

FOUR DIMENSIONAL VISTAS. By CLAUDE BRAGDON. Alfred A. Knopf, 1916.

It is a great pleasure to read this book, for although in some points we may find ourselves obliged to disagree with the author, the general effect is that a perusal leaves one with the feeling of having been at home; that is to say, on the planes of pure and exalted thought. We cannot say that Mr. Bragdon is in any sense an original thinker, as Hinton was, but he has done something to extend and popularize Hinton's ideas. Some of the analogies in this book are very illuminating. Unfortunately, as it appears to us, Mr. Bragdon is tied up with theosophical dogmas. He talks about the "new freedom," and bases his whole argument on the idea that the material world is a shadow show. Yet he seems to think that the real (that is, the ideal) world is more easy of apprehension, if we bind ourselves hand and foot by the senseless and cruel taboos of the most primitive tribes. He also errs, as it seems to us, in placing the yogi whose attainment is wholly selfish above the man of genius. Blavatsky made no such error. She placed the poet above the adept.

In spite of his grave 'orts, Mr. Bragdon is not a clear thinker like Hinton. He is just a little bourgeois who has put on Hinton's hat, and it comes down very far indeed over his eyes. He cannot see that the interpretation of phenomena as spiritual does not destroy their reality and the truth of their mutual relation, but rather confirms it. Shallow thinkers always seem to be obsessed by the stupidity that if anything is a shadow, dream, illusion, it ceases to exist. The rules of dreams are just as rigid as the rules of mathematics. You cannot do anything you like with a surd merely because it is an "impossible" or "imaginary" quantity. It is such booby traps that catch such asses in lion's skins as Mr. Bragdon.

O. M.