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SIXPENCE.

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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—inferences 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 approximate almost infinitely more nearly to Shakespeare than to him. Conceptual activity in the existing "savage" races has arrived at a matured and established stage. If its range is limited, as an order of life, it has been so long there that its original forms have been lost sight of. The savage *thinks* readily, as well as furiously and fast; and though he, like more highly cultured men, is still arrested by the strangeness of the thought-order, it is because the latter is strange and unexplained in itself, not because it appears to him as an innovation. He has, in fact, his imaginative apparatus all in ready working order, and the use of it comes to him readily and without hesitation. Miss Kingsley says of certain West African tribes: "When you are sitting alone in the forest you will hear a man or a woman coming down the narrow bush-path chattering away with such energy and expression that you can hardly believe your eyes when you learn from them that he has no companion." Such a one certainly is not making his first groping entry into thought!

(6) The feature which distinguishes the languages of these primitive tribes (so-called) from primary speech, and which makes them one with the most cultured tongues of the most modern races (also so-called) is that they have arrived at that stage in linguistic practice at which there is some faint adumbration of what the conditions are to which these mental effects are due. They have reached a stage at which a faint notion of what is essential and what is merely incidental to the conceptual process has made itself felt. These languages are all of the type we 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 responsible conditions. Long ago they had passed out of the stage at which any particular *forms* seemed essential to their effectiveness. Out of those first 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, fundamentally, 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 awareness 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 effort followed by varying degrees of success, makes 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 age-long practice of primary language.

Hence, from those primitive speech-users there must slowly have grown up races subconsciously appreciative 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 adjustative 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, forming no integral part whatsoever with the thing, but produced by the organism in *isolation from the thing*, is likewise competent to assemble the same adjustative 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 tend, 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 traversings, and consequent modifications of, previously established 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 unambiguous aspect of the outer world of things. 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.

II

(10) Once this sense of cause has made its appearance 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 importance 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 both individually and for all those for whom the association exists." In short, it became possible to make a convention.

(11) The form not being vital, a thousand considerations varying with each locality would combine to make forms different, and innumerable accidents and fortuitous circumstances would inspire this group and that in fixing upon their diverse forms of nomenclature. Some of the selected forms would indeed be more fortunate than others, having regard to the system of classification they were destined to form, and upon these fortunate variations the mental progress of the tribe adopting them would depend. But fortunate or unfortunate, all alike had reached the stage where language's causative principles were grasped. All alike had passed beyond the stage when

those primary activities were set going as ends in themselves: as spontaneous expressions: and unexpectedly 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 as these appear among 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 character. 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 work to do. Whatever be the form of the material it works upon, it has now, as then, to work the miracle upon it, and out of it to create the new order of feeling it is its speciality to trade in. When a modern language is superimposed, and conceptual activity comes into play in the infant mind, it is because the same kind of operation has been repeated as that which obtained in the beginning when its first enactment first startled Man into self-consciousness and thought. Let us turn then to the way in which a conventional language is acquired, and to the manner in which the childhood of every generation is intensively 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 prospective language-user. It is undertaken 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 it has taken countless ages to garner.

(14) The activity consists in the intimate overlaying of all things with an artificial but highly distinctive vocal characteristic, to the end that when the child's imitative vocal potentialities 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-wow*; the *chuck-chuck*; the *quack-quack* are the familiar sort of thing. Later, of course, even these are superseded by the artificially-associated sound aspect and appear as *dog*, and the rest.

(15) The first stage, *preceding* the child's acquisition of conventional language then is that all things and—later—all actions shall be invested with an artificial vocal characteristic which is imitable by normal persons in their strongest imitative medium, i.e. that of sound. By this means in conventional language does an existing higher intelligence artificially *prepare the ground* and contrive to match—though in far greater fullness—the conditions which for the first speech-users must have existed ready-made in their limited world. In the case of the latter, the "higher intelligence" was wholly to seek. They themselves

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 their 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 characteristics 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 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 preliminary 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, he would never have acquired a language at all. Such a process with its demand for a higher intelligence cognisant of the road and paving the way along it would render it impossible. It became feasible only 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 constitute its cause.

(17) The conventional feature in conventional language turns then wholly upon this stage antecedent to the child's own effort. It concerns the environment into which the subject is plunged rather than his own potencies. The child itself, despite its modernity, begins exactly where primitive man began, i.e. with an involuntary imitation of the sound-aspects associated with things. Like his early prototype, 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 it, and its expression takes the form which comes 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 distinctively *human*: an organism born into the inheritance of mind. Conversely, if it fails to show the impulse towards imitation and re-presentation it promptly sinks below the human estate, and no amount of *vicarious* activity can affect the situation. Necessarily so; the vicarious preliminary activity was put through solely in anticipation of just such a manifestation—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 itself into possession of a distinguishing aspect of every existing activity and thing. It attached the sounds to things and familiarized 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 making of the vocal associations. It is necessary, therefore, to stress its importance.

(18) As long as the word-sounds are used only in the presence of the objects themselves, the employment merely shows (1) That the child itself associates the superimposed aspect with the thing and regards it as an integral part of it, and (2) that it possesses competent powers of articulation in respect of it. 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 of mind—it must play with the words and give utterance to them in the *absence of the object*. Used in the presence of the material object itself, the enunciation of the name is but a *response*: the emergence of an additional aspect in the *significance* corresponding to the whole thing. But language 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. Therefore, just as we are driven to believe that 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 those things. At this point does he first reveal himself a creator 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 their primary external 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 (favoured 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 Man should have put himself in possession of a "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 identical organism which in the *response* plays also the rôle of victim. Only just such a theory of self-enacted counterfeit could explain the *self-initiative* exercised in language, and the self-containedness 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 a "cry" is emitted 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 utters 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 and all occasions, would the needs 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 interjection, and 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 loose one and a stringent. There is a sense in which we can say that the play of *Hamlet* existed in embryo in the thrustings and withdrawals of the tentacles of certain protozoa. By a like kind of arguing we can say that language existed incipiently in the *cry*. But an effective and stringent account of things demands a statement of the innovating event's *cause*; it demands a precise account of conditions just at the point where some new element established itself, so that as a consequence the new thing appeared. Now in this sense it is not a satisfactory account which says that language evolved out of the cry. The cry is an almost universal phenomenon in the animal kingdom, but nowhere except in Man does it "evolve" into language. In this exhibition of power which Man gives in the vocal medium, the difference between it and the cry is a difference in *kind*, and merely to assert (which is what certain versions of the theory amount to) that it is explained by *more of the same thing* is to shirk the problem at issue, and betrays a radical misconception of the entire linguistic activity.

(22) The trouble seems to take rise in a confusion relative to the word *communication*. It is assumed that language is wonderful merely because it communicates; whereas it is wonderful only because it communicates *an order of feelings* which prior to it *had never been communicated or felt before*. Communications are common enough; they are indeed universal; the amoeba communicates and is communicated with. All objects dead or alive can (and do) communicate with all sentient forms. The window opposite communicates and says that I must refrain from walking through it if I don't want to cut myself; deep water says I must avoid it unless I want to drown; the fire likewise unless I want to be burnt. All objects and actions communicate, and as such they are *signs*. They invade sentient objects with sensations. But language invades such objects with ideas: mental imagery.

(23) 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 them. 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 *signs*, 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 followed 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 suggested additional 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 ousting 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 encouragement to believe that 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 *agents*. 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 ;
And they have sealed up their capricious grove
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 the gods receive
Their ultimate harvests,
Tho' 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
in the elm
Confronting me.

O yellow moon in the elm
Why is love's course
Less brief than honour's ?

EVIL MALADY

By RICHARD ALDINGTON

THERE are obscene phrases which to hear destroys the soul like an evil malady. . . .

The soul!

The soul—the name of the unnameable, of the inexpressible, of our delicacy and our fine sorrows, and our bitter anguish and our frail desires and tenuous happiness.

For we need not believe in one god, but in many gods; nor in many souls, but a few souls.

And we may liken the soul to a white beech-tree and to a white butterfly and to a white wave.

But there are obscene phrases which to hear destroys the soul like an evil malady. . . .

There are clean sorrows which heal the soul, like bitter herbs, and there are foul sorrows which destroy the soul, like heavy poison.

The lightning which cleaves a straight white wound in the gentle beech-tree is a clean sorrow, and the dying tree is lovely as Hylas drooping above the nymph-haunted stream.

And the wind which hurls the fragile white butterfly on to the whipping reeds is a clean sorrow, for the weary butterfly is lovely as Psyche weeping in the hard fields.

And the jagged shore which tears the white wave into fringes and shreds of pale water is a clean sorrow, for the torn wave is lovely as Hippolytus among the high dead.

But there are obscene phrases which to hear destroys the soul like an evil malady. . . .

For the white beech-tree which dies suffocated with soot in a dreary, paved yard; and the white butterfly which is crushed in the cruel, soiled hand of a slave; and the white wave which is killed by filth and refuse and waste—this is a foul sorrow.

For when the soul is cleft with a clean sorrow the immortal gods set rose-wreaths upon their hair and shed gentle tears and the music of many lutes makes prayer to inevitable Fate.

But when the soul is harmed by a foul sorrow, then the immortal gods tear the fresh wreaths of roses from their soft hair, and hide the bright glow of their deathless brows beneath their garments, and the heavenly hosts of the Muses break wildly the strings of their golden lutes, so that with the shrill note a pang of horror strikes into the heart even of inevitable Fate.

For there are obscene phrases which to hear destroys the soul like an evil malady. . . .

DIALOGUES OF FONTENELLE

TRANSLATED BY EZRA POUND

XII

BOMBASTES PARACELSUS AND MOLIERE

MOLIERE. I should be delighted with you, if only because of your name, 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 genii 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. And 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 genii?

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

Molière. Yes, 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. 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. You studied the powers of genii, I studied the follies of men.

Paracelsus. A fine subject. Do we not know well enough that men are subject to plenty of follies?

Molière. We know it in the gross, and confusedly; but we must come to details, and then we can understand the scope and extent of this science.

Paracelsus. Well, what use did you make of it?

Molière. I gathered in a particular place the greatest possible number of people and then showed them that they were all fools.

Paracelsus. It must have needed a terrible speech to get that plain fact into their heads.

Molière. Nothing is easier. One proves them their silliness without using much eloquence, or much premeditated reasoning. Their acts are so ludicrous that if you but show like acts before them, you overwhelm them with their own laughter.

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?

Molière. 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?

Molière. 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 æther." 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 silliness?

Molière. 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?

Molière. You are coming back to your genii, but I recognize only fools. However, although 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 fashions of writing interred with their 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

LA *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 participant's, and more indirectly even than the average onlooker's. No one not informed could distinguish in Mme. Marie Lenéru's writings the reason for the additional interest they afford to those who are acquainted with the obstacles which separate her from contact with the outer world.

I do not consider that too many people write about the war or around the war. The war is so little an occasion for the deployment of special literary attributes that it may even be victorious over them. As Mme. Marie Lenéru expresses it: "Hard times are in store for the lyricist . . . for we have read too many letters from the Front. . . . By those who exercise it, and those who criticize it, the writing gift will lose in value as a virtuosity, as a speciality, and fuse again with the natural vocation we all possess:

the quest after an intenser manner of existing, greater application to life, and an increased fervour."

The last words participate in the post-war prophecies each one thinks it his duty to air just now, the principle of which is obnoxious, but which, according to the intellectual qualities of the prophet, are not always deficient in sane opinions on the past and present. The normal intelligence has not the slightest idea what the war will divulge or create outside the battlefield, cannot even conjecture the limits of its effects. We all have a vague idea that our arts, our sciences, our customs, our morals, our very *cuisine* will be subjected to transformations, but to make any kind of forecast as to the form these changes will take is impossible. "My experience of this life," said, I believe, Villiers de Lisle Adam who was, perhaps, in touch with the unknowable, "is not promising for the after-life." There is no more reason to be optimistic as to the effects of the war, if it will have any, on the intellectual manifestations of the future, than pessimistic, but it will be observed that all forecasts are optimistic. That is man's way. He can be excused for being optimistic while taking part in the life-business, it helps him to go through with it, and the gift was given him for the purpose, but he cannot be excused for assuming that the war has suddenly opened a third eye in his head.

I would not even trust Mme. Lenéru's anticipations till further evidence of her prophetic intuitions is forthcoming, though she provide better reason for them than do most of her contemporaries. But more than any one else's her interpretation of the present state of the world, which appeals to her through three of five senses only, is deserving of attention. One so self-concentrated, as necessity has made the famous author of *Les Affranchis*, may be privileged with lights of understanding which do not reach the more completely physically endowed.

* * * *

M. Maurice Denis has been tempted into the prophetic trap too, and has written a series of articles entitled "Que sera la peinture française après la guerre" for the *Petit Messager des Artistes*. But he does not, happily, make too temerarious excursions into a hypothetic future, lingering rather in the past as to which his judgment may be trusted. The family-tree he establishes of the recent schools of painting is founded on insight and culture.

* * * *

The prediction-craze has even conquered the pulpit—so jealous as to its prerogatives in this line, but which has generally limited them to prognostications as to the temporal future—and a certain ecclesiastic's commendation in the open church of the Madeleine of the resources of the turning-table, 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, and this particular effect of the war is already manifest. The same observation may, no doubt, already be made in other spheres. If existing symptoms can be taken as prophetic of the future, then it may be assumed that the usual conflicts will continue in their usual way. Here, we have cause for optimism—of whatever school of thought we may be, academic or independent—there, for pessimism.

* * * *

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. At another time an exhibition such as that held by Kees Van Dongen would have given

rise to critical contests of such a nature as to make envious those who confound attention with advertisement. 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"—if 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 an admiration for female artifice as bold as that entertained by Toulouse-Lautrec. No one has ever painted a black, silk-stockinged 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 ascendancy he holds the passion for colour which most of his countrymen satisfy in their houses and gardens, and which has been expressed once before in paint 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, contemporary 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, proceed, consciously or not, all the Flemish and Walloon poets "who have not allowed the spring of vivifying inspiration to run dry, and have 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; 1fr. 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 life. The people of Flanders could still read their great thirteenth-century poet, Jacob van Maerlant, as fluently as the Italians of this day read Dante, and Gézelle pressed all the fruit from yesterday's tongue, marrying it to that of the present. The language, spoken no longer except to express utilitarian ideas, led by him made ascents into the realms of the highest art. "In the whole of Belgium there is," wrote his translators, Emile Cammaerts and Charles van der Borren, "but Decoster who has made an equivalent effort to bridge the great gulf which grows daily wider between the artists and the labouring crowd. But Gézelle was armed with a weapon lacking the author of *Ulenspiegel*, for he manipulated a speech of popular origin, bastardized and faded by several centuries of pompous classicism, it is true, but which it sufficed to steep in the dialect of Western Flanders to bring back to the richness and colour natural to it during the glorious period of van Maerlant and Ruysbroeck."

M. Charles Grolleau finds in Gézelle a brother-poet of Francis of Assisi, for his whole work is a magnificent echo of the Hymn to the Sun, chanted by "Christ's Little Bellsman." A remarkable scholar, he learnt to speak almost all living languages and to read most of the dead ones at the Seminary of Roulers, where his father was gardener, and where he was to teach in his turn.

"He was an incomparable teacher. Without pedantry, for those with genuine knowledge never possess the fault, he trained his pupils in open-book reading of foreign texts, and by intense, joyous work they had learnt three languages in one year. Several lived to do him honour: the abbey Hugo Verriest,

Karel de Gueldre, Eugène 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 several poems, but they were disapproved 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 pœans 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 in what art, in what mode, whether the most conservative, or the most ribbald-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 æther, 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 æconomical press room there bursts a torrent of elderly words, splenetic, irrelevant, they form themselves 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 gentlemen.

Fortunately the days when "that very fiery particle" could be crushed out by the *Quarterly* are over, but it interests me, as an archæologist, 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, a certain 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 he is, like the rest of his generation of English *gensde-lettres*, ignorant of Laforgue; of De Regnier's *Odelettes*; of his French contemporaries generally, of De Gourmont's *Litanies*, of Tristan Corbière, Laurent Tailhade. This is by no means surprising. We are used to it from his "b'ilin'."

However, he outdoes himself, he calls Mr. Eliot a "drunken helot." So called they Anacreon in the days of his predecessors, but from the context in the *Quarterly* article I judge that Mr. Waugh does not intend the phrase as a compliment, he is trying to be abusive, and moreover, he in his limited way has succeeded.

Let us sample the works of the last "Drunken Helot." I shall call my next anthology "Drunken Helots" if I can find a dozen poems written half so well as the following:

CONVERSATION GALANTE

I observe: "Our sentimental friend the moon!
Or possibly (fantastic, I confess)
It may be Prester John's balloon
Or an old battered lantern hung aloft
To light poor travellers to their distress."
She then: "How you digress!"

* *Prufrock and other Observations*, by T. S. Eliot. The Egoist, Ltd. 1s. 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 drunkenness :

LA FIGLIA CHE PIANGE

Stand on the highest pavement of the stair—
Lean on a garden urn—
Weave, weave the sunlight in your hair—
Clasp your flowers to you with a pained 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 incomparably light and deft,
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 præclarus, the voice of Gehova and Co., Sinai
and 51A Albemarle 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
duller. Let us sup with the helots. Or perhaps the
good Waugh is a wag, perhaps he hears with the
haspirate and wishes to pun on Mr. Heliot's name :
a bright bit of syzygy.

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 gentle-
men grow facetious. He does not mention Mr. Eliot's
name ; he merely takes his lines and abuses them.
The artful dodger, he didn't (*sotto voce* " he didn't
want ' people ' to know that Mr. Eliot was a poet ").

The poem he chooses for malediction is the title
poem, " Prufrock." It is too long to quote entire.

For I have known them all already, known them all :
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons.
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons ;
I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a farther room.
So how should I presume ?

And 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 dramatis personæ contemporary and convincing.
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
modus of arrangement, remote origins in Elizabethan
English and in the modern French masters, neither
origin being sufficiently apparent to affect the per-
sonal 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.

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 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 is 7.30 p.m. I
have had nothing alcoholic to-day, nor yet yesterday.
I said the same sort of thing about James Joyce's
prose over two years ago. I am now basking in the
echoes. Only a half-caste rag for the propagation of
garden suburbs, and a local gazette in Rochester,
N.Y., U.S.A., are left whining in opposition.

(I pay my compliments to Ernest Rhys, that he
associates with a certain Sarolea, writer of prefaces
to cheap editions and editor of *Everyman*. They had
better look after their office boys. I like Ernest
Rhys personally, I am sorry to think of him in such
slums, but it is time that he apologized for the antics
of that paper with which he is, at least in the minds
of some, still associated. His alternative is to write
a disclaimer. Mr. Dent, the publisher, would also
have known better had the passage been submitted
to his judgment.)

However, let us leave these bickerings, this stench
of the printing-press, weekly and quarterly, let us
return to the gardens of the Muses,

Till human voices wake us and we drown,

as Eliot has written in conclusion to the poem which
the *Quarterly* calls the *reductio ad absurdum* :

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing 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' laughter "submarine and profound" transports him from the desiccated new-statesmanly atmosphere of Professor Canning-Cheetah's. Mr. Eliot's melody rushes out like the thought of Fragilip "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*.

CLEANMINDEDNESS: This pseudo-autobiography of Stephen Dedalus, a weakling 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 a Stephen Dedalus. . . . He has undoubtedly 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 firmer, more coherent 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 imminent setting forth of social elements 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 recognizable feature is to be discerned among the chaos.—*Bellman (U.S.A.)*. [Editor's Note: In the sentence quoted above, "lucid 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.—*Southport 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 displease many.—*Birmingham Post*.

Mr. Joyce is unsparing 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—mercenary, if you will—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.—*Sphere*.

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 Dunsany, for example, or James Stephens.—*New York Globe*.

IMAGINATION: He shows an astonishingly un-Celtic absence of imagination and humour.—*Bellman (U.S.A.)*.

RELIGION: 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 HUNTLY 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. But, at the same time, I must say, 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 farther—just as Canute's command conducted the sea to a public view of his absurd limitations.

It was in pursuit of this meaning that I complained, for instance, that Mr. Bertrand Russell's telling book, *Principles of Social Reconstruction*, betrayed a want of depth of intuitive judgment. I found politico-psychological perception had carried the author to impulse and social end, whereas the vision of a divine spirit would have exalted him to a much surer means of replacing human servility with powerful independence. Mr. Russell's neglect to go to the creative source for the creative power which he would confer on mankind, is, I notice, shared by two writers of important books with a constructive bent. Both Mr. Ramiro de Maeztu in *Authority, Liberty and Function* (Allen and Unwin), and Sir Charles Waldstein in *Aristodemocracy* (John Murray), are busy remodelling society with right conduct, and so earnestly and eloquently do they exhibit and explain their ethics, that one is almost impelled to join in their prayer wishing society increased value and goodwill upon this foundation. For, actually it is "the ideal of increasing values" that Mr. de Maeztu is after, while Sir Charles Waldstein fixes his gaze on universal good-will. "Value and good-will, how admirable!" we exclaim. Till their precise nature and the paths along which they are being pursued, appear, when the cry is changed for "God help us!" 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 formal ethics in providing such principles. "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 society has never existed, nor is it 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 disengage materials and methods. One thing is, however, clear, that the new bricks are made of function. Evidently "the principle of function 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 wills 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 be labelled "rights" in a social sense, as Mr. de Maeztu asserts, is another matter altogether. It is possible that natural and social conducts do not agree, and always will 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 increasing 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 value functionaries are given "powers, rights, dignities and pay corresponding to their function." But it seems the "rights" are "objective," since "subjective rights" have produced the present ethical or social system. "Nobody has any subjective right to impose a law." I wonder if this applies to the "I" or intelligent Self, the Supreme Being or the Supreme Reason, or whatever happens to control the subjective world? How can we prevent unseen forces acting powerfully upon us and "imposing" laws or principles of conduct. It might be possible to rule out certain "subjective rights" (using the term very loosely). But if we dispose of the subjective right to property surely other inheritances remain. Or must we believe there is nothing eternal in our nature, nothing but what comes within the "juridical sphere"? And if we have an eternal

part who shall say that a functionarist society built upon an objective conception of right is not built upon the shifting sands underlying a society actuated by principles of liberty and authority?

It may be, however, that Mr. de Maeztu is using the word "objective" in a peculiar sense. For, it is quite clear that he is for the primacy of things over men, and against the primacy of men over things. So that, the assertion that men can increase the value of things means that there are values external to men which they are permitted to pile up. Otherwise, we must believe that all values start with men, and that things have no value in themselves. In any case, his stimulating book leaves one with the impression that the author has been caught in the conflict between the ideas, that the State comes first and the Individual comes first, between tyranny and so-called anarchism, and is striking out with a theory (very hard of practice) which he has invented for the purpose. I think he would find an easier road to primacy in the following words: "Seek first the Kingdom of God and its righteousness, and all other things shall be added." The Kingdom is both within and without one. It recognizes no distinction between "men and things." It is an individualistic, not collectivistic, "State." Therein one functions unconsciously—which is, perhaps, a matter outside the scope of Mr. de Maeztu's book. Apparently it expects all men to function consciously upon exterior planes of life. The thing of capital importance for significant builders like Mr. de Maeztu to remember is, that, in reality, the "I" is the State. Each "I" is an highly individualized form of the universal-state of intelligence—a form which yields, in the words of the Upanishads, "the intelligent, whose body is spirit, whose form is light, whose thoughts are true, whose nature is like ether (omnipresent and invisible), from whence all works, all desires, all sweet odours and taste proceed; he who embraces all this, who never speaks and is never surprised."

I have not left myself space to deal with Sir Charles Waldstein's arguments, which also turn upon individual and social values. The writer, in his big book is largely concerned with qualities developed by social sentiment and reminds us that society, observing certain qualities in the conduct of individuals, names them virtues, and shows its appreciation by exalting the possessors to a deserved leadership. I would like to deal with *Aristodemocracy* at length. Perhaps I shall 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 manœuvre: 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. It was as though it had not the go to initiate anything of its own accord. It was content to exploit the clown's discoveries.

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 be 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 of this position, on a man's few 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, naïf, 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 expression for some time, even walking lazily and quietly as if he were carrying a jug of milk. Now it vanished in a moment. Despite himself, he sat down opposite Kreisler as solemn as a judge, pale, his eyes fixed on the object of his activity with something like a scowl.

But, his first absorption in his own sensations lifted and eased a little, he recognized that something very unusual was in the air.

Kreisler and his friend were not speaking or doing anything visibly. They were just sitting still, two self-possessed malefactors. Nevertheless, Tarr's arrival to all appearance disturbed and even startled them, as if they had been completely wrapped up in some engrossing game or conspiracy.

Kreisler had his eyes trained across the room. The other man, too, was turned slightly in that direction, although his eyes followed the tapping of his boot against the ironwork of the table, and he only looked up occasionally.

Kreisler turned round, stared at Tarr without at once taking in who it was; then, as though saying to himself, "It's only Bertha's Englishman," he took up his former wilful and patient attitude, his eyes fixed.

Tarr had grinned a little as Kreisler turned his way, rescued from his solemnity. There was just a perceptible twist in the German's neck and shade of expression that would have said "Ah, there you are? Well, be quiet, we're having some fun. Just you wait!"

But Tarr was so busy with his own feelings that he didn't understand this message. He wondered if he had been seen by Kreisler in the distance, and if this reception had been concerted between him and his friend. If so, why?

Sitting, as he was, with his back to the room, he stared at his neighbour. His late boon companion distinctly was waiting, with absurd patience, for something. The poise of his head, the set of his yellow Prussian jaw, were truculent, although other-

wise he was peaceful and attentive. His collar looked *new* rather than clean. His necktie was one not familiar to Tarr. Boots shone impassably under the table.

Tarr screwed his chair sideways, and faced the room. It was full of people—very athletically dressed American men, all the varieties of the provincial in American women, powdering their noses and ogling Turks, or sitting, the younger ones, with blameless interest and fine complexions. And there were *plenty* of Turks, Mexicans, Russians and other "types" for the American ladies! In the wide passage-way into the further rooms sat the orchestra, playing the "Moonlight Sonata," Dvorak and the "Machiche."

In the middle of the room, at Tarr's back, he now saw a group of eight or ten young men whom he had seen occasionally in the Café Berne. They looked rather German, but smoother and more vivacious. Poles or Austrians, then? Two or three of them appeared to be amusing themselves at his expense. Had they noticed the little drama that he was conducting at his table? Were they friends of Kreisler's, too?—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 thrust forward, his hands were in rear, 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 that with no back to it, struck Tarr in the way a momentary smell of sweat would. Germans had no backs to them, or were like polished pebbles behind. Tarr mechanically moved his hand upwards from his lap to the edge of the table on the way to ward off a blow. 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 deftness 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 blur of commotion. 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 sweet sallow-white, with a red mark where 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 garçons 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 some reason, pressing upon him. Then suddenly he took up the card, tore it in half, and again waived away the persistent platter. The garçon looked at the manager of the café and then returned to the door.

So this was what Kreisler and the little bearded man had been so busy about! Kreisler had laid his plans for the evening as well! Tarr's scheme was destined not to be realized; unless he followed 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 intended making an evening of it. 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 man snatched 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 respectability of a visiting card. He was dressed with perfect "correctness" suitable to such occasions and such missions as his appeared to be. By his gestures (one of which was the taking an imaginary card between his thumb and forefinger and tearing it) Tarr could follow a little what he was saying.

"That, sir," he seemed to assert, "is not the way to treat a gentleman. That, too, is an insult no gentleman will support." He pointed towards the door. "Herr Kreisler, as you know, cannot 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 for some time. Then he 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—? 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 emphatically on this point. Tarr suggested that they 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 fibs? 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' "honour" and the "honour" 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 quarrelsome German. He was drunk." Tarr liked his own farces. 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. Several times the principal 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 at present it is the affair between you and Herr Kreisler——"

In brief, it was the hapless Solytk 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 Solytk 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 Luxemburg, when Fräulein Vasek appeared in this unshunnable circus of the Quartier du Paradis. Solytk was with

her. He went over at once. With urbane timidity, as though they had been alone, he offered his hand. She looked at Solytk, smiling. But she showed no particular signs of wanting to escape. They began strolling along the Boulevard, Solytk showing every sign of impatience. She then stopped.

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

Solytk looked pointedly down the Boulevard, as though that had been an improper piece of information to communicate to Kreisler.

"If you consent to my accompanying you, Fräulein, 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, Fräulein Vasek, I must leave you.—I have——"

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

Solytk 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 Fräulein Vasek. Now you deprive 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 Fräulein 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? Since this lady no doubt has 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, Solytk 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 decency left——"

"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 Solytk 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 Solytk.

Solytk 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.

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

Kreisler after this felt himself fairly launched on a satisfactory little affair. Many an old talent would 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 Solytk 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 Solytk.

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. Solytk 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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