III. THE "I" AND THE "EGO"
A DIFFERENTIATION

By D. Marsden

(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 predispositions, 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:

\[ \text{ESSE} = \text{PERCIPI} \]

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

\[ \text{TO BE} = \text{TO BE FELT} \]

\[ = \text{TO BE SENSED} \]

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

\[ \text{TO BE} = \text{TO BE FELT} \]

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

\[ \text{TO BE} = \text{TO BE plus FELT} \]

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 substantial 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 = I.S.NESS, PERCEPTION, FEELING, or SENSATION.

(9) The first corollary to Berkeley's definition, and that which invests it with its outstanding importance, is not any concern about the "IMMATTERIALITY 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 verbal "speech mechanism," of form among verbal expressions, appears as though it had significance 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 manner 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 these two 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 "I.SSE = 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 connotated 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 subject.

(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 "I," 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 functions 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 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 names dissected out of the EGO. 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 defined by two 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 supericies of the body have always remained unacknowledged as to confine 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 intimate 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 invest significance, the Nucleus is placed 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 images as lying without it are "objective.

(4) Now a clearer and simpler 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 appearances are to be nothing. (1) In 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 "es" and also the object of the universe. The thinking of "I" confuses the entire realm of philosophical 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), two 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 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.

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 "percei = perceipe" 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 Referentable?) 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 conception—be it acknowledged 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 = percei
While the esse of "ego" = perceipe.

Those of Hume would stand:

The esse of Things = percei
Also the esse of "ego" = perceipe.

(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 feelings, e.g. those undifferentiated terms denote 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 it is 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 torse
and the foot-arch and the straight ankle.

II

You stand rigid and mighty—
granite and the ore in rocks.
A great band claps 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.

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

I

HAPPENED to read in some English newspaper
the other day that the Germans are unable to
laugh at themselves. The person giving expres
sion 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
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,
in the two months ago, signed Picasso. In fact, 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 "still-life.
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 Brunat and Frank Bury.

These facts are recorded in view of always adhering
strictly to the principle of recognizing as César'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 he 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' prowess in the war
(Les Diables Bleus 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
keeping in touch with Paris—and here let me at once
point out a commonly propagated error (in this
country) by well-meaning partiois (in peace-time
occasionally spelt chauvinists) 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 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 showing from 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,
in the two months ago, signed Picasso. In fact, several "pictures" of this description, pictures in
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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 Brunat and Frank Bury.

These facts are recorded in view of always adhering
strictly to the principle of recognizing as César's what is his.
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, bivouacked in the town of Montagnac, hasted 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 has 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 while the one makes the other, the hero was made 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.

**DIALOOGUES 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, but 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? **Montaigene.** 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.

**Montaigene.** 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 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 mused than its youth.

**Montaigene.** 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? **Montaigene.** Ah, Socrates, I knew you had a peculiar manner of reasoning and of catching your collatoros 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 have 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?

**Montaigene.** 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 our time resembling us. We are predisposed to antiquity because we dislike our own age, thus antiquity profits. Man elevates the men of old time to abuse 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 set it with perfect precision, for it is always the same.

**Montaigene.** I should have thought that it was all in movement, that everything changed; that different ages had different characteristics, like men. Surely we are moved by the same inclinations, over which reason is powerless. Where there are men there are follies, the same ones. Do men ever experiment? They that do 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 catables 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 complexities.

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 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 a really 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 so on, is as much Russian soul in a work as there is vodka to a few it may suggest caviare, I person-

The italics are mine. Mr. Bechhofer has modestly pointed out his own discovery—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 Dostoevsky 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. Vreinov came. And yet Gogol’s Revision 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 some 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 iamb, and the artist, if he be artistically mature, can follow a tradition—as Scopas, Poly- crite, as Giotto, as Browning. So, perhaps Mr. Hueffer, as much Scopas, as much Giotto, as if he twisted his athlete into a gargoylie 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.

Mr. Hueffer has followed 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 the readings of T.S. Eliot 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 over-sophisticated 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.

She pictures them: but simply Youth, or simply Spring.

To me to-day: a radiance on the wall,

So exquisite, so heart-breaking a thing.


Besides the mask that I remember, shrunk and small,

Snapless 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 de 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. Exposed in cold print, reduced 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 life 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. Commandable 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 de Cleyre's fame have faded away the sooner in the report of men that 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 de Cleyre. Her writing is more restrained and therefore more forcible: it is the work in fact, of the greatest living propagandist.

Yet Emma Goldman, as Voltairine de 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—that the burden of the arguments 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.

† 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 soul, the gift of friendship—love—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 mankind.

* * *

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 Ollie Schriner'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, the whole is contained in the part and the part is greater than the whole. Which is Shavian.

* * *

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 Andreev of honesty of purpose. Under the influence of the anarchic 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 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


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THE GREAT OPPORTUNITY

I

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 we could 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 wobbling 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! Nothing but we were to do the things said which we were all aching to say.

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. Bartholomew, 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 skillful use of small words, the artistic effect depending on the musical arrangement of the words denoted and connected 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

TH. AKIMENKO AND THE ORIENTAL SPIRIT

IN MUSIC

O

n 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 ethological conditions. Siberia, a country originally, and still largely, populated by Mongols, occupies a vast extent of Russian territory, and 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 Orientalism. From this type of mentality is born a 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 excited and delicate 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 everyday reality, comes the desire to make the 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 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.

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.

(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 than to personal moods, thoughts, and associations.

He took them out again slowly, went to his box and crushed it under his fist, said monotonously to the letter. Then he put it down beside the cheque, the first lines was developed throughout the two pages of the letter. It lay there quiet, unimportant, rather to live without money, I shall on the seventh of July, this day next month, shoot myself.

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

...
Sherbert, his
He spelt it with two
then
salon,
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 baying
herself with eggs and chicken, 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 part
evening. The belief in what one’s’s spirit was 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
at any future time crop up. Experience,
troubles, why not help to quell troubles? But she
had had a second intuition that he
was expected to breakfast, on the
authority of her intuition. Bread was being fried in
the gas. Frequent truculent exclamations spluttered
out if anything went wrong. “Verdamtes Streich­
holz!” she exclaimed as Bertha began her
cooking! she exclaimed as Bertha began her
breakfast ready she carried it into her room, pre­
paring 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
them; they trust
for the ‘Tempera­
mant’; a more
harrowing spectacle than the use of dogs in Belgium
or women in England.”

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
handwriting, and went at once into these conventional
forms.

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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 over­
worked 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 and the energy to go away at all. She
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 suspending her plans. Not high-flying and comfortable 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 place.

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 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 one summer 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 people came 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 Salot!" Bertha replied, half crying.

"Oh, il ne faut pas dire ça, mademoiselle. Comment, il est un Salot?" Madame Vannier worked silently with soft quiet thud of felt slippers. She appeared to regard work as 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 courtesy 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 usual, 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 he had, in a contretemps of the thing Bowled grandly, 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 re-stocking 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 alte 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 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 foo…"  
Fräulein Lipmann shrugged her shoulders with blank, contemptuous indifference. "I assure you it doesn’t interest me the least 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 steady 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 gone out of her eyes.  
"I had not meant to say anything—about what happened to me, you know?" said one of the girls, hesitating.  
"It was kissing me when you came up," she made a quick snatching gesture at Fräulein Lipmann, who did not like this attempt at intimidation or velvety declaim. "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 dispariting 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 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. Her wonted free from all 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 didn’t have the strength 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  

The interruption would require argument; consciousness of the peculiar nature of Bertha’s qualifications was not displayed.

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 declaim. "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 dispariting 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 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—"

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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 Lipmanns 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 another quarter. 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)

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