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## LINGUAL PSYCHOLOGY

### A New Conception of the Function of Philosophic Inquiry

BY D. MARSDEN

#### FOREWORD

IN the early numbers of the last volume of THE EGOIST there appeared four articles under the title of "Truth and Reality." In those articles the conception is to be found which moulds the series now under the title of "Lingual Psychology" about to appear, and of which this article is the first. In handling those preliminary studies it was early felt that the bearing of the idea they attempted to embody extended far beyond the limits of the twin problems dealt with—central and of capital importance as modern philosophy has come to regard them. It became increasingly plain that only by putting the conception in a wider setting which would make clear what relation it bore to philosophic theory as a whole: what precisely it proposed to add to it and to take away from it, should we be able to indicate the effect its acceptance would have upon all philosophic problems: those of Truth and Reality of course in the forefront. The proposed series is the attempt to place the conception in that wider setting. It may here be remarked that while the earlier articles concerned themselves only with the defects of symbolization as expressed in terms of speech, the proposed articles go on to conceive the function of philosophy as the censorship of the passports and *bona fides* of all symbols, no matter what their medium of expression. Philosophy—it is held—is the watchdog, censor, guardian, of the universal symbolizing activity; but because the only comprehensive system of symbols is language, and since every other variety of symbol in exact proportion to its genuineness and intelligibility will debouch into speech and express its specialized function in speech-terms, it has been thought fitting to describe the new philosophy as "Lingual Psychology." The term is not perhaps wholly free from redundancy; "Psychology" perhaps ought to be sufficiently comprehensive and would be were it not for the fact that there exist so many

species of inquiry calling themselves psychology, and there is so much controversy as to the function of psychology itself that the incorporation of the descriptive term "lingual" for the time being at least is to be held not so much justified as absolutely necessary.

Here at the outset it would perhaps be usual to make an apology for the audacity, excessive in an amateur, which presumes to engage with a subject so vast and far-reaching. In others, however, apologizing in a preface has never seemed to me other than a dubious merit: an attempt to wheedle us into issuing in their favour a blank cheque drawn on our fund of forbearance; it has always seemed that the fitting place for an apology is not the foreword but the epilogue, where we can hope to find ourselves in a position to judge of the enormity of their offending. One would prefer, therefore, to save oneself from the feebleness of one tradition by stating the facts of another, to wit: that in England at least all the great landmarks of philosophy—from Locke to Herbert Spencer—have been set in place, not by professionals but by interested amateurs. Accordingly, for as much as the distinction between professional and amateur is worth, and particularly where innovation is concerned, the latter may venture with a confidence which tradition will not support in the former. And for the rest we must remain content to wait for the epilogue.

#### CHAPTER I: ANALYSIS AS THE PHILOSOPHIC METHOD

At no previous period in history can philosophy have appeared at such a disadvantage as now in competing for the best brains of its generation. Compared with the rapidly increasing returns for energy expended now obtainable in other fields, its meagre rewards shrink almost to vanishing-point. The reflective-



minded have prospects in either the arts or the objective sciences which make devotion to philosophy seem a very thankless ploughing of the sands, and one can expect to see youth and virility turn away from its warrens honeycombed with blind-alley inquiries to vistas opening wide with promise of recompense and new achievement. Yet for one possessing a sense of history in relation to intellectual development, precisely is its present condition that which is piquant and fascinating as no other sphere is, and as no optimist will believe that of philosophy can remain for (say) a century more. An historically-minded optimist might well hold that we are within hailing distance of the same kind of transition in philosophy which at the Renaissance the Anti-Aristotelian revolt put through for objective science. Rich and generous and satisfying as are the returns with which modern science repays its devotees, it can never again provide quite the same moment of passion, and of faith just breaking into knowledge which we hear ringing through the annunciation periods of Bacon. There is a something slightly prosaic in pursuing the right path when its rightness has become wholly obvious which to its disadvantage contrasts with the pioneering expectancy of those who, feeling they cannot be wrong, are just living into the moment which has to prove them right. And it would seem it is this hour which is approaching for philosophy. The tocsin which at the Renaissance sounded for her now sturdy offspring—objective science—is due to sound for the still sick member of the family of knowledge. If pseudo-science passed away then, it is due for pseudo-philosophy to make its exit now, and men will find themselves more enriched by what is implied in the disappearance of the latter than they were even by that of the former. It certainly can mean no loss. For philosophy as yet possesses no body of fact tried and proved. It is a phalanx bristling with hoary and ubiquitous questions whose presence has haunted the centuries from the climax of the first European civilization until now, until their paralyzing inscrutability has succeeded in impressing men's minds as with something sinister which it is wisdom for plain men to shun. The question of Truth, the question of Error, the riddle of Predication, the puzzle of Identity, the problem of Knowledge, the nature of Being, the definitions of Reality—these, even as they then were, now are: sphinx-like riddles to which no satisfying answer has been given and concerning which orthodox and heretical schools alike declare admit of no solution.

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It is curious to note how nearly the conditions of pseudo-philosophy parallel those of pre-Renaissance science. Each shows the same shifting and shuffling in defining its function: it is something exalted and lofty no doubt—but *unknown*. Each shows the same hesitancy and doubt as to its method: inevitably, since knowing *how* to do is dependent upon knowing what one *would* do. A vague, blind, haphazard search for they know not what: elixirs, philosophers' stones, transmuters of base metals, first principles, reality, truth correspond in each. Each has the same plethora of words, blessed words: portentous but inscrutable. Each its high traditional authority whose wide mantle covers and even adorns multitudinous sins. To Aristotle match Plato (with Kant—a kindred soul). Each is busy and preoccupied navigating the tiny eddies and backwaters it calls its problems, having failed to strike the main stream of inquiry. The inference is that the parallelism will not halt with these likenesses in impotence, but that in the fullness of time philosophy must follow objective science out of its agnostic twilight into the clear light of awareness of the nature of its own task and the method of its achievement, leaving in the kind shadows of oblivion its ontology and its epistemology

to bear company with alchemy, astrology and the rest of men's outlived conceptions. The first step—and for that matter the only one—is that it shall bring its search of the vague and undefined to an end, and realize the difference between searching for the *unknown* (the undefined) and searching for the *unfound* (but defined). The supreme task to which present-day philosophers have to set themselves squarely is the decision in precise, unambiguous terms as to what it is which constitutes its subject-matter. Doing that will define its function which, once clear, will entail the speedy advent of its true method of procedure. Its backwaters of problems will have to be abandoned: they are mere diversions leading nowhere. Their answers are to seek not because what they inquire into is subtle and hard of access, but because the questions themselves are only half intelligible: misshapen queries which do not genuinely ask anything. It can be taken for granted that when questions have been put for 2000 years without winning to their answer in spite of the best minds' best energies, the root of the mischief must be sought in the *form* given to the questions: it will be found it is there that the seeds of contradiction and absurdity with their consequent futility have lain and fructified. And if the business of philosophy cannot lie with these perversions of inquiry with what is it concerned? What is the subject-matter of philosophy? The right answer to that question rings up the curtain on the new philosophy: or rather on philosophy fairly launched for the first time. Just as for science in the moment it conceived what its work was, the deadly spell under which it had laboured, where questions were asked only to be mocked by their own echoes, was broken for ever and results poured in in a torrent, so will a like conception usher in an era of rich new things for philosophy. The vast labours of Bacon, Galileo and the rest: the stemming of the headlong torrent of traditional ways of thinking, though it required the strength and energy of intellectual giants combined with the burning faith of prophets to effect it, amounted to little more than informing science what actually constituted its proper business; to use eyes and ears and record what was seen and heard. It was a simple thing to advise: the dropping of interminable and brain-spinning problems and urging a fair full use of the observing powers furnished by the senses; but it was enough to harness modern science to its task, for emerging out of that position there stretched one single and unbroken line to the appearance of instruments invented to enlarge the senses' normal scope and through them to the present imposing monument of scientific achievement. Very well, the next intellectual revolution—now due—is with philosophy!

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To find our way in the labyrinth of existent philosophic conceptions, it is necessary to appreciate the way in which from—say—the time of Locke all philosophers have reacted to the belief then given authoritative recognition, *i.e.* the utter intractability of philosophy's subject-matter to treatment by the analytic method. Put differently, the belief is to the effect that the answers to philosophy's ultimate questions lie for ever beyond the apprehension of the human senses. It is the acceptance of this belief which is implied in the agnosticism of philosophy. When philosophers have attempted to explain what forced them to conclude that their only course was to head straight for the rocks of Agnosticism, they have had in mind consideration of two factors—philosophy's subject-matter and its method—either of which (or both) might be held responsible for such disaster. In the foregoing comparison with mediæval science we have maintained that such effect was the necessary outcome of the form given to the subject-matter; that philosophy is preoccupying itself with matter which from its very



nature can lead to nothing, being compounded of contradictions. All modern philosophy on the other hand adopts the contrary view, *i.e.* that it is the manner of inquiry that is defective and inadequate. As this position has been steadily held from the very outset of modern philosophy it is plain that the weight of what was implied in it has had time to make itself felt, yet the verdict of the two intervening centuries has conformed to the early one, *i.e.* that philosophic agnosticism must be accepted as a fact of unalterable experience and that its cause is to be attributed to the limitation of the human senses which leaves their method of inquiry impotent in face of philosophy's ultimate problems. The acceptance of the unknowableness of those "Ultimate" concerns with which philosophy maintains it is its peculiar province to deal, is the central fact of modern philosophy: the hinge upon which all it does and proposes to do turns.

Such agnosticism has been inevitable ever since philosophy agreed to harbour the conception that it was possible to conceive of a "Reality" which should be something distinguishable from sense-experience. That the Darwin-inspired *enfants terribles* of the Victorian era who proclaimed their agnosticism aloud should have created such a *furor* is to be put to the account, not of their agnosticism but of their truly amazing indiscretion. That both they and their assailants imagined it was otherwise is worthy of rendering this the classic instance of the general unawareness of philosophers as to the import of their own philosophic conceptions. Huxley and Spencer were not one whit more convinced than their most rabid opponent of the orthodox transcendental school of Faith. Obviously, had the latter believed that the knowledge they desired was obtainable even by way of the most arduous searching, they would not have fallen back on a system which laid its foundations on a basis of faith. What the orthodox held to be cause for upbraiding in the heretical was rather a lack of sensitiveness, a sort of intellectual shamelessness which did not shrink from exhibiting its misshapen members before the multitude. Open confession of their ability to know by those whose business was knowing, and in just those spheres which they considered constituted their own special province, the orthodox felt was tantamount to blatancy if not indecency. Instinctively they realized that to the multitude subscription to an agnostic philosophy was not to be distinguished in its essentials from the insolence of a professing baker triumphantly proclaiming his inability to bake, or a weaver to weave. They understood it was not fitting to acknowledge in the market-place an incapacity recognized by themselves as inherent, to arrive at the very knowledge they sought, even though such incapacity, decently veiled in words, should form a first article of faith with the initiated.

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It is the distinction of Kant that he first, and at an early day, realized how philosophy had had the ground cut from under its feet by the adoption of the tenet of the unknowableness of the "Ultimates" of Reality, and (by what is really the same fact differently stated) the proclaimed bankruptcy of the mind to penetrate deeper than "phenomena" by the way of analysis and sustained scrutiny. It is true that his agnosticism was as complete and emphatic as Huxley's; but to his higher degree of subtlety a complacent contemplating of such a situation was impossible. Accordingly if he could not sense the "ultimates" behind experience he would at least attempt to "explain" them by overlaying the whole with a peculiar system into which their imagined features might be considered harmoniously to fit. He decided to regard the inexplicables as "*given*" *a priori* and working from *beyond* that point, pro-

ceeded to construct for them an appropriate superstructure. He did not, of course, propose to analyse them: obviously since for the senses—which alone *can* analyse—they were not "there" to permit of it. By insinuating apriorism as the process of "explanation" in place of analysis, Kant thus endeavoured to make the best of a situation—hopeless as he conceived it. He proceeded like some well-meaning gardener who, despairing of raising stock from his garden, but determined to give something of decoration and finish to things, sets himself to the task of constructing effective little rockeries with the help of odds and ends lying near and handy. To repeat, constituted as the philosophic situation was—a hopeless agnosticism proclaiming the bankruptcy of the only method of inquiry of which humanly speaking we have any knowledge—it was open to Kant, and philosophers before and after him, either to accept the situation and make it look as presentable and engaging as might be, or to wrestle with the situation itself and, rather than abandon the method and means of inquiry, abandon the conceptions which made such sacrifice a necessity. For so before them did the Renaissance scientists abandon their elixirs and black magic; so too would a gardener, rather than abandon his garden to preoccupy himself with unprofitable diversions, not hesitate to scrap the soil which condemned it to barrenness and import in its place one different and better. To the bad fortune of the century of philosophic energy which followed him Kant chose the former, leaving it for this age, as one may hope, to retrace the track in order to open up the one from which he turned.

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Since apriorism—transcendentalism—was not only the dominant conception of last century but is the tradition against which restive spirits are chafing and revolting into new movements at the present time, it is worth while enlarging a little upon what is implied in the position adopted by the apriorists. It implies that there is an avenue to knowledge alternative to the analytic one, and that the knowledge which has eluded philosophers along one path can be come up with by another. The means by which Truth achieves a foothold in the alternative path are simple if curious. The searchers after Truth, having desired to find it but failed, promptly set themselves to the task of "constructing" it, with the result that not merely did the Truth of the apriorists arrive by strange by-paths, it turned out to be a strange kind of Truth. It has indeed been recognized and baptized under various names. It is made truth; it is fictional truth; it is creative truth; it is necessary truth; it is truth which is "Harmony and Beauty"; it is every kind of truth, in fact, except the common or garden "real" truth. When Keats asserted that "Truth is Beauty, Beauty Truth," he gave a nicely accurate description of this apriorist "Truth." It is the support of this æsthetic or fictional truth which enables the Kantean agnostics to veil their agnosticism and furnishes them with the far from mean courage to say at one and the same time that they know and yet do not know; that Truth is for ever beyond the scope of sense and yet capable of being brought within it; that it is inapprehensible and yet apprehensible, and that the defeat which overwhelmed their *search* for Truth their constructive ingenuity has by some mysterious, transcendental, supra-sensible means changed to victory; to the end that their "made" truth is not merely the equal of real and discovered truth: it surpasses it.

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"Made" truth is not, of course, the invention of the apriorists: nor are they by any means the sole users of it. The substitution of an æsthetic in place of the realistic criterion which it entails—that is, the



asking not whether a thing is of the character it was prophesied to be and whether it is correct to classify it in a certain manner but whether it pleases, whether it is engaging, inspiring, harmonious and appealing—we are all familiar with in humbler realms in the guise of the Hypothesis or Guess. The crudeness of the guessing process is veiled by skilfully investing it with an unaccustomed value and dignity. The apriorists proceed to augment the consideration paid to this modestly regarded handmaid of the objective sciences by paying attention to the guess's superficial attractions. They recognize that its face must suffice for its fortune, so to speak, and accordingly the guess which by general consent shall be accounted the most symmetrical, harmonious and coherent carries the day as the Truth of the new brand. In science of course the "guess" or working hypothesis does not appear in this rôle of "an end in itself," but only as the makeshift support to which the analyst flings out a hand when his researches have carried him somewhat out of his depth. He would accordingly account himself unsuccessful in any sphere in which it retained a footing. Like scaffolding thrown up while a work is incomplete, a successful finish demands its removal. But in apriorism the emphasis is laid primarily on the attraction of the guess in itself: its structural shape and its harmonious appeal. Totally different criteria have been established in the two cases. Hence it was to be expected that the traditional apriorist school of philosophy would grow more and more inclined to conceive its ends best served by means we are more familiarized with in literature, in religions and in the arts generally: means unbridled and unhampered by that discipline of "realizing" to which all the guesses of a science must submit. The apriorists have indeed grown to conceive of philosophy as of a religion or an art, and to recognize as their own personal ideal the artist's and preacher's rôle. The æsthetic attitude for them is not only the adequate but the supremely desirable one in which to approach their particular tasks. Since, for example, they hold psychology to be a science they are adamant in their resistance to attempts seeking to identify philosophy with psychology. Their province is not science, and they prefer to be free from all truck and commerce with it and its methods.

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The attitude towards apriorism taken up by philosophers later than the post-Kantians (who were absorbed in expounding or modifying or supplementing Kant's system) has varied according to temperament. The æsthetically-minded (provided their sensitiveness did not reach the point where surface-harmonies on a foundation of discrepancies failed to satisfy), adopted apriorism wholeheartedly, and embarked on full-sailed careers as creative artists. Upon the more vulgarly inquisitive on the other hand, it has produced and continues to produce an irritated dissatisfaction which from time to time breaks out into new forms of revolt and activity. Envious, no doubt, of the successful application of the analytic method in the objective sciences, but influenced most of all by the emphatic reassertions of the frankly agnostic thinkers who followed Darwin as to its hopelessness in philosophy, secession from apriorism more or less veiled is becoming the rule. We might here indicate the direction taken by one or two of the new movements.

The most unequivocal rebellion is represented perhaps by those who, devoting themselves to the subtler aspects of Physiology, and to Mechanics as applied to the physical concomitants of emotional conditions, have abandoned philosophy entirely, but who keep up a nominal relationship with it, under the description of Biological and Experimental Psychologists. Their action would compare with

such Renaissance scientists, as, offended with the absurdities and stagnancies of the then existent science should have elected to preoccupy their energies in painting or business or travel. They abandon but do not solve the difficulty. For, as we shall hope to prove, experimental and biological psychology are not psychology at all, despite their labels. Notwithstanding the fine and delicate media in which their investigations are pursued, the results they obtain still belong to physiology and mechanics. It is the misconception as to the character of such results, *i.e.* the belief that they are psychological, which explains the vehement emphasis with which the Agnosticism of Philosophy was reaffirmed in the latter half of last century. It is what is in the mind of Spencer when he writes:

"See then our predicament. We can think of matter only in terms of mind. We can think of mind only in terms of matter. When we have pushed our explorations of the first to the ultimate limit, we are referred to the second for a final answer, and when we have got our final answer to the second we are referred back to the first for an interpretation of it. We find the value of  $x$  in terms of  $y$ , and we find the value of  $y$  in terms of  $x$ : and so on we may continue for ever without ever coming to a solution. The antithesis of subject and object, never to be transcended while consciousness lasts, renders impossible all knowledge of that Ultimate Reality in which subject and object are united."

One can at least agree with Spencer that "never . . . while consciousness lasts" will the chasm between  $x$  and  $y$  be bridged *along that route*. It is a very different matter agreeing that it will never be bridged along another, and that never will Gnosticism oust this age-long Agnosticism. Objective science has abstracted from phenomena certain of their simplest features: the ones precisely which lend themselves to expression by the extremely simple symbols of repetition of obvious and conventionally arranged units. The simple aspects have been selected for no other reason than that they *were* simple and obvious and easy to follow up, and that objective science in devoting its whole energies to them should have travelled apace was a foregone conclusion. But when scientists—and philosophers—having forgotten, or never having individually understood on what provisos and under what limitations they entered on their course, proceed to "explain" the complexes of the matrix from which their abstractions were drawn by the same simple symbols, inevitably they must meet with failure. The symbols adequate to express the part are inadequate for the expression of the whole. But it is quite otherwise with the powers of the symbols which have grown up for the expression of the whole. There is no corresponding inherent incapacity in the expressive vehicle of the whole to express the specialized activities of the part which we find in that of the part to express those of the complex whole. Symbols of measure are only adequate for the expression of certain aspects of time and space, but language is or must be made adequate to express time and space and all other and more complex aspects not covered by them. In short, the vehicle of expression which subserves objective science is palpably insufficient for the purposes of philosophy, but language, the expressive vehicle of philosophy, can, whenever occasion demands, cover everything the former covers, while for the explanation of their ultimate meaning and purposes the demand for the services of language must ever remain imperative. So too while the knowledge conveyed in the symbols of science is limited and relative, that which language conveys can be rendered comprehensive and ultimate. Indeed, the day cannot be far distant when a remark such as that recorded of Lord Kelvin, "I often say that if you can *measure* that of which you are speaking



and express it by a number, you know something of your subject; but if you cannot measure it or express it by a number, your knowledge is of a sorry kind and hardly satisfactory," will be interesting as an instance of how philosophers—and scientists the moment they stepped one inch outside their own limited track—erred and strayed in the darkness which was before philosophy became alive to the character of its office and function.

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Whereas the mechanical and biological "psychologists" expressed by abandonment their disesteem of a philosophy unamenable to the analytic method, the pragmatists expressed theirs in a genial smudging over of such subtlety as philosophy had achieved, and an assumption of the attitude of the "plain common man." While the apriorists whom they sought to improve upon contented themselves with ingenious manipulations of the blunted commonplace and unsubtilized concepts they found ready to hand, the pragmatists unconsciously outdid them by investing the blunt terms with a bluntness which apart from the usage of the man in the street was new to them. By giving voice to the sort of disrespect which the crowd commonly feels for philosophy's fine-spun absurdities, they believed they had performed for it such services as it stood in need of. "Why hunt for truth?" they asked. "Truth is what works; what is, is true." So that everything is true, and the description applies so universally that it is pointless to apply it to anything in particular. Notwithstanding their vivacity and quickening common sense, the pragmatists failed to see that what philosophy needed was not less subtlety but more. How little indeed they understood the real febleness of the apriorist position is made evident by the fact that they actually conceived as its remedy an accentuation of its fundamental weakness. They proceeded to make its proposition of a "fictional" truth the central plank of their own platform. With them pre-eminently, truth was to be "made" not found, and it is one of the delicate ironies of the situation that they should have earned the reproaches of the traditional school in the main on account of their advocacy of this tenet which the traditionalists themselves maintained more wisely just because more suavely.

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A last word on the Intuitionism latterly associated with the philosophy of M. Bergson. Professor Bergson's view is of special interest in this survey because of the emphasis with which he stresses the impotency of analysis in contrast with the "method of intuition" which he himself advocates. With M. Bergson it is advisable, before proceeding to set a value on his depreciation of the analytic method, to note the relation in which he stands to modern philosophy generally. Primarily, he is an apriorist, which by a necessary implication means that he is an agnostic of the discreet order. It is therefore the reverse of his intention to doubt or question the agnostic assumption, but he sees just as Kant saw the necessity for providing an alternative approach to truth when the analytic route is acknowledged closed. Essentially he follows the transcendentalism of Kant, but feels that that mysterious route would be none the worse for a little more precision of description. He enlarges accordingly, and maintains that the transcendental route is the intuitive one; and though beyond emphasizing the label he does not tell us much concerning it, he seems to invite us to infer what we can from his unsparing onslaughts upon analysis. One finds indeed that when the dust raised by praising intuition and damning analysis has somewhat settled, intuition's advocate has little to tell us that is valuable in the sense of being penetrating either about intuition or analysis, and that such part of his swift popularity as

has not been due to his great literary skill has to be accounted for by the fact that he has come as a welcome and unexpected reinforcement to a tradition which though established is on all sides unsparingly challenged. For what is intuition but a forcing of the pace of analysis, so that when the fertilizing agency of the analysing attention has brought the new feature to a stage still too immature to be grasped easily and as a whole, the observing senses clutch it by the hair, so to speak, as it threatens to settle back into the nebulous vagueness out of which momentarily it has stood out defined and clear. In short, intuition is not opposed to analysis; it is merely one way of analysis and that scarcely its most satisfying. For analysis, which is capable of forcing into evidence that incipient and transient growth, persevered in, is capable of bringing it to the mature stage at which it can be scrutinized and further fertilized at leisure, and the violent and convulsive efforts become as unnecessary as they are undesirable.

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It is to be noted that all these types of philosophic theory are united in one particular; they assume the bankruptcy of the analytic method in philosophic inquiry, and in consequence can recognize only two alternative courses of philosophic procedure: either a virtual abandonment of philosophy in favour of the objective sciences or a surrender to the mere play of "constructive" fancy in pursuit of an æsthetic truth. Genus and variant species are equally implicated in the one dilemma, and to find what gives rise to it we have to dig to the very roots of modern philosophy, where the questions it poses are authoritatively recognized as of *bona-fide* character. From whence certain effects follow in a chainlike sequence: an experience which proves the questions unanswerable; a consequent assertion of the inadequacy of the power of the senses for the purposes proposed by philosophy; the hopelessness of the analytic method; its abandonment therefore, and the fruitless search for a substitute. On a like principle with that which makes grapes sour which are hung too high, a belittling of the method of analysis has inevitably followed, and before settling to the task which is concerned with philosophy's subject-matter it is advisable to consider the kind of case which philosophers in their anxiety to put protesting consciences to silence have raised up against it. Its reinstallation is as much a prerequisite of progress in philosophic inquiry as in any other. When one comes to grips with the opponents of analysis one finds that they are endeavouring—very fumblingly for the most part—to deny of the process the very characteristic which makes it what it is. They are trying to establish the view that the analytic way is the non-vital way. Analysis deals and can only deal with the "static," they say; with forms out of which the animating breath which produces change has fled. It is by way of reinforcing this contention that latterly a conception as old as the "Perpetual Flux" of Heraclitus has been revived in the guise of the Gospel of Change or Becoming. Professor Bergson is its most prominent exponent though far from being its sole one. In its modern form it seeks to contrast the so-called "static" conceptions of analysis with the ever-changing *flow* of Becoming: the inference suggested being that analysis is synonymous with disparateness or disjunctiveness and that a synthesis would constitute its antithesis. Unless that inference is established the foundation of their contention crumbles. And yet a faithful observation of the analytic activity makes it plain that only in its surface-stages is its effect a separative one and that what is mistaken for a separative activity is really concentrative: a limitation of the field with a view to an intensifying of the available attention. It represents just that application of the vital forces to images which, failing it, appear settled,



static and dead, but under it begin to show those continuous changes of appearance we call development. It is the application of the rich, manuring energy of life and mind in concentrated form. For while its agency is the living energy of mind which impregnates with change and growth everything it touches, its manner of activity (which is its distinction) is mind in concentration. The notion that its activity means just a disintegration of a composite whole into its constituent parts and that by analysing a subject we arrive at a predicate which contains merely the sum-total of the parts of the object with which we started fails to appreciate the true features of the observing process, and it is indeed utterly refuted by the growth in the world's multiplicity and richness. Exactly as the tree is *not* in the seed but—given devotion and care—is capable of being developed out of it, so in analysis: at the outset the subject does *not* contain the predicate but, given the fertilizing energy of mind, above all in the concentrated strength in which it appears in analysis, then *out of* the subject can be grown such a wealth of predicates as might beggar the imagination of a magician. To the truth of which statement the wealth of modern science, which represents the effects of analysing energy as applied only to the simplest of nature's aspects, is effective witness. Accordingly, far from *contrasting* its action with the vital attitude towards phenomena, it would be truer to its character to describe it as the supreme fertilizing, vitalizing agency, creating-cause of that particular form of change from the simple to the complex which constitutes growth: just the becoming: the flux: of the anti-analytically. The course along which its activity moves might well be defined as a continuous series of *syntheses* each merging into its successor by regularly developing degrees of complexity. It is this development from simple to complex which constitutes the superiority of analytically pursued inquiry over that called "constructive," wherein factors are accepted as "given," that is, arbitrarily stripped of their potentialities for change which analysis postulates of them and in which reliance for new effects is placed upon ingenious arrangements: skilful mosaics: with the given pieces. Just because it has delivered itself over to the "given" it is in vain that apriorism attempts to escape sterility.

An "analysis of analysis" is not complete which represents it merely as a concentration of the vitalizing mind. Concentration itself implies nothing more than a particular kind of relationship between two factors: the active mind which concentrates and some particular image which is concentrated upon and which for the moment secures and monopolizes its energies. Concentration demands as much the definite point upon which the mind settles as it requires the mind with the power capable of settling. Failing it, concentration is meaningless: a fact which throws light on the universal agreement that analysis is inapplicable to the subject-matter of philosophy as it holds at present. It is powerless with it, just because while there has been mind enough available for concentrating, philosophy's definite points have been to seek, and mind's energies accordingly have been doomed to an important and aimless beating of the void. Philosophy's so-called points—its problems—have been only diffused blurs: the empty chasms which yawn between the divergent arms of contradictions in terms. Not one of its master-terms but has for centuries been swathed and swaddled in controversies as to what it might possibly mean. The feature which has made search for First Principles at one with the search for the Boojum is that were it possible to come up with their assumed objectives recognition of them would be no nearer the possible. Either effort could be equally well accounted representative of the one type of futility: seeking for one knows not what—the *malaise* symptomatic of disease and decadence, whose salvation lies in a more exuberant

life aware of itself and its purposes. Seeking it knew not what, *was* the sickness of pseudo-science; it still constitutes the sickness of pseudo-philosophy.

## CITIES

CAN we believe—by any effort  
comfort our hearts:  
it is not waste all this,  
not placed here in disgust,  
street after street,  
each patterned alike,  
no grace to lighten  
a single house of the hundred  
crowded into one garden-space.

Crowded—can we believe,  
not in utter disgust,  
in ironical play—  
But the maker of cities grew faint  
with the beauty of temple  
and space before temple,  
arch upon perfect arch,  
on pillars and corridors that led out  
to strange courtyards and porches  
where sunlight stamped  
hyacinth-shadows  
black on the pavement.

That the maker of cities grew faint  
with the splendour of palaces,  
paused while the incense-flowers  
from the incense-trees  
dropped on the marble-walk,  
thought anew, fashioned this—  
street after street alike.

For alas,  
he had crowded the city so full  
that men could not grasp beauty,  
beauty was over them,  
through them, about them,  
no crevice unpacked with the honey,  
rare, measureless.

So he built a new city,  
ah can we believe, not ironically  
but for new splendour  
constructed new people  
to lift through slow growth  
to a beauty unrivalled yet—  
and created new cells,  
hideous first, hideous now—  
spread larve across them,  
not honey but seething life.

And in these dark cells,  
packed street after street,  
souls live, hideous yet—  
O disfigured, defaced,  
with no trace of the beauty  
men once held so light.

Can we think a few old cells  
were left—we are left—  
grains of honey,  
old dust of stray pollen  
dull on our torn wings,  
we are left to recall the old streets?

Is our task the less sweet  
that the larve still sleep in their cells?  
Or crawl out to attack our frail strength?

You are useless. We live.  
We await great events.  
We are spread through this earth.  
We protect our strong race.  
You are useless.  
Your cell takes the place  
of our young future strength.



Though they sleep or awake to torment  
and wish to displace our old cells—  
thin rare gold—  
that their larve grow fat—  
is our task the less sweet ?

Though we wander about,  
find no honey of flowers in this waste,  
is our task the less sweet—  
who recall the old splendour,  
await the new beauty of cities ?

H. D.

## DIALOGUES OF FONTENELLE

TRANSLATED BY EZRA POUND

### III

#### ANACREON AND ARISTOTLE

**ARISTOTLE.** I should never have thought that a maker of ditties would have dared compare himself to a philosopher with so great a reputation as mine.

**Anacreon.** You did very well for the name of philosopher, yet I, with my "ditties," did not escape being called the wise Anacreon; and I think the title "philosopher" scarcely worth that of "the wise."

**Aristotle.** Those who gave you that title took no great care what they said. What had you done, at any time, to deserve it ?

**Anacreon.** I had done nothing but drink, sing, and wax amorous; and the wonder is that people called me "the Wise" at this price, while they have called you merely "philosopher" and this has cost you infinite trouble: for how many nights have you passed picking over the thorny questions of dialectic? How many plump books have you written on obscure matters, which perhaps even you yourself do not understand very well ?

**Aristotle.** I confess that you have taken an easier road to wisdom, and you must have been very clever to get more glory with a lute and a bottle than the greatest of men have achieved with vigils and labour.

**Anacreon.** You pretend to laugh at it, but I maintain that it is more difficult to drink and to sing as I have, than to philosophize as you have philosophized. To sing and to drink, as I did, required that one should have disentangled one's soul from violent passions; that we should not aspire to things not dependent upon us, that we be ready always to take time as we find it. In short, to begin with, one must arrange a number of little affairs in oneself; and although this needs small dialectic, it is, for all that, not so very easy to manage. But one may at smaller expense philosophize as you have philosophized. One need not cure oneself of either ambition or avarice; one has an agreeable welcome at the court of Alexander the Great; one draws half a million crowns' worth of presents, and they are not all used in physical experiments though such was the donor's intention, in a word, this sort of philosophy drags in things rather opposed to philosophy.

**Aristotle.** You have heard much scandal about me down here, but, after all, man is man solely on account of his reason, and nothing is finer than to teach men how they ought to use it in studying nature and in unveiling all these enigmas which she sets before us.

**Anacreon.** That is just how men destroy custom in all things! Philosophy is, in itself, an admirable thing, and might be very useful to men, but because she would incommode them if they employed her in daily affairs, or if she dwelt near them to keep some rein on their passions, they have sent her to heaven to look after the planets and put a span on

their movements; or if men walk out with her upon earth it is to have her scrutinize all that they see there; they always keep her busy as far as may be from themselves. However, as they wish to be philosophers cheaply they have stretched the sense of the term, and they give it now for the most part to such as seek natural causes.

**Aristotle.** What more fitting name could one give them.

**Anacreon.** A philosopher is concerned only with men and by no means with the rest of the universe. An astronomer considers the stars, a physicist nature, a philosopher considers himself. But who would choose this last rôle on so hard a condition? Alas, hardly any one. So we do not insist on philosophers being philosophers, we are content to find them physicists or astronomers. For myself, I was by no means inclined to speculation, but I am sure that there is less philosophy in a great many books which pretend to treat of it, than in some of these little songs which you so greatly despise, in this one, for example :

Would gold prolong my life  
I'd have no other care  
Than gathering gold,  
And when death came  
I'd pay the same  
To rid me of his presence.  
But since harsh fate  
Permits not this  
And gold is no more needful,  
Love and good cheer  
Shall share my care—  
*Ah-ah-ah-ah—*  
Shall share  
My care.

**Aristotle.** If you wish to limit philosophy to the questions of ethics you will find things in my moral works worth quite as much as your verses: the obscurity for which I am blamed, and which is present perhaps in certain parts of my work, is not to be found in what I have said on this subject, and every one has admitted that there is nothing in them more clear or more beautiful than what I have said of the passions.

**Anacreon.** What an error! It is not a matter of defining the passions by rule, as I hear you have done, but of keeping them under. Men give philosophy their troubles to contemplate not to cure, and they have found a method of morals which touches them almost as little as does astronomy. Can one hold in one's laughter at the sight of people who preach the contempt of riches, for money, and of chicken-hearted wastrels brought even to fisticuffs over a definition of the magnanimous ?

## THE FRENCH WORD IN MODERN PROSE

### IV. MARCEL PROUST

*"À la Recherche du Temps Perdu. Du Côté de chez Swann"*

**I**N France, as it would seem, in England too, authors appear to be returning to works of long staying-power. None of the books it has been my pleasure to include under this heading as typical of the younger spirit in contemporary French literature follow the slender lines of structure common to the majority of modern productions, while the work I propose interviewing to-day ranks by its volume with the most monumental of works of fiction or of autobiography (for this book comes under the double description) of the less hurried and robusiter past. It offers, moreover, other and more curious analogies with them, being as intricately prolix if not as direct



in workmanship as is, for instance, "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," or the "Princesse de Clèves," and as self-conscious and introspective as the "Confessions." (When I make an appeal to reminiscence I want it understood that hereby I use an expedient for helping me to convey an impression while honestly endeavouring to avoid partaking of the all-too-prevalent habit of drawing parallels as though every work were the offshoot of another and my own judgment indissolubly influenced by, and grafted to, previous experiences.)

Like Rousseau's "Confessions," "Du Côté de chez Swann" is a book of idiosyncrasies. And when a man has, like Rousseau, like M. Proust, the temerity to disclose the innermost petals of his heart without fearing to presume upon the reader's patience, without fearing to be trivially minute, he is sure to win the closest attention. This is a secret M. Proust had learnt when he set out on his most exacting task to which he has voluntarily added by every possible literary artifice and ornament, achieving by this means an effect which may best be compared to richly incrustated inlay-work. Not a statement of his but carries a simile or two in its train, or but opens on to a parenthetical confluent meandering around the main current of the thought, winding in and about it in long, intricate and fascinating interlacings. Like sound in a grotto numberless echoes respond to each thought-formation in a declining scale—each chamber of thought opens on to an inner chamber.

The style may appear vicious with its interminable sentences, planted with "ifs" and "however's," "nevertheless," "moreover," "buts," "ands," "for," etc., somewhat monotonous in its general cast, but none except a pedant would entertain a grievance against these peculiarities which like certain persons' defects, those of persons we like, are, if faults at all, attractive faults. Indeed, these individual singularities express the singularity of the book in its sum total. The body of the book is a faithful mould of its spirit. The meticulous analysis borne out by metaphor called in to give auxiliary elucidation which may again develop subordinate metaphor, is brought into requisition in view of maintaining this harmony close-knit and strictly concordant. The author has an anxious care to avoid the slightest ambiguity, and leaves no rift wherein any stranger of a thought might find occasion to intrude. The book is his book—the reflection of a peculiarly complex, acute, responsive and subjective psychology.

An intense enjoyment in the sheer labour of writing, in actual penmanship, usefully seconds a rare and indefatigable imagination. From the first closely composed page to the 523rd (the average number of pages in a French novel is 300, the type being more open than here, the paragraphs shorter) the elaboration, the minutiae are evenly maintained, and, far from showing symptoms of strain, are expressive of the writer's constant pleasure in his big undertaking. You feel that M. Proust is of those who are so essentially writers by nature that they can write around anything. Their domain is without limit, the whole world is theirs to transcribe into language-form. I will give some examples to illustrate my meaning. For the reader to decide whether this is a case of form creating emotion or of emotion creating form :

"She had learnt in her youth to caress the long, sinuously-necked disproportioned phrasings in Chopin which are so free, flexible and tactile, which begin by searching for and testing their positions beyond and very far from the direction of their departure, and very far from the point one might have hoped their contact would have attained, and which, in this breach of fantasy, play—only to return with more deliberation, premeditation or precision—as on a crystal which might resound to the point of provoking a scream, or hammering at your very heart."

The English language so insistently invites to ellipsis that it is hard to give an absolutely fair return for every adjective and adverb, for every light and shade :

". . . of a sudden, after a long note held during two bars, he saw approach, escaping from under the prolonged sonority, drawn like a sonorous curtain hiding the mystery of its incubation, he recognized, secretive, whispering and broken, the aerial, odoriferous phrase he loved. And it was so peculiar, it possessed so individual a charm which no other could have fulfilled, that it seemed to Swann as though he had met at a friend's house some one he had admired in the street and despaired ever to see again. At last it vanished, indicative, diligent, along the ramifications of its perfume, leaving the reflection of its smile on Swann's face."

"The hedge was like a sequence of chapels half hidden under the maze of flowers heaped up altar-wise; beneath them the sun laid checks of light as though it had just passed through a stained-glass window; their perfume spread unctuously and formlessly and it seemed as though I had been before the Virgin's altar and each flower, so decked, held forth its scintillating bunch of stamens and fine, radiating nerves absent-mindedly and in the flamboyant style which, in the church, made a lattice-work of the banister in the rood-loft or the mullions in the window and which bloomed white like the flesh of the strawberry-flower. . . . I might stay ever so long near the hawthorns breathing, losing and again finding their invisible, fixed scent, uniting myself to the rhythm—thrust forth here and there by their blossoms with juvenile glee at unexpected intervals as in certain music, they provided me indefinitely with the same inexhaustibly profuse charm, but without allowing me to fathom it further, like those tunes one plays a hundred times over without reaching their secret. I turned away from them a moment so as to be able to face them again with renewed strength. Along the hill-side which rose steep to the meadows behind the hedge, I chased some lost poppy, some cornflower which had lagged lazily behind and whose blooms adorned it as on the border of a tapestry on which the rural theme it was intended should triumph on the panel, is scattered here and there. As yet few and far between like the occasional cottage annunciative of the approaching village, to me they announced the immensity where the corn unfurls itself and where the clouds flock and the sight of a single poppy hauling its red flame, whipping the wind on top of its cordage above its black and oily buoy, made my heart beat like that of a traveller who, having discerned a first craft being mended by a calker on some flatness, cries, even before having seen it: 'The sea!'"

Who was it said all art is romantic ?

"Then I returned to the hawthorn as one returns to those masterpieces of which one thinks one will obtain an improved view after having for a moment ceased looking at them, but I had fain make a screen with my hands intending to isolate the flowers in my view; the feeling they awakened in me remained vague and obscure, trying in vain to free itself and adhere to the blossoms. These did not help me to elucidate it and no other flower could elucidate it. And, providing me with the pleasure we experience when we see a painting by a favourite artist differing from those we knew by him until then, or when we are led before a picture of which we had hitherto only seen the pencil-sketch or when a piece heard on the piano appears to us later dressed in the colours of the orchestra, my grandfather called me and pointing to the Tansonville hedge, said to me: 'You who are fond of hawthorn, look at that pink flower, how pretty it is . . .'"

These other childhood episodes in the Rousseau manner :

"But the only one of us to whom Swann's visit became the object of painful pre-occupation was myself. For, on the evenings when strangers were present, even if it was only Mr. Swann, mamma refrained from coming up to my room. . . . I supped early and then came to sit at the dinner-table until eight o'clock when it was understood I should go upstairs; the precious fragile kiss mamma gave into my care when I was in bed I had then to carry from the dining-room to my bedroom and keep during the whole time I undressed without breaking



its sweetness, without allowing its volatile quality to spread and evaporate. I had to take it, rob it abruptly, publicly, without even disposing of the time and freedom of mind necessary to give that attention to what I did peculiar to cranks who endeavour to centre their whole mind on the act of closing a door so as to be able, when the sickly uncertainty returns, to oppose triumphantly to it the recollection of the particular instant when they did close it. . . ."

After some excursions in side-tracks he returns to the kiss :

"I did not take my eyes off my mother for I knew that I should not be allowed to stay to the end of dinner and that, so as not to annoy my father, my mamma would not allow me to kiss her several times in every one's presence as though we had been in my room. So I promised myself in the dining-room, while dinner was beginning and I felt the time approaching, to make of this so brief and furtive kiss all that I could of it by myself in advance—and to choose with my eye the place on the cheek for the kiss, and to prepare my mind so as to be able, thanks to this mental start, to devote the whole minute mamma would grant me to feel her cheek against my lips, like a painter who, being able only to secure short sittings prepares his palette and, from his notes, makes from memory everything which can perforce be done without his model. . . ."

It does not need to be pointed out that sentences of the kind, innumerable, are determined by the exigencies of the thought-process, though in other hands it could no doubt be more epigrammatically rendered. But the kiss in question has not yielded all its reserves of action and reaction :

"That hated staircase, which I always climbed so sadly, gave forth a smell of varnish which had, as it were, absorbed and transfixed the peculiar sorrow which I experienced each evening and rendered it perhaps more cruel still for my sensibility because in this olfactory character my intelligence could no longer partake of its share. When we sleep and a toothache makes itself apparent in the form of a girl whom we endeavour a score of times to save from drowning or as a verse in poetry rehearsed over and again, we find relief on waking to notice that our intelligence can separate the idea of toothache from all heroic or cadenced disguise. It was the opposite to this relief I experienced when my sorrow at having to climb to my chamber struck me in far more rapid, almost instantaneous, at once insidious and abrupt fashion through the inhalation—far more poisonous than the moral penetration—of the smell of varnish peculiar to those stairs. When I had reached my chamber it was necessary to close all apertures, to shut the blinds, dig my own grave by undoing my bed-coverings and don my shroud of a night-shirt."

I would not have it surmised from these quotations that the book contains but the portraiture of one psychology under two names. Other characters besides this child-nature (rare are the French books descriptive of childhood's phenomena) and Mr. Swann, are, if not as penetratingly reflected, yet quite as unwontedly dissected in their objective way. It is a very disheartening task this of reviewing books, for the fragmentary treatment disperses and destroys instead of conveying that individual, indivisible aspect of a work which distinguishes and isolates it in the world of books as the ensemble, and not the parts, of an individual give him his unique and separate character in the world of humanity, making of him a world within a world, a synthetical humanity. This work of scissors is equivalent to that effected by the surgeon's knife: the anatomy of the book may be divulged, but to reach the monadical life-element the agent thus striving to form a link is an obstruction. One feels that so much handling injures the book, extinguishes it; one feels that what one has sought for has vanished like the song in the bird the cat killed to find it. The intimacy contained in this particular book naturally fights shy of the indiscreet critic's prying and does not permit one to give more than a few cold and matter-of-fact

indications on conventional lines, as, for instance, that the book gives a view of French social customs and the subtler class-barriers which are such an enigma to foreigners, that it comprises much keen character-sketching which seizes only upon the less tangible and never upon the grosser, more obvious peculiarities, that it is Stendhalian in its searching, psychological reading, always conscious in its morbid anxiety, and that the artistry of the book consists in part in the reversal of face values, for to this author, only the esoteric is worth bringing into evidence, only the inexpressible worth expressing, only the formless worth giving form to.

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA

## A SOLEMN DIALOGUE

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

**A.** THE "Conscientious Objector" is a brave man, but a repulsive doctrinaire. He is—granted—less repulsive than a Prussian minister for war or the Prime Minister of an English self-governing colony, but nothing can excuse his doctrinaire opposition to an actual state of affairs. His temerity in resisting the activities of the slaughter machine, which could slay him in a moment if it wished, is only excused by the fact that the machine is too stupid to do so.

**B.** Yes, it is absurd to oppose military service on the ground of philosophic anarchism, for it is easy to prove that an anarchist is as much an archist as any one else. He happens to be in the minority, that is all. But in recognizing this it is easy to run into an opposite, too materialistic extreme. You cannot deny idealism all existence. How otherwise explain, for instance, the alarming progress of Christianity in its early days? There was no self-interest.

**A.** On the contrary, they were abominable egotists. They sacrificed a life which they had come to consider as worthless, filthy and wretched for an eternity of bliss. They really believed in the immortality of the soul, ardently, with naïveté. To use Christ as a stalking-horse for evasion is ridiculous. For one text in favour of pacifism you can find two against it. As for "universal brotherhood" you will find it recorded that Christ considered his mission only applied to the "lost sheep of Israel." Besides, no one with a sense of irony can take his sayings *au pied de la lettre*. He is indeed a poet, and much more interesting than his disciples during the last one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three years have made him out to be. He is a champion of utter individualism.

**B.** I am frankly discouraged with Christ; he is more paradoxical than Oscar Wilde. Every one makes Christ agree with his own particular philosophy. The Socialists for example. And then whenever any of his sayings disagree with the disciple's philosophy, the disciple declares it to be an "interpolation." It is regrettable that Christ did not write his own biography.

**A.** In any case he is insufficient support for a "conscience," as the tribunals have somewhat brutally and stupidly maintained. The tribunals are just as illogical as the consciences; they call themselves Christians and certainly seem to regard as "interpolations" the commands about turning the other cheek and giving the fellow who steals your trousers your shirt also.

**B.** Yes, but what about going two miles with the man who compels you to go one? Logically, the Christian who is compelled to serve three years in the army should volunteer for six. No, the only logical line of resistance is to say: "I consider war an unmitigated evil; I do not consider that the State has the power to make me do what I think evil;



therefore I shall resist, for until men refuse to become soldiers there will always be war, and unless a few individuals sacrifice themselves the majority will never be courageous enough to refuse."

A. That is full of contradictions anyway. The "State" is merely a symbol representing common self-interest. A man who takes that line is only arguing about what is common self-interest. Besides, is war an evil?

B. Most certainly.

A. I'm not so sure. What are your objections?

B. Many hundreds of thousands of men are killed, millions mutilated, tens of millions kept in servitude.

A. Well, but the world's annual death-rate is about eight millions, which does not prevent our eating very hearty dinners. A man who lives to be seventy endures with equanimity the decease of five hundred millions of his fellow-beings. As to mutilation, the "industrial casualties" of modern life are very considerable; something like 250,000 per annum are recorded from the United States alone, and it is admitted that quite as many more are never reported. As to servitude, the life of a private soldier is probably not much worse than that of the ordinary agricultural labourer or navvy. No, my friend, the bulk of humanity is always exploited, and lives are wasted with the utmost prodigality. We, with our stupid humanitarianism and equally stupid materialism exploit humanity unprofitably. The Athenians had more sense, so had the Pharaohs. The people are the same, the rulers have degenerated.

B. But war wastes vast sums of money.

A. So does peace. Europe did not know what to do with its money. It did not know how to live, though apparently it knows when to die. As well waste your money on military toys as on any other. The only fine use of wealth is to deepen human sensibilities, to increase knowledge, to make the world more habitable. Well, Europe used its wealth for exactly opposite purposes. It deserves its fate.

B. You are quite wrong, but since you appear to set so high a value on the arts, what have you to say to Rheims and Louvain, to all the destruction of beauty wrought by war since the sack of Troy?

A. Rheims and Louvain? Oh, 'ow the pore *Dily Mile* did feel 'urt at the bawberity of the 'Uns! Oh, 'ow they did *luv* Gorthic awkitekture and the clessics! Oh, 'ow they *did* luv Awt! And if war has destroyed much I need scarcely remind you that the peaceful arts of religion and commerce have destroyed more, much more. I need only instance the burning of all copies of "Sappho" at Rome and Constantinople in 1087, in the "name of the Living God," and the destruction of the magnificent Gothic gate at Sandwich in the forties in the name of the South Eastern Railway. No, my friend, find something else.

B. Well, suppose we speak of the degradation of human character?

A. It was so degraded before that nothing could bring it lower. Moreover, war, being a startling, obvious and destructive (I grant you) affair, gives the ordinary man, the man in the street, the *homme moyen sensuel*, a feeling of Attic tragedy in his life, which, as a rule, is reserved for superior persons. The war bores us, because we do not need it. But don't grudge 'Arry his little bit of Orestes-like elevation; you don't object to the orgies on Hampstead Heath.

B. No, because I'm not compelled to take part in them. It doesn't amuse me to take part in them. It doesn't amuse me to dance on Christchurch Hill and to crack the shells of coco-nuts with croquet balls; it doesn't amuse me to sit in muddy water in the name of King George and my country. Still less does it amuse me to shave my beard and hair, to polish silly little brass buttons, to indulge in feverish gymnastic exercises, to acknowledge patently and servilely the superiority of commissioned bank

clerks, and to discharge lethal weapons whose noise and smell offend me.

A. Bravo! Tell that to Major Rothschild.

B. Useless, he is not a Christian—moreover I am utterly opposed to being killed.

A. So is every one. But if you are killed it will be a blessing for the world.

B. Many thanks.

A. I mean that you will no longer annoy the world with the spectacle of your intellectual superiority.

B. It is easy to see from your attitude that you are forty-one and a fortnight.

A. And from yours that you are twenty-three. No doubt I shall feel differently if the age limit is raised. In any case I have varicose veins, so my opinions will probably remain unaltered: War is not an evil and far from being discouraged should be encouraged.

B. You should start a league for ensuring the Permanence of Organized Warfare.

A. My dear fellow, it already exists; only it is called the Diplomatic Corps.

## PASSING PARIS

THE pre-war compiler of a periodically renewed pre-war list of the sights Paris offers inquisitive strangers, according to their respective proclivities, and in which was included one of our leading poets—that one who, according to a quaint Latin Quarter custom, bears the title, half-distinction, half-jest, of prince of poets—omitted in his estimate of curiosities a very distinguished personality, the writer and archæologist, Mme Dieulafoy, who died while on an exploration mission with her husband in Morocco a few weeks ago.

From the point of view of the enterprising editor in question Mme Dieulafoy ought to have been a "sight," for she was the only woman in France to wear masculine costume without any of those compromises or that slovenliness to which the women who adopt it usually surrender. In the evenings she wore "swallow-tails" and carried an opera-hat; in the afternoon she would be seen in a frock-coat and silk hat and, whatever her suit, it was cut by the best of tailors. Nothing could in the slightest degree betray her sex except a gentleness of the features and the absence of a trace of beard. Nor did she attempt to force the masculine manner and achieve that result (not masculine) which characterized the tom-boyish, defunct "new woman." She was certainly predestined to the character she assumed so naturally, easily and modestly, not, it is said, from any desire to make herself remarkable, but in consequence of the share she took in her husband's exploration work. The entrance of little Mme. Dieulafoy, accompanied by Dr. Dieulafoy, at any social gathering was a circumstance one could not help but muse over, unless one did not recognize her, in which case she was confounded with the rest of the "black" coats whose privilege she enjoyed of taking ladies in to dinner. The jests and anecdotes this personality engendered would fill a volume. She was, *par excellence*, a Parisian topic.

\* \* \* \*

Emile Faguet is another literary figure who has taken his leave. His scholarship was extensive and he ranked as a standard authority on French literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He held the chair in literature at the Paris University. Some of his contemporaries could not forgive him for classing Baudelaire among secondary poets, and his style in writing was often objected to. But for whatever he expressed he always had his reasons.

\* \* \* \*

During the era to which the war may have brought a close the most envied class in France was that of the *propriétaire*. The smallest estate owner was considered a favourite of fortune. Consequently



every Frenchman's ambition and goal in life was to become a *propriétaire* of sorts, though as soon as he had attained that object he became the centre of dislike as well as of respect. A little money made with such apparent facility and certainty seems preferable to a Frenchman to any amount procured with more effort and more precariously.

Within the last two years the status of this peculiar species of citizen has been completely transformed. To be a *propriétaire* nowadays may be equivalent to being a pauper since the rent has become of all debts the easiest to elude. And because this passive profession has enjoyed the reputation of so easily earned, or, worse, unearned prosperity no compensation for its present straits has presented itself in the form of protection or relief of any kind. Those whose house-property is occupied by families of the working classes are very much to be pitied, for hardly any means to obtain their rents is open to them. It cannot be imagined that such a state of things will not bring about a great change in the respective obligations binding landlords and tenants and in all the circumstances attending estate ownership.

During the 1870 war the Government decided that tenants should pay one-third of the rent, the State another, landlords sacrificing the last third. But during the present conflict legislation has been put off too long for landlords not to be serious losers by the hesitation the Government has shown in the matter.

\* \* \* \*

One of the severest of the smaller trials of war is the charity concert. It always seems to me that to raise money by direct means would be as easy and less disagreeable for all parties than this mutual infliction upon artists and public. For one charity concert, if ever attended, is as like another as one funeral is like another funeral or one wedding like another wedding. The same solemnity, tastelessness, commonplaceness preside over all. There are the interminable "few words," patriotic recitations and songs all as inevitable as hymns, sermons, and toasts, while the collection figures with the same insistence.

The raffle is another expedient for philanthropical purposes. This is even more exacting on its contributors than the charity concert, which, at least, claims only loans but not gifts. To be applied to every now and again for a "little picture" is the ransom of celebrity. With this as bait to catch the less celebrated the substance is easily formed. With hardly an exception M. Rodin's name is considered indispensable at the head of the catalogue where it sways with a lofty impartiality over lists otherwise significantly selected either in "official," "advanced," or neutral circles. Other manifestations claim his very presence in person but, though he rarely refuses it, he does not often produce it. He has his own way of eluding these invitations. When expected to preside over some solemnity a telegram arrives at the last moment which may be thus worded: "If M. Poincaré attends I will come," and which the vice-chairman interprets in the following manner: "M. Rodin, whose age does not permit him to run risks, infinitely regrets that a cold," etc.

\* \* \* \*

For, since M. Rodin's presence, like that of other big-bodies, may be of benefit to others its display has become of ever diminishing import to himself. He was once heard to advise a young man to assiduously attend funerals for there, said he, you make acquaintances. "In my youth," he added, "I made a point of going to all funeral invitations. I got to know a lot of people that way and in a little time I was sure to meet with quite a circle of friends. But as I grow older they have their own funerals where every one now knows me but I know nobody.

Funerals used to be favourite forms of recreation in France but since death has become so common they have lost much of their attraction. In fact invitations are no longer issued in those thickly black-rimmed, printed letters enumerating the names of all the relatives which always astonished English people. Similarly marriages take place quietly in contrast to what seems to be the fashion in England despite existing circumstances which shows the French have a sense of the appropriate always ahead of the rest of the world.

M. C.

## TARR

By WYNDHAM LEWIS

[A portion of Part II, deleted for want of space, tells of Kreisler's desperate but fruitless efforts to borrow twenty-five francs with which to redeem his dress-clothes from pawn in order to attend a dance at the Bonnington Club on the chance of meeting Anastasya again, and of his final hardy resolve to appear in shabby day clothes.]

### PART III

#### BOURGEOIS—BOHEMIANS

##### CHAPTER I

KREISLER pressed the bell. It was a hoarse low z-like blast, braying softly into the crowded room. Kreisler still stood safely outside the door.

There was a rush in the passage: the hissing and spitting sounds inseparable from the speaking of the German tongue. Some one was spitting louder than the rest, and squealing dully as well. They were females disputing among themselves the indignity of door-openers. The most anxious to please gained the day.

The door was pulled ajar; an arch voice said:

"Wer ist das?"

"Mir ist das, Fräulein Lunken."

The roguish and vivacious voice died away, however. The opening of the door showed in the dark vestibule Bertha Lunken with her rather precious movements and German robustness.

His disordered hair, dusty boots and white patch on the jacket had taken effect.

"Who is it?" a voice cried from within.

"It's Herr Kreisler," Bertha answered with dramatic quietness. "Come in Herr Kreisler; there are still one or two to come." She spoke in a business-like way, and bustled to close the door, to efface politely her sceptical reception of him by her handsome, wondering eyes.

"Ah, Herr Kreisler! I wonder where Fräulein Vasek is?" he heard some one saying.

He looked for a place to hang his hat. Fräulein Lunken preceded him into the room. Her expression was that of an embarrassed domestic foreseeing horror in his master's eye. Otto appeared in his turn. The chatter seemed to him to swerve a little bit at his right. Bowing to two or three people he knew near the door, he went over to Fräulein Lipmann, and bending respectfully down, kissed her hand. Then with a naïve air, but conciliatory, began:

"A thousand pardons, Fräulein Lipmann, for presenting myself like this. Volker and I have been at Fontenay-aux-Roses all the afternoon. We made a mistake about the time of the trains and I have only just got back; I hadn't time to change. I suppose it doesn't matter? It will be quite *intime* and bohemian, won't it? Volker had something to do. He's coming on to the dance later if he can manage it."

This cunning, partly affected, with a genuinely



infantile glee, served him throughout the evening. While waiting at the door he had hit on this ridiculous fib. Knowing how welcome Volker was and almost sure of his not turning up, he would use him to cover the patch from the whitewashed wall. But he would get other patches and find other lies to cover them up till he could hardly move about for this plastering of small falsehoods.

Fräulein Lipmann had been looking at him with indecision.

"I am glad Herr Volker's coming. I haven't seen him for some weeks. You've plenty of time to change, you know, if you like. Herr Ekhart and several others haven't turned up yet. You live quite near, don't you, Herr Kreisler?"

"Yes, third to the right and second to the left, and keep straight on! But I don't think I'll trouble about it. I will do like this. I think I'll do, don't you, Fräulein Lipmann?" He took a couple of steps and looked at himself complacently in a glass.

"You are the best judge of that."

"Yes, that is so, isn't it, Fräulein? I have often thought that. How curious the same notion should come to you!" Again Kreisler smiled, and affecting to consider the question as settled turned to a man standing near him, with whom he had worked at Juan Soler's. His hostess moved away, in doubt as to whether he intended to go and change or not. He was, perhaps, just talking to his friend a moment before going.

The company was not "mondain" but "interesting." It was rather on its mettle on this occasion, both men and women in their several ways, dressed. An Englishwoman who was friendly with Fräulein Lipmann was one of the organizers of the Bonnington Club. Through her they had been invited there. Five minutes later Kreisler found Fräulein Lipmann in his neighbourhood again.

This lady had a pale fawn-coloured face, looking like the protagonist of a *crime passionnel*. She multiplied her social responsibilities at every turn. But her manner implied that the quite ordinary burdens of life were beyond her strength. The two rooms with folding doors, which formed her salon and where her guests were now gathered, had not been furnished at haphazard. The "Concert" of Giorgione did not hang there for nothing. The books lying about had been flung down by a careful hand. Fräulein Lipmann required a certain sort of admiration. But she had a great contempt for other people, and so drew up, as it were, a list of her attributes, carefully and distinctly underlining each. With each new friend she went over again the elementary points, as a teacher would go over with each new pupil the first steps of grammar or geography, first showing him his locker, where the rulers were put, etc. She took up her characteristic attitudes, one after the other, as a model might; that is, those simplest and easiest to grasp.

Her room, dress and manner were a sort of chart to the way to admire Fräulein Lipmann; the different points in her soul one was to gush about, the different hints one was to let fall about her "rather" tragic life-story, the particular way one was to regard her playing of the piano. You felt that there was not a candlestick, or antimacassar in the room but had its lesson for you. To have two or three dozen people, her "friends," repeating things after her in this way did not give her very much satisfaction. But she had a great many of the characteristics of the "schoolmarm," and she continued uninterruptedly with her duties teaching "Lipmann" with the solemnity, resignation and half-weariness, with occasional bursts of anger, that a woman would teach "twice two are four, twice three are six." Her best friends were her best pupils, of course.

The rooms were furnished with somewhat the severity of the schoolroom, a large black piano—for

demonstrations—corresponded more or less to the blackboard.

"Herr Schnitzler just tells me that dress is *de rigueur*. Miss Bennett says it doesn't matter; but it would be awkward if you couldn't get in." She was continuing their late conversation. "You see it's not so much an artists' club as a place where the English *Société permanente* in Paris meet."

"Yes, I see; of course, that makes a difference! But I asked, I happened to ask, an English friend of mine to-day—a founder of the club, Master Lowndes" (this was a libel on Lowndes), "he told me it didn't matter a bit. You take my word for it, Fräulein Lipmann, it won't matter a bit," he reiterated a little boisterously, nodding his head sharply, his eyelids flapping like metal shutters rather than winking. Then, in a maudering tone, yawning a little and rubbing his glasses as though they had now idled off into gossip and confidences:

"I'd go and dress only I left my keys at Soler's. I shall have to sleep out to-night, I shan't be able to get my keys till the morning." Suddenly in a new tone, the equivalent of a vulgar wink:

"Ah, this life, Fräulein! It's accidents often separate one from one's 'smokkin' for days; sometimes weeks. My 'smokkin' leads a very independent life. Sometimes it's with me, sometimes not. It was a very expensive suit. That has been its downfall."

"Do you mean you haven't got a *frac*?"

"No, not that. You misunderstand me." He reflected a moment.

"Ah, before I forget, Fräulein Lipmann! If you still want to know about that little matter: I wrote to my mother the other day. In her reply she tells me that Professor Heymann is still at Karlsruhe. He will probably take a class in the country this summer as usual. The remainder of the party!" he added as the bell again rang.

He could not be brutally prevented from accompanying them to the dance. But with his remark about Volker he felt as safe as if he had a ticket or *passe-partout* in his pocket.

Kreisler was standing alone nearly in the middle of the room, his arms folded and staring at the door. He would use this fictitious authority and licence to its utmost limit. Some of the others were conscious of something unusual in his presence besides his dress and the disorder even of that. They supposed he had been drinking.

There were rustlings and laughter in the hall for some minutes. Social facts, abstracted in this manner, appealed to the mind with the strangeness of masks, each sense, isolated, being like a mask on another. Anastasya appeared. She came out of that social flutter astonishingly inapposite, like a mask come to life. The little fanfare of welcome continued. She was much more outrageous than Kreisler could ever hope to be: bespangled and accoutred like a princess of the household of Peter the Great, jangling and rumbling like a savage showman through abashed capitals.

Her amusement often had been to disinter in herself the dust and decorations of some ancestress. She would float down the windings of her Great Russian and Little Russian blood, living in some imagined figure for a time as you might in towns on a stream.

"We are new lives for our ancestors, not theirs a playground for us. We are the people who have the Reality." Tarr lectured her later, to which she replied:

"But they had such prodigious lives! I don't like being anything out and out, life is so varied. I like wearing a dress with which I can enter into any *milieu* or circumstances. That is the only real self worth the name."

Anastasya regarded her woman's beauty as a bright dress of a harlot; she was only beautiful for



that. Her splendid and bedizened state was assumed with shades of humility. Even her tenderness and peculiar heart appeared beneath the common infection and almost disgrace of that state.

The Bonnington Club was not far off and they had decided to walk, as the night was fine. It was about half-past nine when they started. Seven or eight led the way in a suddenly made self-centred group; once outside in the spaciousness of the night streets the party seemed to break up into sections held together in the small lighted rooms within—Solytk and his friend, still talking, and a quieter group, followed.

Fräulein Lunken had stayed behind with another girl, to put out the lights. Instead of running on with her companion to join the principal group, she stopped with Kreisler, whom she had found bringing up the rear alone.

"Not feeling gregarious to-night?" she asked.

Kreisler walked slowly, increasing, at ever step, the distance between them and the next group, as though hoping that, should he draw her far enough back in the rear, like an elastic band she would in panic shoot forward. "Did he know many English people?" and she continued in a long eulogy of that race. Kreisler murmured and muttered sceptically. And she seemed then to be saying something about Soler's, and eventually to be recommending him a new Spanish professor of some sort.

Kreisler cursed this chatterer and her complaisance in accompanying him.

"I must get some cigarettes," he said briskly, as a *bureau de tabac* came in sight. "But don't you wait, Fräulein. Catch the others up."

Having purposely loitered over his purchase, when he came out on the Boulevard again there she was waiting for him. "Aber! aber! what's the matter with her?" Kreisler asked himself in impatient astonishment.

What was the matter with Bertha? Many things, of course. Among old general things was a state hardly of harmony with the Lipmann circle. She was rather suspect for her too obvious handsomeness. It was felt that she was perhaps a little too interested in the world. She was not quite obedient enough in spirit to the Lipmann. Even nuances of disrespect had been observed. Then Tarr had turned up nearly at the commencement of her incorporation. This was an eternal thorn in their sides, and chronic source of difficulty. Tarr was uncompromisingly absent from all their gatherings, and bowed to them, when met in the street, as it seemed to them, *narquoise-ment*, derisively, even. He had been excommunicated long ago, most loudly by Fräulein Van Bencke.

"Homme sensuel!" she had called him. She averred she had caught his eye resting too intently on her well-filled-out bosom.

"Homme égoïste!" (this referred to his treatment of Bertha, supposed and otherwise).

Tarr considered that these ladies were partly induced to continue their friendship for Bertha with a hope of disgusting her of her fiancé, or doing as much harm to both as possible.

Bertha alternately went to them a little for sympathy, and defied them with a display of his opinions.

Kreisler had lately been spoken about uncharitably among them. By inevitable analogy he had, in her mind, been pushed into the same boat with Tarr. She always *felt* herself a little *without* the circle.

So, Bertha, still in this unusual way clinging to him (although she had ceased plying him with conversation) they proceeded along the solitary back-water of Boulevard in which they were. Pipes lay all along the edge of excavations to their left, large flaccid surface-machinery of the City. They tramped on under the small uniform trees Paris is planted with, a tame and insipid obsession.

Kreisler ignored his surroundings. He was transporting himself, self-guarded Siberian exile, from one cheerless place to another. To Bertha Nature still had the usual florid note. The immediate impression caused by the moonlight was implicated with a thousand former impressions: she did not discriminate. It was the moon illumination of several love affairs. Kreisler, more restless, renovated his susceptibility every three years or so. The moonlight for him was hardly nine months old, and belonged to Paris, where there was no romance. For Bertha the darkened trees rustled with the delicious and tragic suggestions of the passing of time and lapse of life. The black unlighted windows of the tall houses held within, for her, breathless and passionate forms, engulfed in intense eternities of darkness and whispers. Or a lighted one, in its contrast to the bland light of the moon, so near, suggested something infinitely distant. There was something fatal in the rapid never-stopping succession of their footsteps—loud, deliberate, continual noise.

Her strange companion's dreamy roughness, this romantic enigma of the evening, suddenly captured her fancy. The machine and indiscriminate side of her awoke.

She shook his hand—rapid, soft and humble—she struck the deep German chord, vibrating rudimentarily in the midst of his cynicism.

"You are suffering! I know you are suffering. I wish I could do something for you. Cannot I?"

Kreisler began tickling the palm of her hand slightly. When he saw it interrupted her words, he left off, holding her hand solemnly as though it had been a fish slipped there for some unknown reason. Having her hand—her often-trenchant hand with its favourite gesture of sentimental over-emphasis—captive, made her discourse almost quiet.

"I know you have been wronged and wounded. Treat me as a sister: let me help you. You think my behaviour odd: do you think I'm a funny girl? But, ah! we walk about and torment each other enough! I knew you were not drunk, but were half-cracked with something—Perhaps you had better not come on to this place—"

He quickened his steps, and still gazing stolidly ahead, drew her by the hand.

"I only should like you to feel I am your friend," she said.

"Right!" with promptness came through his practical moustache.

"You're afraid I—" she looked at the ground, he ahead.

"No," he said, "but you shall know my secret! Why should not I avail myself of your sympathy? You must know that my *frac*—useful to waiters, that is why I get so much for the poor suit—this *frac* is at present *not* in my lodgings. No. That seems puzzling to you? Have you ever noticed an imposing edifice in the Rue de Rennes, with a foot-soldier perpetually on guard? Well, he mounts guard, night and day, over my suit!" Kreisler pulled his moustache with his free hand—"Why keep you in suspense? My *frac* is not on my back because—it is *in pawn*! Now, Fräulein, that you are acquainted with the cause of my slight, rather wistful, *meditative* appearance, you will be able to sympathize adequately with me!"

She was crying a little, engrossed directly, now, in herself.

He thought he should console her.

"Those are the first tears ever shed over my *frac*. But do not distress yourself, Fräulein Lunken. The *garçons* have not yet got it!"

Kreisler did not distinguish Bertha much from the others. At the beginning he was distrustful in a mechanical way at her advances. If not "put up" to doing this, she at least hailed from a quarter that was conspicuous for Teutonic solidarity. Now he accepted her present genuineness, but ill-temperedly



substituted complete boredom for mistrust, and at the same time would use this little episode to embellish his programme.

He had not been able to shake her off: it was astonishing how she had stuck: and here she still was; he was not even sure yet that he had the best of it. His animosity for her friends vented itself on her. He would anyhow give her what she deserved for her disagreeable persistence. He shook her hand again. Then suddenly he stopped, put his arm round her waist, and drew her forcibly against him. She succumbed to the instinct to "give up," and even sententiously "destroy." She remembered her resolve—a double one of sacrifice—and pressed her lips, shaking and wetted, to his. This was not the way she had wished: but, God! what did it matter? *It mattered so little, anything, and above all she!* This was what she had wanted to do, and now she had done it!

The "resolve" was a simple one. In hazy, emotional way, she had been making up her mind to it ever since Tarr had left that afternoon. He wished to be released, did not want her, was irked, not so much by their formal engagement as by his liking for her (this kept him, she thought she discerned). A stone hung round his neck, he fretted the whole time, and it would always be so. Good. This she understood. Then *she* would release him. But since it was not merely a question of *words*, of saying "we are no longer engaged" (she had already been very free with them), but of acts and facts, she must bring these substantialities about. By putting herself in the most definite sense out of his reach and life—far more than if she should leave Paris, their continuance of relations must be made impossible. Somebody else—and a somebody else who was at the same time *nobody*, and who would evaporate and leave no trace the moment he had served her purpose—must be found. She must be able to stare pityingly and resignedly, but silently, if he were mentioned. Kreisler exactly filled this ticket. And he arose not too unnaturally.

This idea had been germinating while Tarr was still with her that morning.

So, a prodigality and profusion of self-sacrifice being offered her in the person of Kreisler, she behaved as she did.

This clear and satisfactory action displayed her Prussian limitation; also her pleasure with herself, that done. *Should Tarr wish it undone*, it could easily be so. The smudge on Kreisler's back was a guarantee, and did the trick in more ways than he had counted on. But in any case his whole personality was a perfect alibi for the heart, to her thinking. At the back of her head there may have been something in the form of a last attempt here. With the salt of jealousy, and a really big row, could Tarr perhaps be landed and secured even now?

In a moment, the point so gained, she pushed Kreisler more or less gently away. It was like a stage-kiss. The needs of their respective rôles had been satisfied. He kept his hands on her biceps. She was accomplishing a soft withdrawal. They had stopped at a spot where the Boulevard approached a more populous and lighted avenue. As they now stood a distinct, yet strangely pausing, female voice struck their ears.

"Fräulein Lunken!"

Some twenty yards away stood several of her companions, who, with fussy German sociableness, had returned to carry her forward with them, as they were approaching the Bonnington Club. Finding her not with them, and remembering she had lagged behind, with some wonderment they had walked back to the head of the Boulevard. They now saw quite plainly what was before them, but were in that state in which a person does not believe his eyes, and lets them bulge until they nearly drop out, to correct their scandalous vision. Kreisler and Bertha

were some distance from the nearest lamp and in the shade of the trees. But each of the spectators would have sworn to the identity and attitude of their two persons.

Bertha nearly jumped out of her skin, broke away from Kreisler, and staggered several steps. He, with great presence of mind, caught her again, and induced her to lean against a tree, saying curtly: "You're not quite well, Fräulein. Lean—so. Your friends will be here in a moment."

Bertha accepted his way out. She turned, indeed, rather white and sick, and even succeeded so far as to half believe her lie, while the women came up. Kreisler called out to the petrified and quite silent group at the end of the avenue. Soon they were surrounded by big-eyed faces. Hypocritical concern soon superseded the masks of scandal.

"She was taken suddenly ill." Kreisler coughed conventionally as he said this, and flicked his trousers as though he had been scuffling on the ground.

Indignant glances were cast at him. Whatever attitude they might take up towards their erring friend, there was no doubt as to their feeling towards *him*. He was to blame from whichever way you looked at it. They eventually, with one or two curious German glances into her eyes, slow, dubious, incredulous questions, with a drawing back of the head and dying away of voice, determined temporarily to accept her explanation. To one of them, very conversant with her relations with Tarr, vistas of possible ruptures and commotions opened. Here was a funny affair! With Kreisler, of all people—Tarr was bad enough!

Bertha would at once have returned home, carrying out the story of sudden indisposition. But she felt the only thing was to brave it out. She did not want to absent herself at once. The affair would be less conspicuous with her not away. Her friends must at once ratify their normal view of this little happening. The only thing she thought of for the moment was to hush up and obliterate what had just happened. Her heroism disappeared in the need for action. So they all walked on together, a scandalized silence subsisting in honour chiefly of Kreisler.

Again he was safe, he thought with a chuckle. His position was precarious, only he held Fräulein Lunken as hostage! Exception could not *openly* be taken to him, without reflecting on their friend. He walked along with perfect composure, mischievously detached and innocent.

Fräulein Lipmann and the rest had already gone inside. Several people were arriving in taxis and on foot. Kreisler got in without difficulty. He was the only man present not in evening-dress.

(To be continued)

## FANTAISIES INTIMES

### DREAM-STALKED

THROUGH the mist  
in the twilight of the valley,  
the squat shapes of the houses,  
silent, huddled together,  
like sleeping cattle. . . .

. . . and the night, creeping towards them,  
like a stealthy beast of prey. . . .

### CHALLENGE

I ALONE,  
clambering the hill-side  
towards the trees  
that flutter like ragged flags against the skyline,  
turning, fling my voice downward  
against the upward-creeping darkness;  
and see the distant flashing,  
like spear-heads,  
of the stars. . . .



## TO MAIVE OF STORMS

MAIVE, O Maive!  
 Stirrer of waters!  
 I see your white feet  
 leaping and flashing in the breakers,  
 tossing the blinding spray. . . .

You, beloved!  
 Shaker of branches,  
 Scatterer of the withered fallen leaves!  
 Shower and storm, and foam on the waters,  
 Wind in the trees of the hill-sides and valleys!

I have lain sleepless in the night-time,  
 wide-eyed and quivering,  
 . . . the thought of you in the darkness  
 has swept over my heart like sudden rain. . . .

LEIGH HENRY

## COURT-MARTIAL

THE court sat three round the table,  
 the president, the other man, and I.  
 (No one could see into our minds.)

They accused a man of theft,  
 and he pleaded guilty.  
 He had taken a silver watch  
 while a fool slept.

We read the evidence,  
 and a medical certificate which said:  
 "The man is mentally deficient  
 but he knows right from wrong."

(Hearken, O ye philosophers,  
 Socrates, Fu-tse, and Clifford!  
 "The man is mentally deficient  
 but he knows right from wrong.")

And so we passed sentence,  
 and we gave him the maximum punishment.  
 It was so easy.

B. DOBRÉE

## CORRESPONDENCE

## ENGLAND AND IRELAND

To the Editor of THE EGOIST

MADAM,—The contributing editor of THE EGOIST considers that Ireland's hate of England is a "pose," and that England can "do Ireland the 'spiritual' service of forcing on her the bracing apprehension of Necessity in exchange for the vague, pervasive, delicious longing and unrest which she calls her devotion to 'Irish Freedom and Liberty.'"

One would have thought it fairly obvious in the light of recent events in Ireland that that country had proved itself ready enough to put "its vague longings" to the test. As to the "bracing" it is pretty evident from which side of the Channel that comes.

Your contributing editor should really continue her campaign of reconciling England and Ireland. She might, for instance, write to the widows of the executed rebels and to those who fell in the days of April, assuring them that the behaviour of their husbands is really forgivable as being only "a voluptuous romantic pose," to use her own expression.

If there is, as she maintains, no hate of England in Ireland, I think I can detect a pretty lively hatred of Ireland in at least one English heart.

EDWARD STORER

MILAN, June 14, 1916.

[Miss Marsden writes: I send a note in answer to Mr. Storer's letter, though his understanding of my article isn't particularly encouraging to a second attempt. Could he be made to understand what "bracing" means? He might: its usage is pretty

commonplace. Perhaps if one pointed out what it doesn't mean . . . ? It doesn't mean "bravery-inspiring," for instance, as he seems to think. The effect of a bracing influence would quite often inhibit shows of bravery. Perhaps indeed, if we talk long enough about "bravery" we shall arrive at the meaning of "bracing." When one is driven to it, bravery no doubt is an excellent virtue, but adopted as a rôle, ornamentally, its prestige rests on the insecurest of bases. Its value in such case depends upon the benedictions which spectators—public opinion—feel disposed to give to it, and the opinions of spectators on the subject vary with the kind of effect its display in any particular instance is likely to have for them. If it suits and helps them, it receives high praise, and they call it bravery pure and simple; if it obstructs or hurts them, it is demonic possession; if, however, its effects are more or less neutral they make a distinction in respect of its display as between bravery (of a secondary value) and sheer foolhardiness according as success or failure attends it. Disinterestedly considered that is, bravery is bravery only when it succeeds or stands a fair chance of succeeding; it is foolhardiness and reckless abandonment when it fails and earns neither power nor praise but has to look wholly for its rewards to such joys as abandonment to it can give. In calculating whether the reckless game is worth the candle, only the last consideration falls indisputably on the credit side, but for the emotionally undisciplined it suffices. It is the old story of a birthright given for a mess of pottage: a life for a thrill. It never alters in essentials, or fails to repeat itself, and any one might affirm confidently that just prior to last Easter the happiest men in the wide wide world were the Sinn Feiners. Men do not embark on any courses whatsoever taking no thought of rewards: in instances of this kind they embark on them because they cannot resist the fascination of the rewards of the moment. If the wives of the rebels who have died can draw comfort from the fact, it is there for them to do so. What the widows of the English soldiers whose lives were used up in countering their action can draw comfort from one is more at a loss to say: that particular comfort certainly is not for them.

To return, then, to the meaning of a "bracing" effect: it is that of restraint: a pulling of oneself together: a hardening of fibre which steadies one for cool calculation. Which are effects the reverse of those produced under "abandonment"—whether to despair, or to fear, or to reckless enterprises which directly provoke their own defeat. So: in Ireland (as the article in question pointed out) talk had been so large, and so disproportionate to the powers of the talkers, but withal so pleasurable, that it required a self-control they did not possess to forgo it, even though its continuance demanded they should proceed to a decision in actualities of which disaster was the foregone conclusion. A "bracing" influence—on either side the Channel—would have been one to stiffen their power to resist a deadly fascination and change self-abandonment into self-restraint. The offence of the Government and of a great body of English people, and others, has been that by their "sympathy" they have encouraged in Ireland what kindness and good sense would have checked.]

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