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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
THE CONSTITUTION AND ORIGIN OF THE "IMAGE" IN IMAGINATION. By D. Marsden	33	THE ARISTODEMOCRAT. By Huntly Carter	42
NOTES FROM FRANCE. By Richard Aldington	38	TWO POEMS. By Yone Noguchi	43
DIALOGUES OF FONTENELLE—X. Translated by Ezra Pound	38	EZRA POUND. Translated from the French of Jean de Bosschère	44
SERIAL STORY—TARR. By Wyndham Lewis	39	THE DEATH OF THE MACHINES. By John Gould Fletcher	45
PASSING PARIS. By M. C.	41	CORRESPONDENCE	46

VII. THE CONSTITUTION AND ORIGIN OF THE "IMAGE" IN IMAGINATION

By D. MARSDEN

I

(1) THE account which we purpose to give of the constitution of the *image* as it appears in imagination—an account which resolves itself indeed into nothing less than a theory of the *Origin of Mind*—demands some preliminary statement relative to the constitution of the universe of feeling as a whole. In view of such demand the issue raised in the closing section of our last chapter assumes an all-important bearing, and we permit ourselves to retrace the main points involved in it here.

(2) We were concerned to make clear what science achieves when it finds itself in the position to declare that it can *explain* a fact. The question turns into a demand for a description of knowledge, and this, in turn, into a demand to be told what science means when it speaks of a fact's *cause*. We pointed out that when science asserts that it has found the cause of a fact, all that may justifiably be understood therefrom is that the scientist can name the conditions which have to be assembled in order to make the particular fact happen. He knows how to remake it.

(3) We pointed out also that the inference commonly drawn therefrom that science can say *why* particular conditions are productive of particular events rather than of others is *not* justifiable. The knowledge of science has in fact nothing whatever to offer on the subject of *why* events happen. Science's whole mission and the highest goal towards which it presses is to be able to say *when* they happen. When it has established an invariable sequence between given effects and certain conditions, science has performed its whole mission and duty upon those effects. It has determined their actual scientific cause, and revealed the manner in which they can either be remade or—negatively—the manner in which their enactment can be defeated. Knowledge, indeed, can be quite well defined as the body of assertions which say when events happen; and the

efforts of science preliminary to knowledge are expended solely in attaining to the position from whence such "when's" can be issued. By its basic in-forming motive, and equally by its aspect as a finished product, science has to be regarded solely as the publisher of the recipes of events.

(4) The bearing of this on philosophy's premier problem we have already indicated. Inasmuch as both philosophy and science agree that certain movements which enact themselves on the bodily tissues are the invariable conditions of all forms of feeling whatsoever, by an exact and stringent translation of the meaning of *cause* in science, those movements must be held to stand in causal relation to those feelings. The feelings, that is, are constituted of the movements. To each feeling corresponds a particular form of bodily movement, and whenever such movements obtain the aspect they present is that which we describe under the title of the particular feeling. Thus the feeling is the composite aspect embodying the full effect presented by the detailed movement.

(5) Let us make this quite clear. We do not mean to say that feeling is a *function* of neural and muscular change, or that it is a *secretion* of it, or anything implying an intermediate agency of any kind. We mean that the bodily movements *are* the feelings: the stuff they are made of; and that feelings scanned analytically are describable in detailed terms of the movements. Just as, for instance, having regard to its construction H_2O is water and not a function of water; so feeling, having regard to its construction, is neural and muscular change. In both cases the constituent items, given their stipulated conditions, comprise all that there is in the effects they create: those effects being, in fact, just the all-round presentment of the constituent elements under the specific conditions. We might illustrate the position by reverting again to the significance of *cause*. It is, for instance, more misleading to say that a cause produces an effect than to say that all effects when fully

particularized as to their enactments are identical with their cause. So a feeling, particularized as to its enactment, is identical with the neural and muscular movements comprising it. Though taken in their totality they are nevertheless the items to which we refer when we speak in round terms of a feeling.

(It is not necessary here to consider whether the foregoing involves us in a materialistic interpretation of the facts of life. Until the term *matter* has been given a clearer rendering both in psychology and physics, the terms *materialism* and *immaterialism* have a place in popular terminology only. The combination of emphasis with obscurity which they equally present has a recognizable and appropriate use in the stampeding of raw opinion, but science—which is to say philosophy also—need open up no account with them.)

(6) It will perhaps help us in our task of defining the precise scope of the theory just outlined if we compare it with a very cautious, very limited, but fundamentally similar theory propounded by Prof. James in relation to a particular group of feelings. In the exposition of his theory of the emotions, Prof. James says:

"I now proceed to urge the vital point of my whole theory, which is this: If we fancy some strong emotion, and then try to abstract from our consciousness of it all the feelings of its bodily symptoms, we find we have nothing left behind, no 'mind stuff' out of which the emotion can be substituted, and that a cold and neutral state of intellectual perception is all that remains. [*Italics ours.*] What kind of an emotion of fear would be left if the feeling neither of quickened heart-beats nor of shallow breathing, neither of trembling lips nor of weakened limbs, neither of goose-flesh nor of visceral stirrings, were present, it is quite impossible for me to think. Can one fancy the state of rage and picture no ebullition in the chest, no flushing of the face, no dilatation of the nostrils, no clenching of the teeth, no impulse to vigorous action, but in their stead limp muscles, calm breathing, and a placid face? The present writer, for one, certainly cannot. The rage is as completely evaporated as the sensation of its so-called manifestations."

(7) What we have to note about this theory is that its author limits it to emotions solely. James makes no attempt to extend it to all forms of consciousness, and even from the limited class of feelings covered by emotions he excludes, for instance, the æsthetic emotions. In relation moreover to emotions other than the æsthetic, it is evident from the words which we have given in italics that James is not prepared to apply it in any whole-hearted fashion. He is apparently prepared to maintain that when all feeling of the emotion's bodily symptoms have been abstracted there can still remain a "cold and neutral state of intellectual perception." We hold, on the contrary, that not merely some emotions but all emotions; that not just the more violent aspects of emotions but their most unobtrusive and subtle ones, including even that "cold and neutral state of intellectual perception"; and that not merely emotions, but *all forms of consciousness whatsoever* can be adequately subsumed under the one theory. Let the bodily symptoms be abstracted from any feeling whatsoever, be it that of the most substantial material thing or of the abstrusest or most exalted form of thought and feeling, and there is left nothing whatsoever.

II

(8) Proceeding from the position that all feelings are "modes of motion" exacted upon the bodily tissues of the organism experiencing them, it will make for clearness if we discriminate out of the total universe of feeling certain main categories. We can divide feelings into four primary classes: the feelings

named *things*; those named *organic sensations*; those named *emotions*; and those named *imaginary images*. (The feelings of *relations*, which cover so extensive an area of our universe of feeling are excluded, because *relations* being feelings compounded of *imaginary images*, together with one or more of the remaining groups, cannot be appropriately included among *primary* groups.) In our immediate study we shall be most concerned with the first and last of the four main groups, but a brief survey of the grounds of difference distinguishing each form from the rest can be made here.

(9) The paramount distinction operating among them has to do with the lie and length of the circuit joining the positive and negative poles over which the currents constituting the feeling have to pass. A further deeply dividing distinction, however, has to do with the relative state of explosiveness in which a given current finds the nerve-cell which constitutes its positive pole. It is to be noted (see previous Chapter) that with all feeling the positive poles reside within the organism; not only so, but every such pole forms connexion with every other as well as with its related negative pole. The negative poles, on the other hand, can be either within or without the organism. It is upon the negative pole's situation that a feeling depends for its *location*: a feature varying widely with the different feelings.

(10) Taking the first group of feelings: that constituting *things*, *external objects*, or still more comprehensively, *matter*: this group becomes possessed of the spatialized character which distinguishes them by virtue of the fact that their negative poles are situated externally to the organism, and in order to pick up the movements passing inwards from them elaborately constructed receiving-stations in the shape of sense-organs are necessary. Such sense-organs extend over the whole outer surface of the organism, and it is the particular characteristic given by passing through them that we indicate when we say that a feeling is spatialized. While the movements which the sense-organs pick up are generated from without the organism, the responsive movements also which they release at the positive pole project themselves outward and beyond the organism. For this reason, the movements constitutive of *things* can be described as characteristically wide-circuited.

(11) The group of feelings which stands in strongest contrast to that of things is that of the *organic sensations*: this because the feelings are constituted of movements which find both their negative and positive poles within the area of the organism. They are essentially short-circuited.

(12) The *emotions* are a class of feeling whose specific character is not determined by reference to the lie of the circuit of the movements constituting them. The emotions are excited indifferently by externally and internally originating movements, though we generally recognize the former manner of excitation as the commoner. These feelings are so called because in their enactment a far more emphatic energy is evident in the outgoing movements engendered at the positive pole than is usually observable in the correlated incoming movement of stimulation. The emotions are constructed of both *immotions* and *emotions* like any other class of feeling, but owing to their disproportionately violent enactment the latter tend to swamp the entire picture. The full tale of how this violence of discharge is conditioned can be told only when the finer branches of physiological inquiry—including what is called Experimental Psychology—have become possessed of a far greater quantity of detail than they command at present. Meanwhile our requirements are met if we can say that the phenomena of emotion are due to the facts, either that the nerve-centres which receive the stimulus are in a high state of explosiveness when acted upon, or that the various stimuli acting together

upon different nerve-centres release therefrom forces which in conjunction form a highly explosive combination. In either case the characteristic result is the same: a stimulus originating organically or ex-organically is responded to by an outgoing movement of such violence often that it involves the whole organism, and so contorts it that it is reduced to weakness or utter impotence.

(13) Let us now turn our attention to the constitution and origin of the *imaginary image*. The manner in which we construe its genesis makes it necessary to begin by reverting to the constitution of a *thing*. What a thing is we have already indicated: the kind of motor-change brought about when a current whose negative pole is resident outside an organism excites the intra-organic positive pole, and releases therefrom a countering adjustative movement whose character is dictated by the responding organism as a whole. A thing is composed of both movements combined into a whole. Without the co-operation of both, stimulatory and adjustative, no thing exists. While the stimulatory movements furnish a thing's occasion, and determine what the responsive movements should be, the latter invest the thing with its distinguishing character and form. How great is the share which these last contribute to the whole will be indicated if we say that they furnish all that a thing *means*. This, as we go on to show, is precisely what they do contribute, and it will be an advantage therefore if we can call the secondary response movements the incoming current's *meaning*. Whether these movements be violent or barely perceptible, they supply all that any impression has of meaning, and as it is the meaning of things which invests the world's furniture with its distinguishing features the whole aspect of life has its character impressed upon it by these organically in-formed adjustments. The world, that is, takes the shapes we know it by from positive rather than negative agencies: from inner rather than outer.

(14) Let us consider a concrete case. Let us consider the feeling of thinghood which primitive man might have in relation to a hostile organism—for instance, a *bear*. At that epoch, bears being at large and relatively the stronger animals, for primitive man they must have been objects almost wholly identified with certain meaningful movements of fear, and of other feelings complementary to fear, e.g. those of flight, concealment, and at worst, movements preparatory to defence and attack. Loosely, we might put it that, in that image there would be far more of man than of bear. Putting it more precisely: there would be as little as possible of the stimulatory movements emanating from the external negative pole while there would be the maximum of such countering movements as the organism excited by the stimulus had at its command. Indeed, a reluctance to encounter such stimuli would form the most prominent feature in man's whole feeling of the thing *bear*. Its character for him might almost be summed up as "that which was to be avoided and fled from." Such image would have but the smallest resemblance to that with which a later age of men have grown familiar, in which, under the artificially protected conditions obtaining let us say in a zoo, the stimulatory movements can be encouraged to enact themselves to the full while the responsive movements assume radically altered features. Not merely would these in the latter case be far less violent and far more detailed; their whole character would be reversed. In place of representing that which was to be fled from, it would have become a thing for which one was willing to pay a price for the privilege of closer acquaintance.

III

(15) This subject of the constitution of *things* in terms of their motor enactment is stupendously vast,

and as yet is being but barely approached. Fortunately for our present purpose, however, its precise details are not a necessity. It is enough for us to be able to note that the total movement composing the feeling of things is enacted in two distinct sections; that in things themselves the two sections present an indivisible and indissoluble unit; and—most important of all—that on the purely cognitive (i.e. instinctive) level the two movements are not merely indissolubly joined: on that level the means for discriminating between the meaning-half of the movement from its conjoined movement of stimulation does not exist.

(16) Now this is the pivot on which our theory of the imagination and of the mind turns: When a means of discriminating between the two sections does emerge, the course of life by that single event rises from the instinctive to a thought-imbued form. Feelings become possible which are not merely cognitive, but re-cognitive. Such emergence means precisely what we mean by the phenomenon of *mind*. The separative instrument in fact coins the elements which in their totality make up the fabric of mind. With man, such a means has emerged in that revolutionizing instrument of creation: a word. The virtue which inheres in a word is its potency to create involuntarily the *imaginary image* which embodies the meanings of things in isolation from things as wholes. It releases from the thing—its *concept*. The question we have to answer is how a mere word obtained such power.

(17) Consonantly with this theory of words, the origin of imagination and mind is one with the origin of language, and the tale of it would therefore seem a task for philology rather than philosophy. This is not quite the case however. We are not concerned to give an exhaustive account of all the elements present in the making of language. Our concern is to make from among the total of such elements a selection of those which are peculiarly operative in the creation of the concept: that unique material out of which mind is built, and which we identify with the imaginary image. Philology, on the other hand, has not accepted as part of its function the explanation of the intellectual force in language. It has remained satisfied rather to give the story of language as a system of signs than as the very fabric itself of intellect and self-consciousness. Now the possession of a sign-system is in no way peculiarly human. Its possession is not a mark of mind. All the higher animals with their instinct for co-operative association possess such systems. It is not the possession of a means of communication which constitutes the root-characteristic of language.

(18) Let us consider an instance. When the leader of a herd of deer scattered in a string hundreds of yards long suddenly throws up his head as though to say "Listen" and, swift as thought, the movement is imitated throughout the entire herd, the leader's gesture acts as a sign. It quite unmistakably transmits information, but it is not by that fact to be regarded as possessing, even in the germ, the genius which inspires language. Similarly when one member of a herd or troop utters a sound made significant with one of the many inflexions characterizing it, the rest of the group by the cry's peculiar note are made aware. They are made wise and informed by so much. But they are not made wise in the fashion in which language makes wise. Gestures, sounds, and intonations while competent as signals and able to convey information, are powerless to create those inner pictures which solely we call "of the mind." They all appear quite commonly on the instinctive level, and in themselves are not possessed of the virtue which is competent to force an advance from it. While we remember that for long ages they helped to eke out the immature powers of words—and for that matter do so still—they do not in their

essence form kinship with genuine words. They are not truly language, because they are not truly of the stuff which makes mind.

(19) What then is? Something which is describable only by its function: in terms of what it can do. The phenomenon which can create an image of the kind which we go on to describe is the genuine instrument of language: a genuine word. The image created is strangely like—and yet as strangely unlike—the image of an external thing; it is summonable in the organism in total independence of the external thing, while the means capable of summoning it is lodged within the organism. The predominant character which the image bears is its *innerness*: its independence of extra-organic forces. This characteristic receives emphasis from the fact that the predominant characteristic of the image which it so strongly resembles is outerness: externality. The organic sensations are inner in their origin also, but these do not form counterparts to outer images with which they constantly contrast as is the case with this new order of images. With the latter it is as though some mysterious inner power were producing, by its own instigation, on a deep hidden key-board, mysterious inner shadow-pictures of the outer world. Now though a sound may be a sign, it may become a word: a coin bearing the imprint of genuine language: only when it plays the rôle of the inner power which manipulates this hidden and inner key-board.

(20) Accordingly, between words and mere signs a gulf of difference, consisting of a world less and more, is fixed. A sign need be nothing more than—and on the instinctive level is no more than—just an external stimulus which, when operative, commands the established instinctive response. And indeed all stimuli: dead matter equally with the living sound of warning do as much. They are all signs in the sense that they instigate their appropriate vital response. In this sense all stimuli “communicate,” and there is no more of conceptual activity in the herd’s response to the upflung gesture of one of their kind than there is in their involuntary activity when suddenly brought face to face with the foe. Their co-operative activities effected to their own better defence certainly show a growing vital sensitiveness, but they do not exhibit the elements which fructify into the new world of mind. That depends wholly upon the creation of the concept: the discriminating of the *meaning* out of the totality of things.

(21) When that is possible there has to come to birth the second inner world fashioned, as though by a fine distillation, out of the older familiar outer world. The animal which thinks *must have two worlds to think with*, since thinking: intellection: is nothing other than the interweaving of these two worlds. He must have become so well acquainted with his inner images that, when he cognizes (experiences) the outer image, its inner relative springs into effect alongside it. Precisely this superimposition of the external thing by its wraith-like indwelling double constitutes re-cognition. In it, the response to the stimulus is available *twice over*, and that from two wholly differing sources. In the first case it appears in instinctive response to the stimulus itself, and in the second as the instinctive response to the stimulatory word. By means we have yet to detail, these two different agents command the one effect. Instinct ends and intellect begins in the simultaneous enactment of these identical but divergently instigated bodily motions. In these circumstances the interiorly excited meaning: the concept: fits with exactitude to the movements of meaning which are the involuntary response to the external stimulus. In this wise does the inner *mould* own, greet, combine with, and re-cognize its externally excited *model*.

(22) The organism which has become intellectualized by virtue of its empire of two worlds obviously must be expending energy on images within as well

as on those without. Such energy will be made introspective: an innovation. The organism will be able at its leisure to ponder over these inner pictures, to modify, enlarge, and refine them with ever exacter shades of difference. In introspection it will be able to develop the adjustative movements of meaning with a nicety and fullness not possible when such movements are urgent necessities whose lack of promptness will be rewarded with annihilation. As a result of this introspectively applied energy the innovating organism, Man, has slowly learned to contrive the adjustative meanings *before the event*: before the advent of the external stimulus that is. In security, he makes himself *beforehand* and so reverses the order of enactment as between stimulus and adjustment. In the absence of the stimulus, he begins to shape more elaborated defences, and when he is actually acted upon by the stimulus he is prepared and ready not only with a meaning so unmistakably alike that it can “own” and make common cause with the externally implicated counterpart, but one which notwithstanding the basic likeness is fuller, finer, more exact and more complete. So does the inner and isolated meaning become the instructress of its outer correlative, handicapped as the latter is by being involved in an inseparable connexion with the stimulus.

(23) By the development thus begun in the meaning-half of the composition of things there follows a swift outpacing of the inimical powers in the stimulatory half, and man finds himself able to build up for himself a general wall of protective fore-measures, from which position of vantage he grows possessed of an immunity and a leisure which leave his energies still freer to enlarge and render more precise his inner meaning-limited world. His concepts thus fructify, and grow in quality and number. Extending, for instance, the countering movements he is accustomed to effect with his hand and arm he develops *weapons* and *tools*: in themselves items of progression incalculably important in the story of man’s development and ultimate supremacy. But the processes by which the magic power responsible to these changes which found their embodiment in a mere word are still to explain.

IV

(24) To explain how the conceptual power acquired its abiding-place in words we shall have to consider the conditions existent when, with the advent of man, the modifying factor which made words possible made its appearance, and also that modifying factor itself. At that period the struggle to maintain the individual vital universe must have been fierce and harsh. This fact of harshness can be expressed differently by saying that the character of the incoming currents must have been preponderatingly inimical to the maintenance of the organism. As a consequence, a premium would be put on any increased swiftness in making the counteracting response which cut short the enactment of the stimulus. The strength of an organism’s tenure on life would therefore tend to be proportionate to its readiness to react as to a fully enacted stimulus when the latter had in fact effected only its most incipient stages. The tendency making for survival would therefore be the abbreviating of the stimulus to that minimum at which it carries little more than a suggestion of its full enactment, while avoidance, a fleeing from stimuli, and caution of the extremest kind would become the determining principle of action. This is actually what we find to be the case when we compare the activity of primitive man or of the higher animals with those of man in his more developed stage. Save in connexion with the barest and most limited elements of existence such as food, shelter, and procreation, with which a necessity-enforced familiarity had inspired some confidence, responding meaningful

movements are indiscriminately those of flight or kindred movements. The net result of such a habit of action necessarily was to involve the movements of stimulation in almost total neglect. Hence we find among the instinctive organisms the absolute minimum of interference with their external world. Their world, limited and unchanging, is furnished with but few things which themselves have characters limited and unchanging. This abbreviation and neglect of stimuli consequent upon undeviating monotony in the forms of response is in impressive contrast with the activity of developed man, which not only introduces discrimination in an infinite degree among meanings, but also in place of shunning fresh stimuli actually seeks them out, tinkering and interfering with them in every form in which they have been made to appear to him.

(25) An evitable consequence of this attitude of caution on the part of the instinctive organism would be a preference to embark on action in response to stimuli conveyed in terms of a sense which can operate over wide distances. So conveyed, the adjustative activity would have a better chance of making itself effective. So we find that such organisms react habitually to stimuli yielded in terms of scent and hearing, rather than to those of sight which man, for instance—on the principle that only “seeing is believing”—favours. Hence, as compared with the more certain but more dangerously intimate visual sense-intimations, those of scent and hearing easily establish a preferential position, while the organs of those senses become developed and “sensitive” in a high degree. Animals, we are told, possess auditory organs so developed that by comparison civilized man is almost deaf. Consequently the stimuli involved in sound would affect such organisms—among whom we must include primitive man—strongly and vividly. A sound would be a pre-eminently effective stimulus to action. Thus the sound of a hostile animal would immediately liberate a meaning as adequate and vivid as that of the sight or contactual feel of the animal's form. Quite probably, indeed, the sight-aspect would be fraught with danger so obvious and so imminent that almost all movement of meaning would be paralysed.

(26) These characteristics, which are the common-places of the instinctive world, become nothing short of revolutionizing when they ally themselves with an accomplishment which as nearly as can be judged is uniquely human. This distinctive modification, which has determined man's supremacy and made him arbiter of life and death over every other form of creation, is not, as had been the case hitherto, connected with any further elaboration of the sense-organs. To account for his astounding leap forward in the scale of life, we look in vain in man for any new avenue for the admission of sense-impressions. Indeed, the sense-organs he possesses as compared with those possessed by subhuman forms show unmistakable degeneration. To account for his unmeasurably greater powers we have to look for the development of a means for elaborating the positive response to stimuli rather than of further avenues for the admission of stimuli; something, that is, which will alter what man can do to stimuli rather than what external stimuli can do to man. It is this which has been effected by the establishment of a means within his own internal domain and domination whereby the movements of meaning in things can be isolated from those of stimulation; though as a matter of fact, indeed, by contriving such a means man has been enabled by a wide sweep round to return upon the organs and avenues of sense, and by his ingenious contrivance of instruments has been enabled to magnify the powers of the sense-organs to such a degree that they have achieved results which beggar the finest feats of the instinctive world, no matter what their sensory form.

(27) Although, however, no new sense-organ is forthcoming to account for man's progress, it is to some modification in man's physical structure that we have to look for the basis of all this change. That modification is found to consist in a development of the organs implicated in the production of sounds: for instance, in the shortening and widening of the alveolar arch and the palatine area, together with a shortening and flattening of the tongue to fit the modified mouth. By such changes man finds himself equipped with an apparatus for the production of an almost infinite variety of sounds, and one of the earliest forms in which he expended his new-found competence was in the production from within himself of a *masquerade of the sound-aspects of external things*. With the exuberance of an increased vitality, finding expression through a developed instrument, man found himself able to produce not only such sounds as might be characteristic of himself; he found himself able to produce also the sounds characteristic of all the organisms and things about him. This power to imitate sounds is exceedingly remarkable when we contrast it with man's inability to imitate external things in terms of the other senses. Although man can in a limited degree, very roughly and crudely, imitate the shape or the position or the movements of things by means of gestures, he can do nothing whatever in the way of producing from his own person the colour or the smell or the taste of things. In these last respects man is incapable of turning himself into a replica of external things. But as far as the sound of things goes *he can*; and inasmuch as he can, the effect is as though he had to that extent incorporated within himself the things so imitated. It is as though by so doing he had scooped so much out of the individual character of things and made himself co-possessor of it: by what steps we go on to show.

(28) We have seen how the necessity for being swift in response to stimuli had resulted in making sounds pre-eminently capable of assembling the movements constituting the meanings of things. Now when Man, perhaps playfully, began to exercise his new accomplishment of imitating things by their sounds, he found himself in the result bound mechanically by the involuntary habit which a long evolutionary history had implanted in him. Vastly to his own bewilderment, as his subsequent history shows, in answer to this sound *produced by himself*, he found himself responding with just those movements of meaning which were his instinctive reaction to the like movement *externally produced*. In the total absence, therefore, of the stimuli in reference to which the meaning had taken its shape, man found himself nevertheless enacting the erstwhile appropriate meaning. The movements so enacted took shape as an image strangely bodyless and thinned out: as it were the frail ghost of the *whole* thing whose meaning-half it was. To the making of this image had gone all that which the positively instigated movements in their purity could contribute, and this in response to nothing more than a sound produced by the responding organism, so simple, unobtrusive, and effortless almost that its existence was barely noticeable as forming part of the total effects. Thus this image of imagination: this concept: turns out to be an ingenious exploitation—made possible by

(Continued on page 46)

NOTICE

The late arrival of part of the matter for our March number delayed publication to a date at which it seemed preferable to issue it as for April instead of March. In so doing we express the hope that future issues will approximate more nearly to the first of the month than has been the case of late.

NOTES FROM FRANCE

By RICHARD ALDINGTON

YOU must know that we hold Olympic games (in mud or in canteens). I know not for what hero of Hellas. What concerns me is that my entrance to the games (i.e. the "boxe") was a ludicrous and unforeseen catastrophe, for which I am now nursing a black eye and a headache! Fortunately and although I lost the contest, I dealt my adversary one or two blows that I trust are making his evening as uncomfortable as mine! So these will be one-eyed notes. You must not expect much in the way of calm reflection.

I have been reading from my little anthology the three ballads of Villon. They are the prayer of His Mother to the Virgin, les Dames de Jadis, and the Ballade des Pendus. What good are any of us beside the real masters?

How beautiful the Ronsardistes are too! Last night I repeated to myself as I lay awake,

"Avril, la grace et le ris
De Cypris,"

and told myself I should never, "not in all Time's changes," achieve a grace like that. As Pater would say, that is the chief use in studying the old masters; one realizes one's own littleness and the real value of all this in comparison with contemporary crapulousness!

I keep thinking of André Chénier, whose *Idylls* are naturally not included in my little anthology. He was a Greek, I remember, and was guillotined by the Republic. Chénier really is the Keats of France, a kind of last, faint echo of the pipes of Thrysis and Lacon! But what should I do if I should ever see the real Greek again—where Lycidas sings of his friend across the sea, as he roasts chestnuts by the fire; or of how Hylas fell like a star from heaven? Alas, though the chaffinches twitter all day along the poplars and willows of this dyked, marshy, misty land, there will be no "lettered hyacinths," no "virgin-fleshed crocuses" nor wild narcissus. I should like to look for them on Capri and watch the sun rise over the Golfo di Tyrrhenio and set behind the island Symonds loved!

But I will never visit Pompeii again. I have seen enough ruined houses.

I have not done any poems. I am having too good a time. Soon I will get miserable and write some more. I want to try to interpret the spirit of the countryside I am in, as, say, Rembrandt or Whistler would have etched it had they been in my place. It is a problem which I meditate continually to the vast detriment of my military "smartness." Though I ought to mention that I am out "on rest" where the "Alleymong" can't snipe at me. I don't know for how long.

Marcel Millet had a very beautiful poem in the last *Mercure*. And this from André Delemer, returned from the war "mutilé" (I translate):

"But tell me shall we have the courage to continue, can we take up the half-written page? Can we stifle our bitterness—towards what can we direct our poor efforts? Shall we have the strength to murmur once more a fervent credo?"

What we owe to these young men! Some of them are still in the trenches. What we owe to France—not the bourgeois France of the surface and the majority, but these scattered, sensitive lads, whose spirit is so intense, so generous!

I received to-day *L'Illusion héroïque* de Titto Bassi,

but have only had time to read the preface. What a delight to roll these savoury sentences round one's tongue and to hear once more the music of authentic prose. I am also happy to find that it is an impression of Vicenza. It is like de Rénier with his wild love of Venice to take hold of Vicenza. I remember so clearly its semi-Venetian palaces and that Piazzo with Palladio's palace on one side and that immense tall tower on the Signoria. But one mustn't think of Italy too affectionately these days.

I find the catalogue at the back of *Titto Bassi* excellent though distressing reading. So many books one would like to see—"the lyf so short, the craft so long to learn!" Under the Philosophy and Science heading, one would find interesting H. B. Brewster's *L'Ame païenne* and the book by J. A. Dulaure looks most fascinating—and Louis Maeterlinck's *Péchés primitifs* and A. van Gennep's book on Homer. There is an immense amount of interesting and charming stuff published by the *Mercure* just now. One could spend three months easily with these books alone.

I cannot send anything more as I have already plagued the patience of my unfortunate censor.

DIALOGUES OF FONTENELLE

TRANSLATED BY EZRA POUND

X

SENECA AND SCARRON

SENECA. You fill full my cup of joy, telling me that the stoics endure to this day and that in these latter ages you professedly held their doctrine.

Scarron. I was, without vanity, more of a stoic than you were, or than was Chrysippus, or Zeno, your founder. You were all in a position to philosophize at your ease. You yourself had immense possessions. The rest were either men of property or endowed with excellent health, or at least they had all their limbs. They came and went in the ordinary manner of men. But I was the shuttle of ill-fortune; misshapen, in a form scarcely human, immobile, bound in one spot like a tree, I suffered continually, and I showed that these evils are bounded by the body but can never reach the soul of a sage. Grief suffered always the shame of not being able to enter my house save by a limited number of doors.

Seneca. I am delighted to hear you speak thus. By your words alone I recognize you for a great stoic. Were you not your age's admiration?

Scarron. I was. I was not content to suffer my pangs with patience, I insulted them by my mockery. Steadiness would have honoured another, but I attained gaiety.

Seneca. O stoic wisdom! You are, then, no chimera, as is the common opinion! You are in truth among men, and here is a wise man whom you have made no less happy than Zeus. Come, sir, I must lead you to Zeno and the rest of our stoics; I want them to see the fruit of their admirable lessons to men.

Scarron. You will greatly oblige me by introducing me to such illustrious shades.

Seneca. By what name must they know you?

Scarron. Scarron is the name.

Seneca. Scarron? The name is known to me. Have I not heard several moderns, who are here, speak of you?

Scarron. Possibly.

Seneca. Did you not write a great mass of humorous and ridiculous verses?

Scarron. Yes. I even invented a sort of poetry

which they call the burlesque. It goes to the limit in merriment.

Seneca. But you were not then a philosopher?

Scarron. Why not?

Seneca. It is not a stoic's business to write ludicrous books and to try to be mirth-provoking.

Scarron. Oh! I see that you do not understand the perfections of humour. All wisdom is in it. One can draw ridicule out of anything; I could even get it out of your books, if I wished to, and without any trouble at all: yet all things will not give birth to the serious, and I defy you to put my works to any purpose save that for which they were made. Would not this tend to show that mirth rules over all things, and that the world's affairs are not made for serious treatment? I have turned your Virgil's sacred *Æneid* into burlesque, and there is no better way to show that the magnificent and the ludicrous are near neighbours, with hardly a fence between them. All things are like these *tours de force* of perspective where a number of separate faces make, for example, an emperor if viewed from a particular angle; change the view-point and the figure formed is a scoundrel's.

Seneca. I am sorry that people did not understand that your frivolous verses were made to induce such profound reflections. Men would have respected you more than they did had they known you for so great a philosopher; but it was impossible to guess this from the plays you gave to the public.

Scarron. If I had written fat books to prove that poverty and sickness should have no effect on the gaiety of the sage, they would have been perhaps worthy of a stoic?

Seneca. Most assuredly.

Scarron. And I wrote heaven knows how many books which prove that in spite of poverty, in spite of infirmity, I was possessed of this gaiety; is not this better? Your treatises upon morals are but speculations on wisdom, my verses a continual practice.

Seneca. I am sure that your pretended wisdom was not a result of your reason, but merely of temperament.

Scarron. That is the best sort of wisdom in the world.

Seneca. They are droll wiseacres indeed who are temperamentally wise. Is it the least to their credit that they are not stark raving? The happiness of being virtuous may come sometimes from nature, but the merit of being wise can never come but from reason.

Scarron. People scarcely pay any attention to what you call a merit, for if we see that some man has a virtue, and we can make out that it is not his by nature, we rate it at next to nothing. It would seem, however, that being acquired by so much trouble, we should the more esteem it: no matter, it is a mere result of the reason and inspires no confidence.

Seneca. One should rely even less on the inequality of temperament in your wise men, who are wise only as their blood pleases. One must know how the interiors of their bodies are disposed ere one can gauge the reach of their virtue. Is it not incomparably finer to be led only by reason; to make oneself independent of nature, so that one need fear no surprises?

Scarron. That were better if it were possible; but, unfortunately, Nature keeps perpetual guard on her rights. Her rights are initial movements, and no one can wrest them from her. Men are often well under way ere reason is warned or awakened, and when she is ready to act she finds things in great disorder, and it is even then doubtful if she can do aught to help matters. No, I am by no means surprised to see so many folk resting but incomplete faith upon reason.

Seneca. Hers alone is the government of men and the ruling of all this universe.

Scarron. Yet she seldom manages to maintain her authority. I have heard that some hundred years after your death a platonic philosopher asked the reigning emperor for a little town in Calabria. It was wholly ruined. He wished to rebuild it and to police it according to the rules of Plato's *Republic* and to rename it Platonopolis. But the emperor refused the philosopher, having so little trust in divine Plato's reason that he was unwilling to risk to it the rule of a dump-heap. You see thereby how Reason has ruined her credit. If she were in any way estimable, men would be the only creatures who could esteem her, and men do not esteem her at all.

TARR

BY WYNDHAM LEWIS

PART V

A MEGRIM OF HUMOUR

CHAPTER VII

TARR had Anastasya in solitary promenade two days after this. He had worked the first stage consummately. He swam with ease beside his big hysterical black swan, seeming to guide her with a golden halter. They were swimming with august undulations of thought across the Luxembourg Gardens on this sunny and tasteful evening about four o'clock. The Latins and Scandinavians who strolled on the Latin terrace were each one a microscopic hero, but better turned out than the big doubtful heroes of 1840.

The inviolate, constantly sprinkled and shining lawns by the Lycée Henri Trois were thickly fringed with a sort of seaside humanity, who sat facing them and their coolness as though it had been the sea. Leaving these upland expanses to the sedentary swarms of Mammals and Papas, Tarr and Anastasya crossed over beneath the trees past the children's carousels grinding out their antediluvian lullabies.

This place represented the richness of four wasted years. Four incredibly gushing, thick years; what had happened to this delightful muck? All this profusion had accomplished for him was to dye the avenues of a Park with personal colour for the rest of his existence.

No one, he was quite convinced, had squandered so much stuff in the neighbourhood of these terraces, ponds, and lawns. So this was more nearly *his Park* than it was anybody else's. He should never walk through it without bitter and soothing recognition from it. Well: that was what the Man of Action accomplished. In four idle years he had been, when most inactive, trying the man of action's job. He had captured a Park!—Well! he had spent himself into the Earth. The trees had his sap in them.

He remembered a day when he had brought a book to the bench there, his mind tearing at it in advance, almost writing it in its energy. He had been full of such unusual faith. The streets around these gardens, in which he had lodged alternately, were so many confluents and tributaries of memory, charging it on all sides with defunct puissant tides. The places, he reflected, where childhood has been spent, or where, later, dreams of energy have been flung away, year after year, are obviously the healthiest spots for a person. But perhaps, although he possessed the Luxembourg Gardens so completely, they were completely possessed by thousands of other people! So many men had begun their childhood of ambition in this neighbourhood. His hopes, too, no doubt, had grown there more softly because of the depth and richness of the bed. A sentimental miasma made

artificially in Paris a similar good atmosphere where the mind could healthily exist as was found by artists in brilliant complete and solid times. Paris was like a patent food.

"Elle dit le mot, Anastase, né pour d'éternels parchemins." He could not, however, get interested. Was it the obstinate Eighteenth Century animal vision? When you plunge into these beings, must they be all quivering with unconsciousness, like life with a cat or a serpent?—But her sex would throw clouds over her eyes. She was a woman. It was no good. Again he must confess Anastasya could only offer him something too *serious*. He could not *play* with that. Sex-loyalty to his most habitual lips interfered.

He had the protective instinct that people with a sense of their own power have for those not equals with whom they have been associated. He would have given to Bertha the authority of his own spirit, to prime her with himself that she might meet on equal terms and vanquish any rival. He experienced a slight hostility to Anastasya like a part of Bertha left in himself protesting and jealous. It was chiefly vanity at the thought of this superior woman's contempt could she see his latest female effort.

"I suppose she knows all about Bertha," he thought. Kreisler-like, he looked towards the Lipmann women. "Homme sensuel! Homme égoïste!"

She seemed rather shy with him.

"How do you like Paris?" he asked her.

"I don't know yet. Do you like it?" She had a flatness in speaking English because of her education in the United States.

"I don't like to be quite so near the centre of the world. You can see all the machinery working. It makes you a natural sceptic. But here I am. I find it difficult to live in London."

"I should have thought everything was so perfected here that the machinery did not obtrude—"

"I don't feel that. I think that a place like this exists for the rest of the world. It works that the other countries may live and create. That is the rôle France has chosen. The French spirit seems to me rather spare and impoverished at present."

"You regard it as a mother-drudge?"

"More of a drudge than a mother. We don't get much really from France, except tidiness."

"I expect you are ungrateful."

"Perhaps so. But I cannot get over a dislike for Latin facilities. Suarès finds a northern rhetoric of ideas in Ibsen, for instance, exactly similar to the word-rhetoric of the South. But in Latin countries you have a democracy of vitality, the best things of the earth are in everybody's mouth and nerves. *The artist has to go and find them in the crowd.* You can't have 'freedom' both ways. I prefer the *artist* to be free, and the crowd not to be 'artists.' What does all English and German gush or sentiment about the wonderful, the artistic French nation, etc., amount to? They gush because they find thirty-five million little Bésnards, little Botrels, little Bouchers, or little Bougereaus living together and prettifying their towns and themselves. Imagine England an immense garden city, on Letchworth lines (that is the name of a model Fabian township near London), or Germany (it almost has become that) a huge nouveau-art, reform-dressed, bestatued State. Practically every individual Frenchman of course has the filthiest taste imaginable. You are more astonished when you come across a sound, lonely, and severe artist in France than elsewhere. His vitality is hypnotically beset by an ocean of artistry. His best instinct is to become rather aggressively harsh and simple. The reason that a great artist like Rodin or the Cubists to-day arouse more fury in France than in England, for instance, is not because the French are *more interested in Art!* They

are less interested in art, if anything. It is because they are all 'artistic' and all artists in the sense that a cheap illustrator or Mr. Brangwyn, R.A., or Mr. Waterhouse, R.A., are. They are *scandalized* at good art; the English are inquisitive about and tickled by it, like gaping children. Their social instincts are not so developed and logical."

"But what difference does the attitude of the crowd make to the artist?"

"Well, we were talking about Paris, which is the creation of the crowd. The man thinking in these gardens to-day, the man thinking on the quays of Amsterdam three centuries ago, think much the same thoughts. Thought is like climate and chemistry. It even has its physical type. But the individual's *projection of himself* he must entrust to his *milieu*. I maintain that the artist's work is nowhere so unsafe as in the hands of an 'artistic' vulgarly alive public. The other question is his relation to the receptive world, and his bread and cheese. Paris is, to begin with, no good for bread and cheese, except as a market to which American and Russian millionaire dealers come. Its intelligence is of great use. But no friendship is a substitute for the blood-tie; and intelligence is no substitute for the response that can only come from the narrower recognition of your kind. This applies to the best *type* of art rather than work of very personal genius. Country is left behind by that. Intelligence also."

"Don't you think that work of very personal genius often *has* a country? It may break through accidents of birth to perfect conditions somewhere; not necessarily contemporary ones or those of the country it happens in?"

"I suppose you could find a country or a time for almost *anything*. But I am sure that the *best* has in reality *no* Time and *no* Country. That is why it accepts without fuss any country or time for what they are worth; thence the seeming contradiction, that it is always *actual*. It is alive, and nationality is a portion of actuality."

"But is the best work always 'actual' and up to date?"

"It always has that appearance. It's manners are perfect."

"I am not so sure that manners cannot be overdone. A personal code is as good as the current code."

"The point seems to me to be, in that connexion, that manners are not very important. You use them as you use coins."

"The most effectual men have always been those whose notions were diametrically opposed to those of their time," she said carefully.

"I don't think that is so; except in so far as all effectual men are always the enemies of every time. With that fundamental divergence, they give a weight of impartiality to the supreme thesis and need of their age. Any opinion of their fellows that they adopt they support with the uncanny authority of a plea from a hostile camp. *All activity* on the part of a good mind has the stimulus of a paradox. To produce is the sacrifice of genius."

They seemed to have an exotic grace to him as they promenaded their sinuous healthy intellects in this eighteenth-century landscape. There was no other pair of people who could talk like that on those terraces. They were both of them barbarians, head and shoulders taller than the polished stock around. And they were highly strung and graceful. They were out of place.

"Your philosophy reminds me of Jean-Jacques," she said.

"Does it? How do you arrive at that conclusion?"

"Well, your hostility to a tidy rabble, and preference for a rough and uncultivated bed to build on brings to mind 'wild nature' and the doctrine of the

natural man. You want a human landscape similar to Jean-Jacques' rocks and water falls."

"I see what you mean. But I also notice that the temper of my theories is the exact opposite of Jean-Jacques'.—He raved over and poetized his wild nature and naturalness generally and put it forward as an ideal. My point of view is that it is a question of expediency only. I do not for a moment sentimentalize crudeness. I maintain that that crude and unformed *bed*, or backing, is absolutely essential to maximum fineness; just as crudity in an individual's composition is necessary for him to be able to create. There is no more absolute value in stupidity and formlessness than there is in dung. But they are just as necessary. The conditions of creation and of life disgust me. The birth of a work of art is as dirty as that of a baby. But I consider that my most irremediable follies have come from fastidiousness; not the other thing. If you are going to work or perform, you must make up your mind to have dirty hands most part of the time. Similarly, you must praise chaos and filth. *It is put there for you.* Incense is, I believe, camels' dung. When you praise, you do so with dung. When you see men fighting, robbing each other, behaving meanly or breaking out into violent vulgarities, you must conventionally clap your hands. If you have not the stomach to do that, you cannot be a creative artist. If people stopped behaving in that way, you could not be a creative artist."

"So you would discourage virtue, self-sacrifice, and graceful behaviour?"

"No, praise them very much. Also praise deceit, lechery, and panic. Whatever a man does, praise him. In that way you will be acting as the artist does. If you are not an artist, you will not act in that way. An artist should be as impartial as God."

"Is God impartial?"

"We disintegrate. His dream is no doubt ignorant of our classifications."

"Rousseau again—?"

"If you really want to saddle me with that Swiss, I will help you. My enthusiasm for art has made me fond of chaos. It is the artist's fate almost always to be exiled among the slaves. *The artist who takes his job seriously gets his sensibility blunted.* He is less squeamish than other people and less discriminating."

"He becomes in fact less of an artist?"

"An artist is a cold card, with a hide like a rhinoceros."

"You are poetizing him! But if that is so, wouldn't it be better to be something else?"

"No, I think it's about the best thing to be."

"With his women companions, sweethearts, he is also apt to be indiscriminating."

"He is notorious for that!"

"I think that is a pity. Then that is because I am a woman, and am conscious of not being a slave."

"But then such women as you are condemned also to find themselves surrounded by slaves!"

"Your frequentation of the abject has not caused you to forget one banal art!"

"You tempt me to abandon art. Art is the refuge of the shy."

"Are you shy?"

"Yes."

"You need not be."

Her revolving hips and thudding skirts carried her forward with the orchestral majesty of a simple ship. He suddenly became conscious of the monotonous racket.

At that moment the drums beat to close the gardens. They had dinner in a Bouillon near the Seine. They parted about ten o'clock.

(To be continued)

PASSING PARIS

BAUDELAIRE, the fiftieth anniversary of whose death falls this year, held, in those unique art criticisms of his, that it is next to impossible to give artistic form to military subjects. The movement and details of battle, the soldier's uniform, these things would seem, indeed, to fit as uneasily in the frame of "art" as a military march in a musical frame. The pseudo-artist and conjurors of the pencil and brush by their specialization in the "military" have, no doubt, rendered it odious. But, as Chopin and Schubert metamorphosed the music of the dance from dance to music, so it may be said that, not the subject, but the treatment thereof has been solely to blame and the military artist is not discredited because military, but because not an artist.

M. Georges Victor-Hugo, the grandson of one who, had he not been the poet he was, would have been a remarkable artist, has brought back sketches from the front—for which he volunteered although past the age-limit—which show that the marvellous may be achieved as well with battles, and especially with battles, decoration parades, bivouacs, trenches, uniforms, hospital wards, and soldier, types as with trees and rivers or flowers and fruits. The ancestor's facility for sketching has been handed down to the third generation. His grandson's jewels in ink and water-colour dabbled down under pouring fire or rain, are, according to the expressed opinion of two English soldiers, "nearer the war" than anything they had seen so far even among the thousand or so exhibits at the Salon des Armées, many of which are taken no less "from the life." They are not only nearer the war, they are also nearer art. Pictorial qualities of the rarest order are found in each one of these minute notes, which, brief as they are, astonish by their breadth and precision and charm by their atmosphere, tone, and feeling. Between a painting no larger than the palm of the hand, rich in detail though of the most rapid execution, representing a German attack under clouds of multicoloured bomb explosions, and a simple reminiscence of tangled wire one knows not which to admire most, the expert skill of the one, the unpretentious objectivity of the other.—A column of cavalry presents no more difficulty to this born draughtsman than a hospital cot with its suffering human contents just apparent in a "lost" profile. Not more is needed to reveal an artist who is both a draughtsman and a painter unusual.

At the Salon des Armées every man serving under the French flag who has wielded an artist's or a craftsman's tool has been encouraged to take rank. The majority of exhibits are reminiscences of the war, and it is curious to note those who in this vast agglomeration have come near to giving the lie to the accepted maxim so justifiably propounded by Baudelaire. After M. Georges Victor-Hugo, hitherto an "amateur," M. Flandrin, a "professional" and one of the most imposing exhibitors at the Salon des Indépendants, seems most successfully to render the march of troops, the rhythm of cavalry, the surging immobility of grouped military. M. Maurice Taquoy, too, expresses the pathos and monotony of the soldier-crowd when realizing that objective which it so little suggests in those purely ornamental aspects preceding 1914. The dreariness and cruelty of captivity in the German camps have been scorched into the copper-plates of his etchings by M. Claudius Denis with a sombreness and grimness recalling Goya and Callot. So far these are among the best names to remember in connexion with the graphic history of the war.

* * * *

M. André Salmon's notes during the campaign in Artois and Argonne in 1915 (*Le Chass'bi*; Perrin et Cie.; 3fr. 50) carry a pictorial aspect. The elliptic,

impressionistic, atmospheric manner, proceeding by indirect suggestion, is responsible for this illusion. It is poet's prose; painter's poetry:
This is the manner:

Ce vieux territorial a fait la Meuse, la retraite, Senlis, la Marne; il était à Berry-au-Bac, au plateau de Nouvron; il a gagné de haute lutte sa tranchée et ne s'est jamais plaint. Mais ce soir nous avons accompli une marche pénible. Comme tant d'autres, le vieux chasseur a chu dans la boue, trois fois! Et la pluie a percé sa capote usée. Illettré, il me prie d'écrire à sa femme que "trop malheureux, décidément," il va se suicider! Je propose de remettre au lendemain lettre et trépas. A l'aube, bien entendu, il ne se souvient plus du funeste projet.

—Ce soir, j'aide mon camarade J—, serrurier au Mans, à faire—je crois que je triche un peu—le compte des "bourgeois" qui sont dans la tranchée. Nous atteignons à un chiffre honorable. Mon camarade s'en contente. De savoir qu'un nombre suffisant d'employés, commerçants, rentiers ou penseurs, comme il dit, veillent sous la pluie et les marmites, ça lui restitue le meilleur de son courage qui faiblissait.

To be recommended, too, the hints to a young recruit.

* * * *

The revival of old, and creation of new, reviews artistic and literary are stimulating, if somewhat baffling, symptoms of resurrection at a period in the war which seems more than ever obscured. M. Louis Vauxcelles founds the *Carnet des Artistes*, the first issue of which contains an article by M. Théodore Duret on Van Gogh's sojourn in Provence. A review of the international artistic movement claims to do for art what the *Mercure* does for letters.

Les Guêpes, a witty little forerunner which had suspended publication, takes a new flight. And so of several others no less hardy and plucky, *Le Feu*, for instance, published in Provence and which strives after that decentralization which should be the salvation of France if realized.

* * * *

The life of Paris has not obtained much attention in these columns of late. It finds sufficient analogy in that of London to be pictured in the reader's mind. Every few weeks civilized life makes a retrograde step and soon all the discoveries of the nineteenth century which had become indispensable to us will be replaced by conditions such as were natural for eons before. A war waged on modern principles is opposed to social conditions on modern principles. Such are the impositions subsequent to so contradictory a tyrant as is war.

M. C.

THE ARISTODEMOCRAT

By HUNTLY CARTER

AMONG the various war-time activities, there cannot be mentioned one more important than the intention to form the individual anew after a highly refined model, which, as one might expect, wears the livery of liberty and the air of a newly begotten aristodemocrat. The intention, if it be practical, is certainly a prophecy of an unaccustomed dawn. The fundamental requisites exhibited by liberationists for the execution of this high intent are varied. They include sensibility, feeling, impulse, desire, reason, and function. The outcomes, effects, and operations are no less varied. They are best explained by their names, creativeness, livingness, good life, high industry, good work, quality, and the significs of the lawyer-made French Revolution, liberty, fraternity, equality, justice, and so on. Evidently there is a wide diversity of opinion on the means and measures to be taken in the form-

ing anew of the worldly human. I need not, however, discuss it.

It would be of much interest to take each of the agencies in turn, treat it as a definite central idea of reconstruction, and bring out the refined human image contained within it. If only life were long enough for the purpose! I have, at this moment, just time to consider one. Perhaps the agency which promises to yield a creative form of human being comes first under consideration. This form may be regarded as that of the refined image with which Mr. Bertrand Russell is concerned in his very able book, *Principles of Social Reconstruction* (Allen and Unwin). Mr. Russell calls his agency impulse, and thereby sets one wondering what impulse actually is as a principle of reform and what it can do in the service of social reconstruction. Perhaps one wonders most of all what it is doing first in the order of constructive agencies, and what has become of feeling, or its predecessor sensibility. What led Mr. Russell to exhibit impulse at full length as the finest means of preventing or removing hindrances to full creative growth and consequently of modifying all such circumstances that by diverting and enslaving the attention of the individual retard his creative development and hazard his liberty? In the book the answer to this question is not clear. Of course, few who know Mr. Russell will deny that it was natural in him to engage in reconstruction and to conceive of it as primarily a psychological-political process. I do not think he has ever found modern mankind marvellous, lovely, or irresistible. Watching them open-eyed has made him aware that they are suffering very severely indeed from "loss of vitality"; and their ignorance of freedom and self-direction would disgrace any party politician—whether in or out of drink. But this deflection from nature could not conceal from Mr. Russell that the old needs were there. "More freedom, more self-direction, more outlet for creativeness, more opportunity for the joy of life, more voluntary co-operation and less involuntary subservience to purposes not their own"—there they all were. "All these things the institutions of the future must help to produce, if an increase of knowledge and power over nature is to bear its full fruit in bringing about a good life."

It is easy to imagine Mr. Russell conducted by his favourite attitude to a view of his main problem, how to revitalize modern human beings so as to set up a "liberation of creativeness." Easy, also, to watch his endeavour to establish a fundamental verity, in the belief, no doubt, that the rest will follow. And we can look on with approbation as he outlines the ground plan of his chief positions with such arguments as, the general depravity of human nature to-day is incontestible, "the commonplace that human nature cannot be changed is untrue," "the root causes of change in average human nature are generally either material changes—for instance, of climate—or changes in the degree of man's control over the material world." The first may be ignored, the second must be entertained. How is increased control to be effected? By an assertion of "our real beliefs," which are retentive and communicative of instinct. Beyond instinct and bound with it is impulse. So we see our author arrive at the seed of a plant which shall be vital and creative in place of one that is wayworn and weakly.

In a chapter on "The Principle of Growth," Mr. Russell proceeds to build his plant into a central system of "liberation of creativeness." He is fully convinced that the war-revealed springs of human action can "afford a basis for political philosophy more capable of standing erect in a time of crisis than the philosophy of traditional Liberalism has shown itself to be." And, to him, impulse (whatever it really is) in the service of social reconstruction, provides a central principle of growth. It operates

through an instinctive movement which, if left to itself, makes for light. It is a part of the system to invite one to place oneself as much and as often as one can in its complete power so as to fill in its complete creative design. Hence it expects one to pass under its spontaneous dominion from the volitional and conscious processes that centuries of wrong thinking have placed around us. To rid oneself of wrong desire, reason, will, certain purpose, discipline, and, above all, authority. "All our historic institutions" are based on authority. Authority is based on injustice. Injustice "hardens the wall of the ego, making it a prison instead of a window." And, of course, to avail oneself of all the positive helps and furtherances which the spontaneous processes as "life forces" afford. As the central principle operates, the inward and outward service it performs is a sort of diversity in unity. "It differentiates man from man and determines for each man the type of excellence for which he is capable." So that "institutions cannot force him to grow out of pattern, they can at most make him grow free and vigorous." Doubtless such institutions are, in our author's view, the letter of which unity is the spirit. As to political institutions, these can help or hinder the impulsive growth. They are the enigma of which diversity is the meaning. But it seems the full growth of the creative impulse "depends not only or chiefly upon the physical environment, but upon beliefs and affections, upon opportunities for action, and upon the whole life of the community." The more developed and civilized the type of man the more he has to identify himself with "the success or failure of the community." Here, then, we have it, the scheme of development to which the central principle commits itself is one that points communitywards, and the end it seeks to attain is the production of the perfect aristodemocrat, and his full blownness, the aristodemocratic State—a voluntary organization of voluntary organizations. In a high and rational being of this type, of course, the full sense and enjoyment of individual freedom is coeval with the perception of the fullest service to the community. A strict individualist meeting this celebrity for the first time would hasten to describe him as a socialist-coated individualist, to be taken with the same grimace as a sugar-coated pill. He furnishes the up-to-date type, beside which the individualist conceived of by Herbert Spencer and similar enthusiasts of the middling-Victorian age, as climbing a beanstalk away from all other beanstalks into a world of his own, must appear comparatively flat and trivial—to any one who cannot see the reverse, who cannot see, indeed, that complexity and association as practical principles of liberty are impracticable. Simply, complexity, association, and liberty are contradictions in terms. They will not work together.

"When we are fed and clothed and housed," says Mr. Russell, "further material goods are needed only for ostentation." Quite so. With freedom assured every vital man could produce his own necessities, and gather time to enter into full communion with the spiritual world which alone is capable of transfiguring him from a possessive or accretive being to a creative one, in strict accordance with the desire of our author. For when all is said this is the change he seeks. "I consider," he says, "the best life that which is most built on creative impulse, and the worst that which is most inspired by the love of possession." He considers, further, that a season of extreme individualism (or, as he would put it, a moment of self-reflection for all) must prepare the ground for the Age of Aristodemocracy. Thus a season of hope will precede a season of disappointment. Mr. Russell has written a necessary book. It should occupy the attention as a very bold attempt to democratize psychology. Were it

written with the aid of a philosopher of language, it would indeed be perfect. As it is—? It should be read with Sir Charles Waldstein's *Aristodemocracy* (Murray) and Ramiro de Maeztu's *Authority, Liberty, and Function* (Allen and Unwin), two important books to which I hope to return in another issue of THE EGOIST.

TWO POEMS

By YONE NOGUCHI

ON "NOCTURNE, BLUE AND GOLD, OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE"

A VOICE of the rockets
To break the sky;
Then the flash
Only to make the darkness intense.

Might I ever become that voice?
The light precious, of a moment and death, is it not
that of our lives?
To face only the sky, even for a moment, and forget
the land,
And become a rider of the winds;
What a joy in parting from life's confusion,
To find a greater song amid the clouds.

The voice of the rocket:
Then the flash—
Is it not that of my soul born to please the people
below,
And to take pain of death in her own keeping alone?

TO TURNER: AT THE TATE GALLERY

WHAT a lover of Nature's emphasis, what a strange
creator of beauty,
What a master in reshaping of world and life,
What rainbow-audacity of thy art, what a swing,
what movement,
What ecstasy, what a magician, what a romantist!

Thy art is no challenge, but the march of the mind
into life,
And into truth and open air;
Not feared to be too exposed and risky, thou refusest
to surrender thine art;
Thou blowest the bugle, takest the kingdom of art
by force,
Breakest faith to gain the new greater faith;
With thy blood thou drawest thy song of triumph.

I feel I see thy face from the picture's back, beaming
like that of God,
Who stretched His tired arm with the first week's
work perfectly done;

Thou mightest say to me: "What wilt thou say,
suppose I make the sun set there,
Or shall I make here the billows rise to swallow a
ship?"

What a discoverer of Nature's eccentricity,
Oh, what an assault upon the Unknown!
Thou mightest say again: "Let us stand on Imagi-
nation's summit,
Once more think where to cast our fly of art!"

NAKANO, JAPAN.

EZRA POUND

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN DE
BOSSCHÈRE

POUND'S technique—for when all is said and done there are certain kinds of form, certain ways of putting words together, a certain typographical balance; certain things, perhaps indefinable when it comes to a question of generalizing, which remain permanent through the transformation of the poet's feelings—his technique is strongly influenced by three circumstances which are really causes. An extreme modernism, by which I mean the determination not to despise what is young, or even what is not yet born; the second cause is a very remarkable feeling for exotic poetry.

In *Lustra* Pound gives us a translation of some admirable Chinese poems. Ah, what barbarians we are, and how afraid of dreaming about life, which is the deepest, the only real way of living it! The Chinese think as the birds, which are wise, see, and sing. There are no philosophers in the West, are there? Philosophy is the poet saying in his heart the "River Song," or the "Poem by the Bridge at Ten Shin." Ah, Rihaku, we love those songs, which make us forget our age, our flunkeyism, and our snobbish affectations! As we come near it we put down the eyeglass and the ebony cane: we show a face to you as it is. Before you we have the look of a child that is old—of the man who cannot hide the fact that things can astonish him; our looks and our hearts are at one in admiration, without modesty, without fear of the mockery of those old men who have classified everything in old broken boxes, of which all the labels are false. Ah, Rihaku, we listen:

Over a thousand gates, over a thousand doors
Are the sounds of spring singing.

And elsewhere:

He returns by way of Tei rock, to hear the new nightingales,
For the gardens at Jo-um are full of new nightingales.

One thanks Pound for having published these poems.

He himself was steeped in Chinese tone and harmony long before he translated Rihaku. Many of his verses already seemed to bear its stamp. This poetry, in which the cells of beauty interpenetrate so closely, in which all is poetical, in which the transitions take away nothing from the parts they link together—this poetry will enrich Pound's work and inspire other artists; and we shall again praise the Chinese and these others.

The third cause is the bold line he takes after he has cleared everything away in revolt. Even if his manner or his way of thought be influenced, he is new, and his vision is his own.

He takes, by instinct and often *de parti pris*, to new expressions in art, escaping with a few rare errors. Every real artist has been struck by the flamboyant beauty of the Russian ballet. Pound makes "the Millwins" look at it "with their large and anæmic eyes." You find at the end of this poem, "The Millwins," one of the many flashes of a mockery which strikes the poet himself as the real colour of life. He advances, seems to take a great interest—carries you with him—then says, without emphasis, without even lassitude, "Let us therefore mention the fact." I quoted before the verse in which he asks, Why should one stop at all for what he thinks? In this way many of the poems turn back upon themselves; they seem to fold themselves up; they put us coldly back just where we were before reading them. I call that modesty, or a sort

of proud reserve. Perhaps Pound, who wants to sing "shamelessly," will not admit it; he wants to renew the vision crudely, with more than superficial truth.

"Rejuvenate things," he says. But he does not stop there. His own songs grow old, and he soon leaves them to renew himself. After having spoken in "Commission" he stops, but while his words are still warm he wishes to retouch them. He gives his "Further Instructions":

You are very idle, my songs,
I fear you will come to a bad end.

They seem already not to belong to him any more. He wants to finish with them, addressing his old poems in some disgust:

You stand about in the streets,
You loiter at the corners and bus-stops,
You do next to nothing at all.

The latest songs only just find grace in his eyes and even that will not last:

But you, newest song of the lot,
You are not old enough to have done much mischief.

To-morrow he will have no more mercy on them. He seeks, he begins again, he looks about him ceaselessly. "Rejuvenate things."

Do not expect much old frippery here: the old subjects wear the most modern of dresses. Without any vertigo of emotion, almost without sonorous rhythm, his poems are almost without archaic ornament. He shuns the picturesque, the vague, and the shadowy; he seems to align, hardly more. It is this determination not to repeat himself, this naked form, which gives a strange perfection to many of the shorter of his poems. For, indeed, his intensity does sometimes reach perfection; and he can say to his verses, "Move among the lovers of perfection alone," or "Come, my songs, let us speak of perfection."

I do not know if the poem I quote be the most perfect: certainly it is one of the clearest and most characteristic. It is a type of what he does best—this poet who is free almost to the point of rhapsody; native and unadorned in just expression; whose very insults are evidence of vitality. Life is not confined to the labourer or *père de famille*. It exists primarily in the frank and fearless artist.

THE RETURN

See, they return; ah, see the tentative
Movements, and the slow feet,
The trouble in the pace, and the uncertain
Wavering!

See, they return, one, and by one,
With fear, as half-awakened;
As if the snow should hesitate
And murmur in the wind,
And half turn back;
Those were the "Wing'd-with-Awe,"
Inviolable.

Gods of the winged shoe!
With them the silver hounds,
Sniffing the trace of air!
Haie! Haie!
These were the swift to harry;
These were the souls of blood.

Slow on the leash,
Pallid the leash-men!

THE DEATH OF THE MACHINES

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

A WAR such as we are now enduring is a very valuable and instructive thing. In order to bear the suffering it has caused we have to effect what Nietzsche would have called a transvaluation of values. We have to revalue life, and revalue art. War gives to the nation that endures it an opportunity for taking stock of its resources, physical and spiritual. It is for those who can carry out most fully this stocktaking, to guide and control the future.

In a very able article in the January EGOIST, Mr. John Cournos pointed out that England and the Continent, just before the war, were deluged with all sorts of art nostrums, recipes for confectioning books, music, pictures. Art was carried on by means of manifesto and advertisement. On every side of us there were the Academicists, the Futurists, the Vorticists, the Cubists, shouting: "Come and take my patent medicine. The only sure cure." And in life we had the Socialists, the Individualists, the Anarchists, the Democracy-ists, the Aristocracy-ists, shouting the same cry. Now we see clearly that just as there are no short cuts to victory, so there are no short cuts to life or art. We must solve our problem by learning it—or not at all.

We live in an age when the machine is triumphant. When we speak of destroying the German military machine, we are forced to admit that we cannot attain our desired end save by constructing greater and more powerful machines. There is the War Loan—a machine to empty our pockets. There is the National Service scheme—a machine to set us all to work. There is the "tank," a machine to destroy machine-gun emplacements. There is the extended line—a mechanical obstacle. There is the aeroplane—a machine for spying out the nature of that obstacle. Everywhere mechanical power is pitted against mechanical power, and the end is not yet.

When the first machines—the cotton-gin, the weaving-frame, the steam-engine, and the steamboat—made their portentous appearance at the dawn of the nineteenth century—people everywhere thought that machines would make life easier. A few poets knew better. Men went out at dead of night to the weaving-sheds of Lancashire and broke the frames. They were arrested. Byron arose from his seat in the House of Lords and made the only speech he ever made—a speech in defence of these machine-destroyers. Shelley and Leigh Hunt supported, too, the frame-breakers. They were denounced as unpractical visionaries, and the revolt was crushed.

When we look at the nineteenth century from the standpoint of this war—which has at last enabled us to see all that mass of cunning, energy, suffering, revolt, and aspiration in true perspective—we see that everywhere two forces were at death-grips for the mastery of the world. The first force was the purely spiritual one of the French Revolution—a universal aspiration for liberty, for brotherhood, for humanity. The second force was a purely material one—the force of mechanical competition, creating ever cheaper and more rapid means of production, which took men and made of them industrial slaves, crushing out so far as possible these aspirations. And now everywhere the second force has conquered the first. In England, Cobden and Bright conquered Ruskin. In America, the cause of skilled slave labour went down before the cause of unskilled imported labour. In Germany, the fateful year 1848 made the Germans finally and irrecoverably slaves; and the more fateful year 1870 merely ratified this slavery, and put it under the control of its true directors—the Prussians. It is only in unenlightened lands, such as Russia, and defeated

lands, such as France, that the cause of liberty could struggle on. And it is to such lands that we look to-day for whatever gleams of hope may survive in our universal darkness.

There is but one thing which the machine has not yet wholly mastered and crushed, and that is the brain of man. It has, however, done its best to stultify and muddle that organ, which it finds so inessential to its purposes. Witness the system of State education, which reached its apotheosis in Germany before the war, where a naturally docile set of brains were carefully trained to think in terms of machinery—to accept a machine-god, a machine-art, a machine-man, as representing the highest ideals attainable by culture and civilization. Yet even this vast collection of human cog-wheels, assimilated and co-ordinated for a common purpose, failed in its initial attempt at the Marne, where there was little to oppose it but the naked will of certain outnumbered Frenchmen and Englishmen. And we who remember the Europe and the England that were before the war, and who have seen something of the changes since, can testify that the people are now thinking harder than ever before. People are not reading novels as they did. They are reading biography, history, criticism, poetry. There is actually a reading public for poetry now, a fact unheard of before. People are actually going to concerts and operas, actually crowding the theatres. It matters little if what they get from these sources is nine-tenths rubbish. The fact remains that they want to get something.

Unless we are overtaken by universal slaughter and starvation—unless the machines conquer in the only way in which they can conquer, by destroying mankind—there will come after this war such a rebirth of art as the world has seldom seen. Art is created by the demand for art—for something which is disengaged from the mere mechanics of living, and which, therefore, as Mr. Cournos says, is an image or expression of our eternal desire. It is for us to use the time that war has given us, to separate the false from the true in all the art-manifestations of the past, and to discard the false, while retaining the true.

All bad art is mechanical art. It matters not at all whether you produce a picture of the Royal Academy type or of the Futurist, Vorticist, or Cubist type. So long as you are content to repeat certain stereotyped formulæ, you are merely producing machines, not art. So long as you confine your research to formulæ that have or may be used, you are not an artist at all. It is exactly the same with poetry, or any other art. It matters not whether you write sonnets after Petrarch or Milton, or jerry *vers libres* after the latest staccato American pattern. Unless you obey some instinctive emotional impulse of your own and not of another man's, you had better put away your pen and paper, and not write at all. If you write merely to glorify an existence, which you know is commonplace, you are a bad artist; if you write merely to amuse or shock people, you are a bad artist; if you write to relieve your mind of any obsession, you are a bad artist; if you write according to any mechanical formula whatsoever, you are a bad artist.

It is time for us to clear our minds from the rubbish of manifestos that have deluged Europe. It is time that we stopped talking of art for art's sake, or for life's sake, or for the sake of social betterment, or for the sake of the maximum of energy, or for the sake of war, or for the sake of tradition. Let us have art for freedom's sake—the freedom of our own infinite desire. All other art is merely mechanical adaptation. Art may starve us, art may kill us; but, as Rimbaud exclaimed, "Are we old maids that we should shrink from the embraces of death?" The time has come for us to put the machines back in their place, as our servants, not as our masters and destroyers, and the mechanical artists back in theirs, as adapters, and not as creators.

(Continued from page 37)

means of man's developed vocal organs—of the phenomenon of sound. By virtue of it two totally differing sets of circumstances become competent to set in motion an identical effect.

(29) How these anomalo-poetic sounds become names, and how they gradually lost their imitative character, while other sounds whose connexion with things was maintained by means more artificial and conventional than that of similarity of sound established themselves, forms a subject which philology has already adequately dealt with. Our sole task in this connexion is to make clear that the unique valve of language does not reside in the fact that it serves as a means of communication, although as such it is of incalculable value. Language's supreme genius consists in that which it was able to bring about in man considered *as a unit*. Language put the individual man, without reference to his fellows, into possession of an order of images hitherto inexperienced: the introspective image isolating and embodying a thing's meaning. It created the *imaginary image*, and at a single stroke laid the foundations of the worlds of thought and imagination. In the stead of an organism which was merely conscious, it created an organism which was self-conscious. The quintessential virtue of words was, in fine, the creation of *mind*. That they proved to be also an incomparable vehicle of communication was, at the moment of their initiation, only an attendant grace by comparison. In the development of words and of mind, of course, their communicative-value plays a premier part: this because the number and precision of words constitute the range and quality of a mind, and in the increase of these intercommunication is all-valuable.

(30) One further word closes this section. If the imaginative image and the concept are identical, and if their origin is as we have now described it, are we not provided with an explanation of that baffling riddle of metaphysics which asks why the frameworks of the mind, the concepts that is, should appear as though *made to fit* to the objects of the outside world? Does not the foregoing theory adequately explain why the mental concept should fit the external thing with an exactness possible only between elements which are made to measure? On our theory of mind and imagination, the concept fits the thing precisely because it is nothing other than a replica of part of the thing. And if that is so the mysteriousness of metaphysics is grasped by the root.

(To be continued)

CORRESPONDENCE

THE GREAT SEX SPIRAL

A Criticism of Miss Marsden's "Lingual Psychology," Chapter I

To the Editor, THE EGOIST

MADAM,—Here is a thesis which, strangely enough, gains distinction through a manifest confusion of thought: a magnificent, if perhaps unconscious, piece of irony.

In setting up a new conception of philosophy, Miss Marsden seeks to establish its freedom from agnosticism at the start. But though she succeeds brilliantly in abolishing an historical philosophy that is agnostic, the basic agnosticism of her own reasoning remains no more than hidden. To this extent the entire argument of her thesis is futile.

Yet from the start there is evidence of an exuberant and arrogant power that touches the various historic philosophies in a

peculiar way and one quite foreign to the philosophies mentioned, i.e. as if two discrete objects were opposed. But the very arrogance of this new force, while it gives spur to the attack, leads the argument astray. Nevertheless it constitutes an indescribably playful embellishment to the solid worth of the attack that underlies it; an attack full of spirit and distinction upon what amounts to a male psychology entrenched in agnosticism, which last is facing for the first time a definite enemy.

For the first time, here is philosophy from the female standpoint: militant female psychology.

With this magnificent achievement to her credit, i.e. the setting up of female psychology in the philosophic field, Miss Marsden, having defined philosophy as psychology, pure and simple, proceeds, strangely enough, to lose sight of the following fact: that based on divergent sexual experiences, psychology, the general term, is capable of two very different interpretations: male psychology and female psychology, its basic subdivisions.

Through a too intense concentration upon the newly established object, i.e. female psychology, this last comes to fill the complete field of vision, with a consequent neglect of male psychology even to the point of an attempt being made to obliterate it completely.

Thus with magnificent arrogance, which, as I have said, is an embellishment to all her purposes, Miss Marsden has been led to fall into the mistake of essaying the destruction of male psychology by a pursuit of that most ancient will-o'-the-wisp: agnosticism.

In attempting the destruction of male psychology Miss Marsden has turned aside from the very field of inquiry of which it is her purpose to treat, but even in so doing she has sounded a most penetrant, almost a romantic, sex-note.

It is this by-product of her investigation that is the hidden and true purpose of her essay, the real profit of her labour, i.e. the establishment of female psychology in the field chosen. And it is this that gives the thesis under consideration its baffling and ironic merit.

Not the apparent promise of an abolition of agnosticism from the realm of philosophical inquiry but the establishment of a truly pregnant female psychology therein gives Miss Marsden's thesis its basis of fact.

In the speed of attack and defence, however, it must not be forgotten that, though male psychology has completely filled the philosophic field heretofore and though it is now past its use and is about to be supplanted by a vigorous and fruitful female psychology, it can only be so supplanted in the realm of practical affairs and not in that of pure knowledge. By overthrowing male psychology as she does Miss Marsden neither accomplishes its destruction nor that of agnosticism, which is inherent in it. She merely glosses over a thing which to her has no reality.

For me, however, the edge of all Miss Marsden says lies in a covert attack on the "creative artist." For this reason, and being profoundly impressed with the great practical importance of her work, I will take delight in striking back.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

RUTHERFORD, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.

[Mr. Williams's "criticism" will be more helpful when he makes clearer what the distinction is which he draws between male and female psychology. Is it anything beyond the fact that the one is written by a man, the other by a woman? If not, most of us will feel we have not been helped very far.—EDITOR.]

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MR. H. G. WELLS in **The Nation** : Its claim to be literature is as good as the claim of the last book of *Gulliver's Travels*. . . . The writing is great writing. . . . The technique is startling but upon the whole it succeeds. . . . One conversation in the book is a superb success. I write with all due deliberation that Sterne himself could not have done it better. . . . Like some of the best novels in the world it is the story of an upbringing ; it is by far the most living and convincing picture that exists of an Irish-Catholic upbringing. . . . The interest of the book depends entirely upon its quintessential and unfailing reality. One believes in Stephen Dedalus as one believes in few characters in fiction. . . . A second thing of immense importance to the English reader is the fact that every one in this story accepts as a matter of course, as a thing like nature or the sea, that the English are to be hated. . . . That is the political atmosphere in which Stephen Dedalus grows up. . . . I am afraid it is only too true an account of the atmosphere in which a number of brilliant young Irishmen have grown up. . . . No single book has ever shown how different they [the English and Irish] are as completely as this most memorable novel.

The Times Literary Supplement : We should like the book to have as many readers as possible. . . . As one reads one remembers oneself in it. . . . Like all good fiction, it is as particular as it is universal. . . . Mr. Joyce can present the external world excellently. . . . No living writer is better at conversations. . . . The talk is more real than real talk. . . . His hero is one of the many Irishmen who cannot reconcile themselves to things ; above all he cannot reconcile himself to himself. . . . His mind is a mirror in which beauty and ugliness are intensified. . . . His experience is so intense, such a conflict of beauty and disgust, that for a time it drives him into an immoral life, in which also there is beauty and disgust. . . . But for all that he is not futile, because of the drifting passion and the flushing and fading beauty of his mind. . . . It is wild youth, as wild as Hamlet's, and full of music.

Manchester Guardian : When one recognizes genius in a book one had perhaps best leave criticism alone. Genius is so rare that humility must needs mingle with the gratitude it inspires. . . . There are many pages, and not a few whole scenes, in Mr. Joyce's book which are undoubtedly the work of a man of genius. . . . A subtle sense of art has worked amidst the chaos, making this hither-and-thither record of a young mind and soul. . . . a complete and ordered thing. . . . Among the new-fangled heroes of the newest fiction devoted to the psychology of youth he is almost unique in having known at least once a genuine sense of sin and undergone a genuine struggle. There is drama in Stephen.

Scotsman : To readers who knew Mr. Joyce's former book, *Dubliners*, his new story may be at once described and recommended as a more elaborate work in the same vein. . . . It has the same accomplished literary craftsmanship in the realistic characterization of the young Irishmen of to-day. . . . Written with a rare skill in charging simple forcible language with an uncommon weight of original feeling.

Glasgow Herald : James Joyce is a remarkable writer. As a pure stylist he is equalled by few and surpassed by none. . . . His thought is crystallized out in clear sentences with many facets, transparent, full of meaning, free from unessentials. . . . His economy of words is wonderful . . . a ruthless excision of all that is irrelevant to the theme in hand. . . . The reader instead of moving across a laboriously bridged gulf . . . leaps confidently from one peak to another in the clear radiance emanating from the summits themselves. . . . We have acknowledged fully his greatness as an artist in form, and as fully acknowledge his sincerity of purpose, but we quarrel with him on æsthetic values.

Birmingham Post : *Dubliners* showed the author to be a relentless realist whose craftsmanship was undeniable. The qualities which won praise for that volume are emphasized in this novel, but its realism will displease many.

Liverpool Daily Post : A remarkable book, as original in style as it is abrupt. . . . A book which flashes its truth upon one like a searchlight and a moment later leaves the dazzled reader in darkness. The family quarrel over Parnell is the vividest piece of writing of modern times. The Roman Catholic school, the fear of hell, the wild sinning and the melodramatic repentance pass in swift succession through a boy's imaginative brain . . . dizzy in a body thrilling with life.

Eastern Morning News : There is power in "A Portrait" and an originality that is almost overwhelming. . . . The book is immensely clever ; whether it is pleasant or not we leave our readers to decide for themselves. Of its literary value there can be no doubt.

MR. ERNEST A. BOYD in **New Ireland** : With a frankness and veracity as appalling as they are impressive, Mr. Joyce sets forth the relentless chronicle of a soul stifled by material and intellectual squalor. . . . The pages of the book are redolent of the ooze of our shabby respectability, with its intolerable tolerance of most shameful barbarism. . . . A truly amazing piece of personal and social dissection.

Southport Guardian : A ruthless, relentless essay in realism ; a conscious, candid effort at perfection in portraiture, with no reticences and no reserves—almost brutally frank.

Cambridge Review : His vivid chapters on life in a Catholic school place him at once amongst the few great masters of analytic reminiscence.

Literary World : Rather a study of a temperament than a story in the ordinary way. . . . It has the intimate veracity, or appearance of veracity, of the great writers of confessions. . . . At times the analysis reminds one of Andreïev . . . at others the writing is pure lyrical beauty.

Everyman: Garbage. . . . We feel that Mr. Joyce would be at his best in a treatise on drains.

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