IX. NOTES ON THE ORIGIN OF CONCEPTUAL ACTIVITY

By D. Marsden

I

(1) WHEN this theory of the origin of Mind is reduced to its most essential form, we find it to read thus: Man possesses a mind because he, owing to certain variations in his physical structure, found himself possessed of a fertilizing agent alternative to that of external stimuli. This alternative agency showed itself competent to produce those organic motor reactions which we have called significances, normally answering only to the external stimuli themselves. This substitutive means, in contrast with that for which it stood proxy, took its origin from within the responding organism itself. Under the new order, therefore, both stimulus and reaction thus resided within the domain of the organism. In place of a response of inner movement to outer (taking the surface of the organism as the standard of reference), inner movement responded to inner: the organism thus commandeering the stimulatory movement in addition to the adjustative.

(2) A further difference between the old and the new order of phenomena was that, whereas the older external order of stimulus was portentous in the highest degree and essentially not-to-be-disregarded, the new order, being merely a counterfeited form of an aspect of the old, was in itself so trivial as to reach the point of complete negligibility almost, as far as physical damage was concerned. Thus whereas the releasing cause of the significance in the former had to be treated with high respect and caution, in the new it was so trifling as to admit of its being practically disregarded. Hence, in comparing the totality of effect in which the new stimulus and old response appear together as a unit, it appears almost as though the latter made its appearance in independence of any stimulus, so that the response may monopolize attention to the exclusion of consideration of any stimulus. In externally instigated images, on the other hand, it is the stimulus which tends to dominate the total, so that the very large contribution which the significance makes to the total effect of thinghood tends to be overlooked.

(3) The difference between the two orders as they present themselves in their totality is precisely that which exists between things and the conception of things. It is wholly referable to the difference we have indicated in their mode of stimulation. Hence, while we have recognized this offspring of the substitutive order under the various names of significance, meaning, and imaginative image, it is under the name of concept that due appreciation is shown of the fact that its distinctive character arises from the mode of its origination. And concepts thus born are the units of mental imagery, and in their sum-total they constitute that collective unit which is called Mind.

(4) We make this slight summary at this stage because it is advisable to justify and also to emphasize the part which we hold imitation to play in the origin of language and mind. It can be observed that we have assumed up to this point the efficacy of the imitative principle as wholeheartedly as if the imitative basis (both gestural and vocal) were not regarded with scepticism by a considerable body of modern scientific opinion. As our theory of the origin of mind definitely requires this basis, we have to try to show that the very quality representing everything which is significant in language depends upon that principle also.

(5) The task of deciding what form the most primary language must have taken has this difficulty: it is not a matter for direct observation. Decision must be reached by way of experience—infrences drawn from premises concerning language's essential function which are themselves open to opinion. All traces of the facts themselves—save perhaps for such racial recrudescences as crop up in the very young child—are submerged in the wide tracts of time as completely as are those of the ancestor of the anthropoid species himself. The material in which the facts...
were clad was of a character too evanescent and frail
to leave decipherable remains. No extant language,
however humble, can claim to bear closer resemblance
to that primary language than any other. The most
aboriginal savage who uses language is a man of
high culture, separated from those first speech-users
by long ages of linguistic practice, and the differences
appearing in his language are in keeping with this
fact. By comparison with that primitive man to
whom conceptual activity dawned as something new
and wholly different from anything hitherto appearing
in his experience, the Hottentot mentally must ap­
proximate almost infinitely more nearly to Shake­
speare than to him. Conceptual activity in the
each early and age-long practice of primary language.
And this fact must certainly have held good in the
to that primary language than any other. The most
aboriginal savage who uses language is a man of
the distilling-out of the more essential characteristics
of a process from the merely incidental inevitable,
made itself felt. These languages are all of the type
in his experience, the Hottentot mentally must ap­
grasped. All alike had passed beyond the stage when
language's causative principles were
progress of the tribe adopting them would depend.
But fortunate or unfortunate, all alike had reached
and upon these fortunate variations the mental
system of classification they were destined to form,
siderations varying with each locality would combine
make a convention.
(1) The form not being vital, a thousand con­
niderations varying with each locality would combine
make a convention.
(10) Once this sense of cause has made its appear­
ance among the users of speech, the specific forms
in which speech was couched must have become a
secondary matter. Whatever the specific form of the
associated aspect chanced to be, provided always
that the form was imitable, it made no difference
whatever to the typical effectiveness of the process.
A situation was thus evolved under which the import­
ance of the forms (again provided these were imitable)
give way wholly before that attached to the strength
of the association implicating it with the thing. The
virtue of the process was recognized as not residing
in the form itself, so that it became possible to say :
“Let this, that, or any be the associated form; then
an imitation of it shall produce the conceptual results
and consequent modifications of, previously estab­
lished routes. So much for the exploitable condition.
(9) It is, therefore, the exploiting instrument which
must have constituted the innovation. The genius
of this instrument resides in the power which it gives
to the organism to incorporate within its own domain
an unhampered element of a raccoon of repeated treat­
ings. This power is the power to counterfeit: to imitate:
to make a mock presentation a re-presentation. If
we care so to put it, we can say that language—and,
therefore, mind—is the outcome of a trick effected
by the conjunction of man's new-grown species of
imitative power playing upon a characteristic common
to all vital phenomena from its earliest stages.
(11) The form not being vital, a thousand con­
niderations varying with each locality would combine
make forms different, and innumerable accidents and
fortuitous circumstances would inspire this group
and that in fixing upon their diverse forms of nomen­
cature. Some of the selected forms would indeed
be more fortunate than others, having regard to the
permanent of these selected forms, which we may call
conventional: by which is implied, that the
forms they take are such as could only have been
adopted under the influence of the notion of language's
cause, and of an awareness as to what are the respon­
sible conditions. Long ago they had passed out of
the stage at which any particular forms seemed
ẻared. The stage (the so-called stage of primary
forms in answer to which conceptual images make
their first appearance the essential virtue had distilled
itself, to the end that any form to which the essential
characteristics could be attached was apprehended
as effective for the conceptual purpose. And, funda­
mentally, cultured languages have gone no further
than that. They owe their special distinction and
development to the fact that, in experimenting with
one form and another, they had the good luck to
hit upon linguistic forms and moulds which lent
themselves readily to schemes of classification, and
the development of their “tribe” has followed in
the wake of their consequent rapid development of
language.
(7) Given time enough, this emergence of an aware­
ess as to cause relative to any activity is inevitable.
It is not in any way a characteristic peculiar to human
activity. It manifests itself in the almost incredible
sureness of action (within its own circumscribed
limits) shown by the lower organisms. It is, in short,
universal. The continued activity involving varying
effects necessarily implies, and that the distilling-out of the more essential characteristics
of a process from the merely incidental inevitable,
quite apart from any deliberate seeking for a cause.
And this fact must certainly have held good in the
early and long-practice of primary language.
Hence, from those primitive speech-users there must
slowly have grown up races subconsciously apprecia­
tive of the precise conditions requiring to be satisfied
if the effects were to be obtained. Inarticulately,
they must have become aware what the exploitable
condition was which provided the opportunity for
the exploiting instrument.
(8) They must have sensed (1) That any aspect of
a thing, either acquired or native, which is associated
with that thing so pre-eminently as to be unambiguous,
will, upon its appearance, tend to excite the train
of adjudicative response corresponding to the thing as
a whole; and (2) that not only the aspect (artificial
or native) of the thing itself, but also a counterfeit
of it, formed not at a beginning but from the thing,
but produced by the organism in isolation from
the thing, is likewise competent to assemble the same
adjudicative response corresponding to the thing as a
whole. The exploitable condition is as old as the
universe. The summary of it merely gives words to
the vital fact, that any agitation of vital substance
at a given point and in a given manner will release
a movement which will extend not only to traverse
the route previously travelled over by earlier movements,
starting out from the same point and energized by
the same kind of impetus, but that the movement
thus initiated will tend to spread itself so as to cover
the whole route opening out from that point. It puts
into words the fact that vital activities maintain and
increase themselves by dint of repeated treat­
ings and consequent modifications of, previously estab­
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II

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“Let this, that, or any be the associated form; then
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both individually and for all those for whom the
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limits) shown by the lower organisms. It is, in short,
universal. The continued activity involving varying
effects necessarily implies, and that the distilling-out of the more essential characteristics
of a process from the merely incidental inevitable,
quite apart from any deliberate seeking for a cause.
those primary activities were set going as ends in themselves: as spontaneous expressions: and un-
expectedly instigating hitherto unexperienced effects. Those effects were now invested with complete
familiarity and had assumed a desirability in themselves
outmatching that of the instigating activities
for their own sake. The latter from being an end
in themselves become merely the means towards a
more important end, and in subservience to that end
were transmuted in form accordingly.
(12) If, then, the forms of all existing languages—
even, the most primitive existing tribes—have nothing to yield of a decisive kind as to language's origin, we have to fall back for proof upon conventional language as we know it in its
maturity, and endeavour to wrest from it its essential
class. For what this character is now, it must
have been at the beginning. Language now, as at
its origin, has the same function to fulfil: the same
self-evident, native, instinctive, specifically disci-

bly disciplined into the creation and use of the
conceptual material.
(13) When we disengage the one distinctive
difference obtaining between the language we call
conventional and that which we have to assume grew
up spontaneously among the first speech-users, we
find that it consists in a preliminary operation, being
in evidence in the case of the former which could not
possibly have been acting in the case of primitive
man. This preliminary activity does not emanate from the
instigating activities with which we are here
connected by those on whom it rests to put the young organism
swiftly into possession of speech, and to enable it to
acquire in a few months the benefits of an experience
which has taken countless ages to garner.
(14) The activity consists in the intimate over-
laying of all things with an artificial but highly
discriminative label to the end that when the
child's imitative vocal potentials break into
active exercise, the vocal material bearing these
associations will be the obvious material for them to
play upon. Those who have charge of the infant mind
conspire, therefore, almost from its birth, to
augment everything that is under the sun with such
an artificial aspect so that no normal thing can appear
but that it carries its conventionally associated
sound-aspect integrally bound up with it. The one
exception which is made in the case of the very young
child is with such objects as have a wholly distinctive
native sound-aspect: an exception made apparently
with a view to obviating confusion. The bow-woe;
the chuck-chuck; the quack-quack are the familiar
sound-aspects. Let us of course, even these are super-

represented the high-water mark of intelligence. For
language, therefore, to have come into existence the
conditions of their surrounding world must have been
such as would enable them to make adequate shift in
the absence of any superior intelligence. In other
words, it is necessary that the occupants of that
world should have been in possession of a native
aspect, at once distinctive, unambiguous, and imitable.
(16) It would be labouring the obvious again to
point out that all animals did possess such charac-
teristics in their distinctive vocal specifications, and
that of all that dumb furniture with which man has
since crowded his world there was but little, while for
the soundless activities the imitative gesture which
would go far to suffice. But we may here anticipate
our argument, and say that if it were further a fact
(as many hold) that objects and particularly situations
viewed as a whole elicited a distinctive cry from the
human organism, which itself became the utilized
associative aspect of the thing, the only comment
necessary is that here also is additional material
appropriate for imitative uses. Hence, that prelimi-
nary preparing of the ground which is a prior requisite
in the acquisition of conventionalized speech was not
a primary requisite with early man. Had it been,
would never have acquired a language at all.
Such a process with its demand for a higher intelligence
coincident with the road and paving the way along it
for the soundless activities the imitative gesture which
after primitive man had experimented with his
accomplishment for countless ages, and out of that
familiarity with initial conceptual creation so achieved,
had made it possible for a later age to grow into an
inarticulate awareness of the conditions which con-
stitute its cause.
(15) The conventional feature in conventional
language turns then wholly upon this stage antecedent
to the child's own effort. It concerns the environ-
ment into which the subject is plunged rather than
his own potencies. The child itself, despite its
modernity, begins exactly where primitive man began,
with an involuntary imitatioin of the sound-
aspects associated with things. Like his early proto-
type, the child spontaneously shows an aptitude for
playing with his own vocal powers, and his play
takes the form of a counterfeiting of the sounds he
is most familiar with. His play is a mockery: an
imitation. The child spends his exuberant energy
in this way simply because he is born possessed of
and its possession tends most easily within his compass.
It is just in the possession of this energy, and in this congenital
tendency to initiate movements in the vocal organs
and to press them through a wide range and along
existing patterns, which makes its possessor distinc-
tively human: an organism born into the inheritance
of mind. Conversely, if it fails to show the impulse
towards imitation and reproduction it indicates that
activity sinks below the human estate, and no amount of
vicarious activity can affect the situation. Nece-

sarily so; the vicarious preliminary activity was put
through solely in anticipation of just such a manifesta-
tion—the one supreme mark identifying it with its
kind—appearing. All that it was competent to do
was to facilitate the imitative process whereby the
young mind was to put the object which was the
distinguishing aspect of every existing activity and
thing. It attached the sounds to things and familia-
rized their connexion with them only with a view
to the child's commandeering them, so to speak, to
become his playthings in the absence of the objects
they had been associated with. This play with sounds
in isolation from the latter's materialized associations
is essentially the child's move and is the genius of
the game. In normal cases, of course, it is brought
about by means so simple and is established with
such unfailing regularity—though always with much
interplay of that "higher intelligence"—that its
importance tends to be secured by the preliminary
the presence of the objects themselves, the employ­
the superimposed aspect with the thing and regards
It thus possesses all the equipment of language, but
before it shows that it is possessed of that which
makes language the unique thing it is—the creator
thought-phenomena by which the whole world (in
absence of the object. Used
utterance to them in the
Used
proper is not just the response to an external stimulus. Its distinguishing mark is that it is itself a stimulus; that it assumes the initiative and becomes creator.
Only when it produces sounds (audibly or otherwise) in the absence of the external objects and actions to which they have been artificially attached, only when sounds are employed in this instigating way, is its producer invaded by the imaginative image, the concept, which is the characteristic material of language.
The first linguistic discipline of the earliest men must have been an individual's play upon his vocal mechanism in order to provide himself with these mental picture-galleries, we have to recognize that the child's first step into the realm of language proper is taken when he produces the sound associated with things in the absence of the things. At this point does the organism himself a creation of the substance of thought and a user of language.
(19) Reasoning thus from the practices followed in superimposing a conventional language, we conclude that the power to imitate the sound-aspect of things is the foundation of the whole linguistic and mental edifice. If now we refer back to our summary of the processes operating in the origin of the mind and their identification with those operating in the origin of language, we think it can be seen that the only supposition which will square with the requirements is likewise that of imitation. If the composition of the mental image is what we have stated it to be: the significance of phenomena in isolation from the individual stimuli, and if such isolation is the outcome of two different species of stimuli producing identical significances, the problem which asks for explanation is: How might two different exciting agents possibly excite an identical reaction? Obviously only by the two exciting causes, while being different, actually seeming the same. One must be a counterfeit of the other. Only thus could it exploit the habitual reactions to stimuli of a different order. On the supposition that a mock presentation is made (favored as such a process would be by the organism's tendency to react at the barest suggestion of the presence of the exciting stimulus) the resultant effects are wholly explicable. So, too, is it explicable that things which should have been associated as "spirit-world" constituted of one-half the ingredients of the material world in isolation from the remaining half. In such circumstances, too, would the organism remain appreciative of the dissimilarity existing between the two exciting agencies, even in the very instant in which it was "responding" to them as identical, seeing that the counterfeit is contrived by the organism itself, whereas it is inconceivable that the organism could ever accurately reproduce the also the role of victim. Only just such a theory of self-enacted counterfeit could explain the self-initiative exercised in language, and the self-containment of thought-phenomena by which the whole world (in sort) can be self-created "within the head." And finally this account of the exploiting instrument in which the latter bears its communicative potentialities written plain upon it because of its "invasive" character, also explains why it should become, not only the effective instrument of thought, but likewise that of the intercommunication of thought.

III

(20) Let us now consider the theory that language begins with the "cry" which man in common with subhuman species emits when unusually moved by any external phenomenon or intra-organic disturbance. Let it be granted that the cry varies in face of certain phenomena, and that the cry varies in accord with the phenomena. (Darwin notes that a dog, for instance, according as it is variously moved utterers at least six separately distinguishable sounds.) If then it were claimed that Man, with his far finer vocal equipment, in the course of time acquired a widely extended repertoire of sounds which would correspond to all objects where some new need of the situation be met? Or slightly emending the statement: just as the approach of a hostile element draws forth a particular and recognizable cry from animals, might not situations perceived as wholes (rather than the individual elements in them) all in time extract from Man a peculiarly distinctive cry also? To each whole a distinctive vocal sound, language the slow systematization of all these? Would this meet the situation? Would such cries contain the germ of that faculty which makes language the thing it is?
(21) It may help us here if it is pointed out that such a question admits of two not untrue answers—a large one and a small one. The large one is that the approach of a hostile element draws forth a particular and recognizable cry from animals, might not situations perceived as wholes (rather than the individual elements in them) all in time extract from Man a peculiarly distinctive cry also? To each whole a distinctive vocal sound, language the slow systematization of all these? Would this meet the situation? Would such cries contain the germ of that faculty which makes language the thing it is?

(22) The virtue of language lies, therefore, in the fact that it communicates ideas as contrasted with the communication of perceptions. And that it not only communicates but that it creates. We
can, therefore, consider the cry in the light of this distinction. The first point to note is that such cries emerge as responses, not as stimuli. They are effects, not causes. They are not self-inspired creations, but involuntary reactions, and as such they certainly do not bear the mark of the genuine linguistic material. They are on a like level with the responsive manifestations of other animals. They are on an identical level with the showing of teeth, the bristling of fur, the snapping, worrying, or any other form of instinctive response, which we know as brisa, but fail to recognize as language. From the point of view of the audience, of course, these manifestations become items among other external stimuli, to which that audience will react individually in accordance with the character of each one's own feeling mechanism; maybe by another cry; possibly in other ways. In the former case, however, the cry will again issue as an involuntary reaction. It will be issued as the expression of the second organism's own emotion: as answer to an external stimulus. That is, he will not purposively be communicative at all, although his own involuntary reaction to the stimulus by a long association with concomitant conditions will probably itself act as a stimulus upon the other individuals composing his group, and so be allowed in turn by reactions from them. (24) So, as far as the creation of language goes, the cry-theory thus far has carried us no step forward. All that it can up to this point claim to have done is to have provided an existing vocal specification for things and situations in addition to that provided by animals in the shape of their own sounds. That is, it has detected other details as to the state of the environment amid which, and by an exploitation of which, language was born. There seems no valid reason why we should regard it even as outgrowing the so-called bow-wow theory. Life is very economical in its utilization of material, and if the material at hand appears suitable it makes use of it in preference to devising new. It seems exceedingly unlikely, therefore, that Man should have neglected the vocal attributes of things already existing independently in order to devise a second version of his own. The most "modern" infant does not. Moreover, when the latter takes to using sounds which are typically linguistic it is to be noted that it is seizing upon aspects belonging to the things about it, and we have every reason to believe that the more primitive Man would do the same. On the other hand, a time must have arrived in the history of language when Man required far more sounds than existed ready-made in connexion with things and circumstances. At the same time, moreover, the apprehension must have been slowly breaking in upon him that the specific form was immaterial, and that he could, therefore, afford to employ just such associative sounds as seemed fit to himself. (25) Be this as it may, it does not carry us further with the creation of language than the making ready of the ground in anticipation of the appearance of the actual linguistic instrument: the appearance of the power to mock and make a re-presentation in the absence of the thing with which the re-presented aspect had associations. The sounds and other imitative forms, no matter from what source their shape is derived (the latter being in itself a non-determining item), had to appear in the rôle of stimuli rather than that of responses before they became the substance of language. If formerly they had been cries they had to cease to be cries and become something different. From being reactions they had to become signs. They had to recreate themselves afresh, in the shape of spontaneous imitations and minus their normal stimulation. In the new activity, imitation was everything; the form (given that a strong and unambiguous association with an object has been established) was a mere accident. And the imitation itself depended upon an intensified vitality expressing itself (1) in modifications of structure, and (2) in a predisposition for initiating movements in the part of the structure so modified, producing thus an arresting innovation. In short, a heightened physical strength and mobility together with a developed physical structure predisposed the organism to the creation of counterfeits: imitations. And language and mind followed in the wake of imitation.

[The closing section of the previous article of this series—relating to the case of the deaf-mute—has been omitted and will appear in a subsequent issue.]

NOTICE

We regret that Mr. Richard Aldington, on account of absorbing military duties, feels obliged to resign temporarily his position on The Egoist, and that Mrs. Aldington ("H. D.") is unable to continue to act as his substitute. We hope, however, to receive frequent literary contributions from both of them, and have been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. T. S. Eliot as assistant editor during Mr. Aldington's absence. A review of some of Mr. Eliot's work will be found in the current issue.

Editor.

TWO POEMS

By A. E. Coppard

THE LOCK

Easy is unhappiness, difficult is joy:
the word of the lark is flowing out of the sky,
the duck goes about her swimming,
the dace at the eyot,
the lily and the oak
utter their comeliness:
but heavy is the lock upon the door.
They have withdrawn to some malignant altar
the delicate fair body of love;
the coral laughter and the peacock wings,
the lily-woven breasts—
all its infrangible signs
scarred with the wound of anger;
with all its terrible bars,
with wards of iron and with tongues of flint.
Till they have beaten with their whips,
till their imperial chalices are full,
till they have beaten with their whips,
till their imperial charicles are full,
till the gods receive
their ultimate harvests,
their ultimate harvests,
the word of the lark is flowing out of the sky
Easy is unhappiness, difficult is joy.

THE ORACLE

Night has come truly now,
and delicately starred.
The ancient songs of evening cease
in the cloaked thickets,
The gabble of the pasture is given over
recumbent are the herds
and the ewes.
A golden-breasted dove, the yellow moon, sits
confronting me.
O yellow moon in the elm
why is love's course
less brief than honour's!
TRADUCED BY EZRA POUND

XII

MOLIÈRE. I can readily believe that such is the true realm of science. To know men, whom one sees every day, is nothing; but to know the invisible genius is quite another affair.

Paracelsus. Doubtless. I have given precise information as to their nature, employments, and inclinations, as to their different orders, and their potencies throughout the cosmos.

Molière. How happy you were to be possessed of this knowledge, for before this you must have known man so precisely, yet many men have not attained even this.

Paracelsus. Oh, there is no philosopher so inconsiderable as not to have done so.

Molière. I suppose so. And you yourself have no indecisions regarding the nature of the soul, or its functions, or the nature of its bonds with the body?

Paracelsus. Frankly, it's impossible that there should not always remain some uncertainties on these subjects, but we know as much of them as philosophy is able to learn.

Molière. But you yourself know no more?

Paracelsus. No. Isn't that quite enough?

Molière. Enough! It is nothing at all. You mean that you have leapt over men whom you do not understand, in order to come upon genius?

Paracelsus. Genii are much more stimulatory to our natural curiosity.

Molière. True, but it is unpardonable to speculate about them before one has completed one's knowledge of men. One would think the human mind wholly exhausted, when one sees men taking as objects of knowledge things which have perhaps no reality, and when one sees how gaily they do this. However, it is certain that there are enough very real objects to keep one wholly employed.

Paracelsus. The human mind naturally neglects the sciences which are too simple, and runs after those more mysterious. It is only upon these last that it can expend all its activity.

Molière. So much the worse for the mind; what you say is not at all to its credit. The truth presents itself, but being too simple it passes unrecognized, and ridiculous mysteries are received only because of their mystery. I believe that if most men saw the universe as it is, seeing there neither virtues nor numbers, nor properties of the planets, nor fatalities tied to certain times and revolutions, they could not help saying of its admirable arrangement: "What, is that all there is to it?"

Paracelsus. But you who seem so didactic, what profession did you follow on earth?

Molière. I esteem those who do not understand these mysteries quite as much as those who do understand; unfortunately nature has not made every one incapable of such understanding.

Paracelsus. You call these mysteries ridiculous, because you have not been able to reach into them, they are truly reserved for the great.

Molière. I esteem those who do not understand these mysteries quite as much as those who do understand; unfortunately nature has not made every one incapable of such understanding.

Paracelsus. But you who seem so didactic, what profession did you follow on earth?

Molière. A profession quite different from yours.

Paracelsus. One would have thought you some Greek or Roman, and never have suspected that Paracelsus was an Helvetian philosopher.

Paracelsus. I have made my name as illustrious as it is lovely. My works are a great aid to those who would pierce nature's secrets, and more especially to those who launch out into the knowledge of genii and elementals.

Molière. I can readily believe that such is the true realm of science. To know men, whom one sees every day, is nothing; but to know the invisible genius is quite another affair.

Paracelsus. Doubtless. I have given precise information as to their nature, employments, and inclinations, as to their different orders, and their potencies throughout the cosmos.

Molière. How happy you were to be possessed of this knowledge, for before this you must have known man so precisely, yet many men have not attained even this.

Paracelsus. Oh, there is no philosopher so inconsiderable as not to have done so.

Molière. I suppose so. And you yourself have no indecisions regarding the nature of the soul, or its functions, or the nature of its bonds with the body?

Paracelsus. Frankly, it's impossible that there should not always remain some uncertainties on these subjects, but we know as much of them as philosophy is able to learn.

Molière. But you yourself know no more?

Paracelsus. No. Isn't that quite enough?

Molière. Enough! It is nothing at all. You mean that you have leapt over men whom you do not understand, in order to come upon genius?

Paracelsus. Genii are much more stimulatory to our natural curiosity.

Molière. True, but it is unpardonable to speculate about them before one has completed one's knowledge of men. One would think the human mind wholly exhausted, when one sees men taking as objects of knowledge things which have perhaps no reality, and when one sees how gaily they do this. However, it is certain that there are enough very real objects to keep one wholly employed.

Paracelsus. The human mind naturally neglects the sciences which are too simple, and runs after those more mysterious. It is only upon these last that it can expend all its activity.

Molière. So much the worse for the mind; what you say is not at all to its credit. The truth presents itself, but being too simple it passes unrecognized, and ridiculous mysteries are received only because of their mystery. I believe that if most men saw the universe as it is, seeing there neither virtues nor numbers, nor properties of the planets, nor fatalities tied to certain times and revolutions, they could not help saying of its admirable arrangement: "What, is that all there is to it?"

Paracelsus. But you who seem so didactic, what profession did you follow on earth?

Molière. I esteem those who do not understand these mysteries quite as much as those who do understand; unfortunately nature has not made every one incapable of such understanding.

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Paracelsus. I have made my name as illustrious as it is lovely. My works are a great aid to those who would pierce nature's secrets, and more especially to those who launch out into the knowledge of genii and elementals.
Paracelsus. I understand you, you were a comedian. For myself I cannot conceive how one can get any pleasure from comedy; one goes to laugh at a representation of customs, why should one not laugh at the customs themselves? Mollière. In order to laugh at the world's affairs one must in some fashion stand apart, or outside them. Comedy takes you outside them, she shows them to you as a pageant in which you yourself have no part.

Paracelsus. But does not a man go straight back to that which he has so recently mocked, and take his wonted place in it? Mollière. No doubt. The other day, to amuse myself, I made a fable on this same subject. A young gosling flew with the usual clumsiness of his species, and during his momentary flight, which scarcely lifted him from the earth, he insulted the rest of the barnyard: "Unfortunate animals, I see you beneath me, you cannot thus cleave the aether." It was a very short mockery, the gosling fell with the words.

Paracelsus. What use then are the reflections of comedy, since they are like the flight of your gosling, and since one falls back at once into the communal silence?

Mollière. It is much to have laughed at oneself; nature has given us that marvellous faculty lest we make dupes of ourselves. How often, when half of our being is doing something with enthusiasm, does the other half stand aside laughing? And if need were we might find a third part to make mock of both of the others. You might say that man was made of inlays.

Paracelsus. I cannot see that there is much in all this to occupy one's attention. A few banal reflections, a few jests of scanty foundation deserve but little esteem, but what efforts of meditation may we not need to treat of more lofty matters?

Mollière. You are coming back to your genii, but I recognize your foils. However, though I have never worked upon subjects save those which lie before all men's eyes, I can predict that my comedies will outlast your exalted productions. Everything is subject to the changes of fashion, the labours of the mind are not exempt from this destiny of doublets and breeches. I have seen, lord knows how many books and authors written with them, and more indirectly, albeit even those authors, very much in the manner that certain races bury a man with his most valued belongings. I know perfectly well that there may be revolutions in the kingdom of letters, and with all that I guarantee that my writings will endure. And I know why, for he who would paint for immortality must paint fools.

PASSING PARIS

A VIE, which owes the change in its appearance from weekly to monthly to prevalent conditions, has the privilege of registering impressions of the war unique of their kind. For they are gathered more indirectly than the active partakers to that which his judgment may be trusted. The prediction-craze has even conquered the pulpit—so jealous as to its prerogatives in this line, and more indirectly, albeit even those authors, very much in the manner that certain races bury a man with his most valued belongings.

The same observation may, no doubt, already be made in other spheres. If existing symptoms can commendation in the open church of the Madeleine, has provoked censure from his confrère at Notre Dame. It appears a spiritist epidemic took hold of France after the first Franco-German War. We travel faster nowadays, a spiritist epidemic took hold of France after the first Franco-German War. We travel faster nowadays, and this particular effect of the war is already manifest. The same observation may, no doubt, already be made in other spheres.

France's intellect must not be judged by its prevalent expressions—its play-bills, for example. For the most part France has centred her energies on one aim to which all the rest of her life and soul has been sacrificed. While the husbanding of her intellect could not claim rights over and above her vineyards and cornfields, a delicate regard for those who cannot take part in the competition has withheld from self-assertion those who were the freer, therefore, to do so.
rise to critical contests of such a nature as to make
envious those who confounded attention with adver-
tisement. As it was, the connoisseurs overlooked it
no less.
Van Dongen realizes in full perfection Poussin's
maxim that " the purpose of art is delectation," and
you like Van Dongen, that is. Many people are
horror-struck by this artist, others almost despise
him, unable as they are to discern the delicacies of Whistler
under the freedom of the technique which has learnt
what was worth learning at the school of Matisse to
adapt it, ground down to his own more sumptuous,
more exacting faculties, to an imagination not so
distantly related to Gustave Moreau as might appear,
and to a female artifice as old as that entertained by Toulouse-Lantrec. No one has ever
touched a black, silk-stocking leg as Van
Dongen paints it, and the Spanish artist who draws
so much applause for his Indian shawls, is but a
toiling plodder by his side. From his ascendency he
holds the passion for colour which most of his country-
men satisfy in their houses and gardens, and which has
been expressed not in colour but through the
person of Van Gogh. Otherwise Mr. Van Dongen's
partiality for gorgeous nakedness (as distinct from nudity) and painted faces is a strange anomaly in one
originating from a race not given to praying before
goddesses.

The Flemish poet-priest, Guido Gézelle, con-
temporary of Camille Lemonnier, Verhaeren, and
Maeterlinck, has, in M. Charles Grolleau's opinion,
like these and prior to these, contributed to the
formation of the Belgian soul, and from him, he
thinks, proceeds, consciously or not, all the Flemish
and Walloon poets " who have not allowed the
spontaneous to be buried under the standard forms,
and not lost their ways in the desert of idols " (Une
Gloire de la Flandre : Guido Gézelle, prêtre et poète ;
1830-1899 ; Crès et Cie, Paris et Zurich ; lfr. 75).
Gézelle was a son of the people who wrote for the
people and revived for them the fine dialect of Western
Flanders spoken with a certain purity in Eastern
Flanders, but which partook no longer of a literary
originating from a race not given to praying before
goddesses.

Karel de Gueldre, Eugene van Oye, and Dr. Verriest,
professor at the University of Louvain, who compiled
the best edition of his master's works."

But his popularity brought him into ill-odour, and
though his pupils pleaded for him he was dismissed
from the Seminary and sent, at the age of twenty-
eight, to a curacy at Courtrai. He had already
published two critical poems which prompted
of. Henceforth "his hand opened but for the poor,
and his pen wrote but for his congregation and God." M.
Grolleau concludes his reminiscent homage by a
selection from the gentle Franciscan's paeans to
creation.

M. C.

DRUNKEN HELOTS AND MR. ELIOT*

GENIUS has I know not what peculiar property,
its manifestations are various, but however
diverse and dissimilar they may be, they
have at least one property in common. It makes no
difference whether you are a poet, in what mode, whether
the most conservative, or the most ribald-revolutionary,
or the most diffident; if in any land, or upon any
floating deck over the ocean, or upon some newly
contrapted craft in the ether, genius manifests itself,
at once some elderly gentleman has a flux of bile
from his liver; at once from the throne or the easy
Cowperian sofa, or from the gutter, or from the
economical press room there bursts a torrent of
elderly words, splenetic, irrelevant, they form them-
selves instinctively into large phrases denouncing the
inordinate product.

This peculiar kind of rabbia might almost be taken
as the test of a work of art, mere talent seems incapable
of exciting it. You can't fool me, sir, you're a
scoundrel," bawls the testy old gentleman.

Fortunately the days when "that very fiery
particle" could be crushed out by the Quarterly are
over, but it interests me, as an archaeologist, to note
that the firm which no longer produces Byron, but
rather memoirs, letters of the late Queen, etc., is,
still running a review; and that this review is still
where it was in 1812, or whatever the year was; and
that, not having an uneducated Keats to condemn,
Mr. Waugh is scolding about Mr. Eliot.

All I can find out, by asking questions concerning
Mr. Waugh, is that he is "a very old chap," " a
reviewer." From internal evidence we deduce that
Mr. Waugh is, that he is "a very old chap," " a
reviewer."

* Prufrock and other Observations, by T. S. Eliot. The Egoist,
Ld. Is. net; postage 2d.
And I then: "Some one frames upon the keys That exquisite nocturne, with which we explain The night and moonshine; music which we seize To body forth our own vacuity." She then: "Does this refer to me?" 'Oh no, it is I who am inane.'

"You, madam, are the eternal humorist, The eternal enemy of the absolute, Giving our vagrant moods the slightest twist! With your air indifferent and imperious At a stroke our mad poetics to confute—"
And—"Are we then so serious?"

Our helot has a marvellous neatness. There is a comparable finesse in Laforgue's "Votre âme est affaire d'oculiste," but hardly in English verse.

Let us reconsider this drunkennes:

LA FIGLIA CHE PIANGE

Stand on the highest pavement of the stair—
Lean on a garden urn—
Wrench the uncut sunlight in your hair—
Clasp your flowers to you with a paired surprise—
Fling them to the ground and turn
With a fugitive resentment in your eyes:
But weave, weave the sunlight in your hair.

So I would have had him leave,
So I would have had her stand and grieve,
So he would have left
As the soul leaves the body torn and bruised,
As the mind deserts the body it has used.

I should find
Some way incompably light and debt,
Some way we both should understand,
Simple and faithless as a smile and shake of the hand.

She turned away, but with the autumn weather
Compelled my imagination many days,
Many days and many hours:
Her hair over her arms and her arms full of flowers,
And I wonder how they should have been together!
I should have lost a gesture and a pose.
Sometimes these cogitations still amaze
The troubled midnight and the noon's repose.

And since when have helots taken to reading Dante and Marlowe? Since when have helots made a new music, a new refinement, a new method of turning old phrases into new by their aptness? However the Quarterly, the century old, the venerable, the praeclarus, the voice of Gehova and Co., Simii and 51A Albermarle Street, London, W. 1, has pronounced this author a helot. They are all for an aristocracy made up of, possibly, Tennyson, Southey and Wordsworth, the flunkey, the dull and the rest of it. Mr. Waugh dates back to that generation, the virus is in his blood, he can't help it. The exactitude of the younger generation gets on his nerves, and so on and so on. He will "fall into line in time" like the rest of the bread-and-butter reviewers. Intelligent people will read "J. Alfred Prufrock"; they will wait with some eagerness for Mr. Eliot's further inspirations. It follows its publication of Joyce by the publication of a "new" poet who is at least unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries, either of his own age or his elders.

It is perhaps "unenglish" to praise a poet whom one can read with enjoyment. Carlyle's generation wanted "improving" literature, Smiles' Self-Help and the rest. But Mr. Waugh, with that generation, the virus is in his blood, he can't help it. The poetic mind leaps the gulf from the exterior landscape to the interior. The exactitude, the pruning, I confess his type of mind puzzles me, there is no
telling what he is up to.

I do not wish to misjudge him, this theory may be the correct one. You never can tell when old gentleman grow facetious. He does not mention Mr. Eliot's name; he must take his muse and his lines and what he wishes to put in Mr. Eliot's name: a bright bit of syzogy.

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'Confess his type of mind puzzles me, there is no telling what he is up to.'

I have known the eyes already, known them all—
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase, And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin, When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall, Then how should I begin To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways? And how should I presume?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? . . .

Let us leave the silly old Waugh. Mr. Eliot has made an advance on Browning. He has also made his dramatic verse more convincing than ever. He has been an individual in his poems. I have read the contents of this book over and over, and with continued joy in the freshness, the humanity, the deep quiet culture. "I have tried to write of a few things that really have moved me" is so far as I know, the sum of Mr. Eliot's "poetic theory." His practice has been a distinctive cadence, a personal manner of arranging words, regardless of English and in the modern French masters, neither origin being sufficiently apparent to affect the personal quality. It is writing without pretence. Mr. Eliot at once takes rank with the five or six living poets whose English one can read with enjoyment.

The Egoist has published the best prose writer of my generation. It follows its publication of Joyce by the publication of a "new" poet who is at least unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries, either of his own age or his elders.

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I have seen them riding seaward on the waves Combining the white hair of the waves blown back When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

The poetic mind leaps the gulf from the exterior world, the trivialities of Mr. Prufrock, diffident,
ridiculous, in the drawing-room, Mr. Appolinax' daughter "submarine and profound" transports him from the desiccated new-statesmanly atmosphere of Professor Canning-Cheetham's. Mr. Eliot's melody rushes out like the thought of Fragilion "among the birch-trees." Mr. Waugh is my bitten macaroon at this festival.

EZRA POUND

JAMES JOYCE AND HIS CRITICS

SOME CLASSIFIED COMMENTS

CAUTION: It is very difficult to know quite what to say about this new book by Mr. Joyce—

LITERARY WORLD.

DRAINS: Mr. Joyce is a clever novelist, but we feel he would be really at his best in a treatise on drains.—EVERYMAN.

CLEAN MinDLESSNESS: This pseudo-autobiography of Joseph Dedalus, a weakening and a dreamer, makes fascinating reading... No clean-minded person could possibly allow it to remain within reach of his wife, his sons or daughters.—IRISH BOOK LOVER.

OPPORTUNITIES OF DUBLIN: If one must accuse Mr. Joyce of anything, it is that he too wilfully ignores the opportunities which Dublin offers even to Stephen Dedalus, a weakening and a dreamer, and that he failed to bring out the undeniable superiority of many features of life in the capital... He is as blind to the charm of its situation as to the stirrings of literary and civic consciousness which give an interest and zest to social and political intercourse.—NEW IRELAND.

BEAUTY: There is much in the book to offend a good many varieties of readers, and little compensating beauty.—NEW YORK GLOBE.

The most obvious thing about the book is its beauty.—NEW WITNESS.

STYLE: It is possible that the author intends to write a sequel to the story. If so, he might acquire a larger and more lucid style by a study of Flaubert, Daudet, Thackeray and Thomas Hardy.—ROCHESTER (NEW YORK) POST-EXPRESS.

The occasional lucid intervals in which one glimpses the thought of their authors, and forces in Dublin, only to be disappointed, are similar to the eye or ear which appears in futurist portraits, but proves the more bewildering because no other realistic feature is to be discerned among the chaos.—BELLMAN (U.S.A.). [Editor's Note: In the sentence quoted above, "incid intervals" is to be parsed with "are similar" and "eye or ear" with "proves." The adjective "recognizable" is apparently pleonastic.]

REALISM: It is a ruthless, relentless essay in realism.—SOUTHERN GUARDIAN.

To put the literary form of rude language in a book makes some authors feel realistic.—MANCHESTER WEEKLY TIMES.

Mr. Joyce aims at being realistic, but his method is too chaotic to produce the effect of realism.—ROCHESTER (NEW YORK) POST-EXPRESS.

Its realism will please many.—BIRMINGHAM POST.

Mr. Joyce is unparaxing in his realism, and his violent contrasts—the brothel, the confessional—jar on one's finer feelings.—IRISH BOOK LOVER.

The description of life in a Jesuit school, and later in a Dublin college, strikes one as being absolutely true to life—but what a life!—EVERYMAN.

WISDOM: Is it even wise, from a worldly point of view, to dissipate one's talents on a book which can only attain a limited circulation?—IRISH BOOK LOVER.

ADVANTAGES OF IRISH EDUCATION: One boy from Clongowes School is not a replica of all the other boys. I will reintroduce Mr. Wells to half a dozen Irish

"old boys" of whom five—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is one—were educated at Roman Catholic schools and have nevertheless become most conventional citizens of the Empire.—SPHERE.

COMPARISON WITH OTHER IRISH AUTHORS: The book is not within a hundred miles of being as fine a work of art as "Limehouse Nights," the work of another young Irishman. There are a good many talented young Irish writers to-day, and it will take a fellow of exceptional literary stature to tower above Lord Dunraven, for example, or James Stephens.—NEW YORK GLOBE.

IMAGINATION: He shows an astonishingly unceltic absence of imagination and humour.—BELLMAN (U.S.A.).

Clustering: The irreverent treatment of religion in the story must be condemned.—ROCHESTER (NEW YORK) POST-EXPRESS.

TRUTH: It is an accident that Mr. Joyce's book should have Dublin as its background.—FREEMAN'S JOURNAL (DUBLIN). He is justified, in so far as too many Dubliners are of the calibre described in this and the preceding volume.—NEW IRELAND.

"AUTHORITY, LIBERTY AND FUNCTION"

By HUNTY CARTER

I do not wish to detract one atom from the real worth of certain constructive ideas that are being exhibited to-day. And I hope I shall not show any negligence in the computation of their merits; and, at the same time, I wish to say that I am concerned rather with their meaning than with their merits; and to deny that they have a significant meaning is for me to maintain that they do not go deep enough. They are, in fact, at a level noted by their authors, and have, therefore, the merit of conducting us as far as the riches of their authors, and no further—we are swept away; we are cobbled with the well-known legal jargon of the French Revolution. It is not because they are of the calibre described in this and the preceding volume. It is not because the paths are heavily and dangerously cobbled with the well-known legal jargon of the French Revolution. It is not because they are almost impassable with terms such as law, liberty, authority, equality, justice, right, duty, moral responsibility, and others that beset the thinking apparatus to-day, and clog it up with senseless
material crudities. It is because they have no beginning in space and time, infinity and eternity. Man, indeed, is conceived of objectively in Topsy-like fashion as something that grew out of the Greek or Middle Age, instead of having been born somewhat nearer the beginning of things. No wonder both writers designate him as a social being and predict an end in social perfection, for him. Hence, "God help us!"

Apart from this sad limitation of insight, the constructive theories and exposition of principles of both writers have a very large claim to careful consideration, especially on those who are entertaining ethics and society. Mr. de Maeztu is mainly concerned to argue on historical and contemporary grounds, that "Liberty" and "Authority" have failed as principles of association. Ethically, he doubts the righteousness of two possible interpretations of increasing values in the consideration of these. "The first" (the authoritarian or statist) "will produce societies which will think only of increasing the power of the State, that is to say, of the rulers; and the second" (the liberal or individualistic), "societies which will think only of increasing the power of the individuals." He adds, "an absolutely individualistic theory has no way of preventing anything possible for one to exist." Let me add, so far as is known to the writer, Mr. de Maeztu's purpose, then, is to remove these rotten social foundations, and to substitute sound ones. The analysis of the one and discussion of the other occupy nearly 300 pages of closely written matter, from which it is not easy to disentangle arguments. One thing is, however, clear, that the new bricks are made out of freedom. Evidently "the principle of freedom is a better base of societies than the principles of authority and liberty. It is better because it is more just." It is "more just" because "independent of the will of men." Thus Mr. de Maeztu's ideal social man emerges as a functionary on the assertion that "the functional principle is the only practical principle of association." For my own part I would say it is the only practical principle of good work, seeing that the more functional men become the nearer they approach natural activities. But whether such activities may or must be labelled "rights" in a social sense, as Mr. de Maeztu himself insists, is another matter altogether. It is possible that natural and social conduct, if not agreed upon, will always be widely different owing to the fact that something different from a natural atmosphere is essential to the growth, development and fertility of society. Anyhow, in the chapter on "Function and Values," the functional principle becomes a system, seeing that it has ends—namely, the organization of values. The consideration of these values plunges one into a qualitative division of society, and a devilish maze of terms. The division yields the socially valuable and socially valueless. The latter are mere consumers of value; they neither preserve nor increase it. Therefore they are to be punished by being deprived of "rights." On the other hand, men who are "the possessors to a deserved leadership. I would like to have an opportunity when I return from France.

TARR

By Wyndham Lewis

PART VI

HOLOCAUSTS

CHAPTER I

TARR's character at this time performed repeatedly the following manoeuvre: his best energies would, once a farce was started, gradually take over the business from the play department and continue it as a serious line of its own. The bellicose visit to Kreisler now projected was launched to a slow blast of Humour, ready, when the time came, to turn into a storm. His contempt for the German would not allow him to enter into anything seriously against him. Kreisler was a joke. Jokes it had to be admitted (and in that they became more effective than ever), were able to make you sweat.
That Kreisler could anywhere but at the Café de l'Aigle on the following evening never entered Tarr's head. As he was on an unpleasant errand, he took it for granted that Fate would on this occasion put everything punctually at his disposal. Had it been an errand of pleasure, he would have instinctively supposed the reverse.

At ten, and at half-past, his rival had not yet arrived. Tarr set out to make rapidly a tour of the other cafés. But Kreisler might be turning over a new leaf. He might be going to bed, as on the previous evening. He must not be again sought, though, on his own territory. The moral disadvantage on a man’s part of being feet of most intimate floor space, Tarr had clearly realized.

The Café Souchet, the most frequented café of the Quarter, entered merely in a spirit of German thoroughness, was, however, the one. More alert, and brushed up a little, Tarr thought, Kreisler was sitting with another man, with a bearded, naif, and rather pleasant face, over his coffee. No pile of saucers this time attended him.

The stranger was a complication. Perhaps the night's affair should be put off until the conditions were more favourable. But Tarr's vanity was impatient. His wait in the original café had made him nervous and hardly capable of acting with circumspection. On the other hand, it might come at once. This was an opposite complication. Kreisler might open hostilities on the spot. This would rob him of the subtle benefits to be derived from his gradual strategy. This must be risked. He was not very calm. He crudely went up to Kreisler's table and sat down. The feeling of the lack of aplomb in this action, and his disappointment at the presence of the other man, chased the necessary good humour out of his face. He had carefully preserved this poise of his head, the set of his expression that would have said "Ah, there you are?—He was incapable of working anything out. He flushed and felt far more like beginning on them than on his complicated idiot of a neighbour, who had become a cold task. This genuine feeling illuminated for him the tired frigidity of his present employment.

He had moved his chair a little to the right, towards the group at his back, and more in front of Kreisler, so that he could look into his face. On turning back now, and comparing the directions of the various pairs of eyes engaged, he at length concluded that he was without the sphere of interest; just without it.

At this moment Kreisler sprang up. His head was that first fortnight, his hands partly clenched, and partly facilitating his passage between the tables by hemming in his coat tails. The smooth round cloth at the top of his back, his smooth head above the table. He was dazed by all the details of this meeting, and the peculiar miscarriage of his plan. But Kreisler brushed past him with the swift deafness of a person absorbed with some strong movement of the will. The next moment Tarr saw the party of young men he had been observing in a sort of noisy excitement of a person absorbed with some strong movement of the will. The next moment Tarr saw the party of young men he had been observing in a sort of noisy excitement. Kreisler was in among them, working on something in their midst. There were two blows—smack—smack; an interval between them. He could not see who had received them.

Tarr then heard Kreisler shout in German:

"For the second time to-day! Is your courage so slow that I must do it a third time?"

Conversation had stopped in the café and everybody was standing. The companions of the man smacked, too, had risen in their seats. They were expostulating in three languages. Several were mixed up with the garçons, who had rushed up to do their usual police work on such occasions. Over Kreisler's shoulder, his eyes carbonized to a black sweetness, his cheeks a strong brown with a small mole. Kreisler's hand had been. Tarr saw the man his German friend had singled out. He had sprung towards the aggressor, but by that time Kreisler had been seized from behind and was being hustled towards the door. The blow seemed to hurt his vanity so much that he was standing half-conscious till the pain abated. He seemed to wish to brush the blow off, but was too vain to raise his hands to his cheek. It was left there like a scorching compress. His friends, Kreisler wrenched away from them, were left standing in a group, in attitudes more or less of violent expostulation and excitement.
Kreisler receded in the midst of a band of waiters towards the door. He was resisting and protesting, but not too much to retard his quick exit. The garçon had the self-conscious unconcern of civilian braves.

The young man attacked and his friends were explaining what had happened, next, to the manager of the café. A garçon brought in a card on a plate. There was a new outburst of protest and contempt from the others. The plate was presented to the individual chiefly concerned, who brushed it away, as though he had been refusing a dish that a waiter was, for a moment, pressing upon him. The principal on the other hand, in his person he embodied the remembrance of Kreisler at once, and got up a second row, a more good-natured one, just outside the café? Should he go out now and punch Kreisler's head, fight about a little bit, and then depart, his business done, and leave Kreisler to go on with his other row? For he felt that Kreisler would not be able to prevent the matter from being settled. His companion had not taken part in the fracas, but had followed on his heels in his ejection, protesting with a vehemence that was intended to hypnotize. Just at the moment when he had felt that he was going to be one of the principal parties to a violent scene, Tarr had witnessed, not himself at all, but another gentleman, entering up into his rôle. He felt relieved. As he watched the man Kreisler had struck, he seemed to be watching himself. And yet he felt rather on the side of Kreisler. With a mortified chuckle he prepared to pay for his drink and be off, leaving Kreisler for ever to his very complicated, mysterious and turbulent existence. He noticed just then that Kreisler's friend had come back again, and was talking to the man who had been struck. He could hear that they were speaking Russian or Polish. With great collectedness, Kreisler's emissary, evidently, was meeting their noisy expostulations. He could not at least, like a card, be torn in half! On the other hand, in his person he embodied the repugnancy of a visiting card. He was dressed with perfect "correctness" suitable to such occasions and spectability of a visiting card. He was dressed with such missions as his appeared to be. By his gestures (one of which was the taking an imaginary card from his window, he was waiting for you to enter the café; he is waiting there for your reply. He has been turned out like a drunken workman.)

The Russian was as grave as he was collected, and stood in front of the other principal in this affair, who had sat down again now, with the evident determination to get a different reply. The talking went on and the Frenchman turned towards Tarr, and, seeing him watching the discussion, came towards him, raising his hat. He said in French: "You know Herr Kreisler, I believe. Will you consent to act for him with me, in an affair that unfortunately has come your way? If you would step over here, I will put you 'au courant.'"

"I'm afraid I cannot act for Herr Kreisler, as I am leaving Paris early to-morrow morning," Tarr replied. But the Russian displayed the same persistence with him as he had observed him already capable of with the other people.

At last Tarr said, "I don't mind acting temporarily for a few minutes, now, until you can find somebody else. But you must understand that I cannot delay my journey—you must find a substitute at once."

The Russian explained with business-like gusto and precision, having drawn him towards the door (seemingly to cut off a possible retreat of the enemy), that it was a grave affair. Kreisler's honour was compromised. His friend Otto Kreisler had been provoked in an extraordinary fashion. Stories had been put about concerning him, affecting seriously the sentiments of a girl he knew regarding him; put about with that object by another gentleman, also acquainted with this girl. The Russian luxuriated to explain that this poetical and confidential game of their conversation should settle the matter at once, as he had not very much time. He was puzzled. Surely the girl mentioned must be Bertha? If so, had Bertha been telling more lies? Was the Kreisler mystery after all to her discredit? Perhaps he was now in the presence of another rival, existing, unknown to him, even during his friendship with her.

In this heroic, very solemnly official atmosphere of ladies' "honor" and the "honor" of gentlemen, that the Little Russian was creating, Tarr unwillingly remained for some time. Noisy bursts of protest from other members of the opposing party met the Russian's points. "It was all nonsense;" they shouted; "there could be no question of honour here. Kreisler was a questionable German. He was drunk." Tarr liked his own foibles. But to be drawn into the service of one of Kreisler's was a humiliation. Kreisler, without taking any notice of him, had turned the tables.

The discussion was interminable. They were now speaking French. The entire café appeared to be participating. Tarr's character of a brutal on the other side attempted to go, evidently very cross at the noisy scene. Then Anastasya's name was mentioned. Tarr found new interest in the scene. "You and Herr Kreisler," the Russian was saying patiently and distinctly, "exchanged blows, I understand, this afternoon, before this lady. This was as a result of my friend Herr Kreisler demanding certain explanations from you which you refused to give. These explanations had reference to certain stories you are supposed to have circulated as regards him."

"Circulated—as regards—that chimpanzee you are conducting about?"

"If you please! By being abusive you cannot escape. You are accused by my friend of having at his expense—"

"Expense? Does he want money?"

"If you please! You cannot buy off Herr Kreisler; but he might be willing for you to pay a substitute if you find it—inconvenient—?"

"I find you, bearded idiot!—"

We can settle all that afterwards. You understand me? I shall be quite ready. But, before presenting it is the affair between you and Herr Kreisler."

In brief, it was the hapless Soltyk that Kreisler had eventually got hold of, and had just now publicly smacked, having some hours before smacked him privately.

CHAPTER II

Kreisler's afternoon encounter with Anastasya and Soltyk had resembled Tarr's meeting with him and Bertha. Kreisler had seen Anastasya and his new café friend one day from his window. His reference to possible nose-pulling was accounted for by this. The next day he had felt rather like seeing Anastasya again somewhere. With this object, he had patrolled the neighbourhood. About four o'clock, having just bought some cigarettes at the "Berne," he was standing outside considering a walk in the Luxembourg, when Fränkel Vasek appeared in this unashamable circus of the Quartier du Paradis. Soltyk was with
her. He went over at once. With urbane timidity, as though they had been alone, he offered his hand. She looked at Soltyk, smiling. But she showed no particular signs of wanting to escape. They began strolling along the Boulevard, Soltyk showing every sign of impatience. She then stopped.

"Mr. Soltyk and I were just going to have the five o'clock somewhere," she said.

Soltyk looked pointedly down the Boulevard, as though threat already explained an improper piece of information to communicate to Kreisler.

"If you consent to my accompanying you, Fraulein Vasek, it would give me the greatest pleasure to remain in your company a little longer."

She laughed. "Where were we going, Louis? Didn't you say there was a place near here?"

"There is one over there. But I'm afraid, Fraulein Vasek, I must leave you—"

"Oh, must you? I'm sorry."

Soltyk was astonished and mortified. He did not go, looking at her doubtfully. At this point Kreisler had addressed him.

"I said nothing, sir, when a moment ago, you failed to return my salute. I understand you were going to have tea with Fraulein Vasek. Now you despise her suddenly of the pleasure of your company. So there is no further doubt on a certain point. Will you tell me at once and clearly what objection you have to me?"

"I don't wish to discuss things of that sort before this lady."

"Will you then name a place where they may be discussed? I will then take my leave?"

"I see no necessity to discuss anything with you."

"Ah, you see none. I do. And perhaps it is as well that Fraulein Vasek should hear. Will you explain to me, sir, how it is that you have been putting stories about having reference to me, and to my discredit, calculated to prejudice people against me? If you have heard some of your lies, it would be of advantage that you take them back at once, or else explain yourself."

Before Kreisler had finished, Soltyk said to Anastasya, "I had better go at once, to save you this—" Then he turned to Kreisler,

"I should have thought you would have had sufficient restraint—"

"Decency, liar! Decency, lying swine! Decency—! What do you mean?" said Kreisler, loudly, in crescendo.

Then he crossed quickly over in front of Anastasya and smacked Soltyk first smartly on one cheek and then on the other.

"There is liar branded on both your cheeks! And if you should not wish to have coward added to your other epithets, you or your friends will find me at the following address before the day is out." Kreisler produced a card and handed it to Soltyk.

Soltyk stared at him, paralysed for the moment at this outrage, his eyes burning with the sweet intensity Tarr noticed that evening, taking in the incredible fact. He got the fact at last. He lifted his cane and brought it down on Kreisler's shoulders. Kreisler snatched it from him, broke it in three and flung it in his face, one of the splinters making a little gash in his under lip.

Anastasya had turned round and begun walking away, leaving them alone. Kreisler also waited no longer, but marched rapidly off in the other direction.

Soltyk caught Anastasya up, and apologized for what had occurred, dabling his lip with a handkerchief.

Kreisler after this felt himself fairly lanced on a satisfactory little affair. Many an old talent would have been accounted for, leaving word that he would soon come in useful. He acted for the rest of the day with a gusto of professional interest. For an hour or two he stayed at home. No one came, however, to call him to account. Leaving word that he would soon come in useful. He acted for the rest of the day with a gusto of professional interest. For an hour or two he stayed at home. No one came, however, to call him to account. Leaving word that he would soon be back, he left in search of a man to act for him. He remembered a Russian he had had some talk with at the Studio, and whom he had once visited. He was celebrated for having had a duel and blinded his opponent. His instinct now led him to this individual, who has already been seen in action. His qualifications for a second were quite unique.

Kreisler found him just finishing work. He had soon explained what he required of him. With great gravity he set forth his attachment for a "beautiful girl," the discreditable behaviour of the Russian in seeking to prejudice her against him. In fact, he gave an entirely false picture of the whole situation. His honour must now be satisfied. He would accept nothing less than reparation by arms. Such was Kreisler, but he was himself very cynically. He had explained this to Volker after the following manner:

"I am a hundred different things; I am as many people as the different types of people I have lived amongst. I am a 'Boulevardier' (he believed that on occasion he answered fully to that description), I am a 'Rapin'; I am also a 'Korps-student.'"

In his account of how things stood he had, besides, led the Russian to understand that there was more in it all than it was necessary to say, and, in fact, than he could say. Whatever attitude Soltyk might take up, this gentleman too knew, he hinted, that they had come to the point in their respective relations towards this "beautiful girl" at which one of them must disappear. In addition, he, Kreisler, had been grossly insulted in the very presence of the "beautiful girl" that afternoon. The Russian's compatriot had used his cane. These latter were facts that would be confirmed later, for the physical facts at least could not be got round by Soltyk.

The Russian, Bitzenko by name, a solemnly excitable bourgeois of Petrograd, recognized a situation after his own heart. Excitement was a food he seldom got in such quantities, and pretending to listen to Kreisler a little abstractedly and uncertainly to start with, he was really from the first very much his man.

So Kreisler and his newly found henchman, silently and intently engaged on their evening's business, have been accounted for. Soltyk had been discovered some quarter of an hour before Tarr's appearance, and stared out of countenance for the whole of the time by Kreisler.

(To be continued)
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