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III. THE "I" AND THE "EGO"

A DIFFERENTIATION

By D. MARSDEN

A

(1) WE concluded in the last chapter that the function of philosophy was definition. Now definition consists in finding equivalents for a verbal form, or a set of verbal forms, in terms of some other. In effect, therefore, definition amounts to a mustering of synonyms. It is an exchange and commerce of words with words. Definition, however, is an activity in constant requisition in spheres not regarded as philosophical; it appears in everyday use in ordinary intercourse. Such definition, however, is of the kind which can be effected by equating complex terms into an assemblage of simple terms. The simple terms themselves there appears no call in ordinary affairs to define, and if they are defined it is only by equivalents which furnish nothing towards their further enlightenment. Philosophy's special function is to define these simple-seeming words. Perhaps it is in vague apprehension of this its proper objective that philosophy has encumbered itself with the notion of "FIRST Principles." Precisely, philosophy is a preoccupation with "FIRST WORDS": with the most elemental forms and structures of speech.

(2) The great landmark of modern philosophy is Berkeley's definition of the verb "TO BE." This achievement, notable in itself, is still more noteworthy for what it implies. By implication, Berkeley's definition led to a thing exceedingly rare in philosophy: a *discovery*. The discovery was the discovery of that which (by anticipation) we can call the "EGO." Through native and acquired mental predilections, Berkeley himself was unable to pursue his definition to its logical sequels. He was content with his achievement within its own arbitrary limits, and with mustering evidence adequate to warrant his definition.

(3) Berkeley's definition of the verb "TO BE" (in its Latin form) stands thus:

ESSE = PERCIPI.
TO BE = TO BE PERCEIVED.

If we admit—as justifiably we can—"FELT" and "SENSED" as synonyms of "PERCEIVED," we get accordingly,

TO BE = TO BE PERCEIVED.
= TO BE FELT.
= TO BE SENSED.

(4) Now, looking at the two sides of this equation:

TO BE = TO BE FELT,

it is seen that the terms of the one side make an identical appearance on the other with the addition of a further term:

TO BE = TO BE *plus* FELT.

The formula representing an equality, the presence of this additional term necessarily forces one of two conclusions, *i.e.* either

- (a) That the first half of the equation is elliptical, or,
(b) That the second half is redundant.

And since as a significant term "TO BE" always appears something of a mystery, while the addition of the further term (PERCEIVED, FELT, SENSED) at once illumines it, the conclusion is that "TO BE" is insufficient in itself to convey any adequate meaning: that it is merely an auxiliary form, and that whenever it is used without qualification the presence of the further term has to be taken as understood.

(5) Accordingly when I assert that "A THING IS," or (using a synonym of "TO BE") "A THING EXISTS," what I mean is that "THE THING IS PERCEIVED, OR FELT, OR SENSED"; that is, "THE THING IS" (OR EXISTS) = The PERCEIVING of a THING by a perceiving SUBJECT. And when, following the habit of generaliza-

tion normal to speech, we substitute further substantival forms for the verbal ones, and from "IS" create "ISNESS" (otherwise BEING or EXISTENCE), and, on the other hand, from "PERCEIVE" and "FEEL" and "SENSED" derive PERCEIVEDNESS, PERCEPTION, FEELING, and SENSATION, the equation yielded will be thus: ISNESS, BEING, or EXISTENCE = PERCEIVEDNESS, PERCEPTION, FEELING, or SENSATION.

(6) The first corollary to Berkeley's definition, and that which invests it with its outstanding importance, is not any concern about the "IMMATERIALITY of MATTER," nor yet primarily about the "NATURE of BEING," but the simple formulation of an overlooked habit of speech, TO WIT: that it is customary to omit from lingual constructions except under specially emphatic circumstances the primary and fundamental terms "FELT," PERCEIVED, and SENSED. Furthermore, such unregarded omission has the effect of making a merely constructional verb appear to express what the verb FEEL expresses, and even something beyond that: a something which is, however, unnameable as well as unexplainable. That is, this verb "BE": a mere auxiliary subserving variety of form among verbal expressions, appears as though it had signification in itself over and above that of modifying agent of the forms of other and significant verbal terms.

B

- (1) Proceeding: Since my assertion that, for me,
 "A thing is" = The THING is perceived (felt)
 by me (otherwise).
 = I perceive (feel) the thing.
 = My perceptions (feelings) as
 particularized in the man-
 ner which I am accustomed
 to recognize and name as
 this THING.

Then MY PARTICULARIZED FEELINGS = THE THING.

And MY FEELINGS being part and parcel of me, therefore:

THE THING is likewise part and parcel of me.

And the same argument being applicable to ALL THINGS equally with ANY THING, therefore:

All things are likewise part and parcel of me;
i.e.

"I" includes also the THING (*i.e.* every possible and conceivable thing)

"I" plus THINGS = "I."

- (2) Now in this peculiar result "I" plus Things = "I,"

Either (a) By addition of a THING, NOTHING (No-THING) is added;

Or (b) The "I" of the second half of the equation is different from the "I" contained in the first half which we are accustomed to differentiate as distinct from THINGS.

Of this pair of alternatives the first being an obvious contradiction we are limited to the adoption of the second, *i.e.* the "I" which common speech differentiates from THINGS has a different connotation from that "I" to whose discovery Berkeley's definition has led. And since differences in connotation require different names, the "WORLD-EXCLUSIVE I" of common speech requires a label distinguishing it from the "WORLD-INCLUSIVE I" which follows as a corollary of the definition "ESSE = PERCIPI."

(3) Let then the "I" of ordinary speech express the normal connotation of a "WORLD-EXCLUSIVE I" and the term "EGO" the philosophic and "WORLD-INCLUSIVE I."

(4) Having differentiated between them broadly, their differences in scope can be cited in more detail. Thus the "EGO," additionally to what is connoted by the WORLD-EXCLUSIVE "I," includes also the rest of the universe, spiritual and material. Therefore from the "EGO" nothing can be discriminated as distinct

or separate. It is the Universe in which "ALL" is comprehended and unified. Beyond, no room is left for feeling, thought, breath, or word. Among the items contained within it must be:

(a) That which is signified by the normal subject "I" (however that may hereinafter be defined).

(b) Any particularized feeling which by means of the Predicate "PERCEIVE" can be comprehended under the head of grammatical OBJECT.

(c) Any particularized form of activity denoted by PREDICATES additionally to that of the elemental predicate "PERCEIVE."

(d) All that is signified by EXTENSIONS of PREDICATES: therefore,

The relations of SPACE and TIME.

(e) All RELATIONS between THINGS, therefore:

The "ORDER of NATURE."

(f) All GODS or GOD (however these may be defined).

(g) All supposed "EGOS."

(5) Plainly this "EGO" is a conception not recognized by common language. Its nearest conception in everyday language is "UNIVERSE," though from the accepted connotation of Universe there is absent that special relationship to the "I" which it has been an achievement of philosophy to discover, and which the term "EGO" embodies. Its failure to make a recognizable appearance in common language is in no way surprising when it is remembered that speech finds its function as an instrument effecting discrimination between detail and detail. The ends it pursues are ever finer and finer indications of difference between details. To that end its action is separative; consequently a unifying action such as that involved in the conception of the "EGO" runs counter to the primary impulse infecting language. The impulse animating language is to seize upon distinctions and net them with its labels. But the "EGO" comprehending everything presents no distinctions. It does not, therefore, belong to the kind of quarry for which language has a natural scent. It belongs to a process which can only find place after language has already become settled and established. Only when language is full-grown does it become possible to cull such a conception from it.

C

(1) The fact concerning language which has, however, to be regarded as cardinal, is that though the recognized conception of the "EGO" is arrived at subsequent to the establishment of a matured language, yet the precondition of all language is the fact of the EGO. From it, language derives all that it has of meaning. That is, the images named by language must be perceived before they are named, and all that language can express: all to which it relates, or can ever relate, any conception it expresses, or can ever express, exclusive only of the "EGO" itself: are but features discriminated out of the egoistic WHOLE. That WHOLE is accepted ordinarily as GIVEN (*i.e.* as too fundamental for question or discussion), and this so absolutely and completely that the fact that it is GIVEN, and that language merely makes play with its details passes unobserved. It is, therefore, as one among the many details of the "EGO" that we must look to find what signification belongs to the term "I" as distinguished from "EGO." (Section B (3).)

(2) In the universe of feelings (of things perceived) one perception stands out pre-eminent. It is the perception of a NUCLEUS within the Universe. This nucleus is constituted of a certain limited area which is distinguished by the fact that felt images whose location falls within it are apprehended as vivid and intense and intimate to an almost incomparable degree as compared with those located as felt outside it and which are describable as finding place in what might be termed the EGOISTIC FRINGE: in the area, that is, of the EXTERNAL WORLD. Particular "ex-

ternal" locations are perceived as NEAR or REMOTE in accordance with the relation in which they stand to the nucleus, and nearness and remoteness yield the conception we call Distance, which, in turn forms the elemental factor of the complex perception of POSITION and consequently of SPACE. The limits to this nucleus are set by certain well-defined features: the outer extremities of the physical body and, while not uncommonly attempts are made to identify it with still more limited areas: heart, brain, and even a supposed subtle distillation of both, called soul: yet the considerations which make its limits coincident with the superficies of the body have always remained so paramount as to outweigh for common sense attempts to arrive at a finer and more circumscribed core. The chief consideration, of course, is relative to the fact which by definition constitutes the territory of the Nucleus, *i.e.* the fact that felt images falling within the bodily area, even to its very outermost surfaces, wear an intimate and vivid intensity incomparable with that of images located even immediately beyond it.

(3) Now ordinary language has been created by ordinary people desirous of expressing obvious differences, and it would have been strange indeed had this obvious nucleus not been singled out for special indication; more particularly so since—perhaps just because of the intensity of feeling within the Nucleus—the latter invests the FRINGE (*i.e.* the EXTERNAL WORLD) with an attributed significance derived from a sliding scale of valuations corresponding to the nearness or remoteness in which its items appear to stand in relation to the Nucleus. Consequent upon this power to convey significance, the Nucleus takes on within the limit of its powers the rôle of controller of the outer Fringe and remains the assessor of its values. It is then upon this intense, limited, and governing Nucleus—*this item* within the "EGO"—that ordinary speech has seized and embodied as *one* connotation of the grammatical subject "I." By virtue of its governing and referential character this has become the subject *par excellence*, and it is in recognition of this fact that feelings whose images fall within the sensitive area coterminous with the body are called "SUBJECTIVE," while those imaged as lying without it are "OBJECTIVE."

(4) Alongside this clear and simple distinction of NUCLEUS and FRINGE as primary SUBJECT and OBJECT respectively there runs, however, a quite different principle of distinction: and the present position of Subject and Object is confusion confounded between these two principles. It was remarked above (B (5)) that the conception of the EGO made no recognizable appearance in ordinary language. This was not meant to suggest, however, that the conception makes no appearance whatsoever: but merely that it does not do so in any deliberately recognized fashion. Under the second classifying principle the term "I"—though in blurred and almost unconscious fashion—is given the signification of the philosophic term "EGO." How this second interpretation of the meaning of "I" confuses the entire realm of philosophic thought is best indicated when it is shown in what relation it must stand to the typical predicate PERCEIVE or FEEL.

(5) If the UNIVERSE (as defined under "EGO") = FELT IMAGES (there are no non-felt images), therefore,
= IMAGES FELT by a SUBJECT which FEELS.

Then for a THING TO BE FELT and for a SUBJECT TO FEEL A THING are identical statements, *i.e.* they are merely logical variations of expression of one and the same statement. If then their differences of form be scrutinized and attention be given to the first form of the statement as compared with the second two features are to be noted: (1) In the first form of the statement the SUBJECT has been suppressed, and (2) the PASSIVE form of the verb has been inserted. Therefore the FUNCTION of the PASSIVE form must

be to indicate that there has been a SUPPRESSION of the SUBJECT. If then to equalize their quantities we suppress the SUBJECT from the other side, the quantities which remain will be thus:

FOR A THING TO BE FELT = TO FEEL A THING.
And removing the common term A THING from both sides there remains the equation:

TO BE FELT = TO FEEL.
PERCIPI = PERCIPERE.

Therefore, in ultimate philosophic significance as distinguished from arbitrary grammatical form, the PASSIVE and ACTIVE forms of the primary verb are identical. It is merely the exigencies of an arbitrary grammatical procedure which dictates the use and non-use of the one or the other.

(6) This formula "PERCIPI = PERCIPERE" expresses what Hume had in mind when he declared the "EGO" to be a "CONGERIES of PERCEPTIONS," and that outside such congeries he could detect no "EGO." But what Hume further implied was that within the limits of the said congeries there was no governing (Referential?) Nucleus, as distinguished from a governed (or Referentiable?) External Fringe, and it was against this implication—logically necessary when the term "EGO" is confounded with "I"—that the "COMMON SENSE" revolt following immediately on Hume's labours was directed. Hume's contention was that he could perceive nothing without perceiving it, and that, therefore, everything perceived—inclusive of the "EGO" if there were such—must take rank as a PERCEPTION.

So that whereas Berkeley's definitions would be expressed thus:

The ESSE of THINGS = PERCIPI
While the ESSE * OF "EGO" = PERCIPERE.

Those of Hume would stand:

The ESSE of Things = PERCIPI
Also The ESSE of "EGO" = PERCIPI.

(6) It is a simple matter to follow the verbal track by which Hume arrived at his destination. Accepting the interpretation "I" = EGO, it follows that such all-comprehensive subject must include all forms of FEELING, no matter how modified: that is not only I FEEL (acceptation of "I" as in section B (3)), but also YOU, HE, THEY, or ANY ONE FEELS, as well as FEELING, TO FEEL, TO BE FELT (allowing that certain of these undifferentiated terms do possess a vague suggestion of meaning). In short, when I = Ego its signification is ubiquitous. There is no term from which it can be considered as excluded, and being omnipresent, inevitably the VERBAL ECONOMY tends to eliminate its expression as unnecessary. The use of the PASSIVE verbal form in statements is the manner in which such economy has taken effect. Save as a recognized philosophic conception for ordinary speech I (= EGO) is a redundancy as well as a difficulty. Quite otherwise is it with I (= Nucleus as defined).

And furthermore, since ALL FEELINGS necessarily imply themselves to be FELT, not only the SUBJECT but also the undifferentiated Predicate FEEL takes on a redundant aspect. All that is substantial and of interest in "I FEEL . . ." (I = EGO) is contained in the particularization as to KIND of FEELING which is furnished in the OBJECT: the only essential part of the assertion.

(7) Having made this preliminary distinction between the two interpretations which the term "I" carries we are now in a position to approach what has been called the EGO-CENTRIC-PREDICAMENT: the heritage of confusion into which Berkeley's definition has been turned.

* "Esse" is a misleading term, as we hope to be able to show in more detail later.

NOTE.—The foregoing article is the third of the "Lingual Psychology" series. Former articles are "Analysis as the Philosophic Method" and "The Science of Signs." The fourth article will appear in the NOVEMBER issue of THE EGOIST.

THE CONTEST

I

YOUR stature is modelled
with straight tool-edge :
you are chiselled like rocks
that are eaten into by the sea.

With the turn and grasp of your wrist
and the chords' stretch,
there is a glint like worn brass.

The ridge of your breast is taut,
and under each the shadow is sharp,
and between the clenched muscles
of your slender hips.

From the circle of your cropped hair
there is light,
and about your male torso
and the foot-arch and the straight ankle.

II

You stand rigid and mighty—
granite and the ore in rocks.
A great band clasps your forehead
and its heavy twists of gold.

You are white—a limb of cypress
bent under a weight of snow.

You are splendid,
your arms are fire ;
you have entered the hill-straits—
a sea treads upon the hill-slopes.

III

Myrtle is about your head,
you have bent and caught the spray :
each leaf is sharp
against the lift and furrow
of your bound hair.

The narcissus has copied the arch
of your slight breast :
your feet are citron-flowers,
your knees, cut from white-ash,
your thighs are rock-cistus.

Your chin lifts straight
from the hollow of your curved throat.
your shoulders are level—
rare silver was melted
for their breadth.

H. D.

PASSING PARIS

IT HAPPENED to read in some English newspaper the other day that the Germans are unable to laugh at themselves. The person giving expression to that view had certainly never seen a German comic newspaper or else had not understood it. No people in the world are, I should say, so intrepidly self-flagellating. When do the English really laugh at themselves? When, even, do the French? If German humour is apt to wield the sledge-hammer it uses it certainly no more sparingly with its compatriots than with others. In this respect *Simplicissimus* of Munich holds the record for the plain reason that its irony reaches the maximum. A recent cartoon therein coincides with one of my few visits to picture exhibitions since the war broke out. An invincible barrier has separated France from Germany for two years, yet, artistically speaking, Munich succeeds in

keeping in touch with Paris—and here let me at once point out a commonly propagated error (in this country) by well-meaning patriots (in peace-time occasionally spelt *chauvins*) that Paris had allowed itself to be influenced by Munich. I think the opposite was very much more the case but the mistake originated in this wise: In Paris are born ideas innumerable, conceived, maybe, from an infinite variety of international sources, ideas so various that Paris cannot keep count of them. "French" art is an agglomeration of very different expressions, for Paris is ever in a state of evolution and revolution. From these the expert plagiarist makes his selection and, having conveyed his samples home, where they undergo that metamorphosis inevitable through handling in a new midst, Paris fails to recognize its own progeny on its reappearance in the world, severed from its natural environment and attributes.

These remarks were provoked by a cartoon from a recent *Simplicissimus* which has come under my notice. The legend runs thus: "Modern Art": "You call that a still-life subject, do you—three slips of paper on a dinner-cloth?" "Of course, I do: one bread, one meat, and one butter card."

This jest was composed at Munich but the picture was "painted" and exhibited in Paris where I saw it at the Galerie des Indépendants, 52 Rue La Boétie, not two months ago, signed Picasso. In fact I saw several "pictures" of this description, pictures in so far as a frame makes a picture. Within the frame M. Picasso had pinned different slips of plain or coloured paper on to a card-board ground and the number of this combination corresponded in the catalogue to a "dessin." A disciple of his had, to pins, preferred the glue-pot for the affixing of different elements such as the packings of grocery wares; as who should take one side of a "Quaker oats" box, paste it on to a board with the label of, say, a whisky bottle, frame the whole and call it a "nature-morte." Thus the leavings and parings ordinarily thrown into the dust-bin can become as valuable to the modern artist (especially considering the increase to which palette colours have been subjected) as, it is said, they are in certain countries to the family cook. The devisers of these curiosities are respectively called Pierre Brune and Frank Burty.

These facts are recorded in view of always adhering strictly to the principle of recognizing as Cæsar's what is his.

* * * *

One of our most distinguished statesmen whom I happened to meet at this most interesting gallery (for besides the inventions mentioned it comprises works of more exacting craftsmanship, in paint, stone, and bronze), has just had the sorrow of losing in battle one of his sons to whom he had so successfully communicated his own enthusiasms that the following anecdote is told of him: One day when out riding in the country with his father he pointed to an artist at work at an easel, saying, "Look, father, there is Cézanne." "How do you know it is Cézanne?" asked his father, M. Denys Cochin. "Why, because he's painting a Cézanne," answered Henri Cochin.

* * * *

M. Louis Thomas, whose poetry and prose have been quoted in these columns, has, as lieutenant of the 66th Battalion of *Chasseurs à pied*, written the record of this world-famous corps' prowesses in the war (*Les Diables Bleu pendant la Guerre de Délivrance*, 1914-1916; Perrin et Cie. 3 fr. 50).

A passage recalls a theory held by M. Maurice Barrès in the lecture he gave recently in London and which has been reproduced in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on the spirit moving the French army:

"The history of the 8th Battalion of *Chasseurs* shows the importance of *esprit de corps*. A regiment or a battalion is animated by one great and indivisible soul, which persists even

after the different units composing it have been entirely renewed. It persists even from one war to another war. The 8th Battalion's past possesses one glorious page in its history: it is the famous battalion of Sidi-Brahim. On the 22nd of September, 1843, reduced as it was to 450 men and commanded by Colonel Montagnac, having been treacherously lured into a trap and surrounded by 5000 Arabs it refused to surrender, choosing to die to the last man. Its soul has survived and animated it during the great war. On the 30th of June, 1915, in the Argonne, it is quoted in the order of the day and its flag decorated with the war cross. Now it happens that the mention evokes an episode similar to that of 1845: Surrounded, almost encircled, says the mention, it showed that its officers and men were always worthy of the Sidi-Brahim battalion."

This war has revealed so many heroes, so much heroism that it seems to be a commonplace quality in human nature. A witty French general dealt with the virtue in this wise recently: "Heroism," said he, "what is heroism? It takes ten minutes to make a hero; it takes ten years to make an honest man." The superiority, however, of the hero over the mere honest man consists in the fact that we know exactly what a hero is but not where the honesty of the other begins or ends. The one is concrete and precise; the other abstract and vague.

* * * *

M. Ricciotto Canudo, one of whose books was reviewed last month in these columns, has particularly distinguished himself in the French army, in which, although an Italian, he took service at the outbreak of the war. A promontory on the Salonica front which he had occasion to defend has been named after him in commemoration of his bravery.

M. C.

DIALOGUES OF FONTENELLE

TRANSLATED BY EZRA POUND

V

SOCRATES AND MONTAIGNE

MONTAIGNE. Is it really you, divine Socrates? How glad I am of this meeting! I am quite newly come to this country, and I have been seeking you since my arrival. Finally, after having filled my book with your name and your praises, I can talk with you, and learn how you possessed that so *naïve* * virtue, whereof the *allures* * were so natural, and which was without parallel in even your happy age.

Socrates. I am very glad to see a ghost who appears to have been a philosopher; but since you are newly descended, and seeing that it is a long time since I have seen any one here (for they leave me pretty much alone, and there is no great crowding to investigate my conversation), let me ask you for news. How goes the world? Has it not altered?

Montaigne. Immensely. You would not know it.

Socrates. I am delighted. I always suspected that it would have to become better and wiser than I had found it in my time.

Montaigne. What do you mean? It is madder and more corrupt than ever before. That is the change I was wishing to speak of, and I expected you to tell me of an age as you had seen it, an age ruled by justice and probity.

Socrates. And I on the other hand was expecting to learn the marvels of the age wherein you have but ceased to exist. But, men at present, do you say, have not corrected their classic follies?

Montaigne. I think it is because you yourself are a classic that you speak so disrespectfully of antiquity; but you must know that our habits are lamentable, things deteriorate day in and day out.

* Termes de Montaigne.

Socrates. Is it possible? It seemed to me in my time that things were already in a very bad way. I thought they must finally work into a more reasonable course, and that mankind would profit by so many years of experiment.

Montaigne. Do men ever experiment? They are like birds, caught always in the very same snares wherein have been taken a hundred thousand more of their species. There is no one who does not enter life wholly new, the stupidities of the fathers are not the least use to their children.

Socrates. What! no experiments? I thought the world might have an old age less foolish and unruled than its youth.

Montaigne. Men of all time are moved by the same inclinations, over which reason is powerless. Where there are men there are follies, the same ones.

Socrates. In that case why do you think that antiquity was better than to-day?

Montaigne. Ah, Socrates, I knew you had a peculiar manner of reasoning and of catching your collocutors in arguments whereof they did not foresee the conclusion, and that you led them whither you would, and that you called yourself the midwife of their thoughts conducting accouchement. I confess that I am brought to bed of a proposition contrary to what I proposed, but still I will not give in. Certain it is that we no longer find the firm and vigorous souls of antiquity, of Aristides, of Phocion, of Pericles, or, indeed, of Socrates.

Socrates. Why not? Is nature exhausted that she should have no longer the power of producing great souls? And why should she be exhausted of nothing save reasonable men? Not one of her works has degenerated; why should there be nothing save mankind which degenerates?

Montaigne. It's flat fact: man degenerates. It seems that in old time nature showed us certain great patterns of men in order to persuade us that she could have made more had she wished, and that she had been negligent making the rest.

Socrates. Be on your guard in one thing. Antiquity is very peculiar, it is the sole thing of its species: distance enlarges it. Had you known Aristides, Phocion, Pericles and me, since you wish to add me to the number, you would have found men of your time to resemble us. We are predisposed to antiquity because we dislike our own age, thus antiquity profits. Man elevates the men of old time to abase his contemporaries. When we lived we overestimated our forbears, and now our posterity esteems us more than our due, and quite rightly. I think the world would be very tedious if one saw it with perfect precision, for it is always the same.

Montaigne. I should have thought that it was all in movement, that everything changed; that different ages had different characteristics, like men. Surely one sees learned ages, and ignorant, simple ages and ages greatly refined? One sees ages serious, and trifling ages, ages polite, ages boorish?

Socrates. True.

Montaigne. Why then are not some ages more virtuous, others more evil?

Socrates. That does not follow. Clothes change, but that does not mean a change in the shape of the body. Politeness or grossness, knowledge or ignorance, a higher or lower degree of simplicity, a spirit serious or of roguery, these are but the outside of a man, all this changes, but the heart does not change, and man is all in the heart. One is ignorant in one age, but a fashion of knowledge may come, one is anxious for one's own advantage but a fashion for being unselfish will not come to replace this. Out of the prodigious number of unreasonable men born in each era, nature makes two or three dozen with reason, she must scatter them wide over the earth, and you can well guess that there are never enough

of them found in one spot to set up a fashion of virtue and rightness.

Montaigne. But is this scattering evenly done? Some ages might fare better than others

Socrates. At most an imperceptible inequality. The general order of nature would seem to be rather constant.

"NOT VODKA"

NO one has yet given a clear explanation of "the Russian soul," that mystery which has made Russian literature so fascinating to English readers.

To most people this mystery evokes visions of the samovar, some people think of the delightful *zakuska*—which consists of savoury salt eatables rather like *hors d'œuvres*, to a few it may suggest caviare, I personally have always had in mind a kind of a dry salt herring preserved in a barrel through the long winter months and then served out, after being stewed in onions, to our dear "summer girls" for their complexions.

I must confess I don't know how that idea came into my silly head—I suppose it may be due to having sympathies with the Imagists and to the consequent desire to see everything, even such an abstract thing as the Russian soul, as a clear *image*.

There is but one thing clear: Every one was mistaken, and I was mistaken.

The real explanation, I should say discovery—a discovery so important that I feel I must hasten to "do my little bit" to make it known—comes from a Mr. C. E. Bechhofer,* who paid a visit to Petrograd last year and who must have therefore seen the devastating effects which the recent abolition of vodka has had on Russian literature. He met the playwright Evreinov there "and was given several volumes of his collected plays and parodies. Evreinov has not only an instinct for drama, but . . ."—but it is more interesting to hear what Mr. Bechhofer has to say of Chekhov:

"Chekhov is not a great writer; he is really a great journalist, and his work has no permanent importance. A French critic has compared his work with the cinematograph, he himself called it 'sweet lemonade.' *It was not vodka—there lies its significance.* He was an embryo European, peculiarly of France, of the France he had come to know in his profession and his reading. Now that he had led Russian literature out of its purely Russian groove, the natural step was for it to become more and more European, without losing its national impulse. The decadence of such modern writers as Andreyev, Gorky, and Sologub lies in their refusal to recognize this fact; they continue to write in a narrow style, dwarfed even in that by the genius of their forerunners, uninspired by the renaissance of European solidarity that the war has revealed, the spirit that Von Vizin had and Griboyedov."

The italics are mine. Mr. Bechhofer has modestly passed over his own discovery. At last—by drawing the proper deduction—we know. It is vodka. There is as much Russian soul in a work as there is vodka in it. That gives a sort of practical measure, a real standard for judging Russian literature. We might speak of Tolstoy as *kvass* (cider), of Turgenev that he is "'arf an' 'arf," now of Dostoyevsky we could honestly say, "There's real vodka for you." It is without question the greatest discovery since Nietzsche discovered that there was "too much beer in the German intellect."

Frankly, I have never read a more muddled paragraph, or one which contained more misinformation—in so limited a space. Passing over the writer's

* *Five Russian Plays*, translated from the originals, with an Introduction by C. E. Bechhofer; Kegan Paul.

irrelevant opinions about Chekhov's greatness and his "embryo Europism" and all that nonsense about "European solidarity," the truth is—and this may be said advisedly—that it was not Chekhov who "had led Russian literature out of its purely Russian groove" but the industrialization of Russia, and the general development of its towns and "provinces." Even before that Russia was very susceptible to European influence. Gogol owes at least something to Dickens, Turgenev was as much French as Russian in his work—and that is something for which he has been reproached in Russia, Gorky has been more or less a Nietzschean and in that sense "a good European," as for Sologub—who has among other things translated Verlaine—it has been complained of him by adverse Russian critics that he has brought the flower of French Decadence into Russia. Dostoyevsky alone remains, he is least touched from the outside, and is the most "narrow" and national if you will on that account, yet admittedly the greatest and at the same time the most Russian of all Russian writers. What the embryo critic of Russian literature fails to take into account is that modern Russian literature is "decadent" only in the degree that it is European, and more particularly French.

Gogol does not exist for Mr. Bechhofer, who considers Griboyedov's *Woe from Wit* as "the last of the early Russo-European masterpieces"—that is until Evreinov came. And yet Gogol's *Revizor* is the greatest Russian comedy and quite in the European tradition and unspeakably more important than that juvenile effort, *The Jubilee*, called by Chekhov himself "a joke in one act" but which the translator would have us believe shows "the best quality of his work and the service he was rendering Russian literature"—in the European sense. As for the translation itself, one is tempted to apply to it the translator's own standard, and that is to say: there is not enough vodka in it.

But this is not the only example of how Russian literature is being made ridiculous in England, and what I wish to point out is that if the Russian "boom" should survive it would not be the fault of the boomers. For it should be remembered of any boom:

It is not vodka!

JOHN COURNOS

SOLDIERS

BROTHER,
I saw you on a muddy road
in France
pass by with your battalion,
rifle at the slope, full marching order,
arm swinging;
and I stood at ease,
folding my hands over my rifle,
with my battalion.
You passed me by, and our eyes met.
We had not seen each other since the days
we climbed the Devon hills together:
our eyes met, startled;
and, because the order was Silence,
we dared not speak.

O face of my friend,
alone distinct of all that company,
you went on, you went on,
into the darkness;
and I sit here at my table,
holding back my tears,
with my jaw set and my teeth clenched,
knowing I shall not be
even so near you as I saw you
in my dream.

F. S. FLINT

"THE FARMER'S BRIDE"*

ORIGINALITY is now rare, if not extinct. That is why we overestimate it. But in this, our present-day literary Alexandria, even the most "original" among us may take a sort of perverse delight in finding a new writer daring to discard his personality to follow, remotely or unconsciously perhaps, the tradition of an earlier generation. For the body is more than raiment, and the verse is more than its iambs, and the artist, if he be artistically mature, can follow a tradition—as Scopas, Polycritus, as Giotto, Masaccio—and remain as much Scopas, as much Giotto, as if he twisted his athlete into a gargoyle or reduced his angel into its original elements of an aureole and superimposed triangles.

In England there have been few masters among the poets but those few so supreme that they stamped, created, as it were, a mould for generations of frailer, if not less beautiful, spirits to follow. We have Dekker and Fletcher and countless others, but the summits and depth of the English language were created by Shakespeare. In a broad sense, of course, Shakespeare is England, the English language Shakespeare. And so, drawing nearer to our own generation, the dramatic poem is Browning, and Browning the dramatic poem.

One is particularly obsessed with this idea in first reading Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's beautiful poem *Heaven*. But Mr. Hueffer says that he has never read Browning. Therefore Mr. Hueffer has followed this Browning mould unconsciously—as unconsciously and as inevitably as Miss Charlotte Mew in her poem (with which readers of *THE EGOIST* are already familiar) *The Fête*, and in her other poem, the wracked, tortured *Madeleine in Church*.

When one reads of "the white geraniums in the dusk," one feels that Madeleine has wandered in that same garden where the moth and the moth-kiss brushed the heavy flower-petals—and the "portrait of my mother at nineteen" brings to one's oversophisticated imagination the Duchess with her unappreciated, wan smile and her branch of cherries.

It is part of our pleasure in art in these days to imagine such things, and the lines lose none of their poignancy, none of their personal flavour for this fine, subtle association.

We are what we are ; when I was half a child I could not sit
Watching black shadows on green lawns and red carnations
burning in the sun,

Without paying so heavily for it
That joy and pain, like any mother and her unborn child, were
almost one.

I could hardly bear
The dreams upon the eyes of white geraniums in the dusk,
The thick, close voice of musk,
The jessamine music on the thin night air,
Or, sometimes my own hands about me anywhere—
The sight of my face (for it was lovely then) even the scent of my
own hair,

Oh ! there was nothing, nothing that did not sweep to the high
seat

Of laughing gods, and then blow down and beat
My soul into the highway dust, as hoofs do the dropped roses of
the street.

* * * *

There is a portrait of my mother, at nineteen,
With the black spaniel, standing by the garden seat,
The dainty head held high against the painted green
And throwing out the youngest smile, shy, but half haughty and
half sweet.

Her picture then : but simply Youth, or simply Spring
To me to-day : a radiance on the wall,
So exquisite, so heart-breaking a thing

* *The Farmer's Bride*. By Charlotte Mew. The Poetry Book-shop. 1s. net.

Beside the mask that I remember, shrunk and small,
Sapless and lined like a dead leaf,
All that was left of oh ! the loveliest face, by time and grief !

Miss Mew has chosen one of the most difficult forms in the language—the dramatic lyric. She alone of our generation, with the exception of Mr. Hueffer and Mr. Frost, has succeeded in this form, has grown a new blossom from the seed of Browning's sowing, has followed a master without imitating him, has given us a transmutation of his spirit, not a parody of his flesh.

It would be good to see another volume of the same breadth and intensity—perhaps Miss Mew is already writing it.

H. D.

REVIEWS

TWO volumes of essays, one naïve appreciation of modern playwrights, and a flutter in souls.

The kindness of our friends is sometimes two-edged. The friends of Voltairine le Cleyre* would have done better to write the story of her life, which was a fine one, than to publish her essays, which are mediocre. The phrasing of many suggests the spoken word and as propagandist speeches they were doubtless effective : read in cold blood, removed from the animal magnetism of a crowd and the persuasive tricks of voice of the speaker, they are journalism of the usual kind. Their publication in permanent form is unnecessary, for their appeal is too unabashedly emotional to convert the unbeliever : it is unwise, for her manner of living speaks for her better than do her words. Readers who never knew or heard her will be depressed and disappointed on passing from the account of a life spent wantonly for life's sake to her pedestrian verse. Commendable though its sentiments may be, it bears reprinting even less than the essays. Journalism is often dishonest : this journalism is honest in intention and speech : that is uncommon, but not sufficiently so to warrant an attempt to thrust it into the ranks of literature. Nor would Voltairine le Cleyre's fame have faded away the sooner in the report of men than it will in these pages. Significantly enough, the essay which leaves most obscure the spirit of anarchism is the one dealing directly with it. It appears to have been written to prove the tolerance and breadth of view of the anarchist philosophy. It succeeds in proving that a thing does not necessarily become broad by spreading itself : it may only become thin.

* * * *

Much the same charge of upstart journalism may be laid against the essays of Emma Goldman.† There is, however, this difference : the writings of Miss Goldman are as avowedly propagandist as her speeches : and they are as much more effective for her purpose as she is a much cleverer preacher than Voltairine le Cleyre. Her writing is more restrained and therefore more forceful : it is the work in fact, of the greatest living propagandist.

Yet Emma Goldman, as Voltairine le Cleyre, runs wild on approaching the question of marriage and love. There is no surer test of the intellectual quality of the "advanced"—for the most part, a pitiful crew—than the waving before them of this particular flag. The two anarchists make the usual blunder of supposing that sexual love outside marriage is a different thing from the same love in marriage ; whereas there is not the slightest difference : sexual love outside marriage remains the evanescent

* Voltairine le Cleyre, *Essays and Poems*. Mother Earth Publishing Association, New York.

† Emma Goldman, *Anarchism and Other Essays*. Mother Earth Publishing Association, New York.

purely animal thing that it is when sanctified by the church or legalized by the State. And for the other sort of love—a kind of glorified friendship—marriage does not exclude it, nor free love ensure it. Not marriage, but the conditions of marriage—nor of marriage only, but of the whole social order—soil and destroy love of body and of spirit. Women's slavery is economic and not spiritual. Nor is she enslaved by man, but man with her is equally slave to a social system which sells freedom to the highest bidder and denies it to the vast mass of humankind.

* * * *

This fact, though generally accepted, is not realized. When realized, all books on the Soul of Woman* will be as outworn as the deism of the tenth century, and even now they are largely superfluous and rather tiresome. Occasionally their very seriousness is embarrassing. Feminists—male and female—possessed of even an embryonic sense of the ridiculous, would never cling so joyously to Olive Schreiner's vision of the aspiring female soul in the form of that peculiarly pernickety and malicious beast, the camel. This by the way. It remains a fact and to an admirer, on this side idolatry, of modern woman—a galling fact—that the average feminist is in the position of a prisoner still crying out to be released, though his chains have already fallen to his feet. The feminist wants a number of things, loosely designated as spiritual freedom. I hope Mr. Paul Jordan Smith would agree that her state of mind is expressed in the poem running roughly thus :

“It's all very well to wear brown boots,
And walk around in your Sunday suits,
But to-night I am sick of the whole affair.
I want free life and I want fresh air,
And Laska, in Texas down by the Rio Grande.”

The yearning feminist, not hampered with children, has nothing to do but abandon the brown boots and take whatever measure of freedom she can keep. In life as in the army “you are certain to receive what you get,” and get what you take. If the thought of common opinion deters the feminist, her slavery is self-imposed, and if there are sufficient feminists to make it profitable to write books about their souls, they have it in their power to create their own public opinion. Of course the majority of women want no more than a latchkey and a little money to spend, but having got into the labour market they are not always stupid enough to be unaware that they are still slaves and that the whole question of woman's freedom is still a question of money or an equivalent economic security. Even the pseudo-philosophic feminists know that the economic independence of woman is a condition of her spiritual freedom. What they do not understand is that economic freedom is the only sort of freedom which can be given to any person. And there is no economic freedom possible to-day for the vast majority of women for precisely the same reason that there is none for the vast majority of men. Change society to make such freedom possible for both. Then those will be free and will take freedom who are free in spirit, and those will be slaves who are slaves in spirit. No person can be endowed with spiritual freedom. It must be taken. And, moreover, it can be taken to-day—but painfully, because of the small measure of economic security possible under the modern social system. It should be better understood that souls are higher than money-bags only by virtue of standing on them. “A spirit and a Vision are not,” says Blake, “as the modern philosophy supposes, a cloudy vapour or a nothing.” Spiritual freedom is a very tangible thing, or several tangible things. It is leisure, material, security, surroundings of beauty,

* Paul Jordan Smith, *The Soul of Woman*. Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco, one dollar net.

and the ability worthily to use and appreciate them. Woman may have up her sleeve, as Mr. Smith declares, “new life-values, new ethical motives, a new idealism, a new faith.” That is as it may be. The fact remains that she can do more than write—or read—about these things. Freedom is to-day possible to the woman who can take it. Who gave freedom to Emma Goldman? It is not to be taken easily, but it is to be taken, and the ease will come with the taking, if not to the pioneers. Not all desires are attainable, nor all passions appeasable, but it is not always adverse circumstances that prevent their attainment and satisfaction. It may be merely feebleness of desire.

The married woman with children is in a different position. It is likely that a woman bringing up her children herself will always be more or less enslaved, in reality if not in popular terminology. For the economic security necessary if she is to give adequate care to her children she will have to look to a man or to the State. And the difference between the two forms of dependence is a difference of name only. No amount of juggling with the cant of the Endowment of Motherhood can do away with that fact.

* * * *

Literary criticism* with an axe to grind is always bad criticism. If Miss Goldman had not been looking for anarchism she would not have suspected Sudermann of social significance, W. B. Yeats of sense, or Leonid Andreiev of honesty of purpose. Under the influence of the anarchist-complex she has produced a disingenuous criticism of a handful of European dramatists, taking them at their own valuation and making no attempt at a standard of critical values. Apparently Miss Goldman imagines Yeats and Lennox worthy of as serious consideration as Ibsen and Strindberg because they chose to write in the same form—the dramatic. We are left wondering at the childlike *naïveté* of the cultured American in the presence of so-called serious literature.

* * * *

The History of the Fabian Society † is of interest primarily to Fabians and antiquaries. It is conscientiously bright in style: almost sprightly. The episode of Mr. Wells is tactfully suggested. So far as one can judge, the working formula of the Fabian leaders appears to have been: seize on any reform urgently needed: suggest the mildest possible measure that will palliate the need: supply it to anxious members of the House: congratulate yourselves on your modesty. To have been the power behind the throne of the Liberal Party all these years, and to have accomplished so little is signal proof of the value of modesty in the political world. It is significant that Mr. Shaw thought fit to add an essay on Guild Socialism to a history of Fabianism. And it is characteristic that he proves to his own satisfaction that because Fabian Collectivism is implied in the machinery of Guild Socialism therefore Guild Socialism is a mere corollary of Fabian Collectivism. The whole is contained in the part and the part is greater than the whole. Which is Shavian.

MARGARET STORM JAMESON

* Emma Goldman, *The Social Significance of Modern Drama*. Mother Earth Publishing Association.

† Edward R. Pease, *History of the Fabian Society*. A. C. Fifield.

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THE GREAT OPPORTUNITY

IN New York in the spring of 1915, one was feeling a strange quickening of artistic life. It seems that due to the preoccupation of Paris and London in cruder affairs New York has taken over those spiritual controls for which no one had any time in the war-swept countries. Here was a chance to assert oneself magnificently.

The weekly papers began to notice that Du Champ was with us—and Gleize, and Crotty. There were even productions of photographs and paragraphs speaking of "New York's gain due to its little progressive colony of artists forced out of France and England."

There was an exhibition of Cézanne at Knodler's and one of young Americans, the Forum Exhibit, from which such a good man as Demuth was excluded.

But in poetry the fiercest twitchings appeared. Two hundred and fifty dollars were put forward by a man, himself a poet. Kreymborg was employed to carry out his idea of a magazine free for the new in poetry. He gave up his newspaper-writing, came out of his garret, married! and in a little hut to which water had to be carried for washing, he started his magazine, *Others*.

There was, I think, wild enthusiasm among free verse-writers, slightly less enthusiasm among Sunday Magazine Section reporters, and really quite a stir in the country at large.

Kreymborg was awakened at midnight once for an interview. That was years ago.

Actually it seemed that the weight of centuries was about to be lifted. One could actually get a poem published without having to think of anything except that it be good, artistically. Kreymborg was the hero.

Every Sunday afternoon there were meetings at Grantwood. We sat on the floor, brought our own lunches, played ball in the yard and struggled to converse one with the other. For the most part one looked and wondered but continued to be optimistic.

Good verse was coming in from San Francisco, from Louisville, Ky., from Chicago, from 63rd Street, from Staten Island, from Boston, from Oklahoma City. At least it was verse one could print.

New-comers to the city if they were alive to artistic interests in their own parts naturally drifted into the crowd.

Others was commented on in *The New Republic*, *The Boston Transcript*, *The Literary Digest*, *Life*, and who knows what other magazines of importance. This little magazine was said to be the sun of a new dawn—in its little yellow paper cover! America had at last found a democratic means of expression! It was free verse! Even the papers went so far as to make extensive mockery of the men and the movement in their funny columns. We were elated at our success!

And Kreymborg was receiving the lion's share of the praise. Though he insistently spoke, alas, not for the poems, but for *Others*.

Surely the present was the opening of a new era. New free verse was commented on everywhere. "The ———," with a progressive board of editors, began to accept and pay for free verse! This went on. Then the editors had a change of conscience: "We are afraid. We are at sea. We don't know what we are accepting; we have no criteria! Is this going to be thought well of to-morrow, or is it merely a whim?" So all at once "The ———" refused even to consider new verse. But that comes later.

The weekly meeting went on. A stock company was proposed. *Others* was to be managed by a committee. We were to have a club house—above 42nd Street, oh, yes, it had to be above 42nd Street, that much was certain. We could have a large room for exhibits of pictures, silk goods, sculpture, etc.

Here we could have our social meetings—Stevens would like that—with a little dance afterwards. Then again we could use the same room for plays and readings. In the same building would be rooms for rent and at least two apartments where you and I and our families could live and edit *Others* and keep a book store and—that was a fine dream!

It seemed that the painters and the poets didn't get along very well together, perhaps that was why we couldn't get the things said which we were all aching to say.

Well, let's meet without the painters.

Next time it was the women who interfered. The women agreed to stay at home. Six men met one evening and had a bully good time discussing the news and affairs in general in a reasonably intelligent way. This was the high-water mark.

It was mid-winter by now. *Others* was wabbling badly. Subscriptions came in slowly. Kreymborg had to move to the city. A few poems of doubtful moral tone made enemies. Kreymborg insisted on keeping his hand on the tiller and any way it began to be doubtful if there was going to be much gain, either financially or artistically, connected with the enterprise. One began to hear obscure murmurs. Fine! Now, at last, we were to get down to real values!

Unfortunately a saviour appeared in the person of a young Scotchman named Marshall, who was to take the whole burden on his own shoulders. We were all to have personal books published. There was to be a yearly Anthology, etc. etc.

In the 300 or so best poems for the year picked out by Mr. Braithwaite, *Others* had had one or two among the leaders.

One began to think of writing plays and getting them on the stage. Verse does not pay.

And then, the MSS. of our native artists beginning to fail to appear; Marshall having failed to gauge matters rightly (being no native), financial ruin staring *Others* through, no more meetings with strange cousins of Isadora Duncan, etc., strange French "Artists," no stir in the newspapers, no verse but the worst being accepted by the magazines, the anthology having failed to sell well because of one silly poem—not by Cannell—our minds began to go to sleep. One picked among the bones of the stew for a little nourishment.

At last the movement is dead. Now for the advance.

For me it comes in the form of Kreymborg's book *Mushrooms*. It consists in the skilful use of small words, the artistic effect depending on the musical design and not on the values denoted and connoted by the words themselves.

One turns at last to one's desk-drawer and thumbs over one's own verses with something of the feelings of a miser.

America has triumphed!

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

LIBERATIONS

Studies of Individuality in Contemporary Music

XI

TH. AKIMENKO AND THE ORIENTAL SPIRIT IN MUSIC

ON approaching the music of the Russian composer, Th. Akimenko, one is reminded of that traveller who, on crossing the Russian frontier, turned to a companion with the pregnant remark, "Here commences Asia." Throughout Akimenko's work a spirit of exotic, Oriental fantasy asserts itself, rendering his music at once curiously individual and curiously Russian. For the

Orient, in so far as it affects the creative function in art, goes beyond any particular locality of the globe, and deeper than the limited aspects and characteristics which constitute the common conception of the significance of the term. Orientalism is the product of certain psychological elements, the development and interplay of which results in a definite type of mentality. From this type of mentality the aspects and characteristics of the Orient, its art, architecture, literature, and philosophy, are born. In the work of Akimenko this type of mentality is particularly evident, and it is this which, while rendering it individually characteristic, permeates his music with a spirit peculiarly Russian, not in the limited "nationalistic" sense of the folk-cult traditions, but in that wider spiritual atmosphere to which alone can the term be at all accurately applied. For in the Russian temperament an Oriental spirit exerts a remarkable sway, a characteristic which probably owes much to ethnological conditions. Siberia, a country originally, and still largely, populated by Mongols, occupies a vast extent of Russian territory, while in Europe the various branches of Great, Little, and White Russians have been influenced for over nine centuries by contact with essentially Oriental races, the Finns, Lithuanians, and Turks. Hence the intellectual attitude of the Russian, if not certain of his racial characteristics, partakes to a large extent of the qualities of the Oriental mind. It is to the concentration of those mental qualities in music, together with a fantastically original idiom in their expression, that the compositions of Akimenko owe both their interest and charm. Nor does this fantastic quality of expression give to his work any flavour of effusion or studied artificiality. It is the natural product of an intensely energetic and sensitive temperament. Through the aloof, dream-woven moods which persistently envelop Akimenko's music gleams a richly imaginative imagery, a wealth of elusive color, at times vivid, more often shimmering delicately, which gives evidence of an extremely acute sensibility, a consciousness keenly responsive to the most subtle influences of actuality. In this acute sensibility lies the source of the fantasy which dominates his conceptions. With certain sensitive temperaments, constantly receptive to the countless subtle impressions conveyed by even the most simple aspects of life, thought and emotion become extraordinarily multiple in operation, and at length assume such complexity and proportions that they create of themselves a new universe, a world of personal associations, by which all tangible things are absorbed and transformed. From such a process arises the world of fantasy which the imagination of Akimenko explores. His mind is like that strange creation, *Le Horla*, of Guy de Maupassant; it absorbs into itself everything that it encounters, transforms their every aspect, and merges them in a world of dreams. From this cause arises the rarefied, virginal atmosphere of his music, its freshness and fairylike sense of wonder, even when it bears direct relationship to definite ordinary things. The consciousness of the composer has revealed to him a myriad subtle spiritual correspondences, which so illuminate ordinary proportions as to create for them an entirely new scale of values. Hence his every conception, coloured by his mental vision, bears an unfamiliar significance, a touch of the magical and bizarre, which fascinates by reason of its novelty, by its elusive hint of strange beauty, like the perfume of an unknown flower growing beyond impenetrable walls. It is this curious mental quality which makes his music so distinctly personal and yet so Oriental. Of Orientalism, in the sense of that indeterminable quantity, "local color," his work bears no trace, nor is its subject-matter Oriental in the generally accepted sense. His insight penetrates deeper than the petty, detailed chronicles of the realists. All the facts are subject

to relativity, which every phase of evolution changes or modifies. Hence, for Akimenko, actuality, in the sense of accepted facts, exists only inasmuch as it stirs his sensibility and evokes the images of his mind. His work is ego-centric, and therefore never inhuman or abstract in feeling. Nor is it opinionatedly limited, being entirely divorced from creed. The scope of his consciousness is great, and therefore the spiritual range of his music is correspondingly wide.

THE EARLY WORKS OF AKIMENKO

Throughout his published work, even in the earliest compositions, this emphatically personal attitude of Akimenko is evident. The *Four Songs*, Op. 1, and the *Choral Songs*, Op. 3 ("Autumn," "Song of the Lark," "The Noon-Hour of Spring"), evince a sensitive consciousness, an eager delight in simple things which is naively egoistic, while never self-conscious in the ordinary sense. Here, as in all his work which treats of common, physical actuality, Akimenko has the spirit of a child, whose capacity for enjoyment nothing can age. In the light of his extreme sensibility the simplest impressions assume something of a magical character. Guy-Charles Cros has voiced a desire for "the world's beauty to rise afresh in him each morning." This perpetually virgin sensibility Akimenko seems to have attained. His mind bathes all that it encounters in an ever-changing stream of moods and thoughts, so that to his spiritual vision they are ever fresh and new. Nor does this lead him to sentimentality. His conceptions have the spontaneous, creative quality of a child's "make-believe" play; the thought creates the object, and invests all things with infinite possibilities. Hence comes a natural inclination towards things exotic, similar to the child's love of the marvellous: an insatiable and inquisitive desire for sensations and impressions. This, while creating a certain restlessness in Akimenko's music, never degenerates into hysteria or romantic decadence. Thus in the piece *La Roussalka*, Op. 4, there is nothing morbid. The intimate atmosphere of the music creates a rarefied, symbolic impression of the poetic theme. All that is terrifying and vampire-like in the creature of the Slav legends disappears, leaving only a sense of strangeness, remoteness, and yearning. It is as though the composer typified in the mythical theme the spell-weaving fascination of his dreams.

The *Four Songs*, Op. 5, while more concrete in theme, preserve this atmosphere of spiritual remoteness, curiously blended with a direct intimacy of expression.

A similar spirit of intimacy pervades the *Trio* for violin, viola, and violoncello, Op. 7, deepened in emotional significance by a more introspective mood.

Through the immediately ensuing compositions, *Deux Morceaux*, "Romance" et "Mazurka," pour piano, Op. 9; *Deux Morceaux*, "Valse Mélancolique" et "Intermezzo," pour violoncelle et piano, Op. 11; *Eclogue*, pour cor anglais et piano, Op. 12; *Romance*, pour alto et piano, Op. 13; *Idylle*, pour flûte et piano, Op. 14; *Berceuse*, pour violon et piano, Op. 15; *Trois Morceaux* pour piano, "Chant d'Automne," "Idylle," "Valse," Op. 16; *Élégie*, pour violoncelle et piano, Op. 17; *Nocturne*, pour cor ou flûte et piano, Op. 18; *Petite Ballade*, pour clarinette et piano, Op. 19, the sensitive curiosity which permeates the earlier *Choral Songs* reasserts itself more definitely. In both the harmonic texture of the music and the constantly varied character and colour of the instruments for which it is written, a sense of seeking, of spiritual and emotional inquisitiveness and adventurousness is manifest, in which may be discerned much of the fantastical and exotic spirit of Akimenko's

later work. In certain numbers the mental tendency is markedly pronounced. The *Eclogue* and the *Idylles* are pastoral in theme only in the degree that certain of Verlaine's conceptions, "Les un et les autres," and some of the "Fêtes Galantes," for example, are pastoral. Both have their birth in an Arcadia of dreams, a decorative superstructure on actuality, which has a relationship to tangible things similar to that which the perfume has to the flower. The Nocturne owes less to form and actual aspects than to personal moods, thoughts, and associations.

Ruhleben, 1916.

LEIGH HENRY

(To be continued)

TARR

BY WYNDHAM LEWIS

PART IV

A JEST TOO DEEP FOR LAUGHTER

CHAPTER I

WITH a little scratching (as the concierge pushed it) with the malignity of a little, quiet, sleek animal, the letter from Germany crept under the door the next morning, and lay there through the silence of the next hour or two, until Kreisler woke. Succeeding to his first brutal farewells to his dreams, no hopes leapt on his body, a magnificent stallion's, uselessly refreshed. Soon he saw the letter. It lay there quiet, unimportant, rather matter of fact and sly.

Kreisler felt it an indignity to have to open it. Until his dressing was finished, it remained where it was. He might have been making some one wait. Then he took it up, and opening it, drew out between his forefinger and thumb, the cheque. This he deposited with as much contempt as possible, and a "phui" on the edge of his washhand stand. Then he turned to the letter. He read the first few lines, pumping at a cigarette, reducing it mathematically to ash. Cold fury entered his mind with a bound at the first words. They were the final words giving notice of a positive stoppage of supplies. This month's money was sent to enable him to settle up his affairs and come to Germany at once.

He read the first three lines over and over again, going no further, although the news begun in these first lines was developed throughout the two pages of the letter. Then he put it down beside the cheque, and crushing it under his fist, said monotonously to himself, without much more feeling than the sound of the word contained: "Schwein, Schwein, Schwein!"

He got up, and pressed his hand on his forehead; it was wet: he put his hands in his pockets and these came into contact with a cinquante centime piece. He took them out again slowly, went to his box and underneath an old dressing-gown found writing paper and envelopes. Then, referring to his father's letter for the date, he wrote the following lines:

7th June 19—

"SIR,—I shall not return as you suggest in person, but my body will no doubt be sent to you about the middle of next month. If—keeping to your decision—no money is sent, it being impossible to live without money, I shall on the seventh of July, this day next month, shoot myself.

OTTO KREISLER."

Within half an hour this was posted. Then he went and had breakfast with more tranquillity and relish than he had known for some days. He sat up stiffly like a dilapidated but apparently in some way

satisfied rooster at his café table. This life was now settled, pressure ceased. He had come to a conventional and respectable decision. His conduct the night before, for instance, had not been at all respectable. Death—like a monastery—was before him, with equivalents of a slight shaving of the head merely, a handful of vows, some desultory farewells, very restricted space, but none the worse for that; with something like the disagreeableness of a dive for one not used to deep water. But he had got into life, anyhow, by mistake; *il s'était trompé de porte*. His life might almost have been regarded as a long and careful preparation for voluntary death. The nightmare of Death, as it haunted the imaginations of the Egyptians, had heré been conjured in another way. Death was not to be overcome with embalmings and Pyramids, or fought within the souls of children. It was confronted as some other more uncompromising race (and yet also haunted by this terrible idea) might have been.

Instead of rearing smooth faces of immense stone against it, you imagine an unparalleled immobility in life, a race of statues, throwing flesh in Death's path instead of basalt. Kreisler would have undoubtedly been a high priest among this people.

CHAPTER II

IN a large fluid but nervous handwriting, the following letter lay, read, as it were: Bertha still keeping her eye on it from a distance:

"DEAR BERTHA,—I am writing at the Gare St. Lazare, on my way to England. You have made things much easier for me in one way of course, far more difficult in another. Parenthetically, I may mention that the whimsical happenings between you and your absurd countryman in full moonlight are known to me. They were recounted with a wealth of detail that left nothing to the imagination, happily for my peculiar possessive sensitiveness, known to you. I don't know whether that little red-headed bitch—the colour of Iscariot, so perhaps she is—is a friend of yours? Kreisler! I was offered an introduction to him the other day, which I refused. It seems he has introduced himself!

"Before, I had contemplated retiring to a little distance for the purpose of reflection. This last *coup* of yours necessitates a much further *recul*, withdrawal—a couple of hundred miles at least, I have judged. And as far as I can see I shall be some months—say ten—away. I am not wise enough to take your action *au pied de la lettre*; nevertheless, you may consider yourself free as women go. What I mean is you need not trouble to restrain the exuberance of your exploits in future. (What a cat I am!) Let them develop naturally, right up to *fiançailles*, or elsewhere. I have a very German idea. Why should not girls have two or three fiancés? Not two or three husbands. But fiancé, especially nowadays, is an elastic term. Why shouldn't fiancé take the place of husband? It is a very respectable word: a very respectable state. But my idea was that of a club, organized around the fiancée. You seem to me cut out for such a club. A man might spend quite a pleasant time with the other fiancés. A fine science of women would be developed, perhaps along Oriental lines a little. Then a man would remember the different clubs he had belonged to. Some very beautiful women might have a sort of University settled near them. To have belonged to one of these celebrated but ephemeral institutions would insure a man success with less illustrious queens. 'He was a fiancé of Fraulein Stück's, you know,' would carry prestige. You have Germanized me in a horrible way! Anyhow, you may count on me

should you think of starting a little institution of that sort. My address for the next few months will be 10 Waterford Street, London, W.C.—Yours,
“SORBETT.”

Sorbert was his second name; and Sorbett or Sherbet, his *nom d'amour*. He spelt it with two T's because Bertha had never disciplined herself to suppress final consonants.

Bertha was in her little kitchen. It was near the front door. Next to it was her studio or *salon*, then bedroom: along a passage at right angles the rooms rented by Clara Goenthner, her friend.

The letter had been laid on the table, by the side of which stood the large gas-stove, like a safe, its gas stars, on top, blasting away luridly at pans and saucepans with Bertha's breakfast. While busying herself with eggs and coffee, she gazed over her arm reflectively at the letter. It was a couple of inches too far away for her to be able to read it.

The postman had come ten minutes before. It was now four days after the dance, and since she had last seen Tarr. She had “felt” he would come on that particular morning. The belief in woman's intuition is not confined, of course, to men. “Could he have heard anything of the Kreisler incident?” she had asked herself. The possibility of this was terrifying. But perhaps it would be as well if he had. It might at any future time crop up. And what things had happened when other older things had come to light suddenly! She would tell him if he had not already heard. He should hear it from her. The great boulevard sacrifice of the other night had appeared folly, long ago. But peculiarly free from any form of spite—she did not feel unkindly towards Kreisler.

So Sorbert was expected to breakfast, on the authority of her intuition. Bread was being fried in fat. What manner of man would appear, how far *renseigné*—or if *not* informed, still all their other difficulties were there inevitably enough? Experience, however, suggested such breakfast as pleased him. Could fried toast and honey play a part in such troubles? Ah, yes. Troubles often reduced themselves to fried bread and honey: they could sow troubles, why not help to quell troubles? But she had had a second intuition that he *knew*. Not knowing how stormy their interview might be she neglected no minute precautions—and these were the touching ones—any more than the sailor would neglect to stow away even the smallest of his sails, I suppose, at the sulky approach of a simoom. The simoom, however, had left her becalmed and taken the train for Dieppe instead of coming in her direction.

CHAPTER III

BERTHA went on turning the bread over in the pan, taking the butter from its paper and dropping it into its dish: rinsing and wiping a knife or two, regulating the gas. Frequent truculent exclamations spluttered out if anything went wrong. “Verdamtes streichholz!” “Donnerwetter!” She used the oaths of Goethe. One eyebrow was raised in humorous reflective irritation. She would flatten the letter out and bend down to examine a sentence, stopping her cooking for a moment.

“Sâlot!” she exclaimed, after having read the letter all through again, putting it down. She turned with coquettish contemptuousness to her frying-pan. “Sâlot” was, with her, a favourite epithet. Clara's door opened, and Bertha crumpled the letter into her pocket. Clara entered sleepy-eyed and affecting ill-humour. Her fat body was a softly distributed burden, which she carried with the aplomb and indifference of habit. She had a gracefully bumpy forehead, a nice whistling mouth, soft, good and discreet orbs. Her days were passed in the library of the Place Saint Sulpice.

“Ach, lasse! lasse mich doch! Get on with your cooking!” she exclaimed as Bertha began her customary sociable and playful greeting. Bertha always was conscious of her noise, of shallowness and worldliness, with this shrewd, indifferent, slow, and monosyllabic bookworm. She wanted to caper round it, inviting it to cumbrous play, like a small lively dog around a heavy one. She was much more *femme* as she said, but aware that Clara did not regard this as an attainment. Being *femme* had taken up so much of her energy and life that she could not expect to be so complete in other ways as Clara. With this other woman, who was much less “woman” than her, she always felt impelled to ultra-feminine behaviour. She was childish to the top of her bent. This was insulting to the other: it showed too clearly Bertha's way of regarding her as not so much *femme* as herself. Clara felt this and would occasionally show impatience at Bertha's skittishness: a gruff man-like impatience entering grimly but imperturbably into the man-part, but claiming at the same time its prerogatives.

Clara had had no known love affairs. She regarded Bertha, sometimes, with much curiosity. This “woman's temperament,” so complacently displayed, soothed and tickled her.

“Clara, Soler has told me to send a picture to the Salon d'Automne.”

“Oh!” Clara was not impressed by “success.” She was preparing her own breakfast and jostled Bertha, usurping more than half the table. Bertha, delighted, retorted with trills of shrill indignation and by recapturing the positions lost by her plates. Her breakfast ready she carried it into her room, pretending to be offended with Clara.

Breakfast over she wrote to Tarr. The letter was written quite easily and directly. She was so sure in the convention of her passion that there was no scratching out or hesitation. “I feel so far away from you.” There was nothing more to be said; as it had been said often before, it came easily and promptly with the pen. All the feeling that could find expression was fluent, large and assured, like the handwriting, and went at once into these conventional forms.

“Let Englishmen thank their stars—the good stars of the Northmen and early seamen—that they have such stammering tongues and such a fierce horror of grandiloquence. They are still primitive and true in their passions, because they are afraid of them, like children. The shocks go on *underneath*; they trust their unconsciousness. The odious facility of the South, whether it be their, at bottom, very shrewdly regulated anger (*l'art de s'engueuler*) or their picture post card perfection of amorous expressiveness; such things those Island mutterers and mutes have escaped. But worst of all is the cult of the ‘Temperament,’ all the accent on that poor last syllable, whose home is that dubious middle Empire, so incorrigibly banal. The lacerating and tireless pricking and pushing of this hapless ‘temperament’ is a more harrowing spectacle than the use of dogs in Belgium or women in England.”

This passage, from an article in the *English Review*, Tarr had shown to Bertha with great pleasure. Bertha had a good share of impoverished and overworked temperament, but in a very genial fashion. It had not, with her, grown crooked and vicious with this constant ill-treatment. It was strenuous but friendly. It served in any case a mistress surprisingly disinterested and gentle.

On the receipt of Tarr's letter she had felt, to begin with, very indignant and depressed at his having had the strength to go away without coming to see her. So her letter began on that complaint. He had at last, this was certain, gone away, with the first likelihood of permanence since they had known each other. Despite her long preparation for this, and her

being even deliberately the cause of it, she was mortified and at the same time unhappy at the sight of her success.

The Kreisler business had been more for herself than anything, for her own private edification. She would free Sorbert by an act, in a sort of impalpable way. It was not destined as yet for publicity. The fact of the women surprising Kreisler and her on the boulevard had put everything at once out of perspective, damaged her illusion of sacrifice. Compelled at once to be practical again, find excuses, repudiate immediately what she had done, before she had been able to enjoy or digest it, was like a man being snatched away from table, the last mouthful hardly swallowed. She was the person surprised before some work doing is completed—it still in a rudimentary unshowable state. For once Tarr was not only in the right, but, to her irritation, he had proofs, splendid ocular proofs, a cloud of witnesses.

To end nobly, on her own initiative, had been her idea; to make a last sacrifice to Sorbert in leaving him irrevocably, as she had sacrificed her feelings all along in allowing their engagement to drag suspiciously on, in making her position slightly uncomfortable with her friends (and these social things meant so much to her in addition). And now, instead, everything had been turned into questionable meanness and ridicule; when she had intended to behave with the maximum of swagger, she suddenly found herself relegated to a skulking and unfortunate plane.

Considerations about Fate beset her. Everything was hopelessly unreliable. The best thing to do was to do nothing. She was not her usual energetic too spiritually bustling self. She wrote her letter quite easily and as usual, but she did not (very unusually) believe in its efficacy. She even wrote it a trifle *more* easily than usual for that reason.

It was only a momentary rebellion against the ease with which this protest was done. Perhaps had it not been for the fascination of habit, then some more adequate words would have been written. His letter had come. Empty and futile she had done her task, answered as she must do; "As we all must do!" she would have thought, with an exclamation mark after it. She sealed up her letter and addressed it.

In the drawer where she was putting Sorbert's latest letter away were some old ones. A letter of the year before she took out and read. With its two sentences it was more cruel and had more meaning than the one she had just received: "Put off that little Darmstadt woman. Let's be alone."

It was a note she had received on the eve of an expedition to a village near Paris. She had promised to take a girl down with them, to show her the place, its hotel and other possibilities—she had stayed there once or twice herself. The Darmstadt girl had not been taken. Sorbert and she had spent the night at an inn on the outskirts of the forest. They had come back in the train next day without speaking, having quarrelled somehow or other in the inn. Chagrin and regret for him struck her a series of sharp blows. She started crying again suddenly, quickly, and vehemently as though surprised by some thought.

The whole morning her work worried her, dusting and arranging. She experienced a revolt against her ceaseless orderliness, a very grave thing in such an exemplary prisoner. At four o'clock in the afternoon, as often happened, she was still dawdling about in her dressing-gown and had not yet had lunch.

The *femme de ménage* came at about eight in the morning, doing Clara's rooms first. Bertha was in the habit of discussing politics with Madame Vannier. Sorbert too was discussed.

"Mademoiselle est triste?" this good woman said, noticing her dejection. "C'est encore Monsieur Sorbert qui vous a fait du chagrin?"

"Oui madame, c'est un Sâlot!" Bertha replied, half crying.

"Oh, il ne faut pas dire ça, mademoiselle. Comment, il est un Sâlot?" Madame Vannier worked silently with soft quiet thud of felt slippers. She appeared to regard work as not without dignity. Bertha was playing at life. She admired and liked her as an emblem of Fortune; she respected herself as an emblem of Misfortune. Madame Vannier was given the letter to post at two.

CHAPTER IV

BERTHA'S friends looked for her elsewhere, nowadays, than at her rooms. Tarr was always likely to be found there in impolite possession. She made them come as often as she could; her coquetry as regards her carefully arranged rooms needed satisfaction. She suffered in the midst of her lonely tastefulness. But Tarr had certainly made these rooms a rather deserted place. Since the dance none of her women friends had come. She had spent an hour or two with them at the restaurant.

At the dance she had kept rather apart. Dazed, after a shock, and needing self-collection, was the line sketched. Her account of things could not, of course, be blurted out anyhow. It had to grow out of circumstances. It, of course, must be given. She had not yet given it. But haste must be avoided. For its particular type, as long a time as possible must be allowed to elapse before she spoke of what had happened. It must almost seem as though she were going to say nothing; sudden, perfect, and very impressive silence on her part. To accustom their minds to her silence would make speech all the more imposing, when it came. At a café after the dance her account of the thing flowered grudgingly, drawn forth by the ambient heat of the discussion.

They were as yet at the stage of exclamations, no *malveillant* theory yet having been definitely formed about Kreisler.

"He came there on purpose to create a disturbance. Whatever for, I wonder!"

"I expect it was the case of Fräulein Fogs over again." (Kreisler had, on a former occasion, paid his court to a lady of this name, with resounding success.)

"If I'd have known what was going on, I'd have dealt with him!" said one of the men.

"Didn't you say he told a pack of lies, Renée—?"

Fräulein Lipmann had been sitting, her eyes fixed on a tram drawn up near by, watching the people evacuating the central platform, and others restocking it. The discussion and exclamations of her friends did not, it would appear, interest her. It would have been, no doubt, scandalously unnatural if Kreisler had not been execrated. But anything they could say was negligible and inadequate to cope with the "Gemeines altes Sau." The tameness of their reflections on and indignation against Kreisler when compared with the terrific corroding of this epithet (known only to her) made her sulky and impatient.

Applied to in this way directly about the lies, she turned to the others and said, as it were interposing herself regally at last in their discussion:

"Ecoutez—listen," she began, leaning towards the greater number of them, seeming to say, "It's really simple enough, as simple as it is disagreeable: I am going to settle the question for you. Let us then discuss it no more." It would seem a great effort to do this, too, her lips a little white with fatigue, her eyes heavy with disgust at it all: fighting these things, she was coming to their assistance.

"Listen: we none of us know anything about that man"; this was an unfortunate beginning for Bertha, as thoughts, if not eyes, would spring in her

direction no doubt, and Fräulein Lipmann even paused as though about to qualify this: "we none of us, I think, want to know anything about him. Therefore why this idiot—the last sort of beer-drinking brute—treated us to his bestial and—and—wretched foolery——"

Fräulein Lipmann shrugged her shoulders with blank, contemptuous indifference. "I assure you it doesn't interest me the least little bit in the world to know *why* such brutes behave like that at certain times. I don't see any mystery. It seems odd to you that HERR KREISLER should be an offensive brute?" She eyes them a moment. "To me NOT!"

"We do him too much honour by discussing him, that's certain," said one of them. This was in the spirit of Fräulein Lipmann's words, but was not accepted by her just then as she had something further to say.

"When one is attacked, one does not spend one's time in considering *why* one is attacked, but in defending oneself. I am just fresh from the *souillures de ce brute*." If you knew the words he had addressed to me!"

Ekhart was getting very red, his eyes were shining, and he was moving rhythmically in his chair something like a steadily rising sea.

"Where does he live, Fräulein Lipmann?" he asked.

"Nein, Ekhart. One could not allow anybody to embroil themselves with that useless brute." The "Nein, Ekhart" had been drawled fondly at once, as though that contingency had been weighed, and could be brushed aside lightly in advance. It implied as well an "of course" for his red and dutiful face. "I myself, if I meet him anywhere, shall deal with him better than you could. This is one of the occasions for a woman——"

So Bertha's story had come uncomfortably and difficultly to flower. She wished she had not waited so long. But it was impossible now, the matter put in the light that Fräulein Lipmann's intervention had caused, to delay any longer. She was, there was no doubt about it, vaguely responsible for Kreisler. It was obviously her duty to *explain* him. And now Fräulein Lipmann had just put an embargo on explanations. There were to be no more explanations. In Kreisleriana her *apport* was very important: much more definite than the indignation or hypothesis of any of the rest. She had been *nearer to him*, anyway. She had waited too long, until the sea had risen too high, or rather in a direction extremely unfavourable for launching her contribution. It must be in some way, too, a defence of Kreisler. This would be a very delicate matter to handle.

Yet could she sit on there, say nothing, and let the others in the course of time drop the subject? They had not turned to her in any way for further information or as to one peculiarly susceptible of furnishing interesting data. Maintaining this silence was a solution. But it would be even *bolder* than her first plan. This would be a still more vigorous, more insolent development of her plan of confessing—*in her way*. But it rather daunted her. They might easily mistake, if they pleased, her silence for the silence of acknowledged, very eccentric, guilt. The subject was drawing perilously near the point where it would be dropped. Fräulein Lipmann was summing up, and doing the final offices of the law over the condemned and already unspeakable Kreisler. No time was to be lost. The breaking in now involved inevitable conflict of a sort with Fräulein Lipmann. She was going to "say a word for Kreisler" *after* Fräulein Lipmann's words. (How much better it would have been before!)

So at this point, looking up from the table, Bertha (listened to with uncomfortable unanimity and promptness) began. She was smiling with an affec-

tedly hesitating, timid face, smiling in a flat strained way, the neighbourhood of her eyes suffused slightly with blood, her lips purring the words a little:

"Renée, I feel that I ought to say something——" Her smile was that made with a screwing up of the eyes and slow flowering of the lips, noticed on some people's faces when some snobbery they cannot help has to be allowed egress from their mouth.

Renée Lipmann turned towards her composedly. This interruption would require argument; consciousness of the peculiar nature of Bertha's qualifications was not displayed.

"I had not meant to say anything—about what happened to me, that is. I, as a matter of fact, have something particularly to complain of. But I had nothing to say about it. Only, since you are all discussing it, I thought you might not quite understand if I didn't— I don't think, Renée, that Herr Kreisler was quite in his right mind this evening. He doesn't strike me as *méchant*. I don't think he was really in any way accountable for his actions. I don't, of course, know any more about him than you do. This evening was the first time I've ever exchanged more than a dozen words with him in my life."

This was said in the sing-song of quick parentheses, eyebrows lifted, and with little gestures of the hand.

"He caught hold of me—like this." She made a quick snatching gesture at Fräulein Lipmann, who did not like this attempt at intimidation or velvety defiance. "He was kissing me when you came up," turning to one or two of the others. This was said with dramatic suddenness and "determination," as it were: the "kissing" said with a sort of deliberate sententious brutality, and luscious disparting of the lips.

"We couldn't make out *whatever* was happening——" one of them began.

"When you came up I felt quite dazed. I didn't feel that it was a man kissing me. He was mad. I'm sure he was. It was like being mauled by a brute." She shuddered, with rather rolling eyes. "He *was* a brute to-night—not a man at all. He didn't know what he was doing."

They were all silent, answerless at this unexpected view of the case. It only differed from theirs in supposing that he was not *always* a brute. She had spoken quickly and drew up short. Their silence became conscious and septic. They appeared as though they had not expected her to stop speaking, and were like people surprised naked, with no time to cover themselves.

"I think he's in great difficulties—money or something. But all I know for certain is that he was *really* in need of somebody——"

"But what makes you think, Bertha——" one of the girls said, hesitating.

"I let him in at Renée's. He looked strange to me: didn't you notice? I noticed him first there."

Anastasya Vasek was still with them. She had not joined in the talk about Kreisler. She listened to it with attention, like a person newly arrived in some community, participating for the first time at one of their discussions on a local and stock subject. Kreisler would, from her expression, have seemed to be some topic peculiar to this gathering of people—they engaged in a characteristic occupation. Bertha she watched as one would watch a very eloquent chief airing his views at a clan-meeting.

"I felt he was *really* in need of some hand to help him. He seemed just like a child. He was ill, too. He can't have eaten anything for some time. I am sure he hasn't. He was walking slower and slower—that's how it was we were so far behind. It was my fault, too—what happened. At least——"

The hungry touch was an invention of the moment. "You make him quite a romantic character. I'm afraid he has been working on your feelings, my

dear girl. I didn't see any signs of an empty stomach myself," said Fräulein van Bencke.

"He refreshed himself extensively at the dance, in any case. You can put your mind at rest as to his present emptiness," Renée Lipmann said.

Things languished. The Lipmann had taken her stand on boredom. She was committed to the theory of the unworthiness of this discussion. The others not feeling quite safe, Bertha's speeches raised no more comment. It was all as though she had been putting in her little bit of abuse of the common enemy. Bertha might have interrupted with a "Yes. He outraged me too!"—and this have been met with a dreary, acquiescing silence!

She was exculpating herself, then (heavily), at his expense. The air of ungenerosity this had was displeasing to her.

The certain lowering of the vitality of the party when she came on the scene with her story offended her. There should have been noise. It was not quite the lifelessness of scepticism. But there was an uncomfortable family likeness to the manner of people listening to discourses they do not believe. She persevered. She met with the same objectionable flaccid and indifferent opposition. Her intervention had killed the topic, and they seemed waiting till she had ended her war-dance on its corpse.

The red-headed member of the party had met Tarr by chance. Hearing he had not seen Bertha since the night of the ball, she had said with roguish pleasantness: "He'd better look after her better; why hadn't he come to the ball?" Tarr did not understand.

"Bertha had had an adventure. All of them, for that matter, had had an adventure, but especially Bertha. Oh, Bertha would tell him all about it." But, on Tarr insisting, Bertha's story, in substance, had been told.

So with Bertha, the fact was still there. Retrospectively, her friends insisted upon passing by the two remarkably unanimous-looking forms on the boulevard in stony silence. She shouted to them and kissed Kreisler loudly. But they refused to take any notice. She sulked. They had been guilty of catching her. She kept to herself day after day. She would make a change in her life. She might go to Germany; she might go to another *quartier*. To go on with her life just as though nothing had happened, *that was out of the question*. Demonstration of some sort must follow, and change compatible with grief.

Her burly little clock struck four. Hurrying on reform-clothes, she went out to buy lunch. The dairy lay nearly next door to Lejeune's restaurant. Crossing the road towards it, she caught sight of Kreisler's steadily marching figure approaching. First she side-stepped and half turned. But the shop would be reached before they met, so she went on, merely quickening her pace. Her eye, covertly fixed on him, calculating distances and speeds, saw him hesitate—evidently having just caught sight of her—and then turn down a side street nearly beside the dairy she was making for. Unwise pique beset her at this.

(To be continued)

POEMS FROM BERMUDA

SUNDAY VESPER

THEY take their pious faces
Out of camphor.

*Moths are quickening
Thousands of lovely flowers.*

Their quarrels of the week
Whine in the cupboard.

*Bullets chuckle
In the trenches of the world.*

The shuffle of their genuflexions
Dances to the street.

*My spirit kneels,
My body being upright.*

The bells hammer out bars
To imprison my soul.

*I believe in gods
Unhoused and unthreatening.*

THE LAKE

THE lake was too broad,
Glary and chapped with waves.
I swam through the forest:
Twilight sneered into my eyes;
Death stalked me, tripped me
To break the silence.
I sprawled on to a clearing,
A pool's fist, shiny with grease.
Lake, let me read your palm!
Let me read your palm once more!

THE GOLDEN ROOM

HER feet, shod with bronze of ruddy patins,
Sank in the peach, buff, blue, of an old Yarkand.
A grape-vine Scutari of crimson, olive and cream
Panelled her brocatelle skirt, Asti flooded with
honey.
Her bodice was velvet, the green of the sea over
coral.
Cloisonné seals, scepters of jade, chimed from her
wrists.
Around her throat dreamed gods of amber, carnelian,
and gold.
Upon her brow a bambino-cap, gorgeous with rubied
sequins,
Nestsukes were her teeth, small worlds of laughter.
Her face was a peony bowl, a bowl drinking deep of
the sun.
And her eyes were nocturnes, tender with weary stars.
Her left hand clutched a Cypriote vial for tears:
The other caresses me still, caresses me still.

RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

Bermuda, 1916.

BRUNO'S WEEKLY

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GREENWICH VILLAGE! A republic in the air! A gathering
of constantly changing men and women that have a past
or have a future, and live in both. Greenwich Village!
Where genius starved and gave the world the best it had,
where fortunes were squandered and fortunes made, where
heavens of earthly bliss prevail and tortures of hell are
suffered, where night and day ceased to be the regulating
element of the world, where new ideas are developed into
systems, into systems that will be overthrown to-morrow
and substituted by others that will not live any longer.

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