WITH the subsidence of the parsonic cackle startled into being by the discovery that "Culture" in some places might be spelt with a "K," it becomes seemly again to raise the question of its meaning and function. One fact is already established. Anglo-Saxon intelligence must arrive at an accurate apprehension of the nature of cultures if Anglo-Saxon supremacy is not to be finally and definitely relinquished. Save for such as desire by preference to be blind to its significance, "Culture" is not a term bearing a doubtful meaning. What culture is and what it is not readily becomes patent to any average mind which will lend the necessary attention to it. As the orators have insisted ad nauseam in affirming, Culture is not necessarily an affair of the schools. But then no more is it an affair of the pulpit, though for an established order of society pulpit and school will constitute the main arteries of its circulatory system. Nor is Culture identical with politeness and refinement—though again for a paramount order politeness and refinement are attributes necessarily incumbent upon a Society's more powerful members to the important end that they furnish an example for the less powerful. Politeness and refinement are fashions devised with a view to their respectful emulation by the subordinate.

Not because the ruling caste require the adornment, but because it is necessary to them that the lower classes should hold it in esteem, is politeness an integral part of culture for the masses and, because Rank knows what is due to it, for the classes also. The inculcation of politeness is part of Rank's necessary task of discouraging rebellion and robbing restiveness of its dangerous character. Culture, however, cannot be limited to any of these things.

A culture is the term applied to any encouraging activity. It takes its meaning in relation to some definite purpose whose realization it is its mission to effect. Detached from such specific governing interest and purpose, culture is as meaningless as the activities of breeder or agriculturist, or any variety of scientist would be unrelated to the type of growth which their interests inspire them to foster. A culture implies primarily the existence of a purpose: which purpose in the course of its own realization finally begets the culture as the aptest adjustment of means to ends. For different ends different means, and necessarily therefore different cultures. The nature of a culture varies according to the character of the material through which it has to operate as well as according to the particular purpose it seeks to further: as in agriculture, horticulture, and type and stock-raising of all sorts. Moral (i.e. verbal) culture is the encouraging of different species of conduct according as these are in keeping with paramount State interests: for which interests preachers and teachers are the mouthpieces. Types of conduct which are favourable become flowers of Virtue; such as are hostile are weeds: Sin and Crime. As sedulously as a gardener feeds the roots of the elect species of conduct according as these are in keeping undesired, and on a like principle, Verbal culture applauds or shouts down the friendly and hostile activities. Alternately to flatter and scold "the people" by the spoken or written word, to indoctrinate them into peaceful, unquestioning acquiescence in the supremacy of power of those who inculcate it, is the Purpose of the culture of school and pulpit. What specifically will be decried and what applauded depends on the exigencies of the case and the situation of the moment: not upon some "absolute" right or absolute wrong. Conduct is not wrong "in itself" any more than a weed is wrong because it is not a rose. Rightness or wrongness have no relation to the things, but only to the desire and purpose of the cultivator who ultimately passes judgment on them.

For a supreme State, the mistake which England has made in regard to Culture is to imagine that all culture is one: that it promulgates commands which can be
universally affirmed. Such a mistake can go unpaid for, only for a brief space of time. A supreme state requires a minimum of two cultures at least: one for its contentment and the other for the peoples it rules. And of the two, the first is the more important. The Christian, humanitarian, democratic culture which is all-pervasive wherever Anglo-Saxon influences penetrate, is the most excellent as a civilizing agency, that is, as satisfying the needs of the second sort of culture. As a refinement, as a sedative, it is unequalled. With its own fold, it inclines even the yapping dogs to sleep, and it allows all sleeping dogs to lie. Only such of the governed as are restive under all government have a word to say against it, while the governors praise it. It spares the susceptibilities of the people. It produces those obedient and willing servants which a good master instinctively knows how to create. Only the raw and newly established are unafraid of rubbing subordinates the wrong way. Christian Democracy is very popular. But this popularity of democracy hatches its own Nemesis. The spirit of Democracy breeds "Principles." Out of an efficient method it calls a universal theory. A "Principle" is the rules given in Morals to Human Nature. Not only as a primary concern, it becomes universally acclaimed. And this is non-plussing—for a supreme State. What was intended for the Part is now applied to the Whole. Democracy as a Principle inverts an entire relationship. The rulers are boist on their own petard. The gentle flattery, whose sole purpose is to make self-consciously enumerate itself as a primary concern, into conformity with which government should shape itself. The means are confused with the purpose: to the detriment and finally to the uttermost danger of that purpose. The intelligent government, the English ruling classes has become stultified with its own stentorousness as to proper behaviour among the Masses, and the Culture meant for civilizing the people only, has civilized, softened, enervated, dishonored their necessary ferocity, the governors themselves. The rulers have lapped up for their own nourishment, the miracles which for them are poisonous. They have come to "believe in" Democracy, whereas all that was necessary or desirable was that by the people it should be believed in. For them such belief is advisable. Flattery is only effective when it is appropriated. Unapprehended compliments bring in small returns, and the consequence are minor. Now with the refined and submissive mask they have put on only for encourager ces autres, and the one culture is applied to ruled and rulers alike, the results are such as we see them to-day. The contented, concealed people, and the governness, whom a diet of enervating flattery has made excellent servants: so excellent as servants indeed that the excellence which belongs to ruling has passed beyond their comprehension. Hence there is nothing to make them pause in nominating servants as masters, and in transplanting a Servant-culture to Master precincts. So men without the instincts to rule and possessing only the instincts to flatter and be flattered assume the government: even such as are not born servants among them being so humanly known how to create. Only the raw and newly established are unafraid of rubbing subordinates the wrong way. Christian Democracy is very popular. But this popularity of democracy hatches its own Nemesis. The spirit of Democracy breeds "Principles." Out of an efficient method it calls a universal theory. A "Principle" is the rules given in Morals to Human Nature. Not only as a primary concern, it becomes universally acclaimed. 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June 1, 1915
ted Claim to Control, in certain definite limited affairs. The weight of the emphasis falls not on the Claim but upon the Guarantee. One may claim the moon or the whole round earth, but only those claims are "Right," for which the force to secure them is available. The power successfully to overcome any resistance to the exercise of one’s power is called "Might" or "Right." The basic substance of Right, therefore, is the power of a State supreme to the degree that its power to do physical violence cannot be resisted or overcome.

Rights, therefore, are State-born emanations, just as laws are the State-born lines of limitation, indicating how rights and wrongs end and the pains and penalties which will result from passing them beyond such limits. The rights correspond to status, and status is the index of individual power within the greater enveloping power of the State which guarantees its continuance at the status indicated. Rights are the passports given to correspond to such status: they are the contractual terms into which Mights (i.e., forces) are translated. The fetish about the "spiritual basis" of Rights is the outcome of a brace of mistakes which have fastened on the idea: first, that Force, including every device of offensive warfare, every intelligent use of means of destruction, can be anything other than "Spirit," "Of the Spirit," "of the whole spirit of the age," etc. The erroneous and carefully encouraged belief in the Sanctity of the Word: the "Scrapes of paper": which embody the terms of right after their virtue has gone from them: after they have ceased to be adequately backed by physical force, that is. Governing orders enshrined as in a State-power, and which has its own spiritual basis because it is as momentarily convenient as ultimately it is dangerous to let its Might (its guaranteeing power) lapse, when it must perform rely upon the impressive and hypnotic effect of verbal terminology and the scraps of paper to retain respect for Rights.

So it is not surprising that the people become utterly demasculated as to the nature of "rights," and imagine that a State may allow its power to decline and yet retain its Rights intact and inviolate. But it is quite otherwise. When a State allows its power to lapse its Rights lapse automatically, and this particularly so in the case of a world-State because upon this is woven the entire nexus of international rights which in are involved in the guaranteed claims of all lesser States. A world-Power lacking the patent power to maintain itself thus becomes an open invitation to disorder and disruption. It is the apparent weakening of England which has so powerfully encouraged the activities of Germany. The scepticism falling from nerveless hands is an invitation for stronger hands to raise it up.

Clearly, during a war for supremacy, the overhauling of the concept of Libert: becomes an unavoidable necessity. Liberty will begin to be apprehended in its accurate meaning of Power, not as a claim to unlimited permission. When the power of the State is threatened its "liberty" is threatened—even its Freedom to confer liberty, and consequently the Power of the individuals identified for sentimental or material reasons with the challenged State must be precarious and on the balance.

For the time being the power of individuals must be pooled in order to give the State a chance to recover the supremacy which enables it to bestow and guarantee individual powers—liberties. That is why in the dispensations in England which has so powerfully encouraged the activities of Germany. The scepticism falling from nerveless hands is an invitation for stronger hands to raise it up.

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D. M.
TWO NOTES
BY MAY SINCLAIR

I. ON H. D. II. ON IMAGISM

I
I HAVE been immensely interested in Mr. Harold Monro's "Imagists Discussed." It is always interesting to watch a man on a sharp fence trying to preserve a sane and dignified equilibrium. Mr. Monro excites sympathy. He is so sincerely anxious to appear balanced before he can make up his mind to praise the poetry of H. D.; poetry that for sheer flawlessness and flawless beauty — to quote it. I can add nothing to Mr. Flint's praise of it. I can only say that if H. D. had never written anything it is an image, and it is also imagery. It makes no difference whether he says are leaves or only like leaves. They are the image of her mood. The "hot shrivelled flavour of brine" perceived by Mr. Monro, but the sense of enchantment, of grave things not known and about to be, the frisson of immortality impending — then (I am afraid) you are past praying for.

To me H. D. is the most significant of the Imagists, the one for whom Imagism has most triumphantly "come off." It is not necessary for poetry to prove anything, but to justify itself. The Imagists with a profound ignorance — the poetry of H. D. proves the power of the clean, naked, sensuous image to carry the emotion without rhyme — not, I think, without rhythm; the best Imagist poems have a very subtle and beautiful rhythm — and always without decoration.

Mr. Monro's main contention seems to be that if Imagism is anything at all it is not a new thing. I am not sure that I know, any better than Mr. Monro, what Imagism is, but I am pretty certain which of several old things it is not. It is not Symbolism. It has nothing to do with image-making. It abhors Imagery. Imagery is one of the old worn-out decorations the Imagists have scraped off. The Image is not a substitute; it does not stand for anything but itself. Presentation not Representation is the watchword of the school. The Image, I take it, is Form. But it is not pure form. It is form and substance.

It may be either the form of a thing — you will get Imagist poems which are as near as possible to the naked presentation of a thing, with nothing, not so much as a temperament or a mood, between you and it. A good instance is Amy Lowell's "The Bath." (Mr. Flint's "Swan" and Mr. Richard Aldington's "Tube" occur to me) — or the Image may be the form of a passion, an emotion or a mood (H. D.'s "Oread" and "Mid-Day"). The point is that the passion, the emotion or the mood is never given as an abstraction. And in no case is the Image a symbol of reality (the object); it is reality (the object) itself. You cannot distinguish between the thing and its image. You can, I suppose, distinguish between the emotion and its image, but only as you distinguish between substance and its form.

What the Imagists are "out for" is direct naked contact with reality. You must get closer and closer. Imagery must go. Symbolism must go. There must be nothing between you and your object. For H. D. the tossing pines are not the symbol of her "Oread" mood. They are the image of her mood. The "hot shrivelled seeds" of "the spent fruit-pods" "the blackened stalks of mint" in "Mid-Day" are the image of her drought. But they are not its symbol. The fusion is complete. I am trying to state the Imagist position as far as I understand it. But there are difficulties. Who is to say where the Image ends and Imagery begins? When Dante says he saw the souls of the damned falling like leaves down the banks of Acheron:

Come d'art'esto si levan le foglie
L'una appresso dell'altra, infin che'l ramo
Come d'autunno si levan le foglie
Rende alla terra tutte le sue spoglie.

...and the passion of the pine-wood and the wind, that there are at least three passions and three agonists, the pine-wood, the wind, and the "Oread" who desires to be covered with the pine-waves, to be splashed, to play with the tumult of the pine-wood and the wind? The miracle is that H. D. has got it all into six lines, into twenty-five words. And Mr. Monro, instead of thanking his gods for the miracle, counts the number of lines and the number of words and says there aren't enough of them: "It is petty poetry." He seems to doubt whether H. D. has "Imagination" enough to sustain her through a longer poem than this.

Well — there is "Hermes of the Ways," which is longer by a score of lines.

It is too well known to readers of The Egoist for me to quote it. I can add nothing to Mr. Flint's praise of it. I can only say that if H. D. had never written anything else this would be enough to place her among the small, the very small, number of poets who have once in their lives achieved perfection. If you are sworn to admire the very small, number of poets who have once in their lives achieved perfection. If you are sworn to admire the very small, number of poets who have once in their lives achieved perfection. If you are sworn to admire the very small, number of poets who have once in their lives achieved perfection. If you are sworn to admire the very small, number of poets who have once in their lives achieved perfection. If you are sworn to admire the very small, number of poets who have once in their lives achieved perfection. If you are sworn to admire the very small, number of poets who have once in their lives achieved perfection.

But why, in Heaven's name, should there be passion in it? Haven't we had enough of passion and of the sentiment that passed for passion all through the nineteenth century? We can't hope to escape the inevitable reaction. And isn't it almost time to remind us that there is a beauty of restraint and stillness and flawless clarity? The special miracle of those Victorian poets was that they contrived to drag their passion through the conventional machinery of their verse, and the heavy decorations that they hung on it. I do not know anybody who does not feel the beauty of H. D.'s poem is to be shown it. I do not know by what test you can tell whether any verse is poetry or not. I think it is a question of magic. And if you cannot feel in these verses, not only the "slight flaw of colour" received by the Milton, but the image to carry the emotion without rhyme — not, I think, without rhythm; the best Imagist poems have a very subtle and beautiful rhythm — and always without decoration.

II

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The "Imagination, et cetera." You see, he thinks it is an image, and it is also imagery. It makes no difference whether he says are leaves or only like leaves. They are the image of her mood. The "hot shrivelled seeds" of "the spent fruit-pods" "the blackened stalks of mint" in "Mid-Day" are the image of her drought. But they are not its symbol. The fusion is complete.
When Keats sees

Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perissous seas in fairylands forlorn,

he is in one sense a perfect Imagist since his Image is the thing he sees. In another he is hardly an Imagist at all. He will, not directly through his Images, his casements and his foam and his seas and fairylands, but tortuously and surreptitiously through adjectives which Imagists would die rather than use—not because they would deny that those two lines are supremely beautiful but because that sort of thing has become mush in the hands of its imitators. A true Imagist cannot lend itself to mush.

But—it is difficult.

You cannot draw a hard and fast line except perhaps between Keats and Sir John Suckling. It is all a question of closeness, more or less closeness. And Mr. Monro is right. Imagism is not a new thing. But in aiming at closeness, in discarding imagery, in rejecting every image that is not close enough, the Imagists are doing, for the first time, consciously and deliberately and always what the Victorian poets, at any rate, only did once or twice in a blue moon.

The Imagists may abhor my point of view and repudiate this view of their case. I am not sure that the strict Imagist formula recognizes moods. But Imagist practice knows better. Amy Lowell tries for the direct presentation of the Bath. But she cannot get rid of the poem, in the bath-tub. Richard Aldington presents his compartment in the Tube railway carriage with the most brutal directness. But the whole point of the presentation is in the last three lines:

I surprise the same thought
In the brassike eyes;
"What right have you to live?"

His mood is hostile to the Tube. And in his bitter poem it is the hostility, the mood that counts. It is the emotion, the temperament, in discarding imagery, in rejecting every image that is not close enough, the Imagists are doing, for the first time, consciously and deliberately and always what the Victorian poets, at any rate, only did once or twice in a blue moon.

But if you ask whether it is not always the emotion, the mood, the temperament, and not the Image that counts, the answer to that is that you cannot have the one without the other.

That is why Imagism and Imitation are incompatible. The Imagists have been deprecated as imitators. This because they are following the formula, obeying the rules of the game. But properly speaking the Imagist who is an Imagist cannot imitate. It is fancy, not imagination, that is concerned with symbols and with imagery. You can analyse its processes. You can also imitate them. But Imagination which alone creates Images is an indivisible act. For each imagin­ation its image is ultimate and unique. No other Imagist’s Image will serve its turn. But the novelty of the form makes superficial resemblances striking and obscures the profoundest differences. I know that when I read the first Imagist Anthology, I thought “But they’re all doing the same thing. For the life of me I can’t tell the difference between H. D. and Richard Aldington.” Only Ezra Pound came down as an individual. For the simple reason that I knew his poems by heart already.

Well, they are all doing the same thing, but doing it with such a difference that I wonder now at the vastness of the formula that includes Richard Aldington and H. D., to say nothing of the others.

Imagists were charged and counter-charges. For all poets, old and new, the poetic act is a sacra­mental act with its rubric and its ritual. The Victorian poets are Protestant. For them the bread and wine are symbols of Reality, the body and the blood. They are given “in remembrance.” The sacrament is in­complete. The Imagists are Catholic; they believe in Trans-substantiation. For them the bread and wine are the body and the blood. They are given. The thing is done. Ita Missa est. The formula may lead to some very ugly ritual, but that is the fault of the Imagist not of Imagism.

For I do not say that their practice is invariably equal to their theory; or that in practice they are always equal to themselves. Sometimes I wish they would leave off the thing and perhaps try to be perfect there. There are lots of things that can be said against the whole movement; but I do not think that its present hour of heroic immaturity is the time to say them.

[I am in the wilds of Yorkshire with none of the literature of Imagism to turn to but the current number of The Egoist. If I have quoted or cited anybody incorrectly I hope I may be forgiven.—M. S.]

NEW POETRY

By Richard Aldington

I
t is pleasant to know that the war has not put an end to the Poetry Bookshop’s publishing, though Poetry and Drama is temporarily suspended. This production of new poetry in clear type on good paper at so small a price is an admirable attempt to attract the interest of those English people who will spend several pounds on a dinner or some more doubtful pleasure, and yet are too mean or too indifferent to spend half-a-crown on a book. The library system has greatly contributed to discourage the art of prose and the art of poetry. The Poetry Bookshop productions are a step in the right direction. Moreover, since an old and very wealthy country like this tends towards less and less interest in the arts, it is a fine thing to have decent books printed at a price which “poor scholars” can afford. These publications have been, and will continue to be, successful.

It is not necessary for me to add much to what was said of Mr. James Elroy Flecker’s work in the article published in the March Egoist soon after Mr. Flecker’s death. Mr. Flecker was a very fine example of what I may call “the university poet,” a man of scholarship in the sense that he had a wide appreciation of European literature. He had read the Parnassians and Symbolists very carefully, and though he could not exactly have been very much in sympathy with the later developments of French poetry he was doing admirable work by translating poems of Sainain, Henri de Regnier, Claudel, and Paul Fort. His article on Paul Fort was a well-informed piece of criticism, and announced to many English people the existence of that poet which before that had not been suspected. For some considerable time The Egoist has been hammering at people to read French poetry; we agreed entirely with Mr. Flecker when he said that young poets in England were too stay-at-home, and advised them to take a trip abroad and then rediscover England. Excellent advice, which The Egoist poets had acted upon long before it was given by Mr. Flecker.

In this posthumous work, “The Old Ships,” there are several very pleasing poems. Mr. Flecker was profoundly certain that poetry was an art, a fact which most of his contemporaries and elders had not discovered—they appear to have imagined that it was a kind of mental mushroom which sprang up in a second at a word from Almighty God. I do not say that Mr. Flecker’s ideals of what the art of poetry should be exactly coincide with my own; I should have liked, for instance, to see him a little less lofty and more human, a little more austere and less pretty, a little less tinged with the haughty superiority which infects the blood of young men who sojourn for long beside the Cam or the Isis: but at the same time I should like to bring my small homage to a man who worked hard and disinterestedly for his art. I will not dwell upon several things which for me very much lessen his importance as a poet, but leave readers to draw their conclusions from these two poems:

* * * "The Old Ships," by James Elroy Flecker. Poetry Book Shop, 1s. net.
THE OLD SHIPS

I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village men still call Tyne,
With leaden age o'ercarried, dipping deep
For Farnagusta, and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a flash of fire;
And all those ships were certainly so old
Who knows how oft with squall and noisy gun,
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay.
A drowsy ship of some yet older day;
And, wonder's breath indrawn,
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same
(Fished up beyond Zeesa, patched up new
—Stern painted brighter blue—)
That tallface, born-headed section came
[Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar]
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burnt open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

PANNYRA OF THE GOLDEN HEEL

The revel pauses and the room is still:
The silver flute invites her with a trill,
And kissed in her great veils fold on fold
Rises to dance Pannyra, Heel of Gold.
Her light steps cross; her subtle arms impel
The clinging drapery; it shrinks and swells,
Hollows and floats, and bursts into a whirl:
She is a flower, a moth, a flaming girl.
All lips are silent; eyes are all in trance:
And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,
Who knows how oft with a flash of fire
That rings black Cyprus with a flash of fire;
And all those ships were certainly so old
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Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

Miss Anna Wickham's "Contemplative Quarry" * is about as good a contrast to "The Old Ships" as one can imagine. Mr. Flecker's book is all gracious reverie, careful notations of ideal beauty, beautifully wrought decoration full of scholarly association; Anna Wickham's book is a chunk of life. She makes me think of those punching machines on Folkstone pier; you hit a button, a puff of smoke, and there's your boy. Life hits Anna Wickham and she registers a protest in a woman's book (who is very seldom got by the impression of a woman) who is very seldom got by the impression of craftsmanship. She even makes couplets that sound like: "The Contemplative Quarry" registers the revolt of a human sort of mind from the exasperating restrictions and limitations of English middle-class life. It is not a work of art; it is a series of cartels. It was most worth printing of all four of these books. I quote one more poem:

DRILLING IN RUSSELL SQUARE

The wittered leaves that drift in Russell Square
Will turn to dust and mud and moulder there
And we shall moulder in the plains of France
Before these leaves have ceased from their last dance.

The hot sun triumphs through the fading trees,
The fadings trees keep apace with the hot sun:
And the autumnal warmth strange dreams doth breed
As right and left the following columns lead.

Then shun! Form fours! 
And once the France we
Was a warm distant place with sun shot through,
A happy land of gracious palaces and parks,
And Paris! Paris! Where twice green the trees
Do twice salute the all delightful year!
(Though the sun lives, and trees are dying here.)
And Germany we thought a singing place,
Where in the hamlets dwelt a most contented race,
Where th' untaught villager would still compose
Delicious things upon a girl or rose.

Well, I suppose, all I shall see of France
Will be most clouded by an Ulhans's lance,
Red fields from cover glimpse a little I see
Of innocent, singing, peasant Germany.

Form fours! Re-form two deep! We wheel and pair
And still the brown leaves drift in Russell Square.

"Spring Morning" by Frances Cornford is a slightly affected sort of book. A pathetic devotion to rhyme is joined to a kind of sentimental mock-simplicity. The following is a good deal better than its fellows, though line five is ridiculous and unnecessary:

THE TIRED MAN

I am a quiet gentleman,
And I would sit and think;
But my wife is on the hillside,
Wild as a hill-stream.
I am a quiet gentleman,
And I would sit and think;
But my wife is walking the whirlwind
Through night as black as ink.
O, give me a woman of my race
As well controlled as I,
And let us sit by the fire,
Patient till we die!

I have no great interest in the other two books.* Mr. Shanks's book is all right in its way, but it might be one of any score of books published by Elkin Matthews. There is no vividness either of experience or observation or of workmanship; it is sing-song sort of stuff and rather dull. The whole poem in the book has some kind of interest about it; at least it is not that terribly abstract verse. It mentions things one cares about. It is really a good poem.
PASSING PARIS

AND now, after so long a fast, I think we may be permitted to return to our books. Here have just come in the Amours of Ronsard—

who was not, I believe, an imagist but a good poet none the less—and Les Pastoral ou Daphnis et Chloe, the translation from Longus by that Paul-Louis Courier who resented being called a "Hellenist" a term he considered reminiscent of dentist. Both volumes belong to the Maitres du Livre, the circulate of which is limited, published by Crès et Cie, edited by M. Ad. van Bever, with portraits by Eugène Vibert, and ornamented by typographical designs—as distinct from illustrations—in the spirit of the text by Ciolkowski.

The Amours are a faithful reproduction of the first volume published in 1560 under Ronsard's own supervision, the numerous discrepancies with which the publishers of his time had deformed his writings, rendering them, as he said, unrecognisable to their author (que a peine les a laudit Ronsard peu reconnoistre, in the words of a notary's act), having induced him to protect them from further damage by a royal sanction for their copyright to a single bookseller, one Gabriel Buon, who issued them in four volumes: the Amours, the Odes, the Poèmes and the Hymnes, taking six years for their complete impression. Once since then a certain Blancheau had proposed, perhaps in order to bring out an edition in exact conformity with the original text, but it assumes his claim is unwarranted. M. van Bever has adhered to the spelling of the Renaissance, unifying it, however, but has, wisely, excluded the quite superfluous commentaries of a certain Moret and a certain Belleau, "violinists," as they were.

The Amours represent the flower of Ronsard's production for, as M. van Bever says in his preface, "his later works were constrained within excessive prudence and piety, the virtuosity gained with practice not compensating for the loss in sincerity and ardour."

The presentation of Gentilhomme Vandemoys" (otherwise: Nobleman of Vendôme) once wrote a poem which forms singular and suggestive reading at this hour. He addressed it to Queen Elizabeth, with whom he was proud to claim a link of coinsumis. It ran:

"N'offensez point par armes ni par noise,
Si m'en croyez, la province gauloise . . . .
Le Gaulois semble au saule verdissant:
Prenant vigueur de son propre dommage.
Pour ce, vivez comme amiables sceurs:
Et sans le dos d'un corselet vous ceindre,
L'amour, la foi, deux belles compagnies,
Car les combats, les sceptres ne sont seurs.
Quand vous serez ensemble bien unies,
Ferez vos noms par tout Europe craindre,
Et l'age d'or verra de toutes parts
Fleurir les lys entre les leopards.
Si m'en croyez, la province gauloise . . . .
The other revival is the graceful but incorrect rendering of Amyot, the sixteenth-century translator of Plutarch, revised and completed by Paul-Louis Courier in accordance with his discovery of a manuscript giving the text in its integrity, at the Monastery of Monte Cassini near Florence. The present edition is a reproduction of that published in 1825, the year of Paul-Louis Courier's death, but adds to it a philological commentary not included in that edition. The history of Paul-Louis Courier's discovery with the persecutions, difficulties and annoyances of all kinds connected with its revelation leading almost to his arrest—though he sought no profit by his task—for he made a present of it to publisher and public, as divulged in the correspondence appended—

is eloquent of the dangers to which a pioneer in art and science was exposed so late as the beginning of the nineteenth century.

It may be allowed to return under this renewed heading, to the verbal record of the Belgian invasion by M. Roland de Marès, of the Indépendance Belge and Paris Temps, in his La Belgique Envochie (Crès et Cie; 3 fr. 50) graphically and patriotically than all it is to see that the leader Belgium prayed for in the Middle Ages to deliver it from the Spaniards, the leader who had hitherto only been embodied in the legendary figure of Thyl Ulenspiegel, arises precisely when the foe outdistances the national means of self-defence beyond all former experience.

M. Franz Masereel's drawings are as earnest as is the prose of M. de Marès. They show fugitives, soldiers in trenches, German troopers, wounded, flames, ruins, the homeless, floods, and these scenes of terror and devastation are rendered with a simplicity of accent combined with an eloquence of feeling and an absence of the theatrical, in draughtsmanship of the most robust telling a story of incontestable truthfulness. They are
newspapers, in place of the waxworks-like, melodramatic, sentimental, studio-imagined and generally vulgar effusions therein contained, which, far from impressing or giving a record, repel all but the most infantile. They are neither facts nor comments and their historical value is proportioned to their artistic worth, that is: nil.

* * * * *

Le Double Bouquet for May, which appears in its new chocolate-coloured cover, extremely inconsistent be worthy of the deeds. Homage cannot be too often rendered. The only young victims, Charles Perrot, and some neat little with the mission it proclaims incessantly in favour of "beauty" and singularly reminiscent of the worst in German taste, comprises poems by one of the war's young victims, Charles Perrot, and some neat little poèmes de guerre written at the front by Charles Moulié who, author of an "homage" to the memory of Renée Vivien whose name is, like that of Mme. de Noailles, among those occurring to the mind when one remembers James Elroy Flecker's affirmation that Renee Vivien whose name is, like that of Mme. de Noailles, among those occurring to the mind when one remembers James Elroy Flecker's affirmation that since the untimely deaths of Samain and Morçàs there is little outside the works of Fort, Francis Jammes and Régnier calling for more than respect in contemporary French poetry.

Charles Perrot wrote his lines in conditions more propitious:

"Je vous ai découverts au détour de ma route,
Alors que je marchais courbe sous un chagrin
Que vous ne sauriez pas et qui pourtant m'entraît
Ce soir obstinement et ranime mon doute.

Je me croyais plus seul, plus perdu que jamais,
Pour avoir de longs mois vécu parmi la foule
En étranger, avec des pleurs que Ton refoule,
A renier mon âme et tout ce que j'aimais.

Et parceque j'étais celui qui s'analyse
Uniquement, sans voir la vie autour de lui,
Chaque jour j'enfonce plus avant dans ma nuit,
Quand vous m'avez admis, indigné, à votre église."

Another among the more important losses to the propagation of art is that of Jules Ecorcheville, founder of S.I.M., and the ring-leader of modern music in France who, as a "lieutenant de réserve," was killed in February by a bullet in the heart "on returning from a perilous reconnaissance." The exact number of victims in the literary fighting ranks now reaches some seventy. M. Jean Variat, author of Les Hasards de la Guerre, is wounded, and M. Martial-Piechaud, author of Le Retour dans La Nuit, is an active service.

* * * * *

The heading of this correspondence has been altered not because Paris is expressing detachment from the war, for, on the contrary, its effects are felt as keenly as at any earlier stage in the great upheaval. The ubiquity of the wrecked humanity which has returned to us and which, like a melancholy harlequinade, saddens all prospects with the ironic smile of its bright red and blue, would suffice, were other circumstances not also prevalent, to keep our minds constantly fixed on the grand tragedy. But enthusiasm for the most heroic stage of life "like Keats." He fell in a duel, the victim of a belief that his wife's honour was in question. His life, though short, was immensely fertile. His achievements are not to be reckoned by mere reference to the catalogue of published works. He inaugurated a new era in Russian literature by striking a note of Nationalism. And he struck that note upon an instrument—the Russian tongue—that had been discordant to all but the most ardent of those who, in anticipation of the great player who should come, had restrung and tuned it. Pushkin's industrious precursors, Lomonosoff the grammarian, Kriloff the fabulist, and Karamzin the historian had at length succeeded in cleansing their language of the alien expressions which since Peter the Great had become a serious impediment in the speech of the would-be nationalist.

His advent was so confidently anticipated by poets and thinkers of the epoch which preceded him, that it is not easy to decide whether this expectation was born of an intense admiration for the man who was already ready for the magical touch, or whether the need of a great national poet had entered so deeply into their consciousness as to render it pregnant with the hope that became its offspring. Lomonosoff, in the preface to his grammar, apotheosised his mother-tongue in terms that must have sounded arrogant to any student of his volume who was not already a worshipper. Patyomkin gives a hint that he was capable of appreciating Catherine's intellectual qualities as well as her physical charm. "Although the Russian language," he wrote in his Memoirs, "has not yet attained a degree of perfection which a brilliant genius may yet impart to it at some future time, yet it is the richest, the most simple and the most picturesque language of modern Europe." These are not the words of a mere syphonic adventurer. Lastly our own poetic ambassador to France who represents our country's good, was prompted by his study of the Russian language and its literature to predict, when publishing his collection of poems, that on some not far-distant day it would be "an interesting task to compare the maturer charms of Slavonic song with those of its earliest gems." An outline of the history of Pushkin's Literary career is hardly within the province of the present paper. An epitome of its influence and effect upon Russian literature and music must suffice. It may safely be said that in his work lies the germ of that feudant nationalism that inspires the Russian arts as we know them to-day, and by no means least that of music. In dwelling upon the indebtedness of Russian operatic composers to Pushkin it should be mentioned in passing that the debt of song-writers is, at least in quantity, immeasurably greater. The awakening of a long-dormant nationalism in the Russian literary and musical, as well as in the social, world was caused by a common detonation, the Napoleonic invasion. In the earliest years of his reign the First Gentleman of Europe" saw fit to adopt a friendly attitude towards the First Consul of France. But no one can have welcomed more than young Alexander, who was kindled by Rostopchin, when it was seen that the sparks from Moscow's conflagration had caused the smouldering Russian nationalism to burst into flame.

At this moment Pushkin was at the Tsarskoe Selo
A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN

By James Joyce

CHAPTER V (continued)

They passed back through the garden and out through the hall where the doddering porter was pinning up a notice in the frame. At the foot of the steps they halted and Stephen took a packet of cigarettes from his pocket and offered it to his companion.

—I know you are poor—he said.

—Damn your yellow insolation—answered Lynch. This second proof of Lynch’s culture made Stephen smile again.

—It was a great day for European culture—he said—when you made up your mind to wear in yellow.

They lit their cigarettes and turned to the right.

After a pause Stephen began:

—Aristotle has not defined pity and terror. I have. I say—

—Lynch halted and said bluntly:

—Stop! I won’t listen! I am sick. I was out last night on a yellow drunk with Horan and Goggins.

—Stephen went on:

—Pity is the feeling which arrests the mind in the presence of whatever is grave and constant in human sufferings and unites it with the human sufferer. Terror is the feeling which arrests the mind in the presence of
green in our own way. They are the prison gates of our soul, the beauty we have come to understand—that is art.—

Stephen nodded. Lynch—What is art? What is the beauty it expresses?

—It amuses me vastly—he said—to hear you quoting him time after time like a jolly round friar. Are you laughing in your sleeve?

—Who knows?—said Stephen, smiling. Perhaps Aquinas would understand me better than you. He was a poet himself. He wrote a hymn for Maundy Thursday. It begins with the words Pange lingua gloriosi. They say it is the highest glory of the hymnal. It is an intricate and soothing hymn. I like it: but there is no hymn that can be put beside that mournful and majestic processional song, the " Vexilla Regis " of Venantius Fortunatus.—

Lynch began to sing softly and solemnly in a deep bass voice:

\[ \text{Inpleta sunt quae concinit} \]
\[ \text{David fideli carmine} \]
\[ \text{Dicendo nationibus} \]
\[ \text{Regnavit a lingo Deus.} \]

—That's great!—he said, well pleased.—Great music!—

They turned into Lower Mount Street. A few steps from the corner a fat young man, wearing a silk neckcloth, saluted them and stopped.—Did you hear the results of the exams,?—he asked.—Griffin was plucked. Halpin and O'Flynn are through the Home Civil. Moonan got fifth place in the Indian. O'Shaughnessy got fourteenth. The Irish fellows in Clark's gave them a feed last night. They all ate curry.—

His pallid bloated face expressed benevolent malice, and, as he had advanced through his tidings of success, his small fat-encircled eyes vanished out of sight and his weak wheezing voice out of hearing.

In reply to a question of Stephen's he said his voice came forth again from their lurking-places.

I dislike that way out. It leads to eugenics rather than to aesthetics. It leads you out of the maze into a new gaudy lecture-room where MacCann, with one hand on "The Origin of Species" and the other hand on the New Testament, tells you that you admired the great flanks of Venus because you felt that she would bear you unoffspring and admired her great breasts because you felt that she would give good milk to her children and yours.—

—Then MacCann is a sulphur-yellow liar—said Lynch energetically.

—There remains another way out—said Stephen, laughing.

—to wit?—said Lynch.

—This hypothesis—Stephen began. A long dray laden with old iron came round the corner of Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital covering the end of Stephen's speech with the harsh roar of jangled and rattling metal. Lynch closed his ears and gave out an oath after oath till the dray had passed. Then he turned on his heel rudely. Stephen turned also and waited for a few moments till his companion's ill-humour had had its vent.

—This hypothesis—Stephen repeated—is the other way out: that, though the same object may not seem beautiful to all people, it may be admirable to one beautiful object find in it certain relations which satisfy and coincide with the stages themselves of all aesthetic apprehension. These relations of the sensible, visible to you through one form and to me through another, must be therefore the necessary qualities of beauty. Now, we can return to our old friend Saint Thomas for another pennyworth of wisdom.—

Lynch laughed.

—It amuses me vastly—he said—to hear you quoting him time after time like a jolly round friar. Are you laughing in your sleeve?

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In reply to a question of Stephen's he said his voice came forth again from their lurking-places.
That is consonantia.—

The parts, the result of its parts, and their sum, harmonious.

You apprehend it as one of apprehension. Having first felt that it is the rhythm of its structure. In other words, the synbalanced part against part within its limits; you feel the point, led by its formal lines; you apprehend it as integritas.—

You see it as one whole. You apprehend its wholeness. You know it as time which is not it. You apprehend it as phase of apprehension is a bounding line drawn about the visible universe which is not the basket. The first sense of the term our judgment is influenced in the first place by the art itself and by the form of that art. The image, it is clear, must be set between the mind or senses of the artist himself and the mind or senses of others. If you bear this in memory you will see that art can hardly divide itself into three forms progressing from one to the next. These forms are: the lyrical form, the form wherein the artist presents his image in immediate relation to himself; the epical form, the form wherein he presents his image in immediate relation to himself and to others; the dramatic form, the form wherein he presents his image in immediate relation to others.

That you told me a few nights ago—said Lynch—and we began the famous discussion.

—I have a book at home—said Stephen—in which I have written down questions which are more amusing than yours were. In finding the answers to them I found the theory of the aesthetic which I am trying to explain. Here are some questions I set myself: Is a chair finely made tragic or comic? Is the portrait of Mona Lisa good? Do you think he had in mind symbolism or idealism, the supreme quality of beauty being a light from some other world, the idea of which the matter was but the shadow, the form wherein he presents his image is first conceived in his imagination. The mind in that mysterious instant Shelley likened beautifully to a fading coal. The instant wherein that supreme quality of beauty, the clear radiance of the aesthetic image, is apprehended luminously by the mind which has been arrested by its wholeness and by that quality of beauty which is the luminous silent stasis of aesthetic pleasure, a spiritual state very like to that cardiac condition which the Italian physiologist Luigi Galvani, using a phrase almost as beautiful as Shelley’s, called the enchantment of the heart.

Stephen paused and, though his companion did not speak, felt the words had called up around them a thought-enraptured silence.

—What I have said—he began again—refers to beauty in the wider sense of the word, in the sense which the word has in the literary tradition. In the market place it has another sense. When we speak of beauty in the second sense of the term our judgment is influenced in the first place by the art itself and by the form of that art. The image, it is clear, must be set between the mind or senses of the artist himself and the mind or senses of others. If you bear this in memory you will see that art can hardly divide itself into three forms progressing from one to the next. These forms are: the lyrical form, the form wherein the artist presents his image in immediate relation to himself; the epical form, the form wherein he presents his image in immediate relation to himself and to others; the dramatic form, the form wherein he presents his image in immediate relation to others.

—that was a lovely one—said Lynch, laughing again.

That has the true scholastic stink.

—Lessing.—said Stephen—should not have taken a group of statues to write of. The art, being inferior, does not present the forms I spoke of distinguished clearly one from another. Even in literature, the highest and most spiritual art, the forms are often confused. The lyrical form is in fact the simplest verbal vestige of an instant of emotion, a rhythmic cry such as ages ago cheered on the chariot or dragged stones up a slope. He who utters it is more conscious of the instant of emotion than of himself as feeling emotion. The simplest epical form is seen emerging out of lyrical literature when the artist prolongs and broods upon himself as the centre of an epical event and this form
progresses till the centre of emotional gravity is equi­
distant from the artist himself and from others. The
narrative is no longer purely personal. The personality
of the artist passes into the narration itself, flowing
round and round the persons and the action like a vital
sea. This progress you will see easily in that old English
ballad "Turpin Hero," which begins in the first person
and ends in the third person. The dramatic form is
reached when the vitality which has flowed and eddied
round each person fills every person with such vital force
that he or she assumes a proper and intangible aesthetic
life. The personality of the artist, at first a cry or a
cadence or a mood and then a fluid and lambent narrative,
finally refines itself out of existence, impersonalizes itself,
so to speak. The aesthetic image in the dramatic form
is life purified in and reprojected from the human imagina­
tion. The mystery of aesthetic like that of material
creation is accomplished. The artist, like the God of
the creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above
his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, in­
different, paring his fingernails.—

Lynch.—

A fine rain began to fall from the high veiled sky
and they turned into the Duke's lawn, to reach the National
Library before the shower came. I am not beautiful, you say :
That my cry is unmeaning and shrill.

Truly, it is not soft,
And yet to me singing belongs :
Singing and all that the voice can say.

—at my command speech turns dumb,
Prayer stops in the throat.
And song ...

I can unsing all songs
And make them not be.
O poet, young poet,

Proud poet with a thousand songs,—
Did you think, some day,
To sing your thousand songs?
To sing the beauty of the world?
With a touch of my finger beauty is vanished
And young songs are vanished.
Their utterance is choked forever.

Look at me. Hear me.
I am a bullet.

HELEN HOYT.

SPOKEN TO ADONIS

You, who live now, and are supremely pleasant,
Give me a vigorous joy in all things present.
So I am drawn from silly preciousness,
So I am drawn from silly preciousness,
Give me a vigorous joy in all things present.

I would not have you walk the Gray's Inn Road
Were I a sculptor, it would be my pride,

To carve your hat, a little to the side.
Dressed in a toga or in mail or woad.

I am small, you say ?
I am not beautiful, you say:
Yes, but I own the world
And the world's might.

As for the most lovely of virgins;
But men have gone mad for me
As for the most lovely of virgins;

They have given their souls to taste of my lips
And counted the world as nothing for a touch.

Listen, proud poet,
Lover of beauty ;
Lover of singing and of your own heart:

You say I have no song,

Lover of singing and of your own heart:

Yet to me singing belongs:
Singing and all that the voice can say.

—Trying to refine them also out of existence—said
Lynch:—

A fine rain began to fall from the high veiled sky
and they turned into the Duke's lawn, to reach the National
Library before the shower came. 

—What do you mean—Lynch asked surlily—by
prating about beauty and the imagination in this
miserable God-forsaken island ? No wonder the artist
retired within or behind his handiwork after having
perpetrated this country.—

(To be continued.)

POEMS

AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

I TURN the page and read :

"I dream of silent verses where the rhyme
Glides noiseless as an oar."
The heavy musty air, the black desks,
The bent heads and the rustling noises
In the great dome
Vanish. . . .
And
The sun hangs in the cobalt-blue sky,
The boat drifts over the lake shallows,
The fishes skim like umber shades through the undulating
weeds,
The oarsmen drop their rosy petals on the lawns,
And the swallows dive and swirl and whistle
About the cleft battlements of Can Grande's castle.

Richard Aldington.

A CHANCE COMRADE

Last year when I was on the sea
There was a storm outside,
A dead man came and stood outside my porthole :
With my hand I beckoned him
To come and look inside.
And I spread out things to show him—
Some glistening money and some beads,
A bright red scarf, a silver chain,
A newspaper and books;
A bright red scarf, a silver chain,
A newspaper and books;
I played at doing up my hair
And opened out my frock—
And opened out my frock—
I played at doing up my hair
And opened out my frock—
And opened out my frock—

To come and look inside.

And I spread out things to show him—
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And I spread out things to show him—
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A bright red scarf, a silver chain,
A newspaper and books;

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Some glistening money and some beads,
I.

**AUSTRIAN CULTURE AND AUSTRIAN POETRY: HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL**

Most people, I imagine, who think carefully about the matter, have a good deal of secret affection for Austria. The Austro-Hungarian Empire may be an intolerable pot-hatch of nationalities, but the Austrians, the gay Viennese or the men of the Tyrol—these are really leisurely, attractive people. There is, of course, an Austrian "culture" much more than there is a German "culture." Modern Germany is an upstart nation compared with Austria, and like an upstart she is excessively industrious, anxious, feverish—and boorish. She is like a man who has made a deal of money out of soap; Austria is rather the finished aristocrat among nations. Of a rather Schnitzlerian little "Anatol" plays represent Vienna to you; you get the impression of a gay, unconcerned people, loose and wicked perhaps, but with polish and not too much feverish industry or seriousness. No one outside France knows how to turn a compliment so neatly as the characters of these "Viennese" Schnitzlerian plays; they should be read, if possible, in the original and not in Granville Barker's adaptation. You will have the impression that in Austria there is a sense of form and style which Germany has indeed begun to acquire, but only in a very external and artificial fashion. Viennese pages are a kind of Mishcel, perhaps of a spiritual form.

But, seriously, Austria can make a very good show in culture and the arts. Schubert and Liszt were Austrian subjects by birth; so were Smetana and Dvorak. Beethoven and Brahms did most of their best work in Vienna. So, in literature, did Friedrich Hebbel, Grillparzer, Auerbach, Becher, Lenau, Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach—all these considerable poets and dramatists of the nineteenth century were Austrian. So, by the way, was the famous novelist Peter Rosegger, who would have received the Nobel Prize for his novel "The Death of Titian," had he not been overtaken in favour of Rabindranath Tagore. In recent years a great number of the most prominent German-writing poets and dramatists have been Austrian. There is the "Prague group," with Rainer Maria Rilke at its head, of whom much more must be said later. There is also Hermann Babr, who has written attractive comedies; his "Concert" was seen in London about four years ago, I think. There is lastly Hugo von Hofmannsthal, whom every one knows of at least as Richard Strauss's librettist. He should be known, too, for his versions of classical dramas such as "King Æneas and the Sphinx," for his lyrical dramas such as "The Death of Titian" (1892), "The White Fan" (1897), and "The Fool and Death" (1893), where the tradition is mostly Stefan Georg's carried over into a loose dramatic form, and for his poems, which are full of symbolist influence conveyed from Mallarmé to Blücher, from "Blietzer fär die Kunst" pioneers. Except for the "Eölius" and "Electra" there is very little energy and vigour in Hofmannsthal. His dramas are really strings of spoken lyrics; there is very little action, only meditation and brooding. His poems are chiefly poems of mood, with an air of mystery, melancholy and incompleteness. He is very nearly equated to George Meredith. His most worthy influence has been the setting of a fashion—in both form and mood—by his "Ballade of Outer Life." It begins:

> And children grow up with deep eyes;  
> They know nothing, they grow up and they die,  
> And love grows up and goes the same way.  
> And sour fruits grow into sweet,  
> And fall like dead birds,  
> And lie a few days and then rot.
That is all very characteristic; it is too well known to need further translation. The fragment "The Death of Titian" is not so well known. This is a speech near the end:

He has waked us from our night
And given light and riches to our souls;
And shown us how every day’s life and movement
Should be enjoyed as if it were a play;
And taught us to understand the beauty of all forms,
And to look into our own lives.

Women and flowers and waves of the sea
And silk and gold and the glow of bright stones,
Lofty bridges and springlike valleys
With fair nymphs by crystal streams;
All the things we love to dream
And all the glories of our waking hours—
Have first received their great beauty
As they passed through his soul.

"Our life is only a shadow-play," is a line from another play. "The three are one: a man, a thing, a dream" is the last line of the terza rima lines "Of Freedomliness." These sentences sum up Hofmannsthal’s mood in his poems and lyrical dramas. His style I am unable, and have not attempted, to convey. Perfect smoothness and evenness of rhythm is, I should say, his chief characteristic. There are no jerks, no great intensities of idea or expression. Practically all the plays, with the exception of the librettos, were written for performance in a théâtre intime or, some of them, not for performance at all. Several are "Puppenspiele"—plays for marionettes which may be compared with, say, "Interior" or "The Death of Tintagiles." In the same way Hofmannsthal’s verse should be read softly in a small, dimly-lighted room.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal is the Maeterlinck of German literature.

And always along with them the crowd of laughing youths and girls, scented from the flowering fields. It is a nightly festival, and nightly the procession gathers itself up from the valleys and hills, and streams in through your iron doors. And in the morning after your devouring night what remains to keep beating that steel heart of yours, city, is little more than ashes and tears."

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

**NOTE.—Owing to pressure of space "Decadence and Dynamism," II, by Richard Aldington, and the second part of "Pushkin and the Russian Opera," by M. Montagu-Nathan are unavoidably held over to the next number.—Ed.**

**CORRESPONDENCE**

*THE DISCARDED IMAGIST*

To the Editor, The Egoist.

*Madam,*

0 thou unborn historian of literature—if you ever mention my name spell it better than F. S. Flint, please! (Do not believe a single word

That others have written about me.

In the year nineteen hundred a poet named Crammer Byng brought to my attic in Whitehall Gardens a book of Chinese Gems by Professor Giles.

Eastern butterflies coming into my attic there beside the Stygian Thames.

And read me one of them—willows, forsaken young wife, spring.

Immediately my soul kissed the soul of Immortal China:

I perceived that all we in the West were indeed barbarians and foreign devils,

And that we knew scarcely anything about poetry.

I set to work and wrote little poems

Some of which I read to a scientific friend

Who said, "All that, what do they prove?"

Then I hid them away for ten or twelve years,

Scented leaves in a Chinese jar,

While I went on composing the poem of life.

I withstood the savages of the Niger with a revolver;

I withstood the savages of the Thames with a printing-press;

Byng and I we set up as publishers in Fleet Street, and produced the "Odes of Confucius," and the "Sayings."

My own poems I did not produce:

They were sent back to me by the Spectator and the English Review.

I secretly grudged them to the Western devils.

After many years I sent them to Chicago, and they were printed by Harriet Monroe. (They also were printed in The Egoist.)

Thee upon Ezra Pound the generous rose up and called me an Imagist, (I had no idea what he meant.)

As well as of Edward Storer and T. E. Hulme.

And a very great honour.

But I was left out of the next anthology.

This was a very great shame.

And now I have read in a history of Imagism

That the movement was started in nineteen hundred and eight

By Edward Storer and T. E. Hulme

(Poetry the crystal of language,

Passion frozen by art,

Fallen in love with its likeness!)

Evil is the advice of Horace

That poems should be given nine years to fix,

Evil in the day of swift movements—for I hear that already Imagism is out of date.)

O thou divine soul of China

Brooding over millenniums of perfect art,

May you never be troubled by the impertinences of the West!

And thou unborn literary historian (if you ever mention my name)

Write me down an imitator of Po Li and Shakespeare

As well as of Edward Storer and T. E. Hulme.

ALLEN UPWARD.
To the Editor, The Egoist.

Madam,—I notice that in his contribution to the Imagist number of The Egoist Mr. Harold Monro, writing on the history of the Imagist movement, states that the movement owes its origin to the large discovery of " Poetry as Art" by Mr. Harold Monro and written in 1908. He then goes on to point out that the Imagist verse fails as poetry not because the writers love poetry less, but because they love expression more. Being what it is it will be no better if Tennyson had written it, and no worse if it proved to be by, say, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Indeed, it is not poetry any more than little Congreve's tiresome stream of deprecation and comedy, despite what certain hopeless apprentice play critics assert to the contrary. Poetry, I suppose Mr. Monro would say, is not expression but the thing expressed. All this is good and true. But Mr. Monro fails to make one thing quite clear. The Imagists have been mistaken in their very conception of poetry which alone the power to see it as Art and not as "expression." I am convinced that some at least of the Imagists are not without the secret of this power, and if they will be guided by the vision they gain thereby, to the extent of forgetting their literary erudition, it will transform their conception of poetry. The strict literature at which they aim is not proper poetry. In fact, literary technicians do not, as a rule, write poetry for the simple reason that even if they dream the poet's dream of reality they at once proceed to smother it under literary forms. We must look to those rich in poetical experience, and free to express it, for the true expression of poetry. In plain words, "Poetry as an art" (that is, as expression or form) is not the same as Poetry as Art (that art, the thing expressed). The distinction is so big and vital and so necessary that I propose to consider it in an article in the "Little Review." I hope to prove that what poetry needs nowadays is free poets, not free verse.

H. C. TENTY.

[The text continues with various articles and advertisements.]
THE EGOIST

June 1, 1915

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