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VIII. LANGUAGE AND THE ORIGINATION OF THE CONCEPT

BY D. MARSDEN

I

(1) BEFORE subjecting the implications of this theory of the *imaginative image* to a comparison with what actually obtains in our imaginative experience, we propose to develop the statement with which we brought our last study to a close, i.e. that the primary function of language is to give birth to the *substance of mind*: that is, to the *concept* or *meaning*. Our contention makes claim that this primary function must be adopted and discharged by language before it is possible for the latter to proceed to its more obvious but only secondary function: the inter-communication of meanings. The force of this claim ought indeed to be self-evident. Obviously, "mind-stuff" must be in the competence and possession of organisms before they can put it out to exchange. Ideational activity must be a fact before a commerce in ideas can emerge.

(2) Nor have thinkers been reluctant to allow this inevitable pre-existence of mental imagery as compared with its transmission from one organism to another; but what would be held in question is the claim that language—the agent and instrument of its transmission—is also the parent of the substance itself. It is not held, as we hold, that language is the creator of Mind, and that the unravelling of the earliest forms and effects of language gives us in one and the same activity an exhibit of the origin of Mind. The first comment, therefore, which suggests itself upon these enlarged powers which we attribute to language is that they contrast conspicuously with the modest claims made on its behalf by those who have studied language most. It must accordingly be a first care to state just what the considerations are which lead us to credit language with this revolutionizing extension of power.

(3) A subsidiary but very powerful consideration is that the philosophy of language is still wholly at sea as regards its bases. The net result of the labours

of philologist and anthropologist during the last century in relation to the philosophy of language could be summarized as follows: (a) The history of language has been reconstructed with a satisfying measure of success to its penultimate stage. (b) The question of its origin, though ardently debated, has won to no solution so convincing that the matter can be regarded as closed to opinion. While the weight of opinion undoubtedly tilts very strongly in a certain direction (the wrong one in our opinion) the matter has not travelled beyond opinion. (c) The question of the origin of the substance of language, which substance we identify with that of *meaning*: *mental image*: *concept* or *mind* generally, has been abandoned as an almost insoluble mystery. To sum up: the story of language's growth has been retold with brilliant success; the story of the origin of its forms is still left in doubt; while the story of the origin of mind is declared to lie beyond the bounds of human explication.

(4) In this last respect, the previous century distinguished itself by raising negation to the status of a creed. The disabilities of the intellectual powers in this respect were proclaimed with an emphasis too marked to be significant of nothing deeper than mere dogmatic assertion. Notwithstanding the fact that speculation hovered and played round the subject in a fascinated way, the position that it was not possible to come to grips with it was adopted almost as a boast, and to the end it was maintained with something like a swagger that the age harboured a Mystery. Writing towards the close of the century, Prof. Drummond thus summarized opinion: "At the present moment the ultimate origin of Mind is as inscrutable a mystery as the origin of Life. It is sometimes charged against Evolution that it tries to explain everything and to rob the world of all its problems. There does not appear the shadow of a hope that it is about to rob it of this. On the contrary, the foremost scientific exponents of the theory of

mental evolution are ceaselessly calling attention to the inscrutable character of the element whose history they attempt to trace." "On the side of its philosophy," says Mr. Romanes, "no one can have a deeper respect for the problem of self-consciousness than I have; for no one can be more profoundly convinced than I am that the problem on this side does not admit of solution. In other words, so far as this aspect of the matter is concerned, I am in complete agreement with the most advanced idealist. I am as far as any one can be from throwing light upon the intrinsic nature of the probable origin of that (i.e. *Mind*) which I am endeavouring to trace." Mr. Darwin himself recoiled from a problem so transcendent: "I have nothing to do with the origin of the mental powers, any more than I have with that of life itself." "In what manner," he writes elsewhere, "the mental powers were first developed in the lowest organisms, is as hopeless an inquiry as how life itself first originated." The dicta of Huxley and others are quoted to like effect.

(5) Now this profession of blank ignorance and incapacity is too foreign to the aggressive spirit characteristic of the century just gone for any one to accept it as the effect of a casual and passing attitude merely. While the fashion of parading it may be regarded as the century's own, determined by the factions and quarrels of the age, this recognition of an *impasse*: an unknowable of experience: on the part of its thinkers was a logical necessity incumbent upon them once that particular assumption they allowed themselves in regard to language was adopted. Conceiving of language as essentially a means of communication and confining themselves within the limits of that conception, the only logical structure they could raise upon it found itself cut off from the only avenue by way of which an explanation of the phenomena facing them might have been forthcoming, and their agnosticism was an acknowledgment of this fact. Owing to this conception of language their labours on origins were stultified before they were well begun, and the concessions which they allowed as a sort of extraneous virtue to language as constituting the scaffolding of thought, or as thought's indispensable instrument could do nothing to make good the ravages of the basic misconception. Mind was still held in its intrinsic innerness to be something other than the offshoot of language, and the fact that it was impossible to give any account of what that "something" might otherwise be, was accepted as inhering in the "nature of things" rather than in the "nature of the assumption."

(6) If now we turn to the reconstruction as far as its penultimate stage of the history of language: that much-laboured sphere which mainly absorbed philological labours, and in which conspicuously successful achievements were obtained: what we have to note primarily is the species of inquiry which it involved. Activity here is almost wholly limited to the collecting and collating of externalized evidence in the shape of externalized forms. For such evidence the entire world has indeed been ransacked. The most highly wrought languages alongside humble dialects in remote tongues made their yield. So, too, the speechless—the deaf and mute; likewise the child whose speech had still to be learnt. The man farthest down and organisms farther down than man, all had to make some offering. One cannot fail to be impressed with the thoroughness of this attack upon language by way of its externalized forms. Yet the very whole-heartedness of the abandonment to this method of approach indicates the sort of pre-occupation which is responsible for the inadequacy of the philosophy of language as a whole. From the circumstances of the case it is not to be expected that external evidence could furnish all the data necessary to put that philosophy on a firm basis.

Such evidence can have bearing only upon lan-

guage's *form*, and evidence as to its *substance*, if obtainable, has a prior urgency. To hope to arrive at a knowledge of it, inquiry obviously must become much more intimate. If it has been necessary to scour the ends of the earth to secure data for comparisons as to forms, it is necessary to apply *at home*, where alone it is available, for information as to substance. Introspective scrutiny of the *mental image* must be the indispensable complement, and even the precursor of the scrutiny of collated forms. Only so can the latter be adequately interpreted. It is because this part of the work—the psychological part—has been heavily in arrears that the philosophy of language as distinguished from its history has been held up.

(7) And this point brings us to our major consideration, i.e. that by working first upon the *mental image* and from thence outwards, we seem to find a track opening which leads right up to the heart of language, and nothing less than a causal relationship establishing itself between speech and those activities which we distinguish as mental. Working in this order, it becomes increasingly evident that no satisfactory account of the mental or imaginative image is possible if we are to be interdicted from considering the claims of such a relationship. Blocked in this particular, the result is just that kind of hopeless deadlock whose spirit finds expression in the quotation above given, and intellectual coyness is forced to elevate itself into a virtue. Only when this coyness is swept away and all the arbitrary halts verbally placed upon the sway of linguistic power which inspire it, can psychology feel that it is a science with a straightforward task, and a fair chance of putting it through. Once they are, effects will immediately appear. And not only in psychology, but, the latter having obtained a firm basis, it will react automatically upon philology at its subtlest point; that of its originating form. Inevitably it must follow that, if the first function of language is to create mind, then the first forms of language must be such as are competent to achieve the revolutionary ends attributed to their agency. That is, competing theories on the origin of language will no longer stand upon what now is practically an equal footing. That theory of the origin of language will dominate and bear down all others which satisfies the special conditions presented. Postulating then that the first forms of language have to be adequate for the creation of the concept, our immediate task is to show what must be the conditions of such creation, and what characterization the innovating agency which fulfilled them must have worn.

II

(8) In opening our search for the adequate producing-means, let us consider two possible agencies which were already operative in that twilight of Man's history out of which language and mind simultaneously emerge. Both these agencies are referable to that basic condition of vital development: an increased power of movement, and both result in a capacity for imitation which is the indispensable factor in the formation of language, and accordingly—as we think—of mind. These two agencies adaptable for imitative ends are (a) the greatly developed vocal machinery situated in the mouth and throat, and (b) that setting free and developing of the forelimbs for movements other than those of bodily locomotion which became possible upon man's adoption of an upright posture.

(9) Faced with these possible alternatives as means, the next question is: Which of the two is the likelier—bodily gesture or vocal sound—to have effected the ends under consideration. As a matter of fact, though opinion leans preponderatingly to the side of gesture, the honour of first place has been accorded

to each by different schools : a fact which (if we do not make language responsible for the creation of the concept) is not at all surprising. For not only do two distinct spheres of increased mobility exist, both capable of being directed to imitative ends ; there is also the additional and seemingly corroborating evidence provided by the fact that the users of the most cultivated tongues intersperse and eke out their conventional vocal signs with gestures ; and the further fact that as we move down the cultural scale to where language is at its beginnings there appears almost as much of gesture-language as of the vocal kind. The savage expresses his mental activities partly by gesture and partly by speech, and of the two, speech does not seem to receive the lion's share. Moreover, in the interchange of meaning between men whose language is wholly unknown to each other, communication is almost wholly couched in gesture-forms ; while the speech of deaf-mutes is limited completely to that form. Hence the case for the visible gesture seems decidedly promising, and were there no other demand upon speech save that it should serve as an instrument of communication, and in the necessary absence of all historic evidence, the matter would seem destined to remain a matter of opinion. As we have indicated, however, there are other demands which can only be overlooked at the price of sacrificing the philosophical bases of both mind and language, and it is in relation to these demands that the claims of the imitative gesture must be weighed rather than on the merits of pretensions lying much more obviously on the surface.

(10) Granted that conceptual activity supervenes upon the instinctive kind only with the appearance of Man, it follows that prior to Man there must have been vast periods of time during which the concept, the substance in which that activity worked, was an unknown phenomenon of experience. And being unknown, its creation could not have been arrived at as the attainment of an end desired and striven after. Its creation must have taken place spontaneously, and—so to speak—casually. The means, therefore, which ushered it into experience must have been such as can be described as a spontaneous exercise of developing powers and not as a means contrived in order to attain an end. The growing powers must have exercised themselves simply because they found they could, and wholly unwitting of their effects as productive of the images of mind. Necessarily so, since all awareness of the effects they achieved is ruled out by the stipulation that the concept is, up to this point, an unknown quantity. The first awareness of such effects is in fact the precise phenomenon for which we have to account. Let this then be the first characteristic of the operative means of which we are in search : that it must emerge as a spontaneous expression of power, expressional rather than purposive, disporting itself simply because it found itself possessed of the competence necessary to do so.

(11) The second characteristic, a corollary of the first, is that the means must be capable of being effected simply and as a whole. From the circumstances of the case, anything of the nature of a laboriously contrived effort is inadmissible. Unless again we are to assume a prescience of the very end which is postulated as unknown, complicated processes and varied efforts renewed as constantly as they fail to satisfy a fixed standard point too unmistakably to the already established existence of a picture which is serving as a pattern for and a judge of those efforts. Only on the assumption that the concept is *already there to work on* are such defined and purposive efforts possible. They cannot, therefore, be credited with the reverse rôle, that of creative agent of the very concept from which they themselves derive their entire significance and purpose. This is not, of course, intended to imply that in the produc-

tion of the means which actually does give birth to the concept the organism is not directing its energies *with effort* towards some definite end. It is merely intended to emphasize the fact that they are not bent on that one particular end, i.e. the creation of the concept, and to draw attention to the allied fact that purposive effort follows *in the wake of acquaintance* and not in advance of it. In illustration we might say that purposive effort can be expended in the increasing of one's skill in the perfecting of an already known activity. An organism which can already use its limbs with great freedom in a variety of ways will with any new access of power spontaneously exert itself towards the attainment of an even greater variety in similar movements. Or if it can use its voice skilfully it will bend its growing efforts towards using it still more skilfully. But it will not, and cannot, make a leap and direct its energies in pursuit of an end the character of which is totally unknown.

(12) The third characteristic which the initiating means must present is the power to secure its effect, the conceptual image, with a success and an immediacy so startling and complete that the energies of the entire organism are arrested by the process. It will not be sufficient for the stimulus to produce a vague image whose full features and character need to be speculated upon. If mental images were in the first instance produced obscurely and vaguely only, that traffic in meanings which appears to have been as nearly simultaneous as possible with their creation could not have arisen. Every feature of such interchange points to the existence of a perfectly definite picture *in the mind*. The difficulty arises only when it is sought to transfer the totality of the image's features to other organisms. All the painstaking labour which expends itself in an effort to make the communicative means convey a definite picture forms in itself an unmistakable witness to the fact that the mental picture is clear enough even though the communicative means are proving rather inadequate. The only possible inference these facts will bear is that the concept enters into experience full-statured from the first, just as in the uncannily aware symbolism of the ancient myth, the goddess of wisdom sprang at birth full-statured and fully accoutred from the head of Jove. Of any groping or bungling efforts in the concept's initial birth there is no trace.

(13) If we now compare the merits of the two available imitative means—gestural and vocal—in the light of this threefold demand : effectiveness at a single onslaught ; the simplicity and ease of their enactment ; and the spontaneousness and—as it were—accidental character of their production, we are met with a striking contrast. Taking the points in the order outlined, there is scarcely room for any comparison between their relative effectiveness at a single onslaught. The clean-cut finish and definiteness of the image produced by the vocal means is altogether removed from the vague and ambiguous one which is the product of the bodily gesture. As though all that was essentially distinctive of objects (of animated objects particularly) had distilled into their sound-aspect of manner of voice, when that is assimilated by imitation, it is as though the objects' innermost "personality" had been assimilated. But the effect is quite other when we imitate such aspects as come within the competence of the gesture. If we imitate the voice of an animal and then compare the effects as regards precision with those which follow upon an imitation of the same animal's shape or movements, it is clear that the imitative voice leaves the latter hopelessly in the rear. An imitation of the cat's *maïow*, for instance, produces a mental image which is unmistakable. It is so inevitable and sure that it imposes even upon the lower animals. It is impossible to escape the similarity. But whatever gestures we set about using : those imitative

of the animal's actions or those representative of its shape, we are confronted with an almost hopeless ambiguity. The mental picture, far from being inevitable, is a matter of guess-work even for an observant human adult who is aware what one is bent on. It is not credible that for the earliest man, whose acquaintance with conceptual images was all to be made even as regards its possibility, such dubious agencies could have quickened self-consciousness into existence.

[It is perhaps worth while to note here that at the stage of history with which we here deal man would occupy a *furnitureless* world. All the significant occupants of his world would be in addition to himself living organisms, i.e. characteristically sound-producing objects. All those inanimate "dumb" objects with which the world has become crowded since man took to conceptual activity must of necessity post-date the activities of which we now speak. There would not, therefore, be any difficulty in finding means to create concepts corresponding to all the most significant objects of his world.]

(14) Comparing next the relative ease with which the vocal sound and the imitative gesture respectively are produced, the advantage again lies wholly with the vocal sound. Whereas the latter is produced with the utmost ease, the appropriate gestures are difficult because they are complicated and necessarily long-drawn-out. The likeness they produce being so inadequate they fail to give the necessary cue. As a consequence the effort of portrayal must be sustained and renewed again and again, and the whole plan of portraiture many times revised: a feat which, as we have already pointed out, would tax the ingenuity of a full-statured intelligence. And even so, it would not then have attained to the one thing which in initial conception is all-important, i.e. inevitable certainty.

(15) There is, however, a stronger point to be made here. If we look back over the phrases we have been led to use in this connexion we meet with the illuminating fact that all description of these efforts compels us to take for granted that the latter are bent on making a *reproduction* of a picture which *already exists*. They are making a portrait, a copy, a second-hand version of an already existent image. The very pointedness and strength of the determination to approximate to a standard in itself gives away the case of the gestural imitation as first agent in linguistic effort. Plainly its capacity is for reproduction and not for initial production of the substance of language. The concept already *is* before the gestures begin their work.

(16) Furthermore in this same connexion: If the self-taught and self-enacted gesture previously had had the power to create the conception in the mind of the individual using it, obviously that same gesture would be ready made and in his competence available either for the reproduction of a like image in his own consciousness or in that of his similarly organized neighbour. Just as the vocal imitation, having once assembled the mental image of the thing imitated, is competent to assemble it again either within the producer or within the consciousness of his audience, so would any means whose creative capacity had already revealed itself in his own case be competent to encompass a like achievement with his neighbour. But apparently such adequate gesture had *not* been the creative means in his own case and does not, therefore, reside ready-made within his power for its reproduction elsewhere. The vocal sound, on the other hand, *has* so served him and adequately, and it is equally available for use in communicating basically-similar images among his kind.

(17) Upon the third characteristic demanded in the producing means, i.e. spontaneity, lack of deliberateness or of purposive effort, we need not enter at length. Unlike the gesture which is painfully

and painstakingly set upon a defined end, i.e. that of reproducing a picture whose character had been fixed by other means, the imitative sounds arise as the involuntary expression of man's increasing vital energy involuntarily playing upon his newly developed vocal organs. The physical human structure having grown into a new range of sound-production, human sounds entered into their new possession. Twisting and turning with the ease of a swivel in his throat, man found himself able to produce not merely the exclusively human sounds which hitherto had distinguished him but also the entire range of sounds hitherto the exclusive distinction of other organisms. He initiated such sounds because he *could*, not because he appreciated the ulterior end awaiting him as a result of the imitation. This result, in fact, wholly unforeseen by him, ushered him unceremoniously into the unexpected world-order of self-consciousness. How amazed and, in a sense, how unhinged Man was by this unfamiliar and unexpected experience his entire subsequent history down to this hour is an adequate witness. He uttered a sound—a new sound to him, it is true—and promptly his world was invaded by a ghostly likeness: an image so like the thing imitated that it seemed its double, and yet so dissimilar that he found himself able to adopt a largely differing plan of action in regard to it. In the slow procession of time he found himself able to abbreviate to the utmost minimum the responsive movements which in relation to the corresponding thing would have been not merely appropriate but vitally necessary. By what precise organic movements this ghostly inner picture was shaped we gave some indications in our previous chapter and we shall not recapitulate them here. Our immediate purpose is met if we have shown that the history of language begins with the concept, and that for the reasons just now given in the initial creation of the latter the vocal sound and not the gestural shape was the operating cause.

III

(18) Assuming then that the imitative gestural movements are incapable of initiating the concept at its first appearance, by what explanation are we to account for the extremely important rôle which they undoubtedly fill in the early structure of language as a whole?

At what point did the usefulness of the imitative gesture so reveal itself that it came to supply fully one-half of language's earliest forms? And in what did that usefulness consist? To us, the answers to these two questions seem to be as follows: The usefulness of the imitative gesture appeared immediately language proceeded to its *secondary* stage: that of *intercommunication of meaning*.

(19) Before we proceed to speak of communication as distinguished from individually creative conceptual activity, it will be necessary to note one or two characteristics of the concept itself as it exists in this primitive "speaker's" consciousness. Springing full-featured into existence in response to the imitative cry, the "picture" so formed would be merely a "typical" picture of the thing imitated: that is, it would contain the features common to all such pictures no matter in what additional manner particularized. But in every case it would also contain certain particularized features given to it by the sum-total of all his past acquaintance with the thing imitated, and above all, by his *immediately* past acquaintance. The "type" would exist far less for that primitive speaker than it actually does for a modern user of "abstract" speech. As a consequence, every imitative sound would tend to produce a picture containing a "typical" nucleus *plus* a particularized fringe varying in character with the past mental history of the producer or hearer.

The same imitative sound would produce on different occasions a picture containing certain stable elements and certain varying ones. These last would be the picture's specific and particularized variations on any given occasion.

(20) Now Man must have found very early after the appearance of the vocal masquerade among his kind that his imitative activity not only roused in *himself* this inner and emasculated picture of the thing imitated, but that it produced it also in the consciousness of his audience. Moreover, he must have found that when another member of his own kind effected a like kind of imitation, a similar result was forthcoming from within himself. In short, men found themselves provided not merely with a means of appropriating the vocal characteristics of the external world, and, by so doing, creating a new world order within themselves individually; they found themselves possessed by the same means of the power to invade the world of those about them with a like order of feeling.

(21) It must have been at this point, while endeavouring to make headway with this means of invasion, that they became aware of the deficiencies of the primary conceptual instrument—the imitative sound. These inadequacies, of course, arise from the fact that many of the features present in the conceptual image belong to the particularized aspects rather than to the "typical" or "essential" ones. They are not invariably present in it. They are variable quantities. They are particularizations: sometimes present and sometimes absent. Now when men took to exchanging their mental pictures they could proceed most successfully as far as the communication of the "type" by means of the casually created vocal imitation. But when they came to the communication of the particularized details simply because these did not inevitably follow in the wake of the imitative sound as did the essentially identifying characters of the concept, the vocal means could not be relied upon to produce them. The particularizations which the concept wore, possessed one character in the *speaker's* mental picture-gallery, but they presented perhaps quite another in that of the speaker's *audience*. In the absence of specific action to modify it, both pictures would be particularized in accordance with the more recent acquaintanceship of the respective individuals with the particular thing imitated. In sum: the type, the essentially identifying characteristics of the concept, admitted of transmission by the primary conceptual means—the vocal sound, but its *details* did not. A further difficulty in the way was that many of these particularizations were soundless, and so presented no sound-aspect which might be imitated and thus add to the enlargement and particularization of the picture. Or if they did have a sound-aspect it would be of such an indefinite character as to be ambiguous and so useless as a means of defining the given picture.

(22) And this seems to be the precise point in the scheme of mind into which gesture-language just fitted. The vocal means had set the revolutionizing scheme in motion and carried it over its initial stage, and there for the moment it presented limitations. Not, however, before men had realized that a new power had fallen into their possession. The commandeering of the gestural means was effected in a totally different spirit from that in which man had exercised the varying notes which he found himself capable of producing from his throat. Gesture-language was pressed into action *purposively*. Its uses were appreciated as existing before the advent of the means. The latter were given birth in order that they might serve a precise end. Unlike the original vocal imitations, men used the gestural imitations knowing why they used them, and conscious of the effects they hoped to obtain from them. Deliberately they set themselves to employ the other

species of mobility lying within their competence: that of bodily movement. The limbs were brought into play to make up the deficiencies as they then existed of the voice. And it had now become profitable so to do because their "audience" had already had its energies fixed upon the right scent. The typical and identifying form had already been assembled by the incomparably more adequate sound, and using that as a kicking-off ground they could proceed to imitate activities, which though ambiguous and meaningless *unrelated to the concept which united and limited them*, were tolerably adequate when performed in connexion with that unifying link. A man endeavouring to communicate to his neighbour a mental picture particularized like his own had already in his own consciousness a full-featured original to work upon. The far lighter task of *making a copy from a pattern* only, was that which the crude gestures were called upon to perform, while for the all-important task of assembling the subject to which the actions related other and infinitely more adequate means had already been at work. All that it was necessary for the gestural activity to effect was the enlargement of the idea as already given.

(23) The argument has now been conducted to the point at which it is possible to enunciate an important generalization concerning the essential features of the creative agency of mind and its activities. This agency is language; but *language is not language* until it is possessed of the power to raise the twin-pillars which together constitute its *grammar*. Language is possessed of its essential minimum only when it is competent to create the "typical" image (the concept proper) and the image's non-typical, particularized activities and characteristics; in other words, only when it can produce both SUBJECT and PREDICATION: substantive and verb. Of the two grammatical elements, the subject is the primary creation: necessarily so, since only by first postulating a subject do we provide that unit of reference in relation to which the complementary activities acquire their relevance. The *verb* is meaningless save as it delineates the activities or particularized character of the subject to which attention has been riveted in advance, and it is the activities of the verb which are portrayed in the imitative gesture. Therefore for these to have acquired any serviceable place or meaning, the *substantive* must already have been unmistakably indicated by the initial conceptual means—the vocal imitation.

(24) It is in the light of this generalization that we can understand why the path to Mind is blocked for certain sub-human species which show potentialities kindred to the mental ones of Man. Let us consider, for instance, the *parrot*, whose powers of imitative articulation are almost comparable with those of Man. According to the foregoing theory, on the strength of the excellent vocal imitation of which it is capable, the parrot should be in possession of a genuine concept: a genuine mental picture inevitably bearing with it the power of identification and recognition. This we hold to be actually the case. This organism, highly endowed in respect of its vocal mechanism, has been enabled to travel as far as the *subject*; but there it has found itself pinned fast. It does not possess within itself the physical means which would enable it to initiate *predication*. Because the mobile fore-limbs of the human species are not available here to play their complementary part as particularizing predicate, it is destitute of the means of imitating *action* whereby alone a *rain* of images—thought with the power of development inhering in it—can be opened up.

(25) If now, on the other hand, we consider the *ape*, the case is reversed. Here again, this time in gestural versatility, we have a species with a competence almost comparable with man's; yet again

because in this case the primary conceptual power of creating a *subject* is absent, the ape's mental potentialities are lost in the portrayal of mere action. Whereas the parrot is spitted fast upon the *substantive*, the ape loses himself in the activities which makes up the *verb*. That *festooning* of the verbal activities upon those unifying and identifying pillars called nouns, which is the characteristic of the *train* or *progression* of images in the genuinely mental activity forthcoming only in the human level, is quite absent from those half-equipped sub-human species. One deficient in the one capacity and the other in the other, both are incapable of evidencing the twin-powers necessary if a *grammar* is to be raised up. And because Mind can grow only from a base of language in which grammatical structure has already impressed itself, they are incapable of evidencing the features of Mind.

(In further consideration of this subject, the case of the cultured deaf-mute will be considered in a subsequent chapter.)

ERRATA

In paragraph (29) of the leading article in the April issue of THE EGOIST there occurred the following printer's errors: line 1, "onomatopoeic" for "onomatopoetic" and "become" for "became"; line 9, "valve" for "value"; line 15, "inexperienced" for "unexperienced."

EYES, EYELINGS, STARE-EYES

By FEODOR SOLOGUB

ONCE there were dark, beautiful Eyes. They would take a glance, and look enigmatically. There were also grey, mischievous Eyelings. They would flash back and forth all the time and never look straight at any one.

The Eyes asked:

"Why are you running about? What are you seeking?"

The Eyelings began to run and to bustle about; they said:

"Oh, nothing in particular. Just a little, lightly—you can't help it—well, you know yourselves."

Then there were the dull, arrogant Stare-eyes. They would always fix themselves and stare.

The Eyes asked:

"Why are you looking? What do you see?"

The Stare-eyes grew angry, and shouted:

"How do you dare? Who are you? And who are we? We will give it to you!"

The Eyes sought other eyes as beautiful as themselves, they did not find them, and so they closed in despair.

(Authorized translation by John Cournos)

IN THE ORCHARD

GROTESQUE patterns of blue-grey mould
Cling to my barren apple-trees:

But in the Spring
Pale blossoms burst like little flames
Along the black wavering twigs:

And soon
Rains wash the cold frail petals
Downfalling like tremulous flakes
Even within my heart.

HERBERT READ

EURYDICE

By H. D.

I

SO you have swept me back—
I who could have walked with the live souls
above the earth,
I who could have slept among the live flowers
at last.

So for your arrogance
and your ruthlessness
I am swept back
where dead lichens drip
dead cinders upon moss of ash.

So for your arrogance
I am broken at last,
I who had lived unconscious,
who was almost forgot.

If you had let me wait
I had grown from listlessness
into peace—
if you had let me rest with the dead,
I had forgot you
and the past.

II

Here only flame upon flame
and black among the red sparks,
streaks of black and light
grown colourless.

Why did you turn back,
that hell should be reinhabited
of myself, thus
swept into nothingness?

Why did you turn,
why did you glance back—
why did you hesitate for that moment,
why did you bend your face
caught with the flame of the upper earth
above my face?

What was it that crossed my face
with the light from yours
and your glance?

What was it you saw in my face—
the light of your own face,
the fire of your own presence?
What had my face to offer
but reflex of the earth—
hyacinth colour
caught from the raw fissure in the rock
where the light struck,
and the colour of azure crocuses
and the bright surface of gold crocuses
and of the wind-flower,
swift in its veins as lightening
and as white?

III

Saffron from the fringe of the earth,
wild saffron that has bent
over the sharp edge of earth,
all the flowers that cut through the earth,
all, all the flowers are lost.

Everything is lost,
everything is crossed with black,
black upon black
and worse than black—
this colourless light.

IV

Fringe upon fringe
of blue crocuses,
crocuses, walled against blue of themselves,
blue of that upper earth,
blue of the depth upon depth of flowers—
lost !

Flowers—
if I could have taken once my breath of them,
enough of them—
more than earth,
even than the upper earth
had passed with me
beneath the earth !

If I could have caught up from the earth,
the whole of the flowers of the earth,
if once I could have breathed into myself
the very golden crocuses
and the red,
and the very golden hearts of the first saffron,
the whole of the golden mass,
the whole of the great fragrance,
I could have dared the loss.

V

So for your arrogance
and your ruthlessness
I have lost the earth
and the flowers of the earth,
and the live souls above the earth,

and you who passed across the light
and reached
ruthless,

you who have your own light,
who are to yourself a presence,
who need no presence.

Yet for all your arrogance
and your glance,
I tell you this—
such loss is no loss,
such terror, such coils and strands and pitfalls
of blackness,
such terror—
is no loss.

Hell is no worse than your earth
above the earth,
hell is no worse—
no—nor your flowers
nor your veins of light
nor your presence,
a loss.

My hell is no worse than yours
though you pass among the flowers and speak
with the spirits above earth.

VI

Against the black
I have more fervour
than you in all the splendour of that place,
against the blackness
and the stark grey
I have more light !

And the flowers—
if I should tell you,
you would turn from your own fit paths
toward hell—
turn again and glance back

and I would sink into a place
even more terrible than this.

VII

At least I have the flowers of myself
and my thoughts—no god
can take that :
I have the fervour of myself for a presence
and my own spirit for light.

And my spirit with its loss
knows this :
though small against the black,
small against the formless rocks,
hell must break before I am lost.

Before I am lost,
hell must open like a red rose
for the dead to pass.

"LE FEU"*

GONCOURT PRIZE FOR 1916

"Of superior moral value. Volunteered for the duration of the war. Refused to join the territorials in spite of his age and condition of health. Always proposed himself spontaneously for all dangerous missions and, particularly, helped to organize, under violent fire, an advanced dressing-station in lines just conquered from the enemy."—*Army citation.*

COMPARED—I say *compared*—with this book other books dealing with the war are impertinencies. They are impertinencies not necessarily without merit, but their merits are merely of the order of literary skilfulness. They take advantage of the war to extract from it effects : effects dramatic, sentimental, picturesque, yea, even, save the mark, humorous, and that is what nauseates in them. Henri Barbusse holds that the war should not be a milch-cow for writers or any other profiteers. The very purpose of his book is to show that it is wicked to draw upon such an infamy for any object other than its destruction, other than to show it up in the full light of its infamy in view of complete disapproval of it, and with this aim ever in sight he has described what he saw and heard during two years under fire, without elimination, without apparent selection, without artful tricks of emphasis. "It would be a crime," he makes one of his characters say, "to show the nobler aspects of war, even if there were any."

That is his attitude. Truth first, literature second. He has not attempted a work of art, but, being a writer of force, possessed of an intellect of exceptional earnestness, gifted with a most valuable memory, and, especially, inclined to discern the spirituality lurking within material manifestations, he has achieved a record of events which is not merely a record but also a reading of them, stinging deep into all who follow it. He no more spares them than the shells from the enemy spare their victims.

The greater part of the book is a meticulously faithful rendering of the author's companions' conversations during the interminable hours of waiting in the field, in trenches, in billets, which form the majority of the average soldier's experiences of warfare, reproduced in their characteristic *argot*, which somewhat unnecessarily taxes the reader's patience and obscures his understanding. Moreover it prevents the work from making the international appeal its substance and spirit claim for it. An excessive care for truthfulness at the expense of directness and communicativeness was the motive for this procedure. There is absolutely no objection to the "swear words" which contribute to the likeness in the portraits (see the chapter "Les Gros Mots"), but there are solid reasons for not obscuring the likeness under a coat of

* *Le Feu*, by Henri Barbusse.

jargon unintelligible to the majority of readers, and to which no dictionary or glossary could give a clue, for it is not so much a language of his own the *troufion* has invented as simply a perversion of accent, pronunciation, and grammar which it is easier for the ear than for the eye to translate, and for which Mr. Barbusse has had to form a special orthography reminiscent of those exceedingly misleading guides to pronunciation in foreign conversation books. However, a Kipling would no doubt have adopted the same principle.

Towards the middle of the closely printed 380 pages—the labour of which is a mystery—direct descriptions more frequently take the place of the slow-moving dialogue—slow-moving like the war itself—and the author's experiences of the campaign, while the end rises to heights of luminous criticism, bringing the personality of the writer at last into evidence. A similar evolution, the thinker replacing the narrator, occurs in his previous book, *L'Enfer*.

Having minutely recorded the horror of war (horror and war are here synonymous) in its active as in its passive phases—though it is hard to say where the active ceases and the passive commences, for suffering is necessarily always active: the distinction is used conventionally—M. Barbusse feels himself warranted to draw conclusions. After the evidence the sentence. It is a marvel his views have passed censorship:

“The future!” he cried suddenly like a prophet. “With what eyes those who will come after us and whose progress—which arrives like fate—will have balanced the consciences, will consider these murders and exploits which we who commit them do not know whether to class with those of the heroes of Plutarch and Corneille, or with those of apaches!

“And yet,” continued Bertrand, “look! One figure has risen above the war and will shine for the beauty and importance of his courage.”

And he dares name the German Liebknecht.

“The future! The future! The future's duty will be to efface the present, to efface it even more than you think, to efface it as something abominable and shameful. And yet this present was necessary! Shame to military glory, shame to armies, shame to the soldier's trade which transforms men in turn from stupid victims to ignoble executioners.”

The man who speaks thus, Corporal Bertrand, “who had always done more than his duty and still survived” (all the characters in the book are “true” characters; except in one single and stated instance they are given their own names), is eventually killed.

I will quote the discovery of his death to give a notion of the realism to which there are absolutely no limits, a realism which calmly comments upon the native troops' particular methods of “fight” and quotes a soldier who quickly and naïvely gives his trade as a “butcher of La Villette” to substantiate his approval of the neat manner in which a trench had been “cleaned up.”

“I should like to find Farfadet,” said Volpatte. “I told him to wait when we were running and he hooked me. Poor chap, I hope he waited.”

So he came and went, attracted to the dead by a strange curiosity. Indifferent as they are they send him from one to the other and at each step he looks on the ground. Suddenly he makes a cry of distress. He signals to us with his hand and kneels down beside a corpse. “Bertrand!” An acute, clinging emotion takes hold of us. So he has been killed, he too, like the rest, he who rose so high above us all by his energy and lucidity! He has got himself killed, got himself killed at last from always doing his duty. He has at last found Death where it was!

We look at him, then turn away from the vision and consider each other.

Ah! . . .

The fact is that the shock of his loss is aggravated by the

sight of his remains. Death has lent the appearance of a caricature to this man who was so handsome and so calm. With his hair scattered over his eyes, his moustache steeped in his mouth, and puffed face, he laughs. One eye is wide open, the other closed, and his tongue hangs out. His arms are spread crosswise, his hands are open, his fingers spread. His right leg stretches out in one direction, his left leg, which is broken by shrapnel and whence oozed the hæmorrhage which caused his death, is twisted in a circle, dislocated, limp, boneless. A lugubrious irony has communicated to the last heavings of this agony the aspect and gestures of a clown.

Further on they find:

A *Feldwebel* seated, leaning on the ripped-up planks of what was, there where we stand, a sentry-box. A little hole under one eye; a bayonet thrust has nailed him by his face to the boards. In front of him, also seated, with his elbows on his knees, his fists in his neck, a man shows a skull opened like a boiled egg. . . . Near them, appalling sentinel, half a man is standing: a man cut, sliced in two from skull to loins, leaning upright against the bank of earth. The other half is missing of this species of human peg, whose eye hangs out, whose bluish entrails twist in spirals round his leg.

The whole book, from beginning to end, is a fearless revelation, be the theme drowning in swamps, the storming-parties, the dressing-stations, starvation and thirst which drives the men to drink their own urine, the rain, the fire, the mud, the treacherous mud:

“At one time I thought the worst hell of the war was the flames from the shells, then I long thought that it was the suffocation of the dug-outs which constantly close upon one. No, the hell is the water.”

About the mud a man is made to say:

“Over there it is worse than here. The men fall into holes from which they can't be dragged. All who during night-time have set foot on the edge of a shell-hole are dead men. . . . Over there, wherever you come from, you see a head moving, its arms locked; there is a path of gabions, which here and there have yielded and broken through, which is a mouse-trap for men. Where there is no gabion-work there are two inches of water. Often they can't pull out their rifles. Look at those—the whole lower part of their coats has been cut—no matter about the pockets—to free them and also because they hadn't the strength to carry such a burden. Dumas' coat, which it was possible to remove, weighed at least 40 kilos: two of us could just manage to lift it using both hands. Look, the one whose legs are bare, it has torn everything off him: his trousers, pants, shoes. . . . all torn off by the earth. Such a thing has never been seen, never.”

Each speaker has his own peculiar, characteristic manner.

The book is a mine of detail: the avariciousness of the peasants with whom the soldiers have dealings, the wretched equipment, the ravages of vermin, even the inventory of the contents of a soldier's kit-bag, all these reminiscences contribute to illustrate the war and to justify the conclusion:

More even than the charges which are like review-parades, more than the visible battles which unfurl like banners, more even than the *corps à corps* where you are wild and scream, this war is the appalling, supernatural fatigue with water to the waist, and mud and filth and infamous dirt. It is the mouldy faces and the ragged flesh, and the corpses which are not even like corpses, floating above the voracious soil. It is the infinite monotony of wretchedness interrupted by acute dramas, it is that and not the bayonet which glitters like silver, nor the cock-crow of the trumpet-blast in the sun.

To *embusqués*, patrons of war in the form of journalists, politicians, the “public” in general,

accrues their share of censure in ironical remarks from the fighters and in different incidents introduced into the narrative. Nobody and nothing is spared, who or which is responsible for the war and its mismanagement. But there is no rating.

By an obstinate daily record of the incidents, major and minor, of the war, as M. Barbusse saw it, he forestalls that forgetfulness with which man is cured of the past and taken off his guard for the future. From one day to another he even who has suffered the worst forgets. The capacity to forget surpasses and absorbs all other faculties. But this monumental chronicle has been written to supply a substitute for his faulty memory. There is not a language in which at least its more essential pages—among these the account of the bombarded subterranean dressing-station, with the howling man whose two feet had been shot off struggling on his stretcher with the field-orderlies, who weigh on him to keep him from trying to *run away*, and the aviator who wanted to know the real name of God, and all the rambling exclamations of the suffering, dying, and the *infirmier* who was blown into fragments while raking human bowels and other remains from off the dressing-station entrance—should not be spread broadcast. It must combat against that “short-sightedness which is the disease of the human mind” and which distorts patriotism, “respectable on condition that it be restricted to the artistic and sentimental domains exactly like the ties of family and province, no less sacred,” into dangerous national vanity and conceit, creating totally imaginary distinctions and barriers. “We alone,” each say behind their respective fences, “are the depositories of courage, loyalty, talent, good taste!”

Of the greatness and wealth of a country they make a devouring disease, a kind of cancer absorbing living forces, taking the whole place and crushing life and which, being contagious, ends either in the crises of war or in the exhaustion and asphyxia of armed peace. Of how many crimes have they not made virtues by calling them national—with one word! They even deform truth. For eternal truth is substituted the national truth of each. So many peoples, so many truths, which twist and turn the truth. All those who keep up these children's disputes, so odiously ridiculous, scold each other, with: “It wasn't I who began, it was you.” “No it wasn't I, it was you.” “Begin if you dare.” “Begin, you.” Puerilities which keep the world's immense wound sore because those really interested do not take part in the discussion and the desire to make an end of it does not exist; all those who cannot or will not make peace on earth; all those who clutch, for some reason or other, to the old state of things, finding or inventing reasons for it, those are your enemies!

In a word, the enemy is the past. The perpetrators of war are the traditionalists, steeped in the past . . . for whom an abuse has the power of law because it has been allowed to take root, who aspire to be guided by the dead and who insist on submitting the passionate, throbbing future and progress to the rule of ghosts and nursery fables.

Verily the criminals are those who echo, “because it was, it must be.”

Le Feu is an immense achievement. The author is as generous with his efforts as the soldier was unsparing in self-sacrifice. It is the work not merely of a literary man, but of an honest man. It is objective in its fidelity to facts, situations, character; it is subjective in its foundations. It has not the aspect of a professional production. M. Barbusse's previous work, *L'Enfer*, conveyed a similar impression on a less extensive scale. He has not set out to “make a book,” rather it grows from him, free, luxuriantly, indifferent to the formulæ of the expert, but far more masterly than that of the expert whose craftsmanship becomes, at a certain time in one's reading life, so difficult to endure.

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA

DIALOGUES OF FONTENELLE

TRANSLATED BY EZRA POUND

XI

STRATO, RAPHAEL OF URBINO

STRATO. I did not expect that the advice I gave to my slave would have such happy effects, yet in the world above it saved me my life and my kingdom altogether, and here it has won me the admiration of all the sages.

Raphael. What advice did you give?

Strato. I was at Tyre. All the slaves revolted and butchered their masters, yet one of mine was humane enough to spare me, and to hide me from the fury of the rest. They agreed to choose for their king the man who, upon a set day, should see the sun rise before any one else. They gathered in the plain, the whole multitude gluing their eyes to the eastern heaven, where the sun is wont to arise; my slave alone, in accordance with my instructions, kept his eyes toward the west. You may well believe that the others thought him a fool. However, by turning his back on them he saw the first rays of the sun which caught on a lofty tower, while his fellows still sought the sun's body in the east. They admired the subtlety of his mind, but he confessed that it was my due and that I was still among the living. They elected me king as a man descended of gods.

Raphael. I see that your advice was quite useful yet do not find it a subject for wonder.

Strato. All our philosophers here will explain to you that I taught my slave that the wise should ever turn their backs on the mob, and that the general opinion is usually sound if you take it to mean its own opposite.

Raphael. These philosophers talk like philosophers. It is their business to scoff at common opinion and prejudice; yet there is nothing more convenient or useful than are these latter.

Strato. From the manner in which you speak, one sees that you had no difficulty in complying with them.

Raphael. I assure you that my defence of prejudice is disinterested, and that by taking prejudice's part I laid myself open to no small ridicule. They were searching the Roman ruins for statues and as I was a good sculptor and painter they chose me to judge which were antique. Michael Angelo, my competitor, made in secret a perfect statue of Bacchus. He broke off one of the fingers, then hid the statue in a place where he knew we would dig. I declared it antique when we found it. He said it was modern. I based my opinion chiefly on the beauty of the work which, according to our rules, was well worthy of Grecian carvers. Irritated at contradiction I carried the matter further, and said it had been done in the time of Polycleetus or Phidias. Then Michael Angelo brought out the broken irrefutable finger. I was greatly mocked for my prejudice, but what would I have done without prejudice? I was judge, and as judge one must make decisions.

Strato. You would have decided according to reason.

Raphael. Does reason ever decide? I should never have known by any process of reason to what age the statue belonged, I should have seen only its excellent beauty, then prejudice came to my aid, saying that a beautiful statue was ancient, or should be. With such a decision I judged.

Strato. It may well be that reason has no incontestable formulæ for things of such slight importance; but upon all questions of human conduct she has decisions quite sure. Unfortunately men do not consult them.

Raphael. Let us then consult her on some point and see if she will decide it. Ask her if we should

weep or laugh at the death of our friends and relations. On one side she will say, "they are lost to you, therefore weep." On the other, "they are delivered from the miseries of this life, you should therefore be joyful." In the face of such answers from reason, we act as local custom decrees. We weep at her bidding, and we weep so thoroughly that we cannot conceive laughter as possible; or we laugh so thoroughly that tears seem out of the question.

Strato. Reason is not always so undecided. She allows custom to decide such matters as are not worth her attention, but think how many very considerable things there are upon which she has clear-cut ideas, and from which she draws consequences equally clear.

Raphael. Unless I am much mistaken there are very few of these clear ideas.

Strato. No matter, they alone are worthy of absolute trust.

Raphael. That cannot be, for reason offers us a very small number of set maxims, and our mind is so made as to believe in many more. The overplus of one's inclination to believe in something or other all counts on the side of prejudice, and false opinions fill up the void.

Strato. But what need to cast oneself into error? Cannot one keep one's judgment suspended, in these unprovable matters? Reason stops when she knows not which way to turn.

Raphael. Very true, she has no other secret means of keeping herself from mistakes, save that of standing stock-still; but such a condition does violence to man's mind, the human mind is in movement, and it must continue to move. It is not every man who can doubt; we have need of illumination to attain this faculty, we have need of strength to continue it. Moreover doubt is without action and among mankind we must act.

Strato. Thus one should preserve the prejudices of custom in order to act like the next man but destroy the habits of thought in order to think like the sage.

Raphael. Better preserve them all. You seem to forget the old Samnite's answer when his compatriots sent to ask him what should be done with the Roman army which they had caught in the Caudine forks. The old man replied that they should put them all to the sword. The Samnites thought this too cruel; he then said they should let them go free and unscathed, and in the end they did neither, and reaped the evil result. It is the same with prejudices, we must either keep the whole lot or crush them out altogether, otherwise those you have eliminated will make you mistrust those which remain. The unhappiness of being deceived in many things will not be balanced by the pleasure of its being an unconscious deceit, and you will have neither the illumination of truth nor yet the comfort of error.

Strato. If there were no means of escaping your alternative, one should not long hesitate about taking a side. We should root out all prejudice.

Raphael. But reason would hunt out all our old notions and leave nothing else in their place. She would create a species of vacuum. And how could one bear this? No, no, considering how slight an amount of reason inheres in all men, we must leave them the prejudices to which they are so well acclimatized. These prejudices are reason's supplement. All that is lacking on one side can be got out of the other.

PRUFROCK

THE EGOIST, Ltd., is publishing in May a small book of Poems

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DAUGHTER OF ZEUS

(FOR J. C.)

Tuerons la lune.—MARINETTI.

NO!
We will not slay the moon,
For she is the fairest of the daughters of Zeus,
Of the maidens of Olympos.

And though she be pale and yet more pale
Gazing upon dead men
And fierce disastrous strife,
Yet for us she is still a frail lily
Floating upon a calm pool—
Still a tall lady in austere garments
Comforting our human despair.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

L'AMOUREUX

Troisième des "Poèmes de l'Urbs" par Fernand Divoire

STROPHE II

NOUS reconnaissons les mots,
Ce sont bien toujours les mêmes;
Il n'y a pas mots et mots
Ainsi qu'il y a fagots et fagots,
Tu l'aimes, voilà. Tu l'aimes . . .
Ah! les bons chers mots vieillots,
Ce sont bien toujours les mêmes.
Et c'est ainsi notre lot
De les entendre un jour, vieillots nous-mêmes.
Ce sont toujours les mêmes mots.

Aimer ainsi! Pour quel espoir, pour quelle attente?
Enfin, dis-nous, que lui veux-tu?
Rien; nulle attente. Et cela te contente.
Rien; nul espoir. Nul courage non plus—
Que pour lui faire des poèmes . . .
La torpeur de l'amour sans but
Voilà le vin de sommeil que tu bus,
La torpeur de l'amour sans but
Qui se rongeant sans fin lui-même
Ne se nourrit que de lui-même.
La torpeur te berce et, niaisement,
Pris au rythme lent de son bercement,
Tu restes sans vie, heureux et dormant.

Ainsi qu'un ver de Chine en sa maison de soie,
Tu dors rêvant d'elle et de blond roman
Cependant qu'autour de ton cœur dément
La torpeur d'aimer vient sournoisement
Tisser un linseul d'hypnotique joie.
Ah! prends garde à la paix heureuse où tu te noies,
Prends garde au bonheur étouffant
Qui t'enlise, au réveil qui tarde,
A la douleur, prends garde, enfant,
Prends garde.

FERNAND DIVOIRE

(Quoted by permission of the author)

PASSING PARIS

M. FERNAND DIVOIRE, from the third volume of whose peculiarly original *Poèmes de l'Urbs* (1, *Poètes*; 2, *La Malédiction des Enfants*; 3, *L'Amoureux*) an extract is given above, is the author of a curious study, *Faut-il devenir Mage?* wherein, discussing the doctrines of Eliphas Lévi and M. Péladan he would find a parental link between these and Nietzsche's theory of the Superman. He argues his point thoroughly well but bases it on, as I think, a fallacy, coming therefore to a fallacious conclusion in his negative answer to the

question put. For he founds his opposition to the "Master" and to the advantages of attaining to the superiority after which the mystics in their way, and Nietzsche in his, strive, on the view that it implies not self-domination but domination over others, a reading which may be compared to the popular foreign interpretation of *Deutschland über Alles!*

"The superman, the master, the intellectual," writes M. Divoire, "do not remember they are men descending from the long breed of mankind and that centuries of humanity have suffered, have purified and refined themselves in the fire of tears to give them, to conquer for them, the free intelligence they may now contemplate in themselves. The master, the superman, the strong man disown their father, the humble effort, and their mother, pain. They are intoxicated with their relative greatness and are proud of it; they rebel against who gave them light. They have the folly to believe themselves gods."

This is very well said, but I cannot accept it as applying to the "master" or even to the "superman" of the German—therefore necessarily *Pan-German!*—poet-philosopher's fancy. I am ready to admit I am mistaken, and to whoever entertains doubts on the point, and whoever would wish to complete my own very incomplete notes on M. Péladan published in *THE EGOIST* a short while ago, and to learn about Eliphas Lévy, Papus, and other French occultists I recommend this lucidly-thought-out work. It is published by Figuière and contains a quaint, cabalistic-looking table, the basis of an "anthropography" of ideas, showing the political and moral tendencies of a heterogeneous assortment of humanity classified as "Jews, Freemasons, Positivists (two schools), Tolstoians, Pragmatists, Neo-Hellenists, Protestants, Catholics, Cynics, Conservatives," etc.

As a poet M. Divoire is the author of an *Exhortation à la Victoire*, written for Isadora Duncan, after she lost her two little children, in the *simultaniste, panrythmique* or choral manner, invented by M. Barzun and which, it must be allowed, if suitable interpretation could be found, is very harmoniously applicable to a theme partaking of the nature of classical tragedy. The broken-up form is a hindrance, however, to the reader's full enjoyment of the feeling and rhythm of the poem, which should reach him along smooth, direct communications. The style is, therefore, not suitable to reading but to declamation only.

Its realization in this manner would demand a degree of artistry in interpretation and of intelligence in the hearers not easily united in this era, under these climes. As a matter of fact it is a revival from the Greek stage, and as such the idea associates itself justifiably to that of Isadora Duncan by a process of suggestion.

* * * *

One wonders whether the lady appreciated M. Divoire's inspiration. For she has the reputation of showing singular discord between her creative and her critical intelligence, to a point which might suggest that her dances are merely organic expressions independent of her consciousness, which rejects, when given the choice, the homages worthy of her art—as in the case of a certain artist's wonderful drawings—for the most commonplace and uncharacteristic versions wherein no one but herself recognizes herself. So it happens that many do not even deserve the gift of themselves!

* * * *

I am going to make a remark which may appear somewhat cruel but which I do not mean cruelly, so please read it in the spirit in which it is written. During the first year or two of the war one had the impression that the aged had, as it were, postponed taking their expected leave. The war interested them; they wanted, as it appeared, to see it through. (The disproportionate gaps among the younger generations doubtless contributed to the anomaly.)

But since this last winter they seem to have thrown up their cards. Even they, at first, so keenly intent upon the issues, have grown weary. They succeeded in prolonging their energies, one winter, two perhaps, but finally they, too, have had to yield to Mars. He has got the better of them; he has even "disembuscaded" them, and the long list of deceased celebrities may be taken as a criterion for the lacunæ which have occurred in ranks obscurer. A countrywoman said to me: "This winter all the old people at home have died—from sorrow no doubt at not seeing the young come back."

The number of empty fauteuils at the Académie is unprecedented. Nowadays the Institute rewards long-livedness as well as talent. A member who has not greatly exceeded the half-century is a Benjamin in the ranks. It was not always, however, a conservatory for *doyens*. The age-limit for candidatureship has gradually risen as the importance of the institution in the sense of its influence on the art, literature, and science of the country has declined. In the days of the *romantiques* forty was the average age for election. Lamartine was "received" under the cupola after the publication of two books (a totally inadequate title in contemporary times) exactly at that age. Victor Hugo was appointed as a mere child—thirty-nine—and yet there was no hurry in his case considering the vitality he held in reserve! Montesquieu, of the *Lettres Persanes*, was no older.

The Academicians would now welcome Mr. Maeterlinck, but his nomination being conditional to an exchange of nationality it is thought that he prefers to forgo the favour, especially since the war. MM. Paul Adam and Abel Hermant propose themselves in lieu of the late Jules Claretie; M. Georges de Porto-Riche has placed himself behind M. Jules Lemaitre's vacant chair. MM. Henry Bordeaux, Pierre Mille, Le Goffic, and several others would not, it is said, disdain to be elected, not to speak of the political men, lawyers, and men of science who are always intercalated among the representatives of pure literature.

* * * *

In the New York *International*, Mr. Michael Monahan, the relentlessly brilliant American writer (I suppose it is correct to class him among transatlantic authors considering he publishes his work in the States and uses expressions which an Irishman at home would not use), blames English critics for taxing Balzac with a preference for the "evil in human nature," thereby "flawing," in their opinion, "the integrity of his work." In this connexion it is interesting to inquire what a French authority, whose opinion influences the young student mind, Professor René Doumic, in his *Histoire de la Littérature française*, has to say on this aspect of the great romances:

"His turn of mind," the critic teaches, "lacks delicacy, distinction: he fails when depicting superior humanity; he succeeds in the study of the low, trivial, coarse, vicious. . . . Educated people are ill-observed, have the manners, sentiments, thoughts of *concierges*. Men of wit have the wit of commercial travellers. Whenever he seeks to express elegance, nobility, generosity, Balzac becomes strained. He is unable to portray a young girl or virtuous woman."

And such exist who would situate Balzac on the same plane with Shakespeare! But there is no arguing with the *Balzacien*. He is invariably all of one piece. And we profanes, more supple in our moderation, rather envy him than condemn him for this worship and have no dislike to listening to enthusiastic commentaries, preferring it to the obligations of journeying along in the company of Balzac himself. He brings us near to what we are still interested to know about this phenomenon by a short cut, and convinces us the more readily the less we turn to the subject of his pæans. The *Balzacien* is, therefore, an indispensable adjunct to Balzac.

M. C.

TARR

BY WYNDHAM LEWIS

PART V

A MEGRIM OF HUMOUR

CHAPTER VIII

FOR the first time since his "return" Tarr found no Kreisler at the café. "I wonder what that animal's up to," he thought. The garçon told him that Kreisler had not been there at all that evening. Tarr reconsidered his responsibilities. He could not return to Montmartre without just informing himself of Kreisler's whereabouts and state of mind. The "obstacle" had been eluded. It must be transported rapidly "in the way" again, wherever and in whatever direction the sluggish stream was flowing.

Bertha's he did not intend to go to if he could help it. A couple of hours at tea-time was what he had instituted as his day's "amount" of her company. Kreisler's room would be better. This he did. There was a light in Kreisler's room. The window had been pointed out to him. This perhaps was sufficient, Tarr felt. He might now go home, having located him. Still, since he was there he would go up and make sure. He lighted his way up the staircase with matches. Arrived at the top floor he was uncertain at which door to knock. He chose one with a light beneath it and knocked.

In a moment some one called out "Who is it?" Recognizing the voice Tarr answered, and the door opened slowly. Kreisler was standing there in his shirt-sleeves, glasses on, and a brush in his hand.

"Ah, come in," he said.

Tarr sat down, and Kreisler went on brushing his hair. When he had finished he put the brush down quickly, turned round, and pointing to the floor said, in a voice suggesting that that was the first of several questions:

"Why have you come *here*?"

Tarr at once saw that he had gone a step too far, and either shown bad calculation or chanced on his rival at an unfortunate time. It was felt, no doubt, that—acting more or less as "keeper," or check, at any rate—he had come to look after his charge, and hear why Kreisler had absented himself from the café.

"Why have you come here?" Kreisler asked again, in an even tone, pointing again with his forefinger to the centre of the floor.

"Only to see you, of course. I thought perhaps you weren't well."

"Ah, so! I want you, my dear English friend, now that you are here, to explain yourself a little. Why do you honour me with so much of your company?"

"Is my company disagreeable to you?"

"I wish to know, sir, why I have so much of it!" The Deutscher-student was coming to the top. His voice had risen and the wind of his breath appeared to be making his moustaches whistle.

"I, of course, have reasons, besides the charm of your society, for seeking you out."

Tarr was sitting stretched on one of Kreisler's two chairs looking up frowningly. He was annoyed at having let himself in for this interview. Kreisler stood in front of him without any expression in particular, his voice rather less guttural than usual. Tarr felt ill at ease at this sudden breath of storm and kept still with difficulty.

"You have reasons? You have reasons! Heavens! Outside! Quick! Out!"

There was no doubt this time that it was in earnest. He was intended rapidly to depart. Kreisler was pointing to the door. His cold grin was slightly on his face again, and an appearance of his hair having receded on his forehead and his ears gone close

against his head warned Tarr definitely where he was. He got up. The absurdity in the situation he had got himself into chiefly worried him. He stood a moment in a discouraged way, as though trying to remember something. His desire for a row had vanished with the arrival of it. It had come at such an angle that it was difficult to say anything, and he had a superstition of the vanity about the marks left by hands, or rather his hands.

"Will you tell me what on earth's the matter with you to-night?" he asked.

"Yes! I don't want to be followed about by an underhand swine like you any longer! By what devil's impudence did you come here to-night? For a week I've had you in the café. What did you want with me? If you wanted your girl back, why hadn't you the courage to say so? I saw you with another lady to-night. I'm not going to have you hovering and slavering around me. Be careful I don't come and pull your nose when I see you with that other lady! You're welcome, besides, to your girl——"

"I recommend you to hold your mouth! Don't talk about *my girl*. I've had enough of it. Where her sense was when she alighted on a specimen like you—" Tarr's German hesitated and suddenly struck, as though for the rest of the night. He had stepped forward with a suggestion of readiness for drama:

"Heraus, schwein!" shouted Kreisler, in a sort of incredulous drawling crescendo, shooting his hand towards the door and urging his body like the cox of a boat. Like a sheep-dog he appeared to be collecting Tarr together and urging him out.

Tarr stood staring doubtfully at him.

"What——"

"Heraus! Out! Quicker! Quicker!! Quick!"

His last word, "Schnell!" dropped like a plummet to the deepest tone his throat was capable of. It was short and so absolutely final that the grace given, even after it had been uttered, for this hateful visitor to remove himself, was a source of astonishment to Tarr. For a man to be ordered out of a room that does not belong to him always puts him at a disadvantage. Should he insist, forcibly and successfully, to remain, it can only be for a limited time. He will have to go sooner or later, and make his exit, unless he establish himself there and make it his home henceforth; a change of lodging most people are not, on the spur of the moment, prepared to decide on. The room, somehow, too, seems on its owner's side, and to be vomiting forth the intruder. The civilized man's instinct of ownership makes it impossible for any but the most indelicate to resist a feeling of hesitation before the idea of resistance in another man's shell! All Tarr's attitude to this man had been made up of a sort of comic hypocrisy. Neither comedy nor hypocrisy were usable for the moment.

Had Tarr foreseen this possible termination of his rôle of "obstacle?" And ought he, he would ask himself, to have gone on with this half-farce if he were not prepared to meet the ultimate consequences? Kreisler was quite unworthy to stand there, with perfect reason, and to be telling him to "get out." It was absurd to exalt Kreisler in that way! But Tarr had probably counted on being equal to any emergency, and baffling or turning Kreisler's violence in some genial manner.

He stood for a few seconds in a tumultuous hesitation, when he saw Kreisler run across the room, bend forward and dive his arm down behind his box. He watched with uncomfortable curiosity this new move, as one might watch a surgeon's haste at the crisis of an operation, searching for some necessary implement, mislaid for the moment. He felt schoolboy-like, left waiting there at Kreisler's disposition. It was as a reaction against this unpleasant feeling that

he stepped towards the door. The wish not to "obey" or to seem to turn tail either had alone kept him where he was. He had just found the door when Kreisler, with a bound, was back from his box, flourishing an old dog-whip in his hand.

"Ah, you go? Look at this!" He cracked the whip once or twice. "This is what I keep for hounds like you!" Crack! He cracked it again in rather an inexperienced way with a certain difficulty. He frowned and stopped in his discourse, as though it had been some invention he were showing off, that would not quite work at the proper moment, necessitating concentration.

"If you wish to see me again, you can always find me here. You won't get off so easily next time!" He cracked the whip smartly and then slammed the door.

Tarr could imagine him throwing it down in a corner of the room, and then going on with his undressing.

When Kreisler had jumped to the doorway Tarr had stepped out with a half-defensive, half-threatening gesture and then gone on with strained slowness, lighting a match at the head of the stairs. He felt like a discomfited pub-loafer as he raised the match to an imaginary clay pipe rising in his mind. There was the ostentatious coolness of the music-hall comedian.

The thing that had chiefly struck him in Kreisler under this new aspect was a kind of nimbleness, a pettiness in his behaviour and movements, where perhaps he had expected more stiffness and heroics; the clown-like gibing form his anger took, a frigid disagreeable slyness and irony, a juvenile quickness and coldness.

Tarr was extremely dissatisfied with the part he had played in this scene. First of all he felt he had withdrawn too quickly at the appearance of the whip, although he had in fact got under way before it had appeared. Then, he argued, he should have stopped at the appearance of this instrument of disgrace. To stop and fight with Kreisler, what objection was there to that, he asked himself? A taking Kreisler too seriously? But what *less* serious than fighting? He had saved himself an unpleasantness, something ridiculous, merely to find himself outside Kreisler's door, a feeling of primitive dissatisfaction in him. Had he definitely been guilty of a lack of pluck or pride, it would have been better.

There was something mean and improper in all this that he could not reason away or mistake. He had undoubtedly insulted this man by his attitude, *s'en était fiché de lui*; and when the other turned, whip in hand, he had walked away. What really should he have done? He should, no doubt, he thought, having humorously instituted himself Kreisler's keeper, have humorously struggled with him, when the idiot became obstreperous. At that point his humour had stopped. Then his humour had limitations?

Once and for all and certainly: he had no right to treat a man as he had treated Kreisler and yet claim, when he turned and resented this treatment, immunity from action on the score of Kreisler's idiocy. In allowing the physical struggle any importance he allowed Kreisler an importance, too, that made his former treatment of him unreal and unjustified. In Kreisler's eyes he was a *blagueur*, without resistance at a pinch, who walks away when turned on. This opinion was of no importance, since he had not a shadow of respect for Kreisler. Again he turned on himself. If he was so weak-minded as to care what trash like Kreisler thought or felt! He wandered in the direction of the Café de l'Aigle, gripped in this ratiocination.

His unreadiness, his dislike for action, his fear of ridicule, he treated severely in turn. He thought of everything he could against himself. And he laughed at himself. But it was no good. At last he gave way to the urgency of his vanity and determined not

to leave the matter where it was. At once plans for retrieving this discomfort came crowding on him. He would go to the café as usual on the following evening, sit down smilingly at Kreisler's table as though nothing had happened. In short, he would altogether endorse the opinion that Kreisler had formed of him. And yet why this meanness, even assumed, Tarr asked himself, even while arranging realistically his to-morrow evening's purification? Always in a contemptuous spirit, some belittlement or unsavoury rôle was suggesting itself. His contempt for everybody degraded him.

Still, for a final occasion and since he was going this time to accept any consequences, he would follow his idea. He would be, to Kreisler's mind for a little, the strange "slaverer and hoverer" who had been kicked out on the previous night. He would even have to "pile it on thick" to be accepted at all, exaggerate in the direction of Kreisler's unflattering notion of him. Then he would gradually aggravate Kreisler, and with the same bonhomie attack him with resolution. He laughed as he came to this point, as a sensible old man might laugh at himself on arriving at a similar decision.

Soothed by the prospect of this rectification of the evening's blunder, Tarr once more turned to reflect on it, and saw more clearly than ever the parallel morals of his Bertha affair and his Kreisler affair. His sardonic dream of life got him, as a sort of Quixotic dreamer of inverse illusions, blows from the swift arms of windmills and attacks from indignant and perplexed mankind. He, instead of having conceived the world as more chivalrous and marvellous than it was, had conceived it as emptied of all dignity, sense, and generousness. The drovers and publicans were angry at not being mistaken for legendary chivalry or *châtelaines*. The very windmills resented not being taken for giants! The curse of humour was in him, anchoring him at one end of the see-saw whose movement and contradiction was life.

Reminded of Bertha, he did not, however, hold her responsible. But his protectorate would be wound up. Acquaintance with Anastasya would be left where it was, despite the threatened aggression against his nose.

(To be continued)

VALENTINE DE SAINT-POINT

I DO not think this French poetess and prose-writer is well known in England, but in France she is as much appreciated for her gift of writing by such good authors as Paul Adam and Ricciotto Canudo as she is admired for bodily beauty by the great Rodin himself.

Valentinede Saint-Point is a modern of the moderns. Some of her writings would indeed startle her great-uncle Lamartine, to whom, however, *Poèmes de la Mer et du Soleil* is dedicated. These poems are inspired by adoration of the forces of nature, love of sea and wind, glory in vitality, passionate worship of the sun.

Soleil, mâle de la terre, force de l'homme,
Rut des bêtes, roi des dieux, accueillez ce nome!

Dispensateur de vie et de mort et d'amour,
Chaleur, lumière, temps, rythmant la nuit, le jour.

Qui pour la joie humaine et l'immense décor
Epandez impalpable et pur et divin, l'or.

In her second volume of verse Valentine de Saint-Point celebrates and sings "La Soif et les Mirages" and gazes into the desert with such ardent longing that one really expects her to make it "blossom as the rose":

La terre dessechée où pousse l'Aventure
 Parmi les plantes hérissées d'épines
 Vers laquelle les avides s'obstinent.

and she craves for "la création de ce qui n'est pas."
 But there is not only longing, there is also "the will
 to power":

Je sais que toujours la prière
 Est vaine, et que pour être maître
 Il faut exiger et soumettre
 Et d'une volonté de pierre.
 Aussi je dis à mon destin :
 Je veux !

Her trilogy of novels—*L'Amour*, *Un Inceste*
 (mother and son!), *Une Mort*—are less good than her
 verse, and as far as prose goes it is in the two "mani-
 festos" which she wrote for the Futurists that her
 true originality is discovered.

I will not dwell on her glorification of war, which,
 à la *Marinetti*, was a little boring and unconvincing,
 but clearly she hates pacifism. She is also averse to
 feminism of the suffragette type; it is too virtuous to
 please her and too much bent on social reform.

But what she attacks most vigorously is *clair de
 lune* sentimentality. Love, she holds, should be of
 women's life (also) a thing apart: (not "'tis woman's
 whole existence"). This is the teaching upon which
 Paul Adam insists also, for both men and women.
 Again and again he utters his warnings of how life
 is wasted, achievement lost, and literature spoilt by
 sentimental repinings. These tender and tearful
 lamentations, in verse and in prose, are raised for the
 most part by susceptible and changeable creatures
 and cannot be dignified by the name of deathless
 passion, unending love!

Valentine de Saint-Point carries her revolt against
 weeping sentiment startlingly far, for it drives her
 to glorify *la luxure*. (It is easier in this article to
 say the word in French than in English) and to pro-
 claim loudly: "La luxure est une force!" There
 is at any rate a ring of honesty in her words which is
 refreshing after the ceaseless hypocrisy to which we
 are all accustomed. (For instance, what better
 instance of British cant can be quoted than the fact
 that the word "sensuous" is a term of commendation,
 as in Milton's classic definition of poetry; while the
 word "sensual" is a term of opprobrium? Why
 should the ending "al" be changed into "ous" and
 thereby endowed with respectability?) Christian
 morality condemning the senses as sinful has, by the
 irony of fate, glorified bodily love out of all proportion.
 Sentimentality has had a like unfortunate effect.

Ce n'est pas la luxure qui désagrège et dissout et annihile,
 ce sont les hypnotisantes complications de la sentimentalité, les
 jalousies artificielles, le pathétique des séparations et des fidélités
 éternelles, les nostalgies littéraires, les duos sous la lune, les
 fausses pudeurs hypocrites. . . . Que les êtres rapprochés par
 une attirance physique, au lieu de parler des fragilités de leur
 cœurs, osent exprimer les désirs, les préférences de leurs corps.
 . . . Il faut dépouiller la luxure de tous les voiles sentimentaux
 qui la déforment. . . . Il faut faire de la luxure une œuvre d'art.

After the condemnation of *le clair de lune*, it is
 curious to note that one of this writer's most interest-
 ing books bears the title of *L'Orbe Pâle*. Yet it is a
 book quite devoid of sentimentality: filled rather
 with a pagan worship of moon and stars, of earth and
 sea; a worship tempered by the egoism of a haughty
 human personality:

Celle qui interroge les profondeurs de la mer, celle qui scrute le
 mystère des êtres et des choses, celle qui contemple les cieux
 étoilés et la pâle lune, celle qui, avec la matérialité de l'écriture
 édifie son rêve, et avec ses muscles vainc les forces, est bien la
 même femme.

A. M.

POEMS FROM BERMUDA

By RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

KITCHENER OF DINAN

*In sanguine on dark gray
 The sketch was made ;
 A sketch, unfinished,
 Of La Porte du Jerzual.*

Here is a shadow that I never saw—
 Straight, stiff, it stalks
 Between the faked antiques,
 The falsely valued chairs,
 Between the huddled chairs.

Here is a shadow that I never saw—
 Dripping with brine,
 Wreathed with the gold of kelp,
 Now it is entering a square,
 Passing a statue which has named the square.

Here is a shadow that I never saw—
 The statue salutes, smiles,
 Leaps down, falls into step.
 "I have been waiting ages for a peer !
 Duguesclin has waited ages for a peer !"

*In sanguine on dark gray
 The sketch was made ;
 A sketch, unfinished,
 Framed in a sea-green frame.*

BERMUDAN ROOFS

BECAUSE we have no brooks, no springs,
 You are clasped hands
 Lifted in prayer for rain.

Never were hands so white :
 Though warmed by a saffron sun,
 They are unmelting snow.

Snow that is blued to ice
 By the shadows of gliding clouds,
 Snow that is browned by rain.

Never were hands so pink
 On the side of the sun's last rose ;
 On the other, like mauve-filmed snow.

Snow with chasms of black
 When the moon sails up the night ;
 Gray-banked snow when the stars shine alone.

We have been given your hands
 To refresh our eyes,
 Because we have no brooks, no springs.

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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 unflinching 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 aesthetic values.

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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 Andrejef . . . at others the writing is pure lyrical beauty.

Sphere : THE EGOIST, Ltd., has just published with great success a book by James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, . . . [a book] which everybody is reading.

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