V. SEVEN RELATED DEFINITIONS

By D. Marsden

PRELIMINARY

(1) Our immediate task is to set up a definition of the term "real," and together with it, definitions of a number of terms to which "real" stands in close relation. The related terms are illusory, imaginary, true, erroneous, opinion, and belief. As also certain other terms will recur constantly in the accounts to be given of these under special consideration, it is advisable to give the former at the outset some measure of precision.

(2) In describing, for instance, the circumstances under which the term "real" is applicable to an image, we should have to say they are those connected with the latter's subjection—in view of its imputed classification—to a standard form of use, the yielding of the standard reaction to which constitutes the image's identity with members of the class imputed to it. Hence, the form which reaction takes under such subjection furnishes the grounds for the particular verdict on a classification's accuracy which we call proof.

(3) Again, in indicating at which point of the perceptual process the relevancy of the term "real" begins, it will be necessary to refer to the part played in that process by association and comparison, i.e. by thought, and to say something of the different stages and rates of development of the thinking-process itself. Now all these terms—classification, use, thought-process—though they appear constantly in everyday speech, permit, philosophically, of a highly elaborate development: one which, however, we do not propose to enter upon here. What we do propose is to make such reference to them as will prevent them making a completely irresponsible appearance throughout the subsequent argument.

(4) When a "classification" is conferred on an image, what is implied is that the latter, upon being "used" after a certain fashion, will yield in the sequel a given image or group of images. Thus, by classifying a substance as an acid we imply that were a solution of such substance to be brought into contact with blue litmus paper, the latter would immediately turn red. This order of classification—under which we assume that the image classified will be subjected with satisfactory results to the form of usages which is the standard for such class—is that normal order of classifying which we can call the practical. There is, however, also an impractical order.

(5) That which is implied in the term "use" is, primarily, a relationship between an agent which acts and an image which is acted upon, i.e. made to change in some particular. This antithetical relation of agent and acted-upon is obtained by partitioning the egoistic universe, which for any given case is a unity, into a nucleus (i.e. the body or self), and a fringe (i.e. the not-body or not-self). Under this division the self is the agent and the not-self the acted-upon. (On the differentiation already made between the ego and the self, see chapter ii of this series.) "Use" thus implies a working ratio of which the
terms are the image as originally given, and the self's power to command from it a certain sequence of images more or less in accordance with its desires and aims.

(6) It is in terms of the self's power to dominate the image and dictate its sequence of change that an image's character is expressed. What a thing is (i.e., how it shall be classified) is the expression of the ratio of the self's power to the image, as evidenced in the self's ability to make things of the image, which the self makes one—albeit a predominant and directing one—all other things find their character, their class and their name, in virtue of the sort of reference which they make to the self. The entire meaning of classification is thus derived from the activities of this "agent" which associates, compares, and from thence passes judgment as to probable use on a principle the intelligibility of which is constituted by the self's own past experience with similar-seeming images and its present powers, desires, and purposes.

(7) This process of referring things to the powers and desires of the self and classifying them in accordance with its past history and present potentialities is that which we are accustomed to call thinking. The self of the perceptual process is concerned first to interpret in the light of its experience in what relation an image stands to the powers of the self, and then to test its interpretations by bringing it into crucial contact with the self. When the latter finds that, on subjecting the image to the standard usage it yields the standard sequence of images expected of it, it is interpreted and to which it is interrelated to belong, its thoroughgoing similarity to members of the class is marked by identifying them under a common name.

(8) It would take us too far wide of our present purpose to consider here the questions above raised whether a thing can be said to be perceived before the thinking-process begins; for it is only with the inception of this process an image attains to thinghood; and whether thought is not an integral part of the elemental perceptual process. It will satisfy all our present requirements if we point out how, if in the perceptual process there be an incipient, uninterpreted (i.e., thought-free) stage the second interpretive and thought-impregnated stage ordinarily appears simultaneously with the first. In the vast majority of our ordinary perceptions it is to be noted how the name and the image present themselves together; that is, the image is already classified at its appearance. Thought has completed its work upon it at the very moment of its entry.

(9) Therefore, since classification is the goal of the thinking-process, while names—the pigeon-holes into which the vast gallery of images are sorted out—represent the structure into which classification shapes itself, by the emergence of a name, even when this is only a speculative one, we are made aware that the thought-process has traversed a considerable part of the way to its end. And even before any specific name has emerged, when we have only gone so far as to ask "What is that?" thought has already to some extent overlaid the image, since our very inability to give it a name is evidence that comparison has proceeded sufficiently far for us to note at least some of the image's unlikenesses to others. Hence when, as is usual in our ordinary experience, image and name appear simultaneously, the thought-process which has welded them together has effected itself in so brief a space of time that we are able to take cognizance of its occurrence only after the event. But this being so, it becomes clear in the view that two conditions are essential before the term "real" is applicable. These are (1) that a definite name must already have made its appearance in relation to the image; and (2) that the stage of thought subsequent to the emergence of such name must be considerably protracted; that is, the term "real" does not begin to have relevance to any image until the thought-process working upon it is already well advanced, and then only when the process's subsequent course is relatively long drawn out.

With this general observation we can proceed to consider "real" in more detail.

I. REAL

(11) "Real" is a term applied to an image when the thinking-process aiming at the image's classification presents certain characteristics, to wit: when this process, having matured itself to the point where speculation has focused itself on a particular name, thereupon continued in the condition of localized uncertainty so created for an appreciable period of time before a term is put to it by the emergence of a warranted name.

(12) It appertains accordingly to an image about which thought has reached that stage where the uncertainty inseparable from all thought plays about the classification suggested by the image's imputed name. But as we have just now pointed out, in the majority of our actual perceptions the entire thought-process effects itself so rapidly, and occupies such an inappreciable short space of time that from a practical point of view we have to regard it as eliminated. This being so, in such cases the particular stage of thought of which the projection is essential to "real's" relevance is wholly to seek. These cases therefore stand outside the category of circumstances to which, in exact propriety, "real" is applicable.

(13) It is this fact which explains why we do not ordinarily ask (or rather none of us save philosophers and a less impressive type of the mentally erratic perhaps ask) whether the myriad images which crowd into our normal visual experience and from whose relations with the self familiar usage has purged all doubt, are "real." We do not ask ordinarily whether the rain or bread or a tree is real, simply because in regard to these things the certainty which comes of confirmatory usage has terminated thought before that stage of its uncertainty upon which all questions of reality depend for their pertinence has lasted long enough to make itself appreciably felt.

(14) Should these commonplace, use-tried images, however, become involved in circumstances which tend to disguise their familiar character, so that their classification becomes speculative, needing retrial, the question of their reality immediately becomes relevant and urgent. Let us consider an instance. Let us suppose a familiar street in which at intervals there are trees. In broad daylight no one would think of asking, "Are those real trees," or if one did, the questioner's soundness of mind would stand a better chance of being seriously debated than the "reality" of the trees. On the other hand, it is probable that such question, if made, would prove genuinely non-plussing just because of its irrelevance, and the person questioned might make what would seem to be the lame answer, "Well, I don't know about 'real.' At all events, they are trees." They answer to all tend to which any member of the category "trees" could be submitted, and that is quite good enough for me. This answer is in fact, and in spite of its apologetic air, philosophically the sound one.

(15) Now let us suppose a different set of circumstances in the same connexion—say, the same street in intense darkness accentuated by a few dim lights, and in the midst of this a vague shape which is interpreted as a shadow, or a tree, or perhaps a ruffian waiting to snatch one's purse. Now while under more normal circumstances the attaching of the question of reality to images describable as ruffians, shadows, or trees would be irrelevant, such question becomes wholly relevant here. It is so because the situation is such as to give rise to the dubious question, "Is it a..."
This question, which could be translated into an assertion in the shape of "I think it (the image) is (may be) a so-and-so," indicates just those conditions of doubt and speculative classification in which the term "real" finds its relevance, and wherever such question is in place, the question, "Is it real?" is equally in place. As a matter of fact, the implications of the two questions are identical, since the latter would be more accurately—because more fully—expressed in the form, "Is it a real one, i.e. of the class so-and-so?"

As long, of course, as circumstances are such as to delay an answer to this question, the term "real," though wholly relevant, is not categorically applicable. It only becomes so when suitable tests have proved the image to be what in faith it was asserted to be. Its complete applicability requires the blend of circumstances represented in the checking of an anticipatory assertion concerning the kinship of an image by a test experiment. Hence, to return to our illustration, if we have prophesied that the image is a shadow, and it turns out, under "usage" (e.g. when we try to walk through it), to be a shadow, then the image is real. But if we have prophesied it to be a shadow and it turns out to be a tree, then it is unreal and illusory. Similarly, if we opined that it was a ghost and it turned out to be so, the image would be real (e.g. as a ghost). If, on the other hand, we interpreted it as a ghost and it turned out to be a ruffian, it would be an unreal "one" (e.g. of the category "ghost").

Here it is the term "one" which illuminates most strongly the significance of "real." The "one" is a demonstrative pointing out the class indicated in the prophetic assertion. When the image's subjection to the decisive form of treatment shows that it is "one" of that class, its reality is established.

To summarize: the significance of "real" bears not on any feature of the image itself, but upon its warrants to be regarded as belonging to a suggested class. Its relevance is entirely dependent upon classification and the warrants of classification. That is why it begins with the emergence of a speculative name and culminates with that of a warranted one. The period between these two events constitutes its life-term, for as we shall have to notice, there is a swift dispersal of relevance immediately following its complete applicability.

It will help us at this point if we advance a formal definition of real. Let this be the definition: An assertion made to the effect that an image (or group of images) is classifiable with a stated group of images being held in question, when proof is forthcoming that such classification is accurate, the term "real" is applied to the image. According to this definition "real" is categorically applicable only when the process of classification is warranted and complete; but while this is so, it is none the less the case that preoccupation with reality is practical and alive only when classification is still speculative. Interest in an image's reality lasts only so long as the two are dissociated together in the form of the question, "Is it real?" It is uncertainty which provides reality with its platform. Its appeal waxes in strength from the moment when speculation begins; and it wanes rapidly round and about the point where speculation dissolves into certainty and knowledge.

The reason of course is that as long as the matter of reality remains a question, there is the possibility of "using" the image improperly, that is, in a manner which might result in consequences hurtful to the self. Hence, while the note of interrogation attaches to a thing's reality the sense of urgency remains. When the issue is decided, and the image is known to be real, this sense of urgency, and along with it all vital interest, inevitably disperses. Hence, it might be accepted as a rule that whenever any interest survives in the categoric declaration that a thing is real, uncertainty about this same reality has lately held the field, and can but just now have been laid to rest.

(Circa 1891 to be continued)

**CIRCE**

**BY H. D.**

It was easy enough to bend them to my wish, it was easy enough to alter them with a touch, but you

adrift on the great sea, how shall I call you back?

Cedar and white ash, rock-cedar and sand plants and tamarind, red cedar and white cedar and black cedar from the immost forest, fragrance upon fragrance and all of my sea-magic is for naught.

It was easy enough—a thought called them from the sharp edges of the earth; they prayed for a touch, they cried for the sight of my face, they entreated me till in pity

I turned each to his own self.

Panther and panther, then a black leopard follows close—black panther and red and a great hound, a god-like beast, cut the sand in a clear ring and cut me from the earth, and cover the sea-sound with their throats, and the sea-roar with their own barks and bellowing and swarls, and the sea-stars with the swirl of the sand, and the rock-tamarinds and the wind resonance—but not your voice.

It is easy enough to call men from the edges of the earth, it is easy to summon them to my feet with a thought— it is beautiful to see the tall panther and the sleek deer-hounds circle in the dark.

It is easy enough to make cedar and white ash fumes into palaces and to cover the sea-caves with ivory and onyx.

But I would give up rock-fringes of coral and the immost chamber of my island palace and my own gifts and the whole region of my power and magic for your glance.
VIII

THE GIFTS

By the presents I have brought you from the city!

These little poems are taken from the second book of the Pastoral Songs. They have no particular interest for the general reader, but a certain charm for lovers of the Italian Renaissance—perhaps I should qualify even that statement and say, lovers of the Italian Renaissance with a slight touch of bibliomania. For one should read these poems in contemporary or nearly contemporary editions, in the books issued from the Venetian presses of the sixteenth century, or from the very fine large paper editions printed at Padua in the eighteenth century by the Commini.

There is a certain pathos in this pedantry because it is so obviously a side-track which led nowhere. It is imitative, it is often frigid, it is only seldom beautiful. For most of these Latin poets were merely enthusiastic pedants. But here and there, as in the case of Navagero and Giovanni Battisto Amaltheo and M. A. Flaminio, one finds a genuine poetry, a genuine emotion struggling through the stifling folds of academic imitation.

In reading these poems, you must try to imagine the enthusiasm of that earlier age for Hellenism and Hellenistic literature. Access to this literature is so easy for us that unless we are peculiarly constituted, it has lost a great deal of its stimulus. And, moreover, this literature has been so obscured and explained away by sixteenth-century writers of Italy that it needs a Swinburne to pierce through its pedantry.—R. A.]

I

TO HIS SINGULAR GOOD LORD, MY LORD FARNESI

O B L E Farnese, since you journey near, disdain not to visit your Iolas. The green wood calls you and the chattering waters of the stream call also. The little farm, which you gave, makes ready to greet you.

Noble lad, turn not from this lowly door; remember that Jove himself often visited the huts of shepherds.

II

APHRODITE

Winter departs; the forest is dressed again with shining leaves and white Flora leads the dances. The North wind yields to the West. Now, Amayrillis, we can pasture our flocks in the secluded woodland and gather the secret pleasures of Aphrodite. Honour the goddess, deck her with new garlands and let a lamb soak her holy altars!

III

FÊTE GALANTE

The Morning Star flies from the clouds and the bird cries to the dawn. Amayrillis, awake! Lead your snowy sheep to pasture while the cold grass glitters with white dew. To-day I will pasture my goats in a shady valley, for later it will be very hot.

Among those distant hills lies a very great valley cut by a fair stream. Here there are cold rills and soft pasture and the kind wind engenders many-coloured flowers. Dear, there I shall be alone, and if you love me, there you will come alone also

IV

THE VIGIL

Thunder! And the whole wood roaring with a vast gale—streams of beating rain!
therefore, be a grievance. That M. Péladan does not respond to a demand for this or that, is, therefore, in a way a failure; but not a grievance failure because what he brings in other spheres is immense. On such frail accidents depends success or non-success, especially in a country where smiles are more potent to demolish than praises are potent to construct. We do not expect or need bonhomie from an aesthetician or a mystic—for M. Péladan is, primarily, both these categories; and we expect him that they are the per­petuit. for instance. But if the criticism were lacking in pertinence, as who should condemn a man not for what he is accused of, but for what he is not accused of, it summarized French preferences. "Jacques Bonhomme" would give all the world's aesthetic and mystic theories and much religion for a pinch of human nature. The Frenchman may be an idealist at the dinner, but what he brings in art, in the role of a typical Frenchman as he is, finds M. Péladan wearisome. He dare not say so and reproaches him for lacking in a quality he could best in the world dispense with.

The Slavonic Theodore de Wyzewska is less embarrased. He wrote: "Historians of our literature must rank him as a precursor... much must be forgiven those who struggle for Christ. I mean for love and beauty." His enthusiasms and convictions just miss being those of a prophet, for M. Péladan's erudition, which is superior to his inspiration, misleads him into dogmatisms for which, for the sake of the light of his knowledge and intuition, he must be pardoned.

M. Joseph Péladan was born at Lyons on March 28, 1859. The fact that this town has ever been the centre of metaphysical tradition—Puis de Chavannes, the painter-mystic, was also born there—contradicts, in the case of M. Péladan, the supposition that the circumstances of locality connected with birth are indifferent, for M. Péladan's parent's birth place or origin from them M. Péladan's lacking in pertinence, as who should condemn a man not for what he is accused of, but for what he is not accused of, is, in the words of Miss Margaret Anderson (but he never expressed it so well), the object of art.

After a pilgrimage to Bayreuth he fell under the spell of Wagner, introducing him into his system as the eighth in his cycle of tragedians consisting of Eschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Shakespeare, Corneille, and Goethe. He construed a system in which the formula "The Catholic Occultist" was now added to complete his "Amphitheatre of Dead Science." This treatise, wrote M. René Georges Aubrun in Les Célébrités d'Aujourd'hui (Sansot, the publisher of the majority of M. Péladan's works), ordained "contempt for the age, hatred for the collective, indifferent to the permanency of moral values, void of solitary meditation, asceticism, the incessant cultivation of the will and sensibility, the religion of the idea, prayer, the metamorphosis of suffering through exaltation, redemption through pride, but, also, through intellectual charity." The book was followed by Comment on devient Fée, and in 1894 appeared Comment on devient Mage. This pictorial formation coincided with theatrical and musical innovations or restorations. A cohesive and spiritual direction was attempted for the entire realm of art.

M. Péladan aimed at yet another form of synthesis when, in 1891, with Comment on devient Mage he inaugurated his "Amphitheatre of Dead Science." This treatise, wrote M. René Georges Aubrun in Les Célébrités d'Aujourd'hui (Sansot, the publisher of the majority of M. Péladan's works), ordained "contempt for the age, hatred for the collective, indifferent to the permanency of moral values, void of solitary meditation, asceticism, the incessant cultivation of the will and sensibility, the religion of the idea, prayer, the metamorphosis of suffering through exaltation, redemption through pride, but, also, through intellectual charity." The book was followed by Comment on devient Fée, and in 1894 appeared Comment on devient Mage. This pictorial formation coincided with theatrical and musical innovations or restorations. A cohesive and spiritual direction was attempted for the entire realm of art.

M. Péladan's translation of Leonardo da Vinci's treatise on painting must not be forgotten. Sharing, as he does, much of their proficiency versatility he ranks the masters of the Renaissance among his greater gods. Indeed to him the Renaissance is one immense, vast Olympia. He is fascinated by its profusion as well as by its skill, and suffers from a similar vigorous wealth of interest, which has provided him...
with views of everything but not light on all. M. Péladan remains, therefore, somewhat too much of a dilettante, in appearance at least, for there is no doubt that he is a great scholar with vast intellectual capacity. He is unfortunately not master of his mind. His ideas are always running away with his pen. The consequence is an involved, verbose style of tedious reading. The subjects dealt with are more fascinating than the manner of dealing with them and what he alludes to serves as spring-board for his system. While reading him one feels a vague suspicion that he is seeking to entrap one into it.

Muriel Ciolkowska

"AMORES" BY D. H. LAWRENCE

It is difficult to define and state the exact charm of Mr. Lawrence's work, for the reason that Mr. Lawrence himself is a phenomenon so remote from English consciousness. One cannot help asking oneself, as one reads these poems, "What would Tennyson have thought of all this—or Browning, or Meredith, or Swinburne?" For one of the great "shocks" of Mr. Lawrence's work is that it reveals him as a temperament absolutely un-Victorian, more Latin than English, and yet a temperament which has come to growth and drawn its strength almost entirely from English soil. Had this man been born in France he might have been another Baudelaire, and by cool, relentless pressure of craftsmanship created a world in which his temperament moved at ease: born in England, he was doomed from the beginning to struggle against his surroundings, and to express his own inner vision merely in terms of tortured revolt. It is a pity, but it is not Mr. Lawrence's fault. And in spite of his imperfections, Mr. Lawrence has, as I say, a temperament which is very valuable and unusual—quite free from any suspicion of posing, and nakedly honest with himself and the world—as these same imperfections will, by the way, witness. One must return to Mr. Lawrence's faults, for it is quite true that these may prove a stumbling-block to any one whose chief concern is with good writing. Such things as "shotten," "bursten," "swaling," "withouten," can scarcely be praised: nor can there be any reason why one should so dote upon rhyme at any price as to accept, for example, "ways'll" and "hazel" as a triumph. And then: My soft slumbering belly quivering awake in one impulse of desire," and several similar lines, make one suspect that Mr. Lawrence is at times too much in the attitude of a man says to the public: "Damn you! I will shock you! I will! I will! I will." To say that a man has a belly is no more poetry than to say that he has a kneecap. An artist of the type which Mr. Lawrence represents is only too apt to lose grip of his material in this way and so spoil a fine idea.

Perhaps the most characteristic poem—in form as well as content—of this book is "Restlessness," on page 52. The opening lines, with their slow dragging movement, and repeated rhymes, offer a fine example of what might be called the typical Lawrence stanza:

At the open door of the room I stand and look at the night, Hold my hand to catch the raindrops, that slant into sight, Arriving grey from the darkness above suddenly into the light of the room. I will escape from the hollow room, the box of light, And be out in the bewilderment darkness, which is always fecund, which might Mate my hungry soul with a germ from its womb.

How beautifully is this definite image used to state an abstract idea! Even more beautiful is the continuation:

I will go out to the night, as a man goes down to the shore To draw his net through the surf's thin line at the dawn, before The sun warms the sea, little, lonely and sad, sifting the sobbing tide. I will sift the surf that edges the night with my net, the four Strands of my eyes and my lips and my hands and my feet sifting the store Of flotsam till my soul is tired or satisfied.

Women, men, books—these the poet lingers to praise for a moment. But at the end:

But oh, it is not enough, it is all no good There is something I want to feel in my running blood Something I want to touch. I must hold my face to the rain, I must hold my face to the wind and let it explain Me its life as it hurricanes in secret, I will trail my hands again through the drenched, cold leaves, Till my hands are full of the chillness and touch of leaves, Till at length they induce me to sleep, and to forget.

This cry of darkness and of failure echoes ominously through all these poems. Mr. Lawrence is no optimist. Rather is he weary of the intolerable burden of life, and all that he cares for is beauty—that illusion of illusions. Beauty flickers out of these poems suddenly, in phrases like the following:

Like a flower the frost has hugged and let go, my head is heavy.

The pine trees bend to listen to the autumn wind as it mutters Something which sets the black poplars ashake with hysterical laughter.

The enormous cliff of horse-chestnut trees.

For the night with a great breath taken Has drawn my spirit outside Me, till I reel with disseminated consciousness. Like a man who has died.

The quick sparks on the gorse-bushes are leaping, Little jets of sunlight-texture imitating flame.

The five old bells Are hurring and eagerly calling: Imploring, protesting They know, but clamorously falling Into gabbling incoherence, never resting, Like spattering showers from a spent sky-rocket dropping In splashes of sound, endlessly, never stopping.

And the soul of the wind and my blood compare Their wandering happiness, and the wind, wasted in liberty, drifts on and is sad.

I have picked these out at random so that some may understand, and others envy and mistrust—as they must do—the sheer force of the genius which can strike such sparks from the cold anvils of words. And since Mr. Lawrence will not let us have the banal consolation that anything is for good in this world of ours, let us take the following, for finer consolation:

Many years have I still to burn, detained Like a candle-flame on this body: but I cherish A darkness within me, a presence which sleeps contained In my flame of living, a shadow within the shrine.

And through these years, while I burn on the fuel of life, What matter the stuff I lick up in my living flame, Seeing I keep in the fire-core, inviolate, A darkness that dreams my dreams for me, ever the same.
VIII

BRUTUS AND FAUSTINA

BRUTUS. What! Is it possible that you took 
pleasure in your thousand infidelities to 
the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, the most affable 
husband, and without doubt the best man in Roman 
dominions?

Faustina. And is it possible that you assassinated 
Julius Caesar, that so mild and moderate emperor?

Brutus. I wished to terrify likewise all husbands, so that no man 
should dare to be a husband after the example I 
made of Aurelius, whose indulgence was so ill 
requited?

Faustina. And if I should tell you that I wished 
to terrify all usurpers by the example of Caesar, whose very mildness and moderation 
were no guarantee of security.

Faustina. And if I should tell you that I wished 
to terrify all husbands, so that no man 
should dare to be a husband after the example I 
made of Aurelius, whose indulgence was so ill 
requited?

Brutus. A fine scheme! We must, however, have 
husbands or who would govern the women? But 
Rome had no need to be governed by Caesar.

Faustina. Who told you that? Rome had begun 
to have madcap crochets as humorous and fantastical 
as those which are laid to most women's credit, she 
could no longer dispense with a master, and yet she 
was ill-pleased to find one. Women are of the 
identical character, and we may equally agree that 
men are too jealous of their domination, they exercise 
it in marriage and that is a great beginning, but they 
wish to extend it to love. When they ask that a 
mistress be faithful, by faithful they mean submissive.

The rule should be equally shared between lover and 
mistress, however it always shifts to one side or the 
other, almost always to that of the lover.

Brutus. You are in a strange revolt against men.

Faustina. I am a Roman, and I have a Roman 
feeling for liberty.

Brutus. The world is quite full of such Romans, 
but Romans of my type are, you will confess, much 
more rare.

Faustina. It is a very good thing that they are. 
I do not think that any honest man would behave as 
you did, or assassinate his benefactor.

Brutus. I think there are equally few honest 
women who would have copied your conduct, as for 
mine, you must admit it showed firmness. It needed 
a deal of courage not to be affected by Caesar's feeling 
of friendship.

Faustina. Do you think it needed less vigour to 
hold out against the gentleness and patience of 
Marcus Aurelius? He looked on all my infidelities 
with indifference; he would not do me honour by 
jealously, he took away from me the joys of deceiving 
him. I was so greatly enraged at it, that I sometimes 
wished to turn pions. However, I did not sink to 
that weakness, and after my death even, did not 
Marcus Aurelius do me the despite of building me 
temples, of giving me priests, and of setting up in my 
honour what is called the Faustian festival? Would it 
not drive one to fury? To have given me 
a gorgeous apotheosis!—to have exalted me as a 
goddess!

Brutus. I confess I no longer understand women.

These are the oddest complaints in the world.

Faustina. Would you not rather have plotted 
against Sylla than Caesar? Sylla would have stirred 
your indignation and hate by his excess of cruelty. 
I should greatly have preferred to hoodwink a jealous 
man, especially Caesar, whom we are speaking. 
He had insupportable vanity, he wished 
to have the empire of the world all to himself, and 
his wife all to himself, and because he saw Clodius 
sharing one and Pompey the other, he could bear

neither Pompey nor Clodinius. I should have been 
happy with Caesar!

Brutus. One moment and you wish to do away 
with all husbands, in the next you sigh for the worst.

Faustina. I could wish there were none in order 
that women might ever be free, but if there are to be 
husbands the most crabbed would please me most, 
for the sheer pleasure of gaining my liberty.

Brutus. I think for women of your temperament 
it is much better that there should be husbands. The 
more keen the desire for liberty, the more malignity 
there is in it.

"GOBLINS AND PAGODAS"*

READERS of The Egoist are already familiar 
with certain poems in Mr. John Gould 
Fletcher's new volume, Goblins and Pagodas— 
particularly with the first part of the book where Mr. 
Fletcher presents with simplicity and directness a 
series of impressions—memories of a wishful, sensitive 
child's impressions of an old weather-beaten house 
and of the bleak spectres that dwelt within the 
shadows of the six white columns, that haunted bed­ 
room, nursery, and attic, and crawled with the poison 
ivy about the roots of the old garden oaks.

In the second section of his book, Mr. Fletcher 
deals with a more difficult and, when successfully 
handled, richer form of art: not that of direct 
presentation, but that of suggestion. Mr. Fletcher, 
in the very admirable Preface to this new volume, 
remarks, apropos of certain current opinions con­ 
cerning the so-called "new poetry," "the key­ 
pattern on a Greek vase may be beautiful, but it is 
less beautiful, less satisfying, and less conclusive 
a test of artistic ability than the composition of satyrs 
and maenads struggling about the centre."

And it is just come to a conclusion, along the line of the poet's method and his work, we are almost tempted 
to continue his apt metaphor; to say to the artist: 
the images so wrought upon the body of the vase— 
the faun, poised for ever, quietly for all the swirl 
of draperies and of loosened head-band, or the satyr 
for ever lifting his wine-wreathed cup—are satisfying 
and indeed perfect. But how much more for the 
lower of beauty is the wine within the great jar 
beautiful—how much more than the direct image 
to him are the images suggested by shadow and 
and light, the flicker of the purple wine, the glint across 
the yellow, the depth of the crimson and red? Who 
would stand gazing at a satyr and a maenad, however 
-admirable the composition of the running 
images of straining clouds. It is the swirling of 
and drifting, of peonies springing like rockets, of 
rhododendrons, of orange-blossoms dashed with 
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reckoned on his actually coming and putting himself to see if it would blunder about and then fly out again. Times do when a wasp entered the room, waiting to counselling. Not to lose her absolutely, the wisdom of his appetite be found. The real reason no doubt was an intuition. It is difficult to quote from Mr. Fletcher’s “Symphonies”: they can only be appreciated fully as a broad effect. But if we were asked which of the lines were most beautiful, I would choose these:

There is a tall white weed growing at the top of this sand hill: In the grass it is very still. It lifts its heavy bracts of flattened bloom Against the sky Hailey grey with brume. Out over yonder boats pass And the swallows Platten themselves on the grass. The lake is silvering beneath the heat. The wind’s feet Touch lazily each crest, Like white gulls slow flapping To westward. One white cloud slowly disengages, loosening itself. And stands Above the larkspur-coloured water: Like Dione’s daughter Braiding up her wet hair with her pale hands. H. D.

TARR
BY WYNDHAM LEWIS
PART IV
A JEST TOO DEEP FOR LAUGHTER
CHAPTER X
He took a step forward, her room evidently his destination. “Shauster!” Bertha said, at the same time retreating into the passage-way.—“Go!”
Got into the room, he did not seem to know what next to do. So far he had been evidently quite clear as to his purpose. He had been feeling the same necessity as her—he, to see his victim. He had not known what he wanted with her, but the obvious pretext and road for the satisfaction of this impulse was the seeking of pardon.
She had a moment before felt that she must see him again, at once, before going further with her life.—He, more vague but more energetic, had come at the end of twenty minutes. They were now together, quite tongue-tied. Once he was there, the pretext appeared unnecessary. The real reason might be found. The real reason no doubt was an intuition not to lose her absolutely, the wisdom of his appetite counselling.
He stood leaning on his cane, and staring in front of him.—Bertha stood quite still, as she would sometimes do when a wasp entered the room, waiting to see if it would blunder about and then fly out again. He was a dangerous animal, he had got in there, and might in the same manner go off again in a minute or two.
Now was the chance she had been fretting for to wipe out in some way what had happened;—not to seem, anyhow, to have taken it all as a matter of course.—But it was too convenient. She had never reckoned on his actually coming and putting himself at her disposition in this way. He stood there without saying anything, just as though he had been sent for and it were for her to speak.—She would have been the more inclined to send him back to his room, and then, perhaps, go to him.
Constantly on the point of “throwing him out,” as her energetic German idiom put it, it yet evidently would then be the same as before, in the first place. Secondly, she was a good deal intimidated by his unexplained presence. She had a curiosity about him,—curiosity rather as to how what had happened to her could be straightened out or a little sense in some way got into it. The material of this modification was in him and only there.—She hated him thoroughly now. But this new and distinct feeling gave him at last some reality.—Her way of regarding Kreisler was that of the girl a man “has got into trouble,” and to whom she looks to get her out of it. So she stood, anxious as to what he might have there to do, gradually settling down into a “proud and silent indignation,” behind which her curiosity might wait and see what would transpire.
Kreisler had at length, having allowed her to stay unexplained by his side for a week or so, divined some complication. Her case might possibly be similar to his! She did not interest him any the more for this. But communication would not be, perhaps, absolutely useless.
His only possibility of action at present was to act violently, in gusts. He did not know, when he began an action, whether he would be able to go through with it.—He could not now prevail upon himself to get through the senseless form of apology or anything else. He had got there, that would have to be sufficient.
But the situation for Bertha became urgent, too. The difficulty was that there was nothing adequate to be done, that she could think of, in any way in proportion to the enormity of the occasion. Yet, to escape from the memory of Kreisler, what had happened must be wiped out, checked, by some action. She was still stunned and overwhelmed with the normal feminine feelings proper to the case. But yet even here there was an irregularity. Another source of infinite discomfort was that she could not even feel, as she should normally, the extent of the outrage, although it was evident enough. She had an hysterical inclination, in waves of astonishment, to accept its paradoxical and persistent appearance. This appearance Kreisler’s peculiar manner, her own present mind and the unexampled circumstances round about it... She was nothing—a bagattelle!—Pooh! it is nothing, after all! How can it be of any importance, seeing that...?—This was one of those things that seem to have got into the category of waking by mistake. It had nothing to do with life’s context. And yet it was life. She must deal with it.
She had wished to free Sorbert. That had been the beginning of all this. It was with idea of sacrifice in her mind that she had committed the first folly on the boulevard.—Well, she had succeeded. What did Kreisler mean?—At last his significance was as clear as daylight. He meant always and everywhere merely that she could never see Tarr again!
She now faced him with fresh strength, her face illuminated with happy tragic resolve.—Supposing she had given herself to a man to compass this sacrifice? As it was, everything, except the hatefulness and violence of the act, had been spared her. And in telling Sorbert that there was something, now, between them, she had been driven to something, she would be only lying, and turning an involuntary act into a voluntary one.
She could now, too, be tragically forbearing even with Kreisler.

“Herr Kreisler, I think I have waited long enough. Will you please leave my room?”

He stirred gently like a heavy flower in a light
current of wind. But he turned towards her and said:

“T don’t know what to say to you.—Is there nothing I can do to make up to you—? I shall go and shoot myself, Fräulein! I cannot stand the thought of what I have done!”

This was perplexing and made her angry. He appeared to possess a genius for making things complicated and more difficult.

“All I ask you is to go. That will be the best thing you can do for me.”

“Fräulein, I can’t!—Do listen to me for a moment.

—I cannot even refer to what has happened without insult in the mere direction of the words.—I am mad—mad—mad!—You have showed yourself a good friend to me. And that is the way I repay you! Were you anywhere but here and unprotected, there would be a man to answer to for this outrage. I will be that man myself!—I come to ask your permission!”

His appetite, waking afresh, was the only directing thing in Kreisler at present. With hypocritical—almost palpably mock—eloquence, he was serving that.

This talk alone would have been of little use or consequence to Bertha. But coming in conjunction with her new independent reinforcement, which alone would have been enough to shape things to a specious ending, it was in a way effective.—The new contradiction and struggle in her mind was between her natural persistence and Kreisler's new and her feeling of clemency towards him in his now beautiful usefulness.

She was very dignified, wise, and clement when she answered:

“Let us leave all that, if you please.—It was my fault.—I should have known better what I was doing. You must have been mad, as you say. But if you want to be an honest man now, the only obvious thing is to go away, as I have said, and not to molest or remind me any further of what has passed. There is nothing more to say, is there?—Go now, please!”

Kreisler flung himself on his knees, and seized her hand, receiving this with astonished, questioning protestation.

“Fräulein, you are an angel! You don’t know how much good you do me! You are so good, so good! There is nothing you can ask of me too much. I have done something I can never undo. It is as though you had saved my life.—Otto Kreisler you can always count on!—The greatest service you can do me, in fact, is to leave me alone as early as possible. I am—to ask some service of me, the more difficult the better!—Goodbye, Fräulein.”

Giving her hand a last hug, he sprang up, and Bertha heard him next sternly descending the stairs, and then farther away passing rapidly down the avenue.

Bertha was distinctly affected by this demonstration. It put a last brilliant light of grateful confusion even on all the emotions emanating from Kreisler. The sort of notion he had evoked in parting that they had been doing something splendid together—a life-saving, a heroism—found a hospitable ground in her spirit. Taking everything together, things had been miraculously turned round. Her late blackness of depression and perplexity now merged in steadily growing relieved exaltation.

CHAPTER XI

TARR had not gone to England. Kreisler had not been sufficient to accomplish this. He still persisted in his self-indulgent system of easy stages. A bus ride distant, he would be able to keep away. But in any case he did not wish to go to England, nor anywhere else, for that matter. Paris was much the most suitable domicile, independently of Bertha, with his present plans.

In the neighbourhood of the Place Clichy, in an old convent, he found a room big enough for four people. There, on the day of the second of the letters, he arrived in a state of characteristic misgiving. It was the habitual indigestion of Reality. He was very fond of reality. But he was like a man very fond of food who did not manage with it. It usually ended, however, by his assimilating it.

The insouciant, adventurous, those needing no preparation to live, he did not admire, but felt he should imitate.—A new room was a thing that had to be fitted into as painfully as a foot into some new and too elegant boot. The things deposited on the floor, the door finally closed on this new area to be devoted exclusively to himself, the blanket soft descended on him. To undo and let loose upon the room his portmanteau’s squashed and dishevelled contents—like a flock of birds, brushes, photographs and books flying to their respective places on dressing-table, mantelpiece, shelf or bibliothèque; boxes and parcels creeping dog-like under beds and into corners, and his character to the breaking-point. The unwearied optimism of these inanimate objects, the way they occupied stolidly and quickly room after room, was appalling. Then they were packed up things, with the staleness of a former room about them, and the souvenir of a depressing time of tearing up, inspecting, and interring.

The present possession of a new room was an obvious thing is to go away, as I have said, and not to molest or remind me any further of what has passed. There is nothing more to say, is there?—Go now, please!”

Kreisler flung himself on his knees, and seized her hand, receiving this with astonished, questioning protestation.

“Fräulein, you are an angel! You don’t know how much good you do me! You are so good, so good! There is nothing you can ask of me too much. I have done something I can never undo. It is as though you had saved my life.—Otto Kreisler you can always count on!—The greatest service you can do me, in fact, is to leave me alone as early as possible. I am—to ask some service of me, the more difficult the better!—Goodbye, Fräulein.”

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unexpected light of whimsical intelligence. It had understood all the time! It was only its art to surprise you, and its English affectation of unreadiness. The young Latin wishes to impress you with his ability to look after himself. General idiocy of demeanour, on the other hand, is the fashionable stimulus in it. His family was allied to much Victorian talent. Tennyson's had planted it on his head, or bequeathed it on the wall with pins and drew his camp easel up alongside it. He squared up his canvas on the floor with a walking-stick, and fixed it on the easel. To get a threadlike edge a pencil had to be sharpened several times.

By the end of the afternoon he had got a witty pastiche on the way. Two colours principally had been used, mixed in piles on two palettes: a smoky, bilious saffron, and a pale transparent lead. The significance of the thing depended first on the play of the pulp limbs, strained dancers' attitudes and empty faces; secondly, the two colours and the simple yet contorted curves. Work over, his depression again grasped him, like a vestige of inanimate friendship remained.

Here, where he had chosen to live, he appeared as though fallen in some intermediate negative existence. Unusually for him, he felt alone. To be alone was essentially a nondescript, lowered, and unreal state for him.

The following morning Tarr woke, his legs rather cramped and tired, and not thoroughly rested. But as soon as he was up, work came quite easily. He got his paints out, and without beginning on his principal canvas, took up a new and smaller one by way of diversion. Squaring up a drawing of three naked youths sniffing the air, with rather simple yet contorted curves.

The next day, même jeu. He sat for hours in the fattening evening among a score of relief ships or pleasure boats, hesitating, but finally rejecting relief or pleasure. And the next day it was the same thing.

Meantime his work progressed. But to escape these persecutions he worked excessively. His eyes began to prick, and on the sixth day he woke up with a headache. He was sick and unable to work. Tarr decided he had been mistaken in remaining in Paris. The fascination of the omnibuses bound for the Rive gauche was almost irresistible. Destiny had granted him the necessary resolution to break. He could have gone away—anywhere, even. His will had the secret, free ticket, as it were, to any end of the earth. Or simply, and most sensibly, to London. And yet he had decided to go no farther than Montmartre, in the unwisdom of his sense of energy and freedom of that moment. Now the "free ticket" was not any more available. His Will had changed. It offered all sorts of different bus tickets, merely, which would conduct him, avee and sans correspondance, in the direction of the Quartier du Paradis.

Why not go back again, simply, in fact? The mandates of the governing elements in our nature, resolves, etc., were childish enough things. His resentment against Bertha, and resolve to quit, would always be there. There was room in life for the satisfaction of this immense thing. But it was like a friend grown indifferent, or something perfectly familiar with the richness of habit taken out of it. Tarr was gregarious. He could have gone away—anywhere, even. His will had then offered him a free ticket, as it were, to any end of the earth. He did not take possession of his new life with very much conviction. After dinner he went to a neighbour's music hall, precariously amused, soothed by the din. But he eventually left with a headache. The strangeness of the streets, cafés, and places of entertainment depressed him deeply. Had it been an absolutely novel scene, he would have found it. He soon got up, and left, his first visit to London. And yet he had decided to go no farther than Montmartre, in the unwisdom of his sense of energy and freedom of that moment. Now the "free ticket" was not any more available. His Will had changed. It offered all sorts of different bus tickets, merely, which would conduct him, avee and sans correspondance, in the direction of the Quartier du Paradis.

But at last one evening he did go. He went deliberately up to an omnibus "Clichy—St. Germain," and took his seat under its roof. He was resolved to glut himself, without any atom of self-respect or traces of "resolve" remaining. He would be wanted to do for a week. He would go to Bertha's rooms, even find out what had been happening in his absence. He might even, perhaps, hang about a little outside, and try to surprise her in some manner. Then he would behave en maître; there would be no further question of his having given her up and renounced his rights. He would behave just as though he had never gone away or the letters been sent. He would claim her again with all the appeals and anxiety surged in him with hot gushes. What awaited him? He fancied all sorts of strange developments. Perhaps, after all, his journey would haps weaknesses would find at last the door closed against them. He smiled at the city as they passed through it, with the glee of a boy on a bank holiday excursion. (To be continued)

Peasant Pottery Shop
41 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.
(Close to Southampton Row)
Interesting British and Continental
Peasant Pottery on sale
Brightly coloured plaited felt Rugs.
HENRI BATAILLE in dramatic art, Henri de Groux in graphic art, have dared face the war. They have been the first to break seriously the silence hitherto observed by artists of the picture and stage—with the exception of a few too realistic or too fanciful reminiscences—which was beginning to amount, in M. Bataille's own words, to cowardice. Art was becoming, in its way, a "shirker." A sudden strong light at first blinds as a violent shock annihilates sensation, so it is impossible to grasp events of an overwhelming character while they are being experienced. Moreover, the vaster the reality, i.e. tragedy, of a circumstance the more imagination is requisite to gauge its intensity, to embrace it in all its aspects, to distinguish, in a word, to sense it. Only great imaginations come near the truth. And since great imaginations are uncommon, so the artist, writer, or painter who can approach the war is, most obviously, a rarity.

Some set free the lyricism of realities by a docile adherence to facts (for example, in connexion with this war a young and unpretentiously draughtsmen has given the best idea of the Belgia. Henri de Groux, others set realism free by stretching the lyrical, poetical, and sentimental aspect of facts. Henri de Groux belongs to the latter class.

Those who vindicate the theory that the realm of painting should be limited to "paint," misapprehending—restricting probably beyond his own intentions—that is to say, Cézanne or (say a Chardin or a Cézanne); or (2) a drawing in colours, and an intellectual, poetic, or spiritual demonstration in form, Henri de Groux responds to both views, but especially to the latter.

Blake called indifferently upon literary and pictorial expression, but the one form could not take the place of the other. Cézanne's painting, for example, is the limitation of the painter's boundaries, that Henri de Groux might have more eloquently and justifiably expressed in prose or verse the visions and representations of modern war he has been showing at his display in the Rue de la Boetie. He has not strained the means and resources of pictorial art. It is his expression, poetry, and mysticism, he shares the skill in reproducing of his picture entitled Joffre, where it is only just possible to distinguish the subject of his composition. But one realizes that the commander is presented inspecting a company of soldiers with drawn swords up against a sunset sky, wearing broadly but delicately indicated uniforms of all the French army's regiments, past and present (as far as I understood), but only suggestive of these, not reproducing them. This artist's work is built at once upon illusion and Allusion. It is a play upon colours creating ideas and sensations as play upon words may be very profound and far-reaching.

Henri de Groux is not a colourist in the sense that M. Groux's manner of dealing with a war-theme may be illustrated by a description (so far as a painter may be so described) of his picture entitled Joffre, which appears to have acquired articulateness since his earlier work. In his most direct versions, in the form of charcoal and pencil sketches (astonishing soldiers wearing gas-masks giving them the appearance of wolves or inquisitors, for instance), an imaginary touch, such as a cross on the robe, or emphasis on some detail, the pupil in an eye, for example, bring it right out of the commonplace, cause it to transcend the merely competent, vigorous piece of fluent drawing which it is also.

The war has plunged some of us into very abysses of doubt and mental confusion it seems to have opened the mind of Henri de Groux, which has felt it and may have seen it: one crippled man, a pair of closed eyes, a bandaged limb, a column of prisoners, a widow in weeds, are as much "all" the war as a battle, a trench or a crumbling church.

There is no caricature, no puny ridicule, no spite. A defeated "Junker," enemy captives, are as pitiful as the mere existence of any humanity depicted by this tragic hand. The girl who bears an intruder in her womb is enveloped in a halo of pathetic and some-what evil mystery conveyed merely by the nature of the colours in the background, the discreet suggestive touch of the brush.

What the limitations of the black victory lies somewhere before us. The public, as a measure of disapproval for the anticipations. It did not grant M. Bataille the right to pass himself off as victorious in the end. The example of, say, Cézanne, who, occupied with the lyrical, poetical, and sentimental aspect of the subject of his composition. But one realizes that the commander is presented inspecting a company of soldiers with drawn swords up against a sunset sky, wearing broadly but delicately indicated uniforms of all the French army's regiments, past and present (as far as I understood), but only suggestive of these, not reproducing them. This artist's work is built at once upon illusion and Allusion. It is a play upon colours creating ideas and sensations as play upon words may be very profound and far-reaching.

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M. Groux's manner of dealing with a war-theme may be illustrated by a description (so far as a painter may be so described) of his picture entitled Joffre, where it is only just possible to distinguish the subject of his composition. But one realizes that the commander is presented inspecting a company of men who look as though they were about to conquer Heaven; soldiers with drawn swords up against a sunset sky, wearing broadly but delicately indicated uniforms of all the French army's regiments, past and present (as far as I understood), but only suggestive of these, not reproducing them. This artist's work is built at once upon illusion and Allusion. It is a play upon colours creating ideas and sensations as play upon words may be very profound and far-reaching.

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The cast in this, the first première since the war, is exceptional. The leading feminine roles are held by Mme. Réjane, the dolorous wife and widow; Mme. Simone, the enthusiastic "amazon"; and Mme. Grumbach. The principal masculine parts fall to Messrs. Janvier and Antoine, the last-named of whom has also acted as stage-manager.

What a man is this Antoine, whose authority not the most celebrated, experienced "star" will dispute, accepting criticism from him as docilely as a débouit. Whoever works under Antoine works with him and remains his pupil even if a quarter of a century of applause may be ringing in his ears.

* * * *

We are, at last, being tethered to economy. The Daylight-saving Bill has been substituted by a Lamplight-saving Bill; we are to do without threates and meat for a day or two in the week; evening dress at establishments of public entertainment is forbidden, etc. These measures should have been taken before, when wisdom rather than absolute necessity would have been the inducements, and prevention avoided the need of cure.

M. C.

**WAR**

[These short prose poems were sent from the trenches by a lad who is now lying in hospital and saying, "It was only flesh-wounds. I will still have the use of my legs." He had taken with him his paint-box and some Greek books, but was told to throw them away. It is pleasing to know that he liked to receive THE EGOIST and found it a help.]

**WAITING**

O THE long, dreary days of war, tired of the noise of the shells, hissing like the backwash on a pebbly beach.

The men who trod with elastic step, civilization's triumphs, hide in funk-holes and live like rats in cellars, listening to the hated shells passing by, the sickening thud as they strike the earth and explode.

O the dreams of home and peace Again! long time since have we ceased to think of those.

**FEAR**

The patient bear a bored look, the fearsome carry with them always the terror-haunted eyes of the hunted animal.

The fearsome most oft are killed. Do they attract the spirit of death or have they a premonition?

**REST**

A French village. It is evening, calm as sleep. The soldiers' huts are erected on the verge of an orchard. Low walls and steep roofs. The petals of the apple-blossom float down one by one.

A delicately tinted sky. A solitary star is visible. A few birds twitter. Peace.

One passes quietly the grass-grown orchard thinking of home, the trenches forgotten.

The sound of heavy guns followed by the continued rat-tat-tat of a machine-gun. All one's dreams vanish.

**IN RESERVE**

A château pierced by shells, gaping window-spaces and doorways, shutters hanging by broken hinges, desolation and sorrow.

Pavilion for collection of ancient pottery, roofless and forlorn. Greek and Roman wine-jars; bowls strewn around; small heaps of broken glass.

A garden with two years' wild growth, weed-choked streams; minnow-filled fountain-basins; weakly rose-trees with sucker shoots surrounded by a forest of grass.

A river bordering the garden where I wander by moonlight, letting the red mayflower kiss my forehead feverish with thought.

**THE ATTACK**

To-night, so many are to go "over the top" into the German lines. Soon some Mothers' darlings will no longer delight their hearts.

The artillery has commenced; when it lifts, they will charge. Hearts are beating high.

The fire has lifted higher. The quietness, the deliberation of the men! Then we who are safe in the trenches know not what happens.

A procession of stretchers with their heavy burdens one after another pass by. The attack was successful. Their mines blown up. The procession of stretchers. Success, and the mothers at home waiting.

A. H. PENNINGTON

**ON SUBJECT-MATTER AND WAR**

**POETRY**

A RECENT critic has written to take exception to a statement made in the Preface to the Imagist Anthology of 1915: "It is not good art to write badly about aeroplanes and automobiles; nor is it necessarily bad art to write well about the past." The comment which this critic makes is as follows:

"It is not art to write about anything. No good artist ever does write about anything. What he does set down upon paper are merely his emotions as called forth by the thing itself. When any artist sets himself the task of writing about a thing, he must fail, because all such work will be found barren of the emotional impulse that is necessary to any work of art, and to poetry especially."

This distinction is important. It is as important in its way as the distinction between *vers libre*,
upon definite and varying cadence, and prose chopped up into lengths. When this distinction is one completely grasped, the whole Imagist position, imperfectly stated in the 1915 Preface, as regards freedom of choice and, as Keats said, that he who does or must choose is the thing through which he can best express that emotion which he wishes to express. Therefore, it is not the subject which is important, for it may be only a trifle, it is the emotion contained in that trifle which is important. Let us illustrate:

A man looks out of a window. He sees trees, bushes, grass, clouds—a landscape. Here are dozens of things which he may write about. But what in fact does he write? He consults his mood, which tells him that summer is passing and autumn near at hand. There may be in the landscape he sees nothing to remind him of this fact but one single dead leaf on his window-sill. But if the mood has fastened on that dead leaf, then the dead leaf is the poem.

Considering this poem, we feel obliged to ascertain his emotions in something larger, a city or a definite period of history. There can be no objection made to this, from the Imagist point of view, so long as the subject is definitely something, and not a mere indefinite abstraction. And this brings us finally to the question that probably many excellent poets have been making to themselves for the last two years: Has a poet a right to make use of the war as a subject? And if so, how should it be treated?

If we pause to reflect for a moment, we may obtain an answer to this knotty question. The fact is, that no artist creates his subject-matter. The subject-matter is put before him which he has to make use of, whether he wishes it to appear or not, above his mental horizon. In a sense it was something so much bigger and more important than his ordinary daily concerns that he found it a pleasant thing in notifying the world of its presence. And this applies to the war as well as to anything else.

The trouble why most poems that have been written on this war are so hopelessly banal is due to the wave of national hysteria which struck Europe at the outbreak and which is now just slackening. The prevailing thought was that the cause was right, and that with some slight changes of uniform and colour, the same scenes of drilling and leave-taking, etc., were taking place in Berlin and London. With another winter campaign facing us and no definite conclusion in sight, with Mr. Lloyd George and Sir William Robertson both declaring that no one can predict how much longer it may take, it is time that some one seriously took up in poetry the issue of the war—not of one side or the other, but of the whole business, or of such part thereof as he has access to. Mr. Nevinson has already done an efficient and workman-like job in his pictures, of giving us feelings, emotions concerning war; now why should not a poet try his hand at the same thing, pray?

I do not yet despair of seeing some decent war-poetry in the English language, some poetry that puts the reader face to face with the imaged reality, perplexing, horrible, and yet at times curiously beautiful. So far, this poetry has not yet made its appearance—we must go to prose to find out what the war is like, or else swallow the soothing syrups of Masefield's August 1914, or Brooke's Sonnets—charming soothing syrups, but not within a million miles of the stern crushing reality. Whatever way we choose, the need for good war poetry is more acute now than ever. For if war is of any use, we must understand what war is like before making use of it. And if wars are useless and should be abolished it is again for the poet to show why.

This is why it seems to me that it is reserved for some Imagist or the other to write (if the censor doesn't interfere) the only straightforward and truly honest views of this war we are ever likely to possess.

JOHN Gould Fletcher

LITTLE TALES BY FEODOR SOLOGUB

Authorized Translation from the Russian by
JOHN Cournos

THE MAN WHO BECAME SMALLER

THERE was a man who bought some land and a house. The land was so small that if you took one step, then another, you ran into the fence. The house was so small that you had to bend down to enter it.

It made the man feel unhappy.

An old sparrow said to him:

"It would be a good thing if you became smaller."

The man replied in a very reasonable way:

"I should be indeed glad to do so, but unfortunately I was born such a giant."

"You had better go to the German apothecary," said the old sparrow, "whisper to him on the quiet, and stick a nice bit of money into his hand—he will give you some reducing drops from under his microscope, and you will become a very tiny fellow."

The man was overjoyed, he did everything as the old sparrow told him to do, and became as small as a tin soldier.

He arrived at his house, and on his land—and everything fitted him splendidly.

The house became so very, very, ever so large—in every room you might dance a quadrille in seven thousand pairs. He divided up the house into sections, and let them out to other little men in order to gain a large profit out of his small fortune.

The land too became so large that when the little man went for a stroll and attempted to walk round his property he got into a terrible perspiration from fatigue. The little man then divided up the land, and built on it little kennel-cottages, let them out and made good money out of them. He made money and took it to the bank. The little man began to get fat and rich.

But a huge crow happened to fly by, caught the little man by his collar, and took him off to its nest, to feed its tots with. The little man repented for having obeyed the old sparrow, but it was too late.

Perhaps the old sparrow had purposely rearranged the whole thing.

DOTARD AND DOTARDESS

There once lived an old dotard and old dotardess.

The dotard had lived five hundred years, the dotardess four hundred.

The dotard received a big pension, and gave it to the dotardess for expenses.

The dotard wore an under-waistcoat close to his body, the dotardess used to dye her hair.

The dotard took snuff, and went to take steam
baths—the dotardess ate sweets, and went to the Russian opera.

Once the dotard went to the bath, steamed himself, steamed himself, and oversteamed himself, and died on the bench.

The dotardess went to the opera, called *encore* to the singer, shouted and shouted, and overshot herself, and died in the gallery.

The old dotard and dotardess were buried.

There is nothing to grieve about: there will always be dotards and dotardesses.

**LITTLE SONGS**

He was quite a rake in appearance—he loafed about in the streets and in the roads, sat for hours in the taverns and looked on at the jolly wenches; nothing was sacred to him, and because of that he received very little respect.

Only sometimes he walked out to the cross-roads, and began to sing; he knew such words that everything answered him at that moment—the birds in the woods, and the wind in the fields, and the waves in the sea.

The little dog, Silly bark, said:

"It's bad, bad! It's all nonsense."

And the cunning fox said:

"Bad, bad! He sings only earthly songs, he has forgotten God."

What did it matter? Everything living answered him: the birds of the woods, the waves of the sea, and the roving winds.

**TWO POEMS**

By N. G. Kapp

**TESTING**

Pin-points of light penetrating the choking dust.

Half naked, sweating forms melting into massive black machinery.

Bared copper bars, and bright steel facings

Flashing strings of light.

Yellow beams of timber vanishing in a bottomless pit

Rumbling woolly thuds of work below.

I turn—and touch the naked wire.

Quivering flashes surge up through my staggering body.

Hideous leering faces rush for the switchboard—

A gradual numbing of sight and sound

And ugly desire to drop——

When deep within I feel a burst of laughter

And write across my brain:

Insulation good.

**EXISTENCE**

A line of lights creeping away

To end suddenly in blackness.

Over a stretch of muddy brown

I creep along the fence.

Around me noises,

Babble of incessant, senseless chatter

And ghostly drifting.

Above the moon looks down

And grins.

Ruhleben Concentration Camp.

**AMERICAN POEMS**

**THE NYMPH**

Her limbs less round,

Her breasts and hips a little fallen

She lives now among the big-leaved trees only.

Her eyes which were laughing and tantalizing

Like some passionate virgin's

Now express a brooding sadness

Which disquiets me even more.

A YOUNG GIRL

Your hands are almost resting on your dress

Yet it appears to me as though your fingers

Were plucking an unseen rose:

"He loves me—he loves me not."

**THE RIDERS**

I

The flowers were as tall as trees;

Their stalks were ruddy and golden;

Of almost transparent gold were their large curling petals;

A thick haze of gold like a dense rain was between them;

Forms I could not distinguish moved about—

Soared and hovered around.

II

Galloping, neighing horses

Passed me, and maidens in gauzy blue wraps

Ran after them; they stopped and stooped to me teasingly;

They pulled my hair or walloped me with their hair,

They put their cheeks against mine, or kissed me on my neck where my collar was open.

III

A dusky-blue rain was falling, falling

Like close thin drops of vapour.

It hung. It filled the air.

The maidens, the horses, the indistinguishable forms

Became freer and bolder. I could hear their calls, their outcries; the crunching of their lips....

**THE RIDDLE**

Long ago we were somewhere together.

We played and others played with us.

You took something, or was it given to you?

Was it only a trifle or something important?

Was it something of mine?

The look in your eyes now—

Is it bravado? Is it a crooning joy!

It puzzles me and haunts me.

It is like a thirst.

**SUMMER**

I, too, loved them—red, blue, and purple

On their stalks, but pity

Always made me gentle.

I did not even allow my soul to go too near.

Your lips are too passionate

And your hands too greedy.

All you have taken from me too

And scattered to the winds!
So, too, in relation to our intellectual affairs: certainly America And English criticism of us is on account of just the sort of short- he might have done and still pleased the people he represents. 

heard no man or woman state clearly any really better thing and pursue a direct course. But I must confess that I have neglected chances and has refused to assume responsibilities, for me to criticize the President at this moment. Though I not alone in having this battle to fight. England has driven misunderstand by a foreign Power. But it would be foolishness our papers and wondered at their deliberate hiding of the truth. 

You have been a witness to our hideous failure in Mexico, and our misadventure between monstrous forces to be disinclined to place modern show has to put on view. And at the present moment much faith in us. In a way I do not blame you. You have read I realize that there is some reason for you who are living amid ancestry, and undoubtedly the attempted suppression of Dreiser is a most serious matter in the intellectual life of this country. But in my opinion it is not a matter that can be settled by the majority who have yet to learn of him and only await the opportunity. Surely this condition calls for no bitterness, no antipathy, no vaporings of intellect. I assert that such statements as "America has ceased to matter" are calculated to hinder us rather than help. Also I think we may take it that Mr. Pound is mistaken when he says that Mr. Dreiser will leave America. Tell us the truth in your fascinating little magazine. I have long been a reader of it. We are, as a matter of fact, a surprising quick race to adopt advances in thought. That is why others are fighting with all our strength to minimize it. Still, should we fail I hope we shall not run blubbering into the street and begin calling every one names. If we fail some one else will carry on the work. A country which has produced a Whitman and an Alexander Hamilton can surely produce other titans and finally accept them. The public gradually forgets the battle, and works of art which were assailed in times gone by now occupy permanent niches in the halls of fame. The opposition to Whitman in Boston is now nearly forgotten; the bitterness against Poe, fostered by such biographers as Griswold, is forgotten utterly. So will it be with Dreiser. Nothing on earth can stop such a man from doing his work. Hundreds and hundreds of people admire him and read his novels over and over again. Sister Carrie is a classic already. Jennie Gerhardt is gaining ground, and The Trilogy of Desire is known from coast to coast. A large religious element naturally clings to an unimpassioned hatred because of his criticisms of the faith: that is to be expected. And beyond and above this there is an overwhelming majority who have yet to learn of him and only await the opportunity. Surely this condition calls for no bitterness, no antipathy, no vaporings of intellect. I assert that such statements as "America has ceased to matter" are calculated to hinder us rather than help. Also I think we may take it that Mr. Pound is mistaken when he says that Mr. Dreiser will leave America. Tell us the truth in your fascinating little magazine. I have long been a reader of it. We are, as a matter of fact, a surprisingly quick race to adopt advances in thought. That is why such men as Dreiser can thrive and go about their work in face of a thousand societies seeking their suppression.

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