation of the admirable letter by Professor Coleman Phillipson on the subject, whose sentiments are endorsed by every clean-minded citizen. To call such pictures works of art is juggling with words. Art should be decent and uplifting, creating a feeling of pleasure in all, whether young or old. No one can deny that the drawing and colouring are excellent, but the subjects are unfortunately chosen.—I am, Sir, &c. &
A. R. CHAFFER.

Sir—One feels sure that many will have read with thankfulness the article in The Register on Saturday, by Professor Coleman Phillipson, entitled, "Art and Norman Lindsay." It is a timely defence of the true powers of art. There is far too much degradation of art in the service of ugly realism or of base commercialism, whether we consider literature, or music, or painting. I would like to be one to thank the professor, through you.—I am, Sir, &c.,
(Rev.) A. H. REYNOLDS.

Sir—Art should be neither moral nor immoral—just the truth. But I think the great majority, who are optimists, and believe that "the soul of things is sweet," will require that the artist shall exalt the good and the true, as well as the beautiful. On the other hand, to expect him to conform to morality, which is only the average moral sense of a particular age, and which is changing every day, is merely to bring him down to the common level. How can we expect him to inspire, instruct, and raise under such bondage. Norman Lindsay's picture are only the expression in art of a movement fairly general through all our Australian life, and expressed, perhaps, most forcibly in physical culture. It is a greater care, respect, and admiration for the physical body. In Australia, where clothes are at times more of an encumbrance than a comfort, we are gradually learning to discard them, not only physically, but also in our thought and to exalt the physical body, with all its wonderful functions, to its rightful place. That is where Norman Lindsay comes in. Instead of beautiful and ugly dresses, country landscapes, and factory chimneys, he portrays delightful and repulsive human forms, emphasising, as is the artist's function, the beauty in the first and the ugliness in the second. Take the picture called "The Birth of Life" as an example. This in Lindsay's own original style is a portrayal of a mystical subject, which has been treated over and over again in all branches of art, and variously styled "the fall of man," "the descent of life into form," "the struggle between the god and the brute in man," &c.

At the top of the picture is seen a crowd of beautiful nude figures (you surely would not dress the soul in clothes) being as it were hurled down into the lower regions of the brute, where on the ground repulsive forms, half-man and half-beast, are seen to clasp them in sensuous ravishment. Very strong, impressive, and "live" is the presentation, throwing off all the shackles of convention; but when we come to consider—how true. For in the lowest of savages, and even in some of our own criminal class, is not the god thus completely overshadowed and absorbed for the time being by the brute; and even in the best of us is not that brute nature always present, trying to swamp the higher whenever we allow it to get the upper hand? Well, then, is it not an acquisition to truth and goodness, if not to a narrow morality, to have these lower influences pointed out in their true light, in all their hideous loathsomeness? Such an interpretation may possibly not have occurred to Mr. Lindsay himself. I do not know! It is only what I have myself seen. It is surely the mark of greatness in any work of art, that it is a universal allegory, in which people of all nations and of all temperaments, can see the truth from their own point of view. So I would hail Norman Lindsay as the pioneer of a new tradition, strong and rugged and uncompromising perhaps in its beginnings, which shall not be afraid of the divine human form, which shall consider it as far above any mere drapings and furnishings, or even any natural landscape, and which shall, in time, make of our Australia a second Greece in art, as physical culture is making her a second Greece in sport.—I am, Sir, &c.,
"E. W. P. X."

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Sir—Professor Coleman Phillipson Sits self-enthroned, imposing, blind and dense To a great artist's sense; Lets wit and humour nap, Puts on the black cap, Cries "Faugh! What rank offence— Away with such an one, Fit to be drawn and hanged, beheaded too." The dunces echo, "True." Professor Coleman Phillipson Looks round and all are gone. There is no prisoner in the dock. No gallows, rack, or chopping-block. The artist-spirit, Ariel-like, is flown, He with his bauble sits alone.
I am, Sir, &c.,
M. R. LISTON.

Sir—"E. W. P. X." informs readers that Mr. Norman Lindsay, by his uncompromising rugged forms, will make Australia a second Greece in art. I fail to recall to memory any of the magnificent remains of the art of that glorious country in the galleries of Europe, or the Vatican at Rome, which resemble in character and posture some of Mr. Lindsay's works. Grecian sculpture is noted for its chaste, pure, facial expression, which is the mirror of the soul, and its divine gracefulness of form, and not for the alluring, seductive look and movement found in many of the pictures in Mr. Lindsay's exhibition. This expression of features savours rather more of the print shops of the Rue de Rivoli if I remember rightly. We do not take exception to his pictures of the human figure unadorned, tranquil, and pure, but to those seething with riot, passion, and the worst side of human nature, which offend the eye. Nobody disputes

the consummate skill and beautiful colouring displayed by Mr. Lindsay; as an artist he is second to none. But one is forced to the conclusion that he has struck the wrong note in some of his pictures. We are much indebted to Professor Phillipson for his able criticism, and as an Associate of the Society of Arts I thoroughly endorse its verdict.—I am, Sir, &c.,
"DON ESPINO."

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NORMAN LINDSAY'S PICTURES

THE WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

A correspondent writes:—The pictures of Norman Lindsay have been discussed from nearly every angle already, but the woman's point of view has not so far been much touched upon. Before launching any criticism, friendly or hostile, one should try to understand Lindsay's views on life. As a minister of the gospel believes in the beauty and sublimity of the soul, so is Lindsay striving to make us understand the beauty and sublimity of the body, and particularly of the sex-act, which to his mind is the "Apex of Life," the sole inspiration of every form of art. What he wishes to break down is the feeling of indecency we have about an absolutely natural and to him a beautiful thing. Modesty is to him merely hypocrisy. What he should be made to realise is that such theories may be all right for the individual, but apply them to mankind in general and you have chaos! It is for the safety and decency of the world that rules, laws, and conventions have been drawn up. If you try to break them down or disregard them, you upset the whole structure which civilisation has created for the betterment of mankind. One of the greatest things in present-day civilisation is the exalted position held by woman, and it is here that I find fault with Norman Lindsay's teaching and art. To him, woman is not the helpmate, the pal, the honored mother of man's children—she is merely the instrument of his pleasure; her position is no higher than that of the common prostitute. In nearly all his pictures is this fact only too apparent, and it is often the one jarring note in what might have been an absolutely perfect and inspired work. I am lost in admiration of the delicacy of his coloring, his marvellous grouping, the infinite patience with which every detail is worked out. With such sublime talent it seems to me the saddest of pities that his low ideal of womanhood should always intrude to the detriment of his art. I can recollect a group in a picture called "The Argument" in "The Pen Drawings of Norman Lindsay," showing a mother about to suckle her child. There is none of the beautiful tenderness seen in many of the old masters' versions of this subject. The leering expression of the mother and the man looking over her shoulder makes the act merely gross. Why, too, must he always choose to draw such a coarse type of womanhood? The modern liking for the slim, svelte, and boyish is certainly not to his taste! To return again to the danger of the Norman Lindsay doctrines, one has only to read much of the poetry published by the "Vision" press to realise how pernicious is the result of such teaching. Lindsay is evidently the presiding genius of this young band of writers, and they have taken his doctrines to heart with a vengeance.

From "MATER":—If I were Mr. Norman Lindsay's medical adviser I should order him to leave pictures alone for several years (also feminine society) and go in for a strenuous outdoor life, train for rowing, football, cricket, boxing, or join a Polar expedition, or stalk big game, as an antidote to the unhealthy, morbid trend of his mind. After a few years of a healthy man's life he would doubtless have crowds flocking to see his exhibits, only to admire, and not from a prurient curiosity.
From M. R. LISTON:—Professor Coleman Phillipson sits self-enthroned, imposing, blind, and dense to a great artist's sense, lets wit and humour nap, puts on the black cap, cries—"Faugh! what rank offence. Away with such an one. Fit to be drawn and hanged, beheaded too." The dunces echo, "True." Professor Coleman Phillipson looks round, and all are gone. There is no prisoner in the dock; no gallows, rack, or chopping-block. The artist-spirit, Ariel-like, is flown. He with his bauble sits alone.

From "DISGUSTED":—I wish to protest against the way boys and girls in their teens are allowed to view the pictures of Norman Lindsay. Such an exhibition has not the slightest influence for good on their characters. The meaning of the whole thing must be Greek to them. Whether Norman Lindsay is the "most wonderful man in the world"—with the most wonderful "forehead"—or not, his nudes are positively indecent, and an injustice to women, and the committee of the Society of Arts did the right thing in refusing to exhibit the pictures. Mr. H. V. S. Carey considers the "detractors of Mr. Lindsay are lacking in a correct understanding of the functions of art." Speaking for myself, I suppose I do lack this "understanding," but I hope I know an objectionable thing when I see one; and nothing Mr. Carey or anyone else may say on the "functions of art" will convince me.—see next page