BERKELEY'S DOCTRINE OF ESSE

BY PROF. C. LLOYD MORGAN

(1) LET E be the ego, T a thing, or a group of related things, and R the cognitive relation. Then the primary relational formula in cognition is ERcT. Here is a formula, charming in its apparent simplicity, briefly expressive of the extraordinarily complex subject-object relation so-called.

(2) Neglect, for the present, the complexity of the terms in relatedness; neglect, too, the fluency of the cognitive process; we have then to notice that, since the formula holds for all cases, every known thing, as known, is in this relation.

(3) We have here the "ego-centric predicament" (Perry). Every known T implies EEcR (cf. notes 18, 19). Translating this into Berkeleyan phraseology, we may say that, in so far as perceived, the esse of a thing is percipi.

(4) That provisionally defines the esse of T in Berkeley's treatment. What of the esse of E? Just as the esse of T is defined in terms of percipi, so is the esse of E defined (by implication) in terms of percipere. Its "existence consists in perceiving ideas and thinking" (Principia (hereafter P.), § 139).

(5) Now, Berkeley calls the thing as perceived an idea, or a collection of ideas, and speaks of it in this relation as being "in mind." But the expression "in mind" is ambiguous.

(6) Berkeley speaks of "myself, that is, my own mind" (Third Dialogue between Hylas and Phil caverns (hereafter D. iii), Fraser's edition of 1901, p. 449). If, then, in accordance with this and other like passages, we identify the mind and the ego, and if the distinguishing mark of mind in this sense is percipere, how can the idea be in mind, since the distinguishing mark of the idea of thing is percipi?

(7) It is clearly not in mind in this sense. It must therefore be in mind in some other sense. Let us suppose that by "in mind" in this other sense Berkeley means "within that which the formula ERcT expresses." Thus "qualities are in the mind only as they are perceived by it" (P., § 49). Of the thing, then, as idea or collection of ideas or of qualities, esse is predicatated within the formula, and within the formula is spoken of as in mind.

(8) But what, if any, is the status of T when it is not within the formula? Is it then non-existent? Berkeley's answer is that it is only non-existent within that formula. It is no longer, or not yet, within my mind. But it may be within (a) other finite minds, or (b) some supposed mind; and (c) it has continuous esse within the mind of God.

(9) If no place can be found for T within any finite formula, it none the less has an enduring place in that which expresses relatedness to the all-knowing Eternal Spirit. "There is, therefore, some other Mind wherein they (ideas) exist during the intervals between the times of my perceiving them" (D. iii, p. 447).

(10) Hence there is an abiding relational formula GRcT; and when E knows T, both E and G are simultaneously knowing T. The continuous esse of T is therefore dependent on GRcT, and, in so far as continuous, is independent of ERcT. None the less it is dependent on Rc relatedness. Its being is in being known.

(11) But is the Rc relatedness in ERcT and that in GRcT of like nature? The former is primarily sense-perception. And when Berkeley says: "Sensible things do really exist; and, if they really exist, they are necessarily perceived by an infinite mind" (D. ii, p. 125), it would seem that our perceptions and God's perception are to be regarded as of like nature.

(12) Berkeley, however, also asserts that "God perceives nothing by sense as we do"; and, again, that "His ideas are not conveyed to Him by sense
as ours are" (D. iii, p. 459). So far, therefore, the T and that in GR C C are wholly of like nature. There are only things perceived and things perceiving"; "besides spirits all you conceive are ideas" (D. iii, pp. 453, 472; cf. pp. 422, 479).

II

(14) We have seen (10) that ER C does not, for Berkeley, determine the continuous existence of T. That is determined by GR. So far as finite percipients are concerned, therefore, the esse of thing is independent of the esse of ego.

(15) None the less, the starting-point of Berkeley's treatment is that, within the formula ER T, so far as it obtains, the then and there esse of T is determined by the ER. It is from this basis that he proceeds to conclude the being of a God, because all sensible things must be perceived by Him (D. ii, p. 425).

(16) But may not other modes or relatedness than that of cognition exist in the perceivable world? May not two things, T and T', be in some other relation to each other, and may not TRT' (e.g. the gravitative relatedness of earth and sun) have being independently of being known by us?

(17) Assume that it may. Do we then escape the ego-centric predicament? Seemingly not. For every known case, as known, is ER(TRT'), Here, instead of a thing as a relatively simple term, we have, as a complex term (in brackets) things in such and such a relation.

(18) And every knowable case, as knowable, is 'ER(TRT'), where 'E stands for some one who might know if he were in R'; meaning thereby, as Berkeley says, 'that if we were placed in . . . such and such a position and distance, both from the earth and sun, we should perceive the former to move among the choir of planets' (P., § 58).

(19) A crucial question of great difficulty here arises. Grant that the esse of TRT' is independent of either ER or ER', is its (sic) esse none the less dependent on them?

(20) Now whether the thing, or some relatedness of things is, apart from actual ER or supposed ER', just the same as it is within the field of cognitive relatedness, we cannot directly determine; for it is obviously impossible to compare the thing (or relation) as known or knowable with the thing (or relation) as neither known nor knowable.

(21) We are forced back, therefore, on general considerations. I conceive that the fundamental question is whether the nature of a term is, or is not, in some or in all cases, determined by its relation to other terms.

(22) Is the nature of oxygen, and is that of hydrogen, what they severally then and there are in virtue of the chemical relatedness? So long as we are dealing with their ad hoc natures—their natures in a given respect—I take it that the reply is in the affirmative.

(23) It may be said, however, that the mass of oxygen and that of hydrogen are the same both in nature and amount (a) prior to, and (b) subsequent to, their entry into this or any other specific chemical combination. True; but it may be urged that the mass character of physical terms is always determined by their relatedness in this respect to other physical terms.

(24) Again, it may be contended that the nature of things in a room is no wise determined by their space-relatedness therein. True, their otherwise nature is not thus determined. But is not their position? And is not position just the one and only matter for consideration which is ad rem in respect of their spatial relatedness?

(25) The problem is, no doubt, a difficult one. But there is, I think, much to be said for the contention that, given any mode of relatedness, the ad hoc nature of the terms is dependent on their and there relation (cf. 184). . . .

(26) The trouble here is that this otherwise nature, and these other relations, must also be known, or must at least be dealt with as knowable. And what may be their nature save as knowable we obviously cannot know.

(27) I hazard the assertion, if it be only to draw the enemy's fire, that all scientific knowledge tacitly presupposes the ER C in the formula ER(TRT') where 'E again stands for a supposed knower.

(28) No doubt both science and common sense assume that the existence of TRT' is not dependent on any entry into cognitive relatedness—but, as I conceive, neither the one nor the other has much interest in that distinction. The question, then, is, does its nature, save only as knowable.

(29) Wherein does a such doctrine differ from that for which Berkeley contended? In this: that such a doctrine of the knowable presupposes an 'E, whereas Berkeley's doctrine presupposes an actual continuous knower, namely, God. His doctrine is not echological, but it is not necessarily included.

(30) And further that such a doctrine postulates a real existence nowise necessarily dependent on cognition, however much or however little its nature as knowable (its sic esse) may be dependent on the knowledge relation; whereas Berkeley denies existence independent of existence in mind, i.e. within some cognitive formula.

(31) The question between the materialist and me, he says, "is not, whether things have a real existence out of the mind of this or that person, but whether they have an absolute existence distinct from being perceived by God, and exterior to all minds." (D. iii, p. 452.)

III

(32) We started with the drastically simplified formula ER T; and we regarded Berkeley's expression "in mind" as, at any rate often, equivalent to "with the mind." Thus this first presentation now consider further what T stands for in this formula.

(33) Primarily it stands for a thing. But what is the connexion between thing, as perceived or perceivable entity, and idea in Berkeley's treatment? Often they seem to be identical; not infrequently something more complex (e.g. a thing in motion) is spoken of as an idea; but I take it that, at bottom, the idea is for Berkeley a specific quality of the thing, either (a) actually presented to sense, or (b) representative of what may be, but is not, so presented, i.e. "what is suggested from experience" (D. i, p. 415).

(34) In this third sense of the word, a thing is a collection of the qualities which are, or may be, presented to sense. As several of these are observed to accompany each other, they come to be marked by one name, and so to be reputed as one thing. Thus a certain colour, taste, smell, figure, and consistence, having been observed to go together, are accounted one distinct thing, signified by the name apple; other collections of ideas constitute a stone, a picture to be read, and the like sensible things" (P., § 1).

(35) Now in Berkeley's doctrine any given presentation P is actually part of the perceivable thing. It is that quality, or related group of qualities, with which some E is in the direct R relation of sensory acquaintance.

(36) Neither the presentation, nor the total complex.
of presentable qualities, is a tertium quid or intermediary, related on the one hand to the ego, and on the other hand to the thing. The thing is its perceivable qualities (D. i, p. 384). None the less, things are, for Berkeley, in some manner, intermediaries, susceptible of relatedness on the one hand to some E, and on the other hand continuously related to God.

(48) Men of science, within their province, substitute for God the physical order of nature; and they, too, I think, generally regard the presentation as, in some sense, intermediary between the observer and physical reality. We have, they say, the physical object as reality—though some one would add as a qualification, hypothetical reality—and we have the perceived qualities as appearances.

(49) The ego is, in this view, perceptually related to the appearances, and they in turn are related to, or correlated with, the physical object. The problem thus raised is a difficult and subtle one. It must suffice here provisionally to accept the view that one and the same entity is knowable in different ways; as thing perceptually and as physical object conceptually. But the physical object as such is beyond the reach of perception.

IV

(72) It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the thing is that with which we have direct perceptual acquaintance, whereas the physical object is that of which we have conceptual knowledge, though no doubt the one is, for scientific interpretation, correlated with the other. It only serves to confuse the issue if we persist in speaking of physical properties as if they were primary qualities.

(73) As I here use the words, a quality is perceivable; it is susceptible of sensory presentation. But the electromagnetic properties of physical objects are unperceivable, no matter how closely they may be correlated with perceivable qualities.

V

(74) We have noted that the thing is, for Berkeley, a collection of ideas, that these ideas are perceivable, and that their esse is percipi. But what of the esse of substance? It is clearly not percipi. If that were so we should have an idea of "matter," which Berkeley roundly denies. Since, then, we are limited to things of the kind of spirits (13). And since substance is excluded from the category of ideas "it is evident that there is not any other substance than spirit or that which perceives" (P., § 7). Otherwise stated, ideas or qualities "which subsist not by themselves are supported by or exist in minds or spiritual substances" (P., § 89; cf. § 91).

(75) Take, now, that thing or collection of ideas which we call a quartz crystal. Grant that its perceivable qualities, as attributes, are supported by substance. In what sense do these qualities "exist in minds or spiritual substances"? Do they exist (a) in the ego or (b) in that with which the ego is in cogitative relation? Surely, even for Berkeley, the substance, like the qualities, is in mind in the latter sense (b) of this ambiguous expression.

(76) In so far as we have knowledge of the substance of quartz, we are in some sort of cognitive relation to that of which we have this knowledge. But what is this substance to which we are in thought relation, if not in the relation of sensory acquaintance? What is it for science which carries on the tradition of that "real substance" against which Berkeley's arguments were directed?

(77) A difficult question this, which I cannot here discuss. From the answers which may be given I select that which will, I think, best keep us in touch with Berkeley.

(78) If we regard (as Berkeley, in the Siris, permits us to regard) substance as the order of relatedness which gives unity to a group of terms, or of parts within a whole, then, as relational, it will be that which in his (afterthought) terminology is termed a notion and not an idea.

(79) It may be noted, however, that Berkeley's attitude towards relations is somewhat uncertain. According to P., §§ 27, 89, and 142, we have notions, not ideas of relation. But he speaks of "motion being only an idea" (P., § 58; cf. §§ 7, 50, 102). Motion, however, involves change of relation in space and time. Hence "the idea I have of motion doth necessarily include relation" (P., § 112). The idea therefore includes a notion!

(80) All relations, however, are also spoken of as "including an act of the mind" (P., § 142). The word "notion," indeed, primary signifies such acts. Order of relatedness must therefore, so far, be in that which perceives. Hence it would seem that the esse of substance must be one with the esse of percipere.

(81) Again we must ask: In what sense is the order-relatedness in, let us say, the orbit of the planets, attributable in esse to percipere? No doubt to observe them or to explain them includes an act of the mind. But, even for Berkeley, such acts of the human mind do not give them the esse of continuous beings. That, during the intervals between the terms of human perception, is dependent on their being conceived of in some manner, intermediaries, after his manner, taught that there is but one substance—the Eternal Spirit—who is the Source of all phenomena.

(82) In the case of God and the world, then, is substance restricted to spirit as All-knowing, or does it extend also to the world as all-known? Here, again, we have the ambiguity of "in mind." Berkeley seems to read it both ways, now the one and now the other, according to the exigencies of his argument.

(83) One more question: "If we suppose that one and the same Mind is the Universal Principle of order and harmony throughout the world, containing and connecting all its parts" (Siris, § 287), we must ask whether the harmony throughout the world has been through being known by God?

(85) In many passages Berkeley's reply to this question is in the affirmative. In other passages, however, this cognitive doctrine of esse is, as we shall see, supplemented by a causative doctrine (cf. § 137). . . .

VI

(101) Of course, too, the development of the egg (for reference see §§ 86–100) as knowable forms no part of the supposai or ideal construction as such. Eggs developed quite effectually long before there were any supposais having reference to that development, and they continue to do so independently of any actual cognitive process. . . .

VIII

(145) Berkeley's account of Creation runs thus: "When things before imperceptible to creatures are, by decrees of God, perceptible to them, then are they said to begin a relative existence, with regard to created minds" (D. iii., p. 472).

(146) Here we have (a) the prior existence of things, (b) having eternal existence in the mind of God,
(e) the existence of creative minds, and (d) the creation of the world "in the Mosaic account" as the rendering of pre-existing things perceivable to created minds.

(147) Apart from any difficulty there may be in bringing this into accord with the Biblical narrative, the relations of the esse of eternal existence to the esse of percipi and to the esse of causari are somewhat puzzling.

(148) In any case we are referred back to the primal existence of "things before imperceivable to creatures." What things? Apples, stones, trees, and the like sensible things? Surely not; these are what God rendered perceptible at the Creation. It would seem rather that "their archetypes can exist only in some other minds" (P., § 99).

(149) Creation, then, "in the Mosaic account," is the translation of these archetypes into ectypes. How this is effected in the causal agency of spirit Berkeley does not render clear. The essence of his doctrine, however, is that all knowing and, by implication, all that is known, all causing, and all that is caused, is essentially spiritual in substance. . . .

(214) There remains the so-called ineradicable conviction that there must be a source on which phenomenal phenomena are dependent, and that the transcendental ego must be the source of some, at least, of the phenomena of our own life. The reliance here is not so much on the verdict of introspection as on the verdict which a reasoned explanation of the universe, and of human reason itself, unmistakably pronounces.

(215) Here, I take it, the belief in the source of phenomena is, in large measure, accepted, not as a terminus ad quem—a conclusion to which a chain of reasoning leads up—but as a terminus a quo—a basis from which we must start if the existence of phenomena is to be explained in any philosophical sense.

(216) How does this ineradicable conviction arise? I can only hazard a suggestion. Our whole method of exact thought deals with terms in relation. Hence, when we take the whole universe of phenomena as a complex term we are impelled, in further pursuance of that method, to seek a noumenal term to which this phenomenal term is in relation. The world as ordered, we say, implies some ordering agency.

(217) Condensing the universe of phenomena into U, we cannot leave it unrelated. We therefore postulate a source to which it is in the relation of dependence. Given U, we postulate R∈G to provide the relatedness UR∈G—the universe as dependent on God, or, if it be preferred, on Vēna vātād.

(218) Furthermore, since within the universe of phenomena events which are, to us, of paramount interest seem to be in a like relation of dependence on human volition, we postulate agency here also, and regard these changes in the world as dependent on the transcendentental ego as their source. Symbolizing changes wrought through our volition as V, we complete the formula V←E∈.

(222) I see no reason why the acceptance of a scientific account of the physical world, of life, and of mind should preclude the acceptance, within its appropriate universe of discourse, of the philosophical doctrine. But I am of opinion that scientific interpretation in terms of the one should not be confused with philosophical explanation in terms of the other.

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MARCH

I

Winter is long in this climate and spring—a matter of a few days only,—a flower or two picked from mud or from among wet leaves or at best against treacherous bitterness of wind, and sky shining teasingly, then closing in black and sudden, with fierce jaws.

II

March, you remind me of the pyramids, our pyramids—strip of the polished stone that used to guard them! March, you are like Fra Angelico at Fiesole, painting on plaster!

March, you are like a band of young poets that have not learned the blessedness of warmth (or have forgotten it).

At any rate—I am moved to write poetry for the warmth there is in it and for the loneliness—a poem that shall have you in it, March.

III

See! Ashur-ba-ni-pal, the archer king, on horse-back, in blue and yellow enamel! with drawn bow—facing lions standing on their hind legs, fangs bared! his shafts bristling in their necks!

Sacred bulls—dragons
in embossed brickwork marching—in four tiers—
along the sacred way to Nebuchadnezzar's throne hall! They shine in the sun, they that have been marching—marching under the dust of ten thousand dirt years.

Now—
they are coming into bloom again! See them! marching still, bared by the storms from my calendar—winds that blow back the sand! winds that engulf the dirt! winds that by strange craft have whipt up a black army that by pick and shovel bare a procession to
the god, Marduk!

Natives cursing and digging
for pay unearth dragons with upright tails and sacred bulls alternately—
in four tiers—lining the way to an old altar!
Natives digging at old walls—
digging me warmth—digging me
sweet loneliness—
high enamelled walls.

IV

My second spring—
passed in a monastery
with plaster walls—in Fiesole
on the hill above Florence.

My second spring—painted
a virgin—in a blue aureole
sitting on a three-legged stool,
arms crossed—
she is intensely serious,
and still
watching an angel
with coloured wings
half kneeling before her—
and smiling—the angel’s eyes
holding the eyes of Mary
as a snake’s holds a bird’s.

On the ground there are flowers,
trees are in leaf.

V

But now! now for the battle!
Now for murder—now for the
real thing!

Winds!

lean, serious as a virgin,
seeking, seeking the flowers of March.

Seeking
flowers nowhere to be found,
they twine among the bare branches
in insatiable eagerness—
they whirl up the snow
seeking under it—
roar among yellow reeds
seeking flowers—flowers.

I spring among them
seeking one flower
in which to warm myself!

I deride with all the ridicule
of misery—
my own starved misery.

Counter-cutting winds
strike against me
refreshing their fury!

Come, good, cold fellows!
Have we no flowers?

Defy then with even more
deresperation than ever—being
lean and frozen!

But though you are lean and frozen—
think of the blue bulls of Babylon.
Pling yourselves upon
their empty roses—
cut savagely!

But—
think of the painted monastery
at Fiesole.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

New Jersey, U.S.A.

A PAGAN POET

Je te l’ai dit : je fus une simple païenne.
Laisse-moi me hâter vers la douceur ancienne,
Et, puisque enfin l’instant de ma mort est venu,
Retrouver celles-là qui ne t’ont pas connu.

To Mlle. M.E., admirer of Renée Vivien and Kate Greenaway,
complete artist, most original of critics, cruel wit, Parisian,
domesticated and unamiable, instigator of some of the following
ideas.

THE term “passed away” is the one most applicable to the disappearance from among the quick some seven years ago of a girl born in the United States of half-English, half-American parentage, to whom the greatest masters in French prosody had transmitted their most golden secrets: Renée Vivien by pseudonym. If it is difficult to realize the phenomena of this madwoman’s life and genius, choosing a foreign language (as did Stuart Merrill and Moreas, and as does the Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles) for the expression of her art, it is still more difficult to imagine her death, for she was never mortal enough to be conceived dead. Her life passed unheeded, and death has removed her into a past as distant from us as that of a character in legend. Her personality has been submerged by her work. Often mystery surrounds the great: they leave hardly a trace beyond their art. We have examples innumerable. And no amount of burrowing (take Shakespeare’s case, for instance, or, even, Jesus Christ’s) brings one nearer to the personality: only the contrary, the more discoveries are made, the more entangled their life’s mystery becomes, each clue being but a new thread in the web involving the subject.

All precisions as to her individuality would seem to disallow thoughts of its evocation, and those who approached her seem unable to furnish that finality to their reminiscences which characterizes portraiture. She hardly participated of reality during her life, far less can she be placed in it by force now. The only mark she leaves is a poetic heritage prodigious by its perfection, prodigious by its wealth, prodigious because its abundance never serves as apology for blemishes of style. But she was never prolix. “It is profusion which, as she said, ‘is an Occidental vice. It must be hated and battled against. Is this not true, O Eastern poet, who never sent to your mistress but one perfect flower?’ ”

In the course of nine short years Renée Vivien produced a bookshelf full of poetry whose faultlessness of form has been recognized by every expert in French prosody. She was, say they, a great poet, and an exemplary French poet. In her prose, her poetic conception. In prose she was, generally, the woman, the somewhat effaced human woman she seemingly had been submerged by her work. Her immense, dumbfounding courage and an exemplary French poet. In her prose, her masochistic personality realized its full expansion.

The frail young creature whom, apparently, many a breeze of outside influence could sway, was also the most original of poets, the most courageous of characters. Her immense, dumbfounding courage expressed itself in two leading ways: she adhered to her feminine identity when the simple expedient of a domesticated and untameable, instigator of some of the following ideas. She has written in all kinds of words those addressed to Christ heading this article, and which are from the poem beginning:

Si le Seigneur penchait son front sur mon trépas,
Je lui dirais : ’O Christ, je ne te connais pas!’

Seigneur, ta stricte loi ne fut jamais la mienne,
Et je vécus ainsi qu’une simple païenne...
Le soleil me ceignait de ses plus vives flammes
Et l'amour m'inclina vers la beauté des femmes... *

And yet, despite this candour, obviously the sexless poet loved woman more even than did the woman:

Dénou enfin tes bras fiévreux ô ma maîtresse!
Délivre-moi du joug de ton baiser amer.
Et loin de ton parfum dont l'impudeur m'oppressa,
Laisse-moi respirer les souffles de la mer.

Loin des langageurs du lit, de l'ombre de l'alèbre,
J'aspirerai le sel du vent et l'arécté.
Des algues, et j'irai vers la profondeur fauve,
Pâle de solitude, ivre de chasteté!

By slow, long foreseen, heroic preparation, consciously, willingly, in full possession of her faculties, at the prime of her inspiration, she let herself die, she made herself die. She was a mere girl, her work had already drawn admiration, she was pretty, rich, thirty years old and she chose to die. She did not commit the abrupt, disturbing act of suicide; she did not kill herself; she prevented herself from living, merely.

The form of her poetry ranking her with the great classics of France, it has occasionally been suggested to select such of her poems—too few—as are not of amorous inspiration or do not openly admit to disdain for that form of passion which finds its place in anthologies and family editions. Whitman will find apologists where silence and anathema surround Renée Vivien if she offer not the slightest hold for ambiguous interpretations. Brontôme may be bought for two sous by any schoolboy at a station bookstall; Les Liaisons Dangereuses is not kept under lock and key; many far more dangerous writings in the realistic order are freely propagated, but Renée Vivien's confessions must exclude her from recognition despite her recognized genius. And if my opinion in the matter were asked, I would answer, "Why should the bourgeois be forced to admire such delicate phenomena?" Why should school-children be initiated to these secrets? Similar hints in classical works, mythology, the Bible, Shakespeare, Byron, from long repetition and vulgarization pass unheard and unnoticed. The world has become deaf to them as one eventually grows deaf to all reiteration.

The novelty attached to Renée Vivien, the undisguised frankness, bring revelation, and revelations are not meant to reveal. The book so named remains the most enigmatic ever written. Renée Vivien's text must make its way in the world slowly, discreetly, and with difficulty, like all such as is worth hearing.

It is in the correct order of things that science and discoveries relating to material welfare be widely propagated. But philosophy and art must not be sent forth into the world, the world must make its pilgrimage to them. Publicity will, by its promiscuity, contaminate them without furthering their cause, for the world hears only when it is ready to. In the spiritual sphere we cannot be taught. Spiritually we are self-formed and that is why religions have always had to succumb to modifications and interpretations. They have had to adapt themselves to the minds to which they were introduced. Religions have always diverted from their original lines, and there have never been any conversions.

These views would have been endorsed by Renée Vivien, who entertained the utmost contempt for the publicity often accompanying the lives of writers and artists.

Qu'ailleurs l'aube de gloire irradiée rougeoie !
Que m'impose le vent qui disperse mes vers
Dans les replis obscurs de l'oeuvre univers,
Puisque je n'ai chanté que pour ma seule joie?

Shortly before her death she withdrew her poems

* From the collection entitled A l'Heure des Mains Jointes.

from circulation, reserving them for the private delection of certain admirers. Several volumes were issued posthumously by her friend and publisher, M. Sansot, notably, under the title of Haillons, those expressing the terrible days preceding her self-imposed death. There is no greater tragedy in poetry, for there is none more undoubtedly self-experienced. These lines seem to show that their author was the hypnotized prey of a pitiless master who transmitted the weight of his genius to shoulders too frail to carry it. They produce the impression that they were written to the dictation of an irresistible, mercilessly tyrannical exterior power. I find a slight suggestion of this, as though she had been at times conscious of her enslavement, in "Domination du Poème" *:

Je subis tout mon sort... L'impérieux poème
Me domine à l'égal de la femme qu'on aime.

Amèrement jaloux, despotique et méchant
Voici que vient régner, sur mon âme, le chant.

Servilement je sers l'impérieux poème,
Mille fois plus aimé que la femme qu'on aime.

Qu'il soit méchant, qu'il soit tyrannique et jaloux,
On ne l'en sert que plus promptement à genoux !..."

And especially in "Inspiration" *:

L'esprit souffle... Et le vent emporte les paroles
Qui vacillent ainsi que les musiques folles.

Inexplicable autant que l'amour et la foi
O l'Inspiration ! reviens bientôt vers moi !

Reviens comme le vent qui chante et se lamente,
Reviens comme une haleine implacable ou désmente !

Reviens comme le vent qui m'inspira l'amour,
Et je t'acquitterai, dans l'instant du retour,
Avec l'emportement et l'angoisse démente
Qu'inspire le retour d'une infidèle amante !"

The body was gradually decaying as the inspiration approached to its term. It dies by order as it lived by order:

THE HOUR

Voici l'inévitable et terrible moment
Oh mon destin s'écrie, inévitablement.

Une muette horreur m'envahit et m'accable
Devant le calme front de l'Heure inévitable.

Il ne me reste plus l'élan d'un jeune espoir... 
Sans force et sans ardeur, je m'abandonne au soir.

Je n'attends plus le luth ni la musique
Ni le jour glorieux... Ah ! que la fin survienne !

She wrote, as did Blake, under pressure and to a certain degree unconsciously. Her own admission to absence of the critical faculty is a symptom of cases such as these.

But whatever the theory entertained in connexion with the personal tragedy of Renée Vivien we, who have survived her to attend a universal tragedy, can only feel glad for her sake that she escaped before its advent, she who suffered already so bitterly from the whole enigma of life as it presented itself to her, free from such an aggravation of all its normal ills:

L'UNIVERS m'apparaît comme un songe mauvais...
Qui me dira sur quel chemin obscur je vais ?

* "Domination du Poème" is taken from the collection entitled Le Vent des Vaisseaux and "Inspiration" from Dans un Coin de Violette, both published by Sansot.
ERASMUS. Be in no uncertainty if there are ranks among the dead, I shall not cede you precedence.

Charles. A grammarian! A mere savant, or to push your claims to extremes, a man of wit, who would carry it off over a prince who has been master of the best half of Europe!

Erasmus. Add also America, and I am not the least more alarmed. Your greatness was a mere conglomeration of chances, as one who should sort out all its parts would make you see clearly. If your grandfather Ferdinand had been a man of his word, you would have had next to nothing in Italy; if other princes had had sense enough to believe in antipodes, Columbus would not have come to him, and America would not have been beneath your dominion; if, after the death of the last Duke of Burgundy, Louis XI had well considered his actions, the heiress of Burgundy would not have married Maximilian, or the Low Countries descended to you; if Henry of Castile, the brother of your grandmother Isabel, had taken to himself a woman and his wife had been of an unsuspectable virtue, Henry's daughter would have passed for his daughter and the kingdom of Castile have escaped you.

Charles. You alarm me. At this late hour I am to lose Castile, or the Low Lands, or America, or Italy, one or the other.

Erasmus. You need not laugh. There could not have been a little good sense in one, place, or a little good faith in another without its costing you dearly. There was nothing—to your great-uncle's impotence; to the inconstancy of your great-aunt—that you could have done without. How delicate is that edifice whose foundation is such a collection of hazards.

And can one reasonably boast of these merits, so strict an examination as yours. I confess that you sweep away all my greatness and all my titles.

Erasmus. They were the adornments whereof you boasted, and I have swept them away without trouble. Do you remember having heard said that the Athenian Cimon, having taken prisoner a great many scholars, put up their clothing and their naked bodies for sale, and since the clothes were so magnificently there was great concourse to buy them, but no one would bid for the men? Faith, I think what befell the Persians would happen to a good number of others if one detached their personal merit from that which fortune has given them.

Charles. What is personal merit?

Erasmus. Need one ask that? Everything that is in us, our mind, for example, our knowledge.

Charles. And can one reasonably boast of these things?

Erasmus. Certainly. These are not gifts of chance like high birth and riches.

Charles. You surprise me. Does not knowledge come to the man of learning by an inheritance to most who have it? Is it not by way of inheritance? You receive from the ancients, as we receive from our fathers. If we have been left all we possess, you have been left all that you know, and on this account many scholars regard what they have from the ancients with such respect as those men regard their ancestral lands and houses, wherein they would hate to have anything changed.

Erasmus. The great are born heirs of their father's greatness, but the learned are not born inheritors of the ancient learning. Knowledge is not an entail received, it is an wholly new acquisition made by personal effort, or if it is an entail it is so difficult to receive as to be worthy of honour.

Charles. Very well. Set the trouble of acquiring mental possessions against that of preserving the goods of fortune, the two things are quite equal; for if difficulty is all that you prize, there is as much in worldly affairs as in the philosopher's study.

Erasmus. Then set knowledge aside and confine ourselves to the mind, that at least does not depend upon fortune.

Charles. Does not depend! The mind consists of a certain formation of cerebrum, is there less luck in being born with a respectable cerebrum than being born son to a king? You were a man of great genius; but ask all the philosophers why you weren't stupid and log-headed; it depended on next to nothing, except a great disposition of fibres so fine that the most delicate operation of anatomy cannot find it. And after knowing all this the fine wits still dare to tell us that they alone are free from the dominion of chance, and think themselves at liberty to despise the rest of mankind.

Erasmus. Your argument is that it is as creditable to be rich as to show fine intelligence.

Charles. To have fine intelligence is merely a luckier chance, but chance it all is at the bottom.

Erasmus. You mean that all is chance?

Charles. Yes, provided we give that name to an order we do not understand. I leave you to decide whether I have not plucked men cleaner than you have; you merely strip from them certain advantages of birth, I take even those of their understanding. If before being vain of a thing they should try to assure themselves that it really belonged to them, there would be little vanity left in the world.

The ACCENTED SYLLABLE

For the most part, in what we read, it is the meaning rather than the tone of voice which gives us pleasure. By the tone of voice I mean that intonation in which the accents which are responsible for it are so unequivocal as to persist, no matter under what circumstances the syllables are read or by whom they are read. Often the recital of a passage is termed monotonous when the dominant accents only are monotonous and it is made up of an infinite number of varied accents. An author's written tone of voice is distinctive, a reader's speaking tone of voice will not obliterate it.

An author's tone of voice repels or compels us. It rarely happens that this tone of voice varies from time to time as the author writes under one classification of prose, say history, or under another, say fiction; but we have an instance of this in the case of Poe. Poe's narrative tone of voice is flavoured with artifice, and with the artifice of the drawing-room, not with the artifice of the detective-story expert, the italicized words serving only to make the effect more rigid. The ideas stand muster and the sentences are carefully interrelated so the slightly repellent flavour of the writing is to be attributed to the tone rather than to the trend of the ideas. In the case of Poe's papers on the Literati of New York, the critical opinions expressed are in many cases not sound, and in some cases argue a
complete lack of imagination as in the flouting of Cornelius Matthews' “feathers darker than a thousand fears,” on the ground that feathers are not of the same substance as fears and are not to be compared with them. Moreover, in these papers—and in the Rationale of Verse—there is a tincture of the artificiality which characterizes the narratives, there is a slight grandiloquence, a straining for rarity, and an unmistakable tone of condescension, but the intensity of the writing is very fine and an intonation of gusto lends to the whole an imperativeness which the tales can never have. Compare the tone of voice of the tales with the critical tone of voice in this passage:

I think I could manage the point myself (the writing of Greek hexameters): For example:

Do tell when may we hope to make men of sense out of the puns,
Born and brought up with their snouts deep down in the mud of the fagspeed?
... or downright, upright nutmegs out of a pineknot?
The proper spondee predominance is here preserved; some of the dactyls are not so good as I could wish, but upon the whole the rhythm is very decent, to say nothing of the excellent sense.

And in this:

The truth is that cant has never attained a more owl-like dignity than in the discussion of dramatic principle. A modern stage critic is nothing if not a lofty condemner of all things simple and direct.

In these extracts we have distinctive, written, personal tone of voice.

It is true that written tones of voice may resemble each other and that a distinctive tone of voice employed by one author may resemble that same tone of voice as employed by another author. The following observations of Poe’s are as like some of Samuel Butler’s notes as any of Butler’s notes are like each other:

An argument (prefixed to a poem) is but another form of “this is an ox,” subjoined to the portrait of an animal with horns.

The deepest emotion aroused within us by the happiest allegory is a very imperfectly satisfied sense of the writer’s ingenuity in overcoming a difficulty which we should have preferred his not having attempted to overcome. ... Under the best circumstances it must interfere with that unity of effect which to the artist is worth all the allegories in the world. ... Pleasure will be derived from the reader’s ability to keep the allegory out of sight or his inability to comprehend it.

But the fact that a tone of voice is not invariably a distinctly personal one does not alter the fact that the tone of voice does contribute to or detract from the aesthetic effect of a piece of writing.

In the case of rhymed verse, a distinctive tone of voice is dependent on naturalistic effects, and naturalistic effects are so rare in rhyme as almost not to exist. By a naturalistic effect I mean the sort of thing we have in Hamilton Sorley’s “Barrabas,” D. F. Dalston’s “Blown,” and Wallace Stevens’ “As Before.”

Little live, great pass.
Jesus Christ and Barrabas
Were found the same day.

Spectator, May 27, 1916.

It was all my own,
I have tended it carefully
For its sake full many a crop have I sown.
I have guarded it well from the winds that have blown
So bitterly.

English Review, June 1914.

He will be thinking in strange countries
Of the white stones near her door;
But it is me he will see
At the window, as before.

Poetry, July 1916.

So far as free verse is concerned, it is the easiest thing in the world to create one intonation in the image of another until finally one has assembled a bouquet of vocal exclamation points. I can read the following advertisement with a great deal of pleasure but I am not sure that it would give me pleasure to read this identical advertisement every day in the week. An intonation must have meaning behind it to support it, or it is not worth much:

Venus pencils are made in seventeen black and two copying degrees, each degree guaranteed never to vary: softest and blackest, very very soft and very black, very soft and very black, very soft and black, soft and black, soft, soft medium, firm, medium hard, hard, very hard, extra hard, very very hard, and firm, extra extra hard and firm, extra extra hard and firm, hardest and firmest.

MARIANNE MOORE

LIBERATIONS

Studies of Individuality in Contemporary Music

XI (continued)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AKIMENKO'S IDIOM

With the Poème Lyrique pour Orchestre, Op. 20, the exotic tendency which characterizes Akimenko’s later work first becomes dominantly manifest. The mood of the music is poised on the extreme verge of consciousness, and is expressed with an exquisitely refined use of harmonic color and orchestral timbre. In both spirit and technical treatment is discernible the culmination of certain elements in his earlier work, a certainty of expression which is the direct outcome of the consciousness tentatively expressed in the preceding instrumental works. But this maturity of expression has nothing stereotyped about it. His mentality colors every impression of the music; his emotions are given an extraordinary character by the subtlety and originality of their interpretation. This faculty for re-creating the nature of things is ever in evidence in Akimenko’s work. He seeks always to express the rare essence of things, to embody them in utterances correspondingly rarer and subtle. With Charles van Lerberghe he might justly claim to speak

Avec des mots
si frais, si virginaux,
avec des mots si purs,
qu’ils tremblent dans l’azur,
et semblent dits,
pour la première fois au paradis.

From this opus number onwards Akimenko devotes himself more and more definitely to compositions for solo pianoforte, the cause for this possibly being found in the intimate nature and personal character of the things which he has to express.

The Cinq Morceaux pour Piano, Op. 21 (Prelude, Intermezzo, Valse, Mélodie, Esquisse), together with the Consolation pour Piano, Op. 22, mark no appreciable development of the tendencies apparent in the preceding works, though in the Esquisse the impressionistic mood of his earlier music takes a slightly more definite technical form.

But in the Cinq Preludes, Op. 23, the fantastic quality of conception which is so characteristic of Akimenko’s later work becomes markedly manifest. The first number, “Conte fantastique,” has an atmo-
sphere of mystery and whimsicality akin to that of a child's fairy-tale. But its emotional quality betrays the experience of a sensitive adult. The "Berceuse" which forms the second number has something to it more elusive than the ordinary lullaby-song. It creates a desire for sleep by the suggestion of beautiful dreams. The third number, "Songe d'enfant," has much more a childlike quality to it, "Les Chansons d'Enfants," the fourth, "Songe d'une mère," combines a sympathetic comprehension of these elements with a more mature emotional quality. From the final number, "Le reveil," one obtains an impression of things spiritual and actual curiously and inextricably mingled, which I can only equate by that produced by the exquisite section of Verblain's "La bonne chanson," commenting "Entre que tu ne t'en ailles."

The "Récits d'une âme rêveuse" is a slight, but delicate thing constructed in mazurka form. The Trois Morceaux pour Piano, Op. 27, evince in a still more emphatic manner Akimenko's exotic bent. The first two numbers, "Caprices de la mer," and "Reverie au bord de la mer," have the effect of importing the characters of an exotic, imaginative, and separate unity and being, similar to the way in which children create living individualities for the inanimate objects of their environment, or savages give exaggerated human attributes to elements, animals, and the phenomena of the vegetable and mineral world. The last number, "Marionnette," while more childlike in the first, most touchingly in the second, and grandly and fresh turn to, the composer's fantastic and exotic imaginative feeling. This "Marionette" is no mere grotesque doll; it embodies the essence of the composer's emotions, his human qualities and sympathies, and his dreams as surely as the figures of the marionette-born Commedia dell' Arte, Arlecchino, Corvino, Pulcinella, Pimpinella, and Gargulolo, embodied the whimsical dreams and observations of their times. Nor is this "Marionette" as gauche as they often were. It is more akin to the creatures of Callot's ballets and Carlo Gozzi's "Fibesque" drama, those delicate figures of a world of decorative dreams, of Stag-Kings, Singing Apples, Talking Statues, and Serpent Women. Like "Turandot," "Zoneide," "The Blue Monster," and "The Little Fair Green Bird," it owes its existence to the composer's emotions, his human qualities and sympathies, and his dreams as surely as the figures of the marionette-born Commedia dell' Arte, Arlecchino, Corvino, Pulcinella, Pimpinella, and Gargulolo, embodied the whimsical dreams and observations of their times. In the Morceaux, Op. 28 ("Mandolin," Op. 2, and "Les Peaux," Op. 3) the first number, "Dentelles," is direct imports from the Fiabesque world; exotic, imaginative growths of the same element of pity is present, though the decorative and gurgolo, embodied the whimsical dreams and observations of their times. Nor is this "Dentelles" as gauche as they often were. It is more akin to the creatures of Callot's ballets and Carlo Gozzi's "Fibesque" drama, those delicate figures of a world of decorative dreams, of Stag-Kings, Singing Apples, Talking Statues, and Serpent Women. Like "Turandot," "Zoneide," "The Blue Monster," and "The Little Fair Green Bird," it owes its existence to the composer's emotions, his human qualities and sympathies, and his dreams as surely as the figures of the marionette-born Commedia dell' Arte, Arlecchino, Corvino, Pulcinella, Pimpinella, and Gargulolo, embodied the whimsical dreams and observations of their times. 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And like them also, its whimsicality contains elements of pathos; it creates a smile in which there is more than a hint of tears.
ports he lingers in; he views almost all of them through the colored, kaleidoscopic portholes of his emotions and thoughts. This dominant note of personal impressionism is accentuated in these four pieces by the extreme values of the music, which depend more upon "quantities" than upon the ordinary mode-relationships.

The Rêves étoiles, Op. 42, are things woven entirely of the composer’s imagination; his dreams the “Clair de la lune” of the first, his consciousness the burning, restless “Saturn” of the second, his swift thoughts the “Étoiles filantes” of the fourth, and the spiritual beauty to which he yearns “L’etoile du berger” of the final, number.

In the Pages de Poésie fantastique, Op. 43, Akimenko’s passion for the exotic dominates throughout. His adventurous spirit has carried his explorations beyond the confines of any tangible things. To all these thoughts the “Etoiles filantes” of the fourth, and the “Clair de la lune” of the first, his consciousness the “Danse des séraphins,” “Mirages fugitifs,” “Dans une forêt sacrée,” “Réve d’une source,” “Chanson des rayons de lune”) the title of the fourth number equally applies. They are revelations of a world utterly unknown, and only to be visited in company of transport. It is a world crowded with the subtlest and most intense colors of dreams, the apotheosis of the exotic. Music and moods are alike elusive in shade and texture. All the emotions, all the thoughts, the delicate, rarefied harmonies, subtle melodic patterns, and ceaselessly shifting tonalities of these exquisite little pieces can be defined only as Victor Akimenko’s.

So is this delicacy in any way weak. Through all the strange, exotic images of this fluid, plastic music one feels the presence of an acute, ever-alert consciousness, to attain. And since Akimenko’s longing turns towards worlds physically unattainable, he attains them mentally. His work embodies the fascination of the distant places, of horizons, of hilltops, of the artificial paradies of all times. Through his music we are enabled to enter the Blessed Isles, the Land of the Ever-Living, the Country of the Land of Heart’s Desire.

The Soldiers, 1916

LEIGH HENRY

PASSING PARIS

CAPTAIN Z. . . author of L’Armée de la Guerre (Payot, Paris and Lausanne, 3 fr. 50) is a semi-disguise chosen by a writer who has been occasionally quoted here in his prose as in his verse, and whose military rank does not allow him to publicly attach his name to criticisms of the army or indiscretions relating to the conduct of the war. He has taken part in it since its outbreak, and his experiences and observations from the rank of simple and, moreover, volunteer soldier to his present promotion supply the material of this most interesting book.


Captain Z. . . has taken into consideration the wheels within wheels of the French army in so far as he has seen them and as they may interest the general reader. The army is a kind of huge factory, as he says, in which the actual fighter, is a soldier, generally a useful one, often a meritorious one, and occasionally even a very courageous one.

Among the chapters that most appeal to a foreign reader is the one on the manner in which the officers are recruited:

To fill the gaps in the officers’ ranks the Government has often had to take rapid decisions, for French officers do not calculate their sacrifices, and keep their men together by examples of courage and the noblest virtues. All the cadets of the military schools, Saint Cyr, Polytechnique, Saint Maixent, Fontainebleau were, at the beginning of the war, at once appointed to lieutenancies. . . . Then all the admis­sible candidates among those who were successful in the examinations without having taken the courses, were promoted to be officers or ‘aspirants.’ The contingent supplied by this last class has not been completely satisfactory: the promoted were sometimes far too youthful for the responsibility of commanding sixty men and N.C.O.’s under fire, some of whom had already seen the whole campaign and possessed a practical experience lacked by these juveniles.

So it was decided to train more completely these young men who by their social position and intellectual capacities seemed indicated for officers’ rank, and during this period they are given the title of ‘aspirant,’ an intermediary rank between sergeant-major and adjutant. They are only definitely appointed officers after having shown courage and moral capacities equal to their general education. . . .

Other stop-gaps in the officers’ ranks are furnished by reserve N.C.O.’s who have seen two or three years of service, and during this period they are given the title of ‘aspirant,’ an intermediary rank between sergeant-major and adjutant. They are only definitely appointed officers after having shown courage and moral capacities equal to their general education. . . .

These officers only acquire the style and smartness of the professional officer by degrees. Few spend much on their uniforms or in eau-de-Cologne. But they have not their superiors in allowing themselves to be killed without bungling at the commanding station which has been assigned to them by the commanding officer of the company. They are the small bourgeois of France who represent the country’s average: they find the war a nuisance, but since it can’t be helped they will pursue it to the best of their ability.”

Information such as this is given in excellent journalistic style, the criticism is that of a man who fears no one, while the themes that have been beaten to death, such as the soldiers’ heroism and trench slang, just make a little curtain appearance to “amuse” the rest. But this question of soldiers’ argot having been studiously discussed in a London periodical, I will quote Captain Z. . . ’s opinion of it: “The argot the civilian imagines he is copying to under-lieutenant. This officer only acquire the style and smartness of the professional officer by degrees. Few spend much on their uniforms or in eau-de-Cologne. But they have not their superiors in allowing themselves to be killed without bungling at the commanding station which has been assigned to them by the commanding officer of the company. They are the small bourgeois of France who represent the country’s average: they find the war a nuisance, but since it can’t be helped they will pursue it to the best of their ability.”
be. Often they use the slang of their crafts and trades. The so-called trench-argot is, generally, the slang of the Paris gutter introduced into the army by the gutter-child himself or by those who have the carelessness to imitate him. Not all soldiers are gutter-children, and a very large proportion never use it. As a rule it is the coarsest slang of the coarsest element in the population of Paris. If the people who so glibly pronounce them realized the actual meaning of the words they use when they think they talk 'soldier' they would be struck dumb, and sedate scholars would certainly demur from discussing them in cold English print, while the publication of dic­tionaires de l'argot would become impossible were they correct. Besides, many soldiers are disgusted by the intrusion into their private life of a form of slang which reminds them of the hardest and bitterest days of their life, and in which, when my lady uses it, she imitates not only soldiers but also, the souteneur, the fish-wife, and the dustman.'

* * * * *

M. Jacques-Emile Blanche, the painter, discourses of England in La Vie. He writes in the spirit of a true and understanding friend. I have a taste for this metaphor: "L'Anglais a la propreté physique, il semble lavé et poli comme les galets de sa côte d'argent, il sent l'embrun du large." ("The Englishman is clean, morally and physically, washed and polished like the shingle of his silver shores, and he savours of the brine.")

And it is good, in view of certain foreign misunderstandings, he should read the application of their sense of equality in a national tendency too easily classed under "snoberly": "their way of conceiving equality," writes M. Blanche, "consists, instead of jealously rejecting the superior, in the emulation, according to individual possibilities and resources, of the life and manners of those whose life and manners have beauty.'

* * * * *

In the Mercure de France, M. X. —Marcel Boulestin reveals that natural inclination for the English which, after drawing him to their manner of living before the war, has induced him to participate, apparently in an ambulance formation in the British lines, in their manner of dying.

I must here confess to a partiality, dating from this metaphor: "L'Anglais a la propreté physique, il semble lavé et poli comme les galets de sa côte d'argent, il sent l'embrun du large." ("The Englishman is clean, morally and physically, washed and polished like the shingle of his silver shores, and he savours of the brine.")

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lunch? I wonder if you would procure me the extreme pleasure of seeing you again?"

Bertha looked at him in doubtful astonishment, taking in this sensational request.

See Kreisler again! The result as regards the Lipmann circle! But this pleased for Kreisler. It would be carrying out her story. It would be insisting on it, and destroying that subtle advantage, now possessed by her friends, in presenting them with somewhat the same uncompromising spectacle again. In de délit expounding herself to criticism she would be effacing, in some sense, the extreme involuntariness of the boulevard incident. He asked her simply if she might see her again. The least pretentious request. Would the refusal to do this simple thing be a concession to Lipmann and the rest? Did she want to at all? But it was in a jump of deliberate defiance or careless thrombosis she concluded:

"Yes, of course, if you wish it."

"You never go to cafés? Perhaps some day——"

"Good! Very well!" she answered very quickly, in her trenchant tone, imparting all sorts of particular unnecessary meanings to this simple acceptance. She had answered as men accept a bet or the Bretons clinch a bargain in the fist.

"Yes, of course, if you wish it."

"You never go to cafés? Perhaps some day——"

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"Will you come and fetch me at my house?"

"Will you come and fetch me at my house?"

But shivers went down her back as she said it. She was now thoroughly committed to this new step. She was delighted, or rather excited, at each new further phase of it. Its horrors were scores off her friend's stories of "meeting!"—these had not been reckoned on. Of course they would have to meet Kreisler seemed like a physician conducting a little unpleasant operation in a genial, ironical, unhurrying way.

"Well, it's understood. We shall see each other to-morrow, " he said. And with a smile of half raillery at her rather upset expression, he left her. So much fuss about a little thing, such obstinacy in doing it! What was the terrible thing? Meeting him! His smiling was only natural. She showed without disguise in her face the hazardous quality, as she considered it, of this consent. She would wish him to feel the largeness of the motive that prompted her, and for him to participate too in the certain horror of meeting himself!

CHAPTER VI

BACK in her rooms, she examined, over her lunch, with stupefaction, the things she had been doing—conversations, appointments, complementary sensations, and all the rest, as she might have sat down before some distinctly expensive, troubling purchase that she had not dreamt of making an hour before.

"What a strange proceeding!"—as it might have been—"what sudden disease in my taste made me buy that?"

Had she been enveloped, in a way, by that idle Teutonically smiling manner of his? But at the bottom of her (for her) dramatic consent was the instantaneous image of Fraulein Elsa Kinderbach and Company's disapprobation. The carrying out and so substantiating her story, that notion turned the scale. Kreisler's easy manner (he was unmistakably "a gentleman!") contrasted with her friend's indignant palaver gave him the advantage. He cannot, cannot have behaved so outrageously as they pretended!

These activities as well distracted her from brooding over Sorbert's goings.

Of Kreisler she thought very little. Her women friends held the centre of the stage. In her thoughts they stared at her suppersession: Tarr to Kreisler. From bad to worse, for her friends. There was a strange continuity in her troubled friendship with these women. Always (only more so) at the same point, stretching the cord.

So this was the key to her programme: a person has made some slip in grammar, say. He makes it again deliberately, so that his first involuntary speech may appear deliberate.

She began her customary pottering about in her rooms. Fraulein Elsa Kinderbach, one of the Dresden sisters already spoken of, interrupted her. At the knock she thought of Tarr and Kreisler simultaneously, and wadded on:

"Isn't it hot? It's simply broiling out. I left the studio quite early." Fraulein Kinderbach sat down, giving her hat a toss and squinting up at it.

The most evident thing about these sisters was dirt, anaemia, and a sort of soiled, insignificant hand-someness. They explained themselves, roughly, by describing in a cold-blooded lazy way their life at home.

A stepmother, prodigiously smart, well-to-do, neglecting them; sent first to one place then another (now Paris) to be out of the way. Yet the stepmother supplies them superfluously from her superfluity.—They talked about themselves with a consciousness of their matter-of-factness, as twin parcels, usually on the way from one place to another, expensively posted here and there, without real destination. They enjoyed nothing at all; painted well (according to Juan Soler); had a sort of wild uncontrollable attachment for the Lipmann.

Oh! Bertha, I didn't know your dear 'Sorbert' was going to England. " Deiner Sorbet" was the bantering formula for Tarr. Bertha was perpetually talking about him, to them, to the charwoman, to the greengrocer opposite, to everybody she met. Tarr did not quite bask in this notoriety.

"Didn't you? Oh! yes; he's gone."

"You've not quarrelled—with your Sorbert?"

"What's that to do with you, my dear?" Bertha gave a brief, indelict laugh she sometimes had. "By the way, I've just seen Herr Kreisler. We've arranged to go out somewhere to-morrow."

"Go out—Kreisler! Liebes kind!—What on earth possessed you, Herr Tarr?"

"What's the matter with Herr Kreisler? You were all friendly enough with him a week ago."

Elsa looked at her with the cold-blooded scrutiny of the precocious urchin.

But he's a vicious brute. Besides, there are other reasons for avoiding Herr Kreisler. You know the reason of his behaviour the other night? It was, it appears, because Anastasya Vasek snubbed him. He was nearly the same when the Fogs wouldn't take an interest in him. He can't leave women alone. He follows them about and annoys them, and then becomes—well, as you saw him the other night—when he's shaken off. He is impossible. He is not a person who can be accepted by anybody."

"Where did you hear all that? I don't think that Fraulein Vasek's story is true. I am certain—"

"Well, he once was like that with me. He began hanging round, and—You know the story of his engagement?"

"What engagement?"

"He was engaged to a girl and she married his father instead of marrying him."

Bertha struggled a moment, a little baffled. "Well, what is there in that? I've known several cases—"

"Yes. That by itself—"

Elsa Kinderbach was quite undisturbed. Her
The weak point in it was the rank immodesty of the form it took. The shine had soon been taken off that. For the moment. His first interview with Tarr. Still somewhat wrapt in this dream, made of artificial but tenacious sentiments, shaped by contretemps of all sorts that had been accumulating like a snowball ever since her last interview with Tarr. Still somewhat wrapt in this interview she rolled in its nightmarish, continually metamorphosed, substance through space. Where it landed, this electric, directionless, vital affair? This invasion of Indifference and Difference had floated her, successfully, away in some direction. The bell rang again. She could see him, almost, through the wall, standing phlegmatic and erect. They had not spoken yet. But they had been some minutes "in touch." Sorbert has a rival perhaps? Elsa!—What a funny thing to say? You can depend on it that it was he, the enemy getting in. She wished to stop him there, before he came any further. She flushed. The more she thought of this rival version of Fräulein Vasek's, the more reprehensible it appeared. It was a startlingly novel and uncompromising version, giving proof of a perfect immodesty. It charged hers full tilt. Bertha's version had been a vital matter. Fräulein Vasek's was a matter of vanity. The contempt of the workman, sweating for a living, for this poaching Venus. In discrediting Bertha's suggestion, it attacked indirectly her action, proceeding, ostensibly, from these considerations. Her meeting Kreisler at present depended for its reasonableness and existence on the "hunger" theory; or, if that should fail, something equally touching and primitive. Were she forced, as Elsa readily did, to accept the snub-by-Anastasya theory, with its tale of ridiculous reprisals, further dealings with Kreisler could not now be a matter of vanity and ugly light. Her past conduct also would have its primitive shr renewed. Her defiance to Elsa had been delivered with great satisfaction. "I am meeting Herr Kreisler to­morrow!" The shine had soon been taken off that. All Bertha's past management of the boulevard scene had presupposed that she was working in an element destined to obscurity: malleable, therefore, to any extent. Anastasya had risen up calm, contradictory, a formidable and perplexing enemy, with her cursed version. The weak point in it was the rank immodesty of the form it took. Her obstinacy awoke. This new turn coming from the other camp solidified two or three degrees more, in a twinking, her partisanship of Kreisler. She had a direct interest now in their meeting. She was curious to hear what he had to say as to his alleged attempt in Fräulein Vasek's direction.
On the receipt of this letter—as on the former occasion a little—she first of all behaved as she would have done had Sorbert been there. She acted silent resignation and going about her work as usual for the moment, as though it had been a living person. The reply to this, written an hour or so before Kreisler arrived, had been an exaggerated acquiescence. "Of course, Sorbert: far better that we should part!" But soon this letter began to worry her and threaten her manners. She was just going to take up a book and read, when, as though something had called her attention, she put it aside, and then suddenly flung herself on the sofa as though it had been rocks and she plunging on them from a high cliff. She sobbed until she had tired herself out.

So Kreisler and she walked up the street as though compelled by some very strange circumstances only to be in each other's company. He appeared depressed, and to have come also under the spell of some sort of meaningless duty. His punctuality suggested, too, fatigue and senseless waiting, careful timing. His temporary destination reached, he delivered himself indifferently into her hands. He said something about its being hot. They said hardly anything, but walked on away from her house. They showed no gêdeur about this peculiar state of mind and their manners.

Before they got to the Café de l'Observatoire Kreisler was attempting to make up for his lapse into strangeness, discovering, however, in a little, that he had not been alone.

Bertha looked at the clock inside as they took up their place on the quieter terrace. When she asked herself how long she would stop she was astonished.

"Who is that, then?" Kreisler asked, after some moments of gradually changing silence, when Anastasya began to be mentioned by Bertha. He showed no interest.

The meeting had been the only event of the day for him. He had looked forward to it a little at first. But as it approached he got fidgety, began counting the time, and from being a blessed punctuality suggested, too, fatigue and senseless waiting, careful timing. His temporary destination reached, he delivered himself indifferently into her hands. He said something about its being hot. They said hardly anything, but walked on away from her house. They showed no gêdeur about this peculiar state of mind and their manners.

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The meeting had been the only event of the day for him. He had looked forward to it a little at first. But as it approached he got fidgety, began counting the time, and from being a blessed something, it became a burden. The responsibility of this meeting even seemed too much for him. He began to ask himself what useless errand he was on now? The effort of this simple affair worked laboriously on his nerves. He would not have gone, only the appointment made and fixed in his mind, and he having felt it in the distance all day, he knew it would irk him more if he did not go. He was compelled, in short, to go, to have done with it. The worrying obsession of not having done it intimidated him. In the empty evening he would have been at the mercy of this thing-not-done, like an itch.

Bertha, for her part, recovered. Kreisler's complete abstraction and indifference were soothing. He seemed to know as little why he was there as she, or less, and be only waiting for her to disappear again. No slighter was implied. Her vanity stirred a little. She perhaps came through this to bring Fraulien Vasek on the boards as she had originally intended. As to there being anything compromising in this affair—not-done, like an itch.

Her instinct now was to wallow still more in the unbecoming situation in which she had been found, with defiance. She wanted to be seen with Kreisler. The meanness, strangeness, and certain déchéance or come-down, in consorting with this sorry bird, must come-heightened into poetry and thick and luscious fiction. They had done this to her. They were driving her! Very well. She was insé! She would satisfy them. She would satisfy Sorbert. It was what he wanted, was it not?

Kreisler, of course, was the central, irreducible element in this mental pie. He was the egg-cup that kept up the crust. She tried to interest herself in Kreisler and satisfy Tarr, her friends, the whole world, more thoroughly. (To be continued)
DREISER PROTEST

AMERICA, the land of the free and the home of the non-interventionists, is having another fit of illustrative Americanism. As a result, I receive the following communication:

A PROTEST

"We, the undersigned, American writers, observe with deep regret the efforts now being made to destroy the work of Theodore Dreiser. Some of us may differ from Mr. Dreiser in our aims and methods, and some of us may be out of sympathy with his point of view, but we believe that an attack by irresponsible and arbitrary persons upon the writings of an author of such manifest sincerity and such high accomplishments must inevitably do great damage to the freedom of letters in the United States, and bring down upon the American people the ridicule and contempt of other nations. The method of the attack, with its attempt to ferret out blasphemy and indecency where they are not, and to condemn a serious artist under a law aimed at common rogues, is unjust and absurd. We join in this public protest against the proceedings in the belief that the art of letters, as carried on by men of serious purpose and with the co-operation of reputable publishers, should be free from interference by persons who, by their own statement, judge all books by narrow and impossible standards; and we advocate such amendments of the existing laws as will prevent such persecutions in future."

Dear reader, lest you be one born outside the sacred limits of "The States," and therefore unable to understand the foregoing document, let me explain that the land of Abraham Lincoln, the country that freed the negro some years after other countries had given up slavery, has taken to the suppression of serious letters.

No one acquainted with my native land will be surprised. Billy Sunday and Billie Ellis have been booming dark superstition, people have been starting magazines to advocate "Americanism in literature."

And as a corollary they have suppressed poor old Dreiser, who is, perhaps, the most serious and most solemn of contemporary American prosists. We believe he has been writing with a purpose, namely, the amelioration of human misery, but as the protest indicates, receive the contempt of the civilized world, but they will not receive what the protest entitles, the "ridicule" of the world. The joke is already too stale.

EZRA POUND

[We take no responsibility for the expression of the above personal views of Mr. Pound concerning America, but are glad to publish the "Protest" and hope that many signatures will be sent in to Mr. Hersey.—EDITOR.]

POEMS

SODDEN yellow leaves
Drift all about the town
I sink under the eaves
And smirk like a foolish clown.

I am deep-soaked in dolour
I rejoice in the fall of the leaf
These murky roads of squalor
Pander to my grief.

SLAIN ROSES

PALE roses
From the green brier scattered
Your moist young petals are flung
Broken in creamy snow among
The undergrowth.
I see you torn and slain,
Dashed from the flexible stems
By the silver diagonal rain.

Your perturbing dim odour floats by
Returns and vanishes
Lingers, advances again,
Then surrounds me, almost—
Hesitating and doubtful—
Like a chaste
Shy ghost.

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