I

(1) "SOUL" is the term given to the power which men possess systematically to create spiritual imagery. "Spiritual" is the term applied to images consisting of movements in the organism tissues set going by the organism's imitative reproduction of some aspect or aspects of external objects. The soul-power thus finds its base in the physical modifications and increased vital energy which enabled men to filch by a self-created replica an aspect of the external world. By means of this replica, which is part and parcel with the man himself, he is enabled to exploit his age-long habitual reactions to external stimuli and tap the vast accumulated profits of his past experience.

(2) In consonance with what we have already written relative to the terms imaginary, mental, and conceptual, it is plain that the term spiritual as above defined is presented as a further synonym of these terms. Generically this is so. Generically, all these terms are one, although, such diversity of terms existing, it may be convenient eventually to read into each of them some fine shade of differentiation. Spiritual is here used in preference to the other terms on account of its popular associations with soul and its power to call up species of phenomena not popularly associated with the alternative terms.

(3) It is to be noted also that the definition of soul as given, stresses the word systematically: this on account of the fact that organic reproductions of external aspects may be produced inadvertently and unwittingly, in which case also they would create images of the spiritual kind, but they would do so without producing that appearance of a unified creative force standing in recognizable causal relationship to those images. When, on the other hand, imitative reproduction is reduced to an orderly system so that the spiritual images can be made to flow in a steady controllable stream, the appearance of a unified power operating from within the organism is forthcoming. It is this inner unified power which man has called his soul. It is the power to create and use a language.

(4) It is further to be noted that the soul being a power within man is not co-extensive with the whole man. The soul is not what a man is; it is a power which man has; it is a possession; a part within a whole. Man has powers which are not comprisable under the label soul. Man minus his soul is still an organism of great power and great complexity; only he is diminished by just so much as his humanity from that which we should specifically denote by the term man. The power called soul is that addendum which renders the organism human.

(5) The proper recognition of this fact delivers us at the outset from the misconception identifying the soul with the vital principle: life itself. It gives also due emphasis to the fact that the phenomenon soul appears when man appears and not before. That man himself has shown a strong prejudice in favour of regarding the soul as a possession held indiscriminately by all objects animate and inanimate, leaves this feature of the situation unaffected. That he has done so merely testifies to the further fact that while unshakeably persuaded that he himself had a novel form of power operating within him, he was not in a position precisely to indicate the seat of the power or to set exact limits to its scope. While definitely assured as to the nucleus of the phenomenon existing within himself, he was as uncertain as to its circumference and fringe as well as of its origin. Apparently, however, in this respect he preferred erring on the side of largeness of conception rather than on that of undue restriction; and encouraged by the fact that he found himself best able to explain the behaviour of phenomena on such a basis, he proceeded to ascribe the attribute of soul to all things, both dead and alive.

(6) To repeat.—The soul is the power of the organism systematically to re-create from within itself
(11) By an exercise of the innovating instrument, desirable activities can be marked with a mark (a word) which renders them available for revival in another medium; and thus revived, the motor-pathway they follow can be ploughed into a veritable highway by comparison with those of the non-desirable or indifferent varieties whose feeble tracks will become obliterated by dint of neglect. The power to revive an activity in the spiritual medium (which implies also the power to neglect to revive) means the power to rub in by concentrated repetitions every desirable activity.

(12) And this intensively revived version of the marked activity is enacted under protected conditions which save the organism as a whole from the harsher disciplining which accompanies the “rubbing-in” of motor-pathways in the external world. Revived in the head—the instrument of the innovating faculty—the organism is economically drilled through all that preliminary experience necessary before any particular action becomes automatic and inevitable. The net result is that experience becomes selective. In an incomparably higher degree it becomes directly purposive. Thus the ends desired are attained in an incomparably shorter period of time and at an incomparably lower price, while the non-desirable or irrelevant ends are discouraged and placed out of the running by the withholding of the requisite practice.

(13) We may now compare the conditions which obtain in non-instinctive activity with those obtaining in instinctive. It is not necessary to go into detail in reference to the latter, since we have only concerned ourselves to show in the main just what constitutes the difference between the two. The following quotations, which we take from Prof. Stout (Manual of Psychology), will characterize instinctive activity sufficiently for our present purpose:

It has been found that (in instinctive action) the perfect result only emerges after successive trials and failures involving much tentative groping, and that to succeed once by no means entailed immediate success the next time. This view has been corroborated by a series of experiments conducted by Mr. Thorndike, of Columbia University, on dogs, cats, and chicks. The method was to put the animals when hungry in enclosures from which they could escape (and so obtain food) by operating some simple mechanism. But the animals showed no untoward responses, for example to turning a knob which would pull a loop attached to the bolt, or pressing down a lever. The animal on being put into the box, and so confronted with the situation “confinement with food outside,” burst forth into instinctive activities which have in the course of nature been connected with such a situation. It tries to squeeze through any openings, claws and bites at the walls confining it, puts its paws through and claw things outside, trying to pull itself out. It may rush around, doing all this with extraordinary vehemence and persistence. If these impulsive activities fail to include any movement which succeeds in opening the door, the animal finally stops them and remains quietly in the box. If in their course the animal does accidentally work the mechanism (claw the button round, for instance) and thus win freedom and food, the reward of the pleasure will stimulate the animal again put in the box the animal will be likely to do it sooner.

But the change is, in fact, very gradual. . . . Thus the successive times taken by one cat in a certain box were (in seconds) 160, 30, 90, 60, 15, 28, 20, 30, 22, 11, 15, 20, 12, 10, 14, 8, 5, 10, 8, 6, 6, 7. The animals “would, in the case of some difficult associations, happen to do the thing six or seven times, but after long periods of promiscuous scrabbling, and then for ever after would fail to do it.”

Although it was of the utmost importance to them to get out of the various boxes, and it was, therefore, certain that they would use to the full their mental powers, none of the animals gave any sign of the possession of powers of inference, comparison, or generalization.

And elsewhere, quoting Mr. Lloyd Morgan:
Taking with him a dog which had been trained to fetch and carry, he threw a stick into a field surrounded by railings. The dog bounded after the stick, and brought it back in his mouth as far as the railings. But here he was confronted with a difficulty; he could get through himself, but he could not get the stick through. His experience had not taught him that the only way of succeeding was by grasping the end of the stick; instead of this, he tugged now here, now there, in a perfectly uncritical way. If, by accident, he did get hold of the right end of the stick, or, if Mr. Morgan showed him how to proceed, this may have been purely accidental, yet it was this accident which decided the experiment. He had stumbled on the solution, but could not do the trick again. This was no casual observation; it was a systematic experiment repeated day after day, and only one of a course of similar experiments. It is evident that the dog here passed from one alternative to another without selective comparison; so that when he hit on the right one, or was shown it, he failed to note the points in which it differed from unsuccessful trials. The process by which animals learn to distinguish between what they have previously confused, or to identify for practical purposes what they have previously treated as different, is rather one of tentative groping than of express comparison.

"Even in a blindly tentative process, the failure of the wrong alternative will gradually decrease the chance of their renewal."

(14) From these examples it is clear that the agency operating in non-instructive action must be a marking agency. It must be a means of intensifying differences. Its action must be to convert the plane-surface, the dead-level, comparatively speaking, wherein for instinctive organisms both significant and insignificant actions blend indiscriminately together, into a surface in which the significant and successful actions stand out in high relief from the unsuccessful and irrelevant. The marking agency must be to draw out the desirable activities from the nebulous background and converting them into prominent features. Such an agency is provided in the imitable association mark: in the word, which first marks the desirable activity and thereafter renders it available for revival and for intensive exercise in the mental medium. The marking of words throws the various grades of experience into intensified relief, and it is to the salient features so formed that the name of cause has been given. In the cause of a condition, thing, or event, we refer to those selected features which figure prominently in its successful enactment. Selection is the very essence of cause, and selection is the power pertaining to the use of words.

III

(15) The revolutionary change which has come over man's activities with the advent of this power to select between experiences can be expressed by saying that every form of feeling entering into his experience inspires him with the impulse to take it "in bits" in order to find out how it may be put together again. He is devoured with the passion for analysis: the marking-out of an ever-increasing number of differences in order to winnow out the conditions he has to accept as the thing's cause: the features essential to its refabrication. It is this new and unique species of desire which underlies his ability to make. By his passion for analysis, by his unresting search after the more essential cause, he ever more delicate selection of the relevant condition, his tendency to become pre-eminently the contriver, the constructor, rebuildifier of events and things. Just as in the sphere of spirit the Word has made him essentially the Creator in the sphere of action, his passion for the ever nearer difference—born also of the Word—makes him the Maker. He is the organism which, having a soul, of necessity differentiates and makes. He is by species the scientist.

(16) This subservience to his constructive bent equates in words into humanity's subjection to the word WHY. This articulate symbol of the causal activity is to man as goad and spur. His response to it is unquestioning. All that is highest and most directive in him accepts its authority. He never separates from its subtle undermining impetus, though everlastingly it crumbles the stable earth beneath him, and compels him to contrive other. Under its commands he is unresting. Mentally man may neither sit nor stand: he must move and make. He has modelled the entire artificial world in response to it. There are momentary pauses in its tyranny when it omits the check, but never over his findings. "If the conditions are so-and-so; they are thus-and-thus." The answer delivered, he takes up his travail; the fever possesses him again. Rampant as a disease this Why attacks every experience he knows, singly and in bulk. It does not spare the soul, whose instrument it is. Just because the soul is what it is, man has perforce to lay the disintegrating symbol on things. He is many-motifed. The articulate symbol of the causal sense no more shrinks from questioning the soul which forged it than it did from questioning how fire might be struck from the flint or effectiveness given to tool and weapon. He experiences a force operating from within himself. He promptly asks "Why is it? What is it?" He means "What conditions would need to be assembled in order that this effect is to be brought about?" He is asking, in fine, under what conditions man the Creator and Maker became these things. He is seeking to compress into words the total power of words; to learn the cause of causing; why we ask Why, what we mean when we ask What. He is submitting the whole activity of the soul to its own order of discipline. He is bent on taking it "to bits" because by the weight of the whole force which makes him what he is, he is bent up acquiring the power to rebuild it.

(17) And no more than disintegrating symbol shrinks from addressing itself to the soul does it shrink from addressing life. Such questions are inevitable, given the character of the questioning instrument. Hence is the soul made? Why is life made?" are forms of questions inevitable once man has been bitten with the power to make anything whatever and has once appreciated the significance of positing this "How." And just as the questions are immanent in the very character of the soul's power to question, man apprehends that the answers to them are immanent in the soul too.

(18) If man can recognize any end to the tyranny of WHY he must see it in the abutting of it to the phenomenon of life. "Why is Life? What are the conditions under which life ensues? What those under which life fails? How contrive the conditions? What shall enable a man to live and not die? By what means may man the Maker make himself live for ever? In the answer to this question it is clear there must be a culmination of the creative principle which took birth in the Word. By that answer man will have superseded man. When man can, after disintegrating the last elements of things, delivers up his "It is so; it is thus-and-thus" to this question, a term past which he cannot see will have been placed upon his characteristic labours. Man's work will have fructified in the creation of the power which is more than man since it can make life. This new thing which as yet is not, but which shall be and which shall possess in full the powers man possessed first, but only in tendency and type, man has called god.

(19) That he should unerringly have transferred to the unborn god his own prime characteristics of Maker, Creator, First Cause, is of the nature of a prophecy. It announces what shall be. In the broken arcs of power man sees in men he foresees "a perfect round" of god. It is man's hope that the god-to-be, in whom god must culminate all that man is and can, out of the plentitude of his power, and even as he knows the
full secret of life and death, shall know how to reassemble the spent passion of the human souls of this unfinished work of his own soul, man commits his hopes for an eternity and his soul's resurrection. The potentiality of man's soul lends to man's destiny its whole significance. As the birth-throes of the god, passion of soul, travail of mind, the unresting labours of the word have adequate value. By them do men vicariously shed man's mortality. In the god who is not, the labour of man's mind and hands assumes its permanent meaning. "For 'tis to god man speeds so. If the word's size is any sign it is mental sloth and what makes for sloth; if he is to come back to what it is in blunting the Word; in the Warping of the Instrument. And his priceless virtue is the exactitude which refines the Word's edge.

IV

(21) We have now to turn to those historic conceptions of the soul in which are embodied the first tentative efforts towards its analysis. The most casual survey of these conceptions makes clear to which stage of diagnosis they belong. Nowhere is there evident a grasp of the limits which is absorbing their interest. The soul they seek to explain is a vague something instead of a definite something. Nowhere are the subject's boundaries plotted out. Unlike those physical phenomena of which men also were in search of explanations—the procession of the seasons, the course of the sun, the succession of day and night, the character of water, fire, earth, and the rest—the soul was merely an indefinite power recognized in partial aspects as it passed. The vagueness of these similes which the conceptions they formulated of it were merely guesses based upon observations of these partial aspects.

(22) The outstanding difficulty then with which these would-be analysts of the soul were faced was that of "getting round" the complete phenomenon for which they sought to account. Its way was so comprehensive; its influence and effects penetrating and surrounding them as intimately as the air they breathed: that while they were in no danger of ignoring its presence, they found the greatest difficulty in stating precisely in what it consisted. What they could say with certainty was that it might be called a power which lived inside a man in normal and healthy circumstances. As man's spirit it has a name for which they sought to account. Its sway consisted. What they could say with certainty was accepted as capable of speaking affirmatively and dogmatically concerning souls. Magician, medicine-man, wizard, prophet, priest—while no doubt making as good a guess as their greater ability and closer powers of observation enabled them—would accordingly fall under the necessity of propounding as a definition what could only be a possible likeness. Among their sense-experiences they sought for the similes which seemed to lend themselves to the construction of the most coherent whole would be the most attractive; but failing such coherence, they would be left to make what shift they could for credence.

(23) For the rest they resorted to the framing of suggestive similes. They took to postulating from among the kinds of power they were familiar with, those which seemed capable of being assimilated to the soul. Among their sense-experiences they sought for the kind of thing to which the soul might most feasibly be likened. All these elementary conceptions of the soul are alike in this: they represent similes, not definitions; and similes constructed upon partial aspects only. The nearest approach to an attempt to embody the attributes variously ascribed into a unified whole is in the ghost or spirit notion. The ghost, unlike the shadow, flame, reflection, insect conceptions, and the like, is not something to which the soul might be likened. It is rather something which the soul might conceivably be held to be. It is a formulation of similitudes. With this exception, conceptions of the soul are tentative guesses as to what it is. They are "feelers" thrown out in attempts to put limits to the "What" of the mysterious power.

(24) And until such limits have been set and have made themselves felt it is futile to expect to cull the essential conception of the soul from interpretations of existing conceptions. For until this stage of analysis has been reached, the sphere of observation remains unlimited and that era of purposive concentrated observation of circumscribed detail which constitutes genuinely scientific observation has not dawned. The soul becomes the spoil of science only when the soul-units, be they conceptual or imaginal, spiritual image is thus laid under intensive observation. Then only does the vague guessing concerning vague aspects of the soul transmute into precise observation of limited and specific details.

(25) To return then to these pre-scientific speculations concerning the soul:—They are to be characterized as loose hypotheses, partial similes, happy guesses concerning a phenomenon itself only guessed. Upon these hap hazard conceptions and partial correspondences, how these groping similes, these vague "Perhaps the soul may be of a like nature with this or that," turned for each particular group into dogma:—"The soul is this and this." It is all in the normal tendency for repetition to be taken as pledge for certitude: a tendency in full working force still, as the ready transplant of runways into the shifting soul of today.

(26) In the case of the soul too, the transmuting of the guess and simile into dogma would be assisted enormously by the existence of cults of the initiated: the more knowing ones: who were asserted—and who indeed claimed—to be capable of seeing and talking with the soul. By a necessary consequence if they could see, and had seen souls, they must be accepted as capable of speaking affirmatively and dogmatically concerning souls. Magician, medicine-man, wizard, prophet, priest—while no doubt making as good a guess as their greater ability and closer powers of observation enabled them—would accordingly fall under the necessity of propounding as a definition what could only be a possible likeness. Among their sense-experiences they sought for the similes which seemed to lend themselves to the construction of the most coherent whole would be the most attractive; but failing such coherence, they would be left to make what shift they could for credence.

(27) In their search after the kind of power to which the soul might be likened, the issue seems to have been complicated because conceiving the soul to be bound up with certain variations in man's physical condition, in the exquisite naiveté of their minds men sought to make their similes consonant with the resultant physical necessities. For instance, they conceived of the soul as a visitant of the body rather than as invariably indwelling in it. In normal active conditions, the soul was regarded as being in residence. But in such conditions as those of faints, fits, sleep, and dreams they held that the soul must have wandered outside the body. This consideration, combined with the fact that no ordinary wayfaring man had ever caught the soul in the act of making its entrances and exits, seems to have had its influence in every single conception of the soul extant. The similes were made to meet this exigency. The soul, for instance, must be small: how otherwise could it encompass its outgoings and incomings? Hence the soul is a manikin; it is a figure the size of the thumb, or it is that tiny reflected figure which we can actually see when we look nearly into the pupil of a person's eye; or it is a butterfly; or it is an insect. It is even a form having the size of a small child.

(28) As an alternative to such smallness, or concurrent with it, the soul may be composed of an immaterial substance which would enable it to come in and go out from the body without hindrance. Among these attempts to portray the soul, the conceptions flame, breath, echoes, or dream-forms are made of. The ghost conception seems to be the formulated answer to these demands. But in practically all cases, whatever the soul's size or substance, it has a name to which it will respond: a universal feature of which magicians and medicine-men and
the initiated generally have known how to make use.

(29) A further contingency which these concep tions had to meet on account of the supposed migratory habits of the soul was that of an alternative residence. If the soul left the body, it must find refuge somewhere. Hence in other bodies; and since other human bodies were normally occupied by their own souls, the wanderer would be forced to take shelter in objects of another kind: in objects of every kind in fact. Hence the readiness and universality with which souls were associated with, rather more than less precise than the pre-scientific purpose, and that pre-scientific psychology has been use.

(30) There is, however, in this regard another element of which note should be taken in addition to that of anxiety concerning an alternative residence. This is the probable: almost inevitable: confusion which would naturally arise between a natural (which is to say selective and purposive) action which man alone exhibits, and the action (or passive virtue if we like so call it) which things possess in virtue of being what they are. To use a much-vaunted word, it is the confusion between the "nature" of things and the power of selective creative activity forthcoming only in man. Because things contributed to the attaining of results (desired or dreaded, as the case might be) their connection was looked upon as purposive and causal, like that of a man manoeuvring to obtain such results. It is a mental attitude common enough—and comical enough—in men in a far more advanced age. There are few men who have not in a moment of mental lapse in their adult life turned round to chastise some offending lens, an obstacle as though it had contrived the mishap purposefully.

(31) And, finally, the notion would receive reinforcement from the all-pervading sense of mystery by which, despite the dogmatic note sounded in their accounts, they felt the subject to be enshrouded. The ricketiness of their explanations was felt notwithstanding the note of assuredness. The whole matter was in the nature of a state of doubt and dread, and there, even save a cautious attitude towards such powers to be adopted. Too much deference was safer than too little, and they needed to be on the safe side. It was better to be alive to the existence of these powers in too many ways rather than in too few. A world of doubt is a timid world where involuntarily one inclines to tread softly under the stars.

(32) We have to bear in mind a distinction between the evolution of scientific observation in the physical world and in the mental in this one regard: that whereas the phenomena of the external world in one form or another has to be sought, laid hold of, figured out and explained away or fixed by the telescope deliberately and purposively, the significant phenomena of the mental world are even more persistently than the poor always with us. In the psychological world the interested observer is always busy at his inner bench. There, the mental image sits ever entrenched and ever dammed for explanation. Hence we need not be greatly surprised if guessing in this sphere has proceeded to very pure purpose, and that pre-scientific psychology has been rather more than less precise than the pre-scientific guess relative to physical phenomena.

(33) The guesses of the knowing ones, the initiated, the magicians, the medicine-men, the wizards, prophets and priests, have not all been "widely." So close to the scientific objective indeed do some of them arrive that there is no small danger of being tempted to conceive of them as being the effects of deliberate aim. If, from the nature of the case, it is not possible this should be so, there is nevertheless the evidence gathered together by philologist and anthropologist sufficient to show that men's minds, in spite of shadow, reflection, manikin, and the like, have from the beginning had strong predilection for that point on the horizon from which the light was to break.

(34) Of the fascinating illustrations which we append we can make no pretense to be able to measure the philological value. Nor are we forgetful of the fact that the examples we shall give have been culled with the deliberate intent of illustrating a theory. Nor, again, do we overlook the fact that accounts of the salient features of the religions of the world may be and have been written which make no account whatever of the power of words as an outstanding feature. Such considerations as these do not affect the fact that the significant testimony here to be given exists, and that it forms a very happy corroborative appendix to the definition of the soul which we have just given.

(35) It is not, however, to be reiterated that that definition of the soul and the theory upon which it is based is in no way to be regarded as an interpretation of such philological and anthropological facts. We have pointed out that scientific inquiry into the subject of mind must proceed from a wholly different quarter. The decisive word in such matters must be with psychology, not with a disinterment, however fascinating, of dead forms. Having issued these warnings, we can append certain illustrations taken from a study made by Mr. Edward Clodd upon the magic which tradition has declared to inhere in names.

As illustrative of the creative and preservatory power of words in relation to the soul the following passages require no comment:

The famous Word of Power, "Open, Sesame," pales before the passwords given in the Book of the Dead, or, more correctly, The Chapters of Coming Forth by Day. This oldest of sacred literature, venerable four thousand years B.C., contains the hymns, prayers, and magic phrases to be used by Osiris (the common name given to the immortal counterpart of the mummy) in his journey to Amenti, the underworld that led to the Fields of the Blessed. To secure unhindered passage thither the deceased must know the secret and mystical names of the Gods of the Northern and Southern Heaven, of the Horizons, and of the Empyreal Gate. "As the Egyptian made his future world a counterpart of the Egypt which he knew and loved, and gave to it heavenly counterparts of all the sacred cities thereof, he must have conceived the existence of a waterway like the Nile, wherein he might sail and perform his desired voyage." Strangest evidence of the Egyptian extension of belief in Words of Power is furnished in the requirement made of the deceased that he shall tell the names of every portion of the boat in which he desires to cross the great river flowing to the under-world. Although there is a stately impressiveness throughout the whole chapter, the citation of one or two sentences must suffice. Every part of the boat challenges the Osiris:

"Tell me my name," saith the Rudder. "Leg of Hapi is thy name."

"Tell me my name," saith the Rope. "Hair, with which Anubis finisheth the work of my embalmment, is thy name."

"Tell us your names," say the Oar-rests. The Pillars of the under-world is your name,

And so on; hold, mast, sail, blocks, paddles, bows, keel, and hall each putting the same question, the sailor, the wind, the river, and the river-banks chiming in, and the Rubric ending with the assurance to the deceased that if "this chapter be known by him," he shall "come forth into Sekhet-Setiu, and
bread, wine, and cakes shall be given him at the altar of the great god, and fields, and an estate . . . and his body shall be like unto the bodies of the gods."

But the difficulties of the journey are not ended, because ere he can enter the Hall of the Two Truths, Anubis requires him to tell the names of every part of the doors, the bolts, lintels, sockets, woodwork, threshold, and posts; while the floor fords him to tread on it until it knows the names of the two feet with which he would walk. Then correctly given, the doorkeeper challenges him, and, that guardian having admitted Osiris he holds the deceased approach and partake of "the sepulchral meal."

Then after more name-tests are applied, those of the watchmen and heralds of the seven aris or mansions, and of the twenty-one pylons of the domains of Osiris, the deceased "shall be among those who follow Osiris triumphant. The gates of the underworld shall be opened unto him, and a homestead shall be given unto him, and the followers of Horus who reap therein shall proclaim his name as one of the gods who are therein. . . ."

For the ancient Egyptians the Ren or name was that "part of the immortal Ego without which no being could exist."

Extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent the extinction of the ren, and in the pyramid texts we find the deceased making a careful enumeration of everything which may flourish or "germinate" along with the names of the gods. The basal connexion between this practice and that of the importance attached to the record of the names of the gods. The basal connexion between this practice and that of the importance attached to the record of the name in the "Lamb's Book of Life" as ensuring admission to heaven, which is a canon of popular modern belief, is too obvious for comment. . . . The Egyptians had no doubt whatever that if the name was blotted out the man ceased to exist. . . .

Our space will not permit us to quote further examples of the creative-power traditionally associated with words as it is embodied in cure-charms, spells, amulets, mantra-s, or passwords, nor as it shows its influence in the institution of the taboo, that "Inquisition of the lower culture only more tangible and effective than the Holy Office." In every case the motive is the same: to lay or raise the ban of the spectres of mind by the boycott or invocation of the creative name. Hence the heavy ban of the taboo is laid upon speaking the names of persons between whom intimate relations are not desired. Out of sight need not be out of mind if the names remain available. A taboo, therefore, is found placed upon the names of persons related in certain degrees by blood or marriage, e.g. a man may not utter the name of his mother-in-law, or his sister if younger than himself, or his daughter after she becomes a woman, or a woman the name of her husband's relations in the ascending line, and the like. Hence too the close secrecy observed with regard to the names of priests and kings, in which the corporate power and well-being of the community is held to be preserved. Hence too the ban laid upon naming the dead. The most effective means of banishing the departed one's ghost is by banishing his name. Hence, too, the almost universal primitive practice of hiding one's name. For if all names have power, what great quantum of power for good and evil must therefore not be laid up in a man's very own name! If, therefore, it would not be a violation of one's true name, would they not thereby come into possession of one's innermost self: one's very soul? Hence the wisdom of providing a usable alternative name. To quote Mr. Clodd again:

The deflection of speech itself warrants its inclusion in this section. Probably the most striking example of such deflection is the Hindu goddess Vâc, who is spoken of in the Rig Veda as "the greatest of all deities; the Queen, the first of all those worthy of worship," and in one of the Brahmanas, and sacerdotal commentaries on the Vedas, as the "mother of those sacred books." Another hymn to her deities that when she was sent forth, all that was hidden, all that was least and highest, became disclosed through love. Speech was thought out and found, and he who sacrifices to her "becomes strong by speech, and speech turns unto him, and he makes speech subject unto himself. . . ."

In the Wisdom of Solomon, the high place of "Chockmah" or Wisdom, as co-worker with the Deity, is still more prominent; in the Targums, "Memma" or "Word" is one of the phrases substituted by the Jews for the Great Name; while several speculations concerning the nature and functions of Wisdom in the canonical and apocryphal books took orderly shape in the Logos, the Incarnate Word of God, of Saint John's Gospel. In Buddhism, Manjusri is the personification of Wisdom, although in this connexion we have to remark that this religion has no theory of the origin of things, and that for the nearest approach to the Vedic hypothesis (as well as upon the wisdom of the Book of Proverbs, and through it on the Logos, nothing can be said here) we must cross into ancient Persia, in whose sacred books we read of Honavar or Ahuna-vairya, the "Creating Word" or the "Word Creator." When Zarathushtra (Zoroaster) asks Ahuramazda, the Good God of the Parsi religion, which was the word that he spoke "before the heavens, the water, the earth, and so forth," Ahuramazda answers by dwelling on the sacred Honavar, the mispronunciation of which subjects a man to dire penalties, while whoever in this our world supplied with creatures takes off in muttering a part of the Ahuna-vairya, either a half, or a third, or a fourth or a fifth of it, his soul will I, who am Ahuramazda, separate from Paradise to such a distance in width and breadth as the earth is. In translation of Salaman and Abail, wherein these lines occur:

"... The Sage began,
O last new vintage of the vine of life
Planted in Paradise; O Master-stroke,
And all concluding flourish of the Pen,
Kun-Fa-Yakin,"

Edward FitzGerald appends as note on Kun-Fa-Yakin, "Be, and it is—the famous word of Creation stolen from Genesis by the Kuran." In that book we read, "The Originator of the heavens and the earth, and since when he decrees a matter He doth but say unto it, 'Be, and it is'—a declaration which the Genesis creation legend, doubtless a transcript of Accadian originals, anticipate in the statement, "And Elohim said, Let there be light, and there was light." In this connexion the three shouts of the Welsh, which created all things, should be noted. . . .

In asking the question whether there be any evidence from philology to show what part of a man his name is supposed to be, Professor Rhys has been first in the field to supply materials on the subject. He says that "as regards the names which we seem to have a clue in an interesting group of words from which I select the following: Irish ainim, 'a name,' plural annanna; Old Welsh anu, now enu, also 'a name'; Old Bulgarian ime; Old Russian enmes, emmens, accusative eumen; and Armenian anmees—all meaning 'a name.' To these some scholars would add, and rightly, I think, the English word 'name' itself, the Latin nomen, Sanskrit namin, and the Greek onoma; but, as some others find a difficulty in thus grouping these last-mentioned words, I abstain from laying any stress on them. In fact, I have every reason to be satisfied with the wide extent of the Aryan world covered by the other instances which I have enumerated as Celtic, Prussian, Bulgarian, and Armenian. Now, such is the similarity between Welsh enu, 'name,' and Sanskrit namin, 'name,' as regards the meaning of one and the same origin, especially when I see the same or rather greater similarity illustrated by the Irish words ainim, 'name,' and anim, 'soul.' This similarity between the Irish words so pervades the declension of them that a beginner frequently falls into the error of confounding them as mediaval texts. . . . In fact one is tempted to suppose that the partial differentiation of the Irish forms was only brought about under influence of Sanskrit, with its prefix and suffix, anu and nenen. . . . The lesson which the words in question contain for the student of man is that the Celts, and certain other widely separated Aryans—unless we should rather say the whole Aryan family—believed at one time not only that the name was a part of the man, but that it was that part of him which is termed the soul, the breath of life, or whatever you may choose to define it as being. . . ."
THE LOOK-OUT
By H. D.

Better the wind, the sea, the salt
In your eyes, than this, this, this.
You grumble and sweat;
My ears are acute
To catch your complaint,
Almost the sea's roar is less
Than your constant threat
Of "back and back to the shore,
And let us rest."
You grumble and curse your luck
And I hear:
"O Lynceus—
Aloft by the prow,
His head on his arms,
Almost asleep,
To watch for a rock,
And hardly ever we need
His to left or to right,
Let Lynceus have my part,
Let me rest like Lynceus."

Rest like Lynceus!
I'd change my fate for yours,
The very least,
I'd take an oar with the rest.

Like Lynceus—
As if my lot were the best.

O God if I could speak,
If I could taunt the lot
Of the wretched crew,
With my fate, my work.

But I may not,
I may not tell
Of the forms that pass and pass,
Of that constant old, old face
That leaps from each wave
To wait underneath the boat
In the hope that at last
She's lost.

Could I speak—
I would tell of great mountains
That flow, great weeds
That float and float
To tangle our oars
If I fail—to left, to right;
Where the dolphin leaps
You saw a sign from the god,
I saw why he leapt from the deep.

To right, to left—
It is easy enough
To lean on the prow, half asleep,
And you think,
"No work for Lynceus."
No work?
If only you'd let me take an oar,
If only my back could break with the hurt,
If the sun could blister my feet,
Pain, pain that I might forget
The face that just this moment
Passed through the prow
When you said—"asleep."

Many and many a sight
If I could speak,
Many and many tales I'd tell,
Many and many a struggle,
Many a death,
Many and many my hurts
And my fire so great
I'd gladly die
If I did not love the quest.

Grumble and swear and curse,
Brother, god and the boat,
And the great waves—
But could you guess
What strange terror lurks in the sea-depth,
You'd thank the gods for the ship,
The timber and giant oars
God-like
And the god-like quest.

If you could see as I
What lurks in the sea-depth,
You'd pray to the ropes
And the solid timbers
Like god, like god;
You'd pray to the oars and your work,
You'd pray and thank
The boat for her very self—
Timber and oar and plank
And sail and the sail-rope,
These are beautiful things and great.

But Lynceus at the prow
Has nothing to do but wait
Till we reach a shoal or some rocks
And then he has only to lift his arm,
Right, left.
O brother,
I'd change my place
For the worst seat
In the cramped bench,
For an oar, for an hour's toil,
For sweat and the solid floor.

I'd change my place
As I sit with eyes half closed,
If only I could see just the ring
Cut by the boat,
If only I could see just the water,
The crest and the broken crest,
The bit of weed that rises on the crest,
The dolphin only when he leaps.

But Lynceus,
They though they cannot guess
The hurt, though they do not thank
The oars for the dead peace
Of heart and brain worn out—
You must wait,
Alert, alert, alert.

PASSING PARIS

One often has occasion to question whether the word "England" is used to comprise the particular stretch of land from the Channel to the Tweed, Great Britain and Ireland, or Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and other parts of the world peopled by the British race. In his L'Angleterre moderne: son évolution (Ernest Flammarion, 3 fr. 50), M. Louis Cazamian, maître de conférences at the Sorbonne, had not sufficient space at his disposal to examine problems under the particular forms they assume in each of these countries, and has preferred to consider England as though she constituted a whole as homogeneous as France, studying her modes of thought and
life under the single aspect presented by the central unity. "Such always unfortunate simplification," he adds in his Preface, "may perhaps be excused when surveying in its ensemble the evolution of the centre of moral and physical activity which is the heart of the British Empire." This he has undertaken in the light of historical philosophy without attaching himself to facts and events, but to the general lines according to which they are ordered.

Written by a historian who is deeply versed in the intellectual and popular philosophies of England, the book's criticism asks to be handled by an expert. M. Caizamian's theory that England has always been swaying between the two conflicting and co-operating forces of instinctive and conscious adaptation, the first paramount in the national formation, is indisputably and ingeniously developed. In current language: the English think to live, while the French live to think. The first attempts in England in modern philosophy were animated by the empiric spirit. It still predominates though an attempt is being made to give a more masterful direction to progress and to allow precedence to thought instead of to action as hitherto; that the mind direct circumstances instead of circumstances directing the mind, is somewhat the achievement of effort. However, the characteristic of British doctrines has always been utilitarian, the English intelligence entertaining a natural aversion for abstract thought. M. Caizamian touches lightly upon art and literature. He differs from the majority of his compatriots when observing that "as a rule, in the home of the rich as in the cottage, the same heaviness, revealing the mediocrity of the artistic instinct, the same needs for gratification without finesse or nuances, the same comfort without elegance (grâce) prevails." It is always recognized by those who know both countries that the decorative (domestic) arts are better understood in England than in France, and M. Caizamian affirms that the English are more conscious of conformance, correctly recognizes the influence they have had on modern styles. M. Caizamian's strictures affect the Victorian home only, which, after all, threw but for a short time its shadow upon the incomparable and ever-surviving traditions and examples of the Elizabethan and English eighteenth-century joiners.

Some one has said that the characteristics of an author might be discerned in the words most frequently occurring in his vocabulary. M. Carlos Larrau, in a very perfect little triptych he calls Le Mystère de la Fin du Monde (Figuière), seems to show a predilection for the word "essor" (flight, ascension of the wind and analogous phenomena). A lover of the Théâtre Idéaliste the expression fits the trend of his aspirations. It has served him in the description of the first Gothic cathedral, which, using poet's licence, he makes to coincide with the supposition prevalent in the Middle Ages, based on a text in Revelation, that the world would come to an end a thousand years after the birth of Jesus. M. Larrau's idea is that the apocalyptic resurrection at the extreme point of decadence, of creation on the ashes of destruction. His Builder of Cathedrals draws a wanton population from its crimes or futilities to the joy of labour, and in the three very well done scenes are shown the anarchy which a monk struggles to correct, the people's terror at the approach of the supposed last hour and its revolt against the superstitions with which the preceding prose form—coincident with the achievement of the Cathedral and the rise of the sun on Christmas morning.

Eminently suited to stage realization, this happy lucidly conceived invention is written in un-elaborate language becoming a mystery. As he has had occasion to show by his own stage personifications, recently, for instance, at the matinées given by Art et Libérté, so he shows by a literary example also that an idealistic, i.e. artistic, aim in the theatre is not a chimera, and that idealism on the stage is not, as so many fear, either synonymous with dullness or pedantry. For his mystery keeps the interest alive from the first line to the last. Since Shakespeare and Molière it has not often been given to the creator to be also the interpreter, but rarer still is he who to a conception can give double—the active and the passive form.

The publication of this work at this precise moment might be taken as auguring a great constructive renascence to succeed the destructive climax the world is undergoing.

Art et Libérté, an "association for the affirmation and defence of modern works," was responsible, a little time ago, for the stage realization, at the Théâtre de l'Oratoire, of Barzun, Divoire, and Voïrol in the simultaneous mode of expression invented by the first-named in this group. The peculiarity distinguishing these poems consists in choruses which their champions claim as natural and justifiable spoken as sung. M. Fernand Divoire's tragic episode entitled Exhortation à la Mort—les Trois Voleurs, an open confession, referred to here two months ago—showed the best reason for resorting to this device. M. Sébastien Voïrol's lineal poetic paraphrase of Stravinsky's Sacre du Printemps was given the most successful picture, the actors' disguises having been specially designed for it by Martine (alias M. Paul Poiret), ensuring that artistic harmony which was somewhat lacking in the two other performances, for want, no doubt, of the expenditure indispensable to manifestations on the stage. Mme. Lara, in the chief part, asserted thereby that her attachment to the classic Comédie Française was no hindrance to the support of modern expressions.

Except in the rendering of M. Voïrol's work the novelty of the theatre lies not endorsed by sufficient originality in its embodiment. Nor was the programme, displaying a formless scrap in female nudity, a very courageous departure in typographical or decorative art. The name of Henri Matisse does not carry startling novelty in itself, while the splutter to which he had affixed it, no more intended for that or any other programme than for a postage-stamp or fire-screen, was devoid of every kind of mission, modern or otherwise.

For similitude of execution does not suffice. Unity of purpose is also, and much more, necessary. Hence the failure of so many intended innovations to realize to satisfaction what they set out for. Coincident with this performance was an exhibition of paintings of a kind styled by those disliking it de l'art boîche, though their authors may be French citizens of genuine stock—sometimes even wearing the French uniform—or Italians. The firm canvasses M. Jean Marchand—in whose soul, according to M. Fritz R. Vanderpyl (in Le Carnet des Artistes), flowers the dream of the "Cartesians" system and the realism of '93: a very Jansenist of artistic aspirations, modern representative of the great, typically and purely French Ecole d'Avignon—and Mme. Lewitzka's more "Eastern Europe," less disciplined manner of vision and expression, were somewhat isolated features in this hollow environment.

Le Veau d'or et la Vache enragée, by Francis de Miomandre (Emile-Paul Frères: 3 fr. 50), is a relish. The author has achieved a performance rare nowadays; a divertissement which is at the same time a work of literary art, for the modern writer without a lesson up his pen-holder is almost inevitably but a purveyor of very popular entertainment. To write exquisitely a story of pure fun is given to few modern authors. In this fashion M. de Miomandre (whose
admirable critiques are familiar to readers of the *Merceure* contrasts the “golden calf” of his imagination and the “furions” (because hungry) “cow” of reality in the life of a speculator among chimeras, a kind of morocco oil, a bit of the new *Piccadilly’s*. The humour, so often like that of Dickens and Daudet, casts a shadow of sadness, and you feel that M. de Miomandre could relate a dozen romances of the sort without ever derogating.

Some of the characters are pathetic, some ridiculous, some infamous, most at once pathetic and ridiculous, just as in a Dickens book. The twist which is M. de Miomandre’s contribution of style to his ingenious fancies may be recognized in the following passage:

Simon de Torville n’avait pas toujours été réduit à chercher dans “les grandes affaires” la considérable fortune qui est nécessaire d’abord à leur élaboration (car une grande affaire fait un coup d’argent qu’elle n’en rapporte, c’est une vérité d’expérience hélas ! journalière), ensuite au train de vie qu’on suppose à l’homme d’action qui les entreprend. Cette fortune, il l’avait eue, et Alexis, le cher enfant, se rappelait encore, à Angers, certaine maison d’aspect seigneurial avec des perrons à balustrades, des salles hautes et vastes, des domestiques nombreux, des chevaux dans les écuries, de grands diners auxquels il n’assistait point mais dont sa gouvernante, au moment d’arriver qu’il se préparait d’admirer un instant le fastueux ordonnancement. M. de Torville tenait table ouverte : c’est un goût que tout le monde s’accorde à trouver coûteux, mais qui l’est infiniment moins à cause du cuisinier que des convives. Le cuisinier en effet, lorsqu’il a une fois fixé dans sa tête le taux des commissions qu’il entend prélever sur la marée, les viandes, les légumes et les fruits, s’en tient là par prudence professionnelle. Pas de surprises véritables à attendre du côté de l’office. Mais les convives ! . . . Sait-on jamais si le répétiteur halluciné qu’on a rencontré sur le pont et dissuadé de se jeter dans la Maine, ne deviendra pas, une fois remonté sa tête le taux des commissions qu’il entend prélever sur la société, un inventeur redoutable, un de ces hommes qui font des pavés avec de vieux journaux, du miel avec du savon, ou des parfums avec des cadavres ?

M. de Miomandre helps his hero to float all kinds of fantastic companies, to squander fortunes over distant hypothetical mines and in far-lying arid deserts; while he juggles with figures no less astutely than Mr. Wells juggles with Bouguay or Mr. Arnold Bennett in *The Card*. And his human charity, as his worldly wisdom, are those peculiar to all experts in comedy from Molière and Goldsmith to the present day. In M. de Miomandre we have what is a rare product in these times: a first-rate writer, a scholar in life, and worshipper at the altar of the poets (he knows every word of his Mallarmé by heart) who possesses a rare gift: the planning of plots and toying with the oddities of life.

M. C.

ERRATA.—In the June Egoist for “Christ’s Little Bellsman” *please to read* “Bedesman”; for “the connoisseurs overlooked it no less” (M. van Dongen’s display) *read* “the connoisseurs did not overlook it.”

THE LETTERS OF J. B. YEATS *

If the usual person asks the usual question about the *deuce of letter-writing*, he is met with the usual vague and unsatisfactory answer referring him to telephones, rapid transit, and the rush of modern life. The lack of leisure is deplored; lack of leisure being an excuse for laziness. What lack of leisure really means in modern life is that an able writer like D. H. Lawrence lacks time to write one good novel in ten years, but will find time to write five or ten bad ones in that period; that no one has time to write good letters for the pleasure of one friend, but that Mr. S. P. B. Mais has time to write garrulous and hasty epistolary novels for the subscribers to the *Times* Book Club. Mr. J. B. Yeats is a highly civilized man; and he has the kingdom of leisure for Mr. Yeats means writing well even when not writing for publication; writing with dignity and ease and reserve. And letter-writing for him means the grace and urbanity of the talker and the depth of the solitary; it means a resolves outcome to a few important issues, not ceaseless loquacity about novelties.

Mr. Pound, in one of his most charming prefaces, fears that he has by selection lost the personality of the writer. But the personality of Mr. Yeats survives the test. It is a severe test too, which few letter-writers could pass; for none of the selections owes anything to trivial personal gossip or contemporaneity; and though Mr. Yeats deals mostly with eternal things, never obtruding himself into his reflections, he never drops into the dead Epicentian sentimentlessness. Even in selections (for these are selections from letters, not selected letters) he is always the solitary man talking for one listener. Perhaps New York, encircling the writer with loneliness, has done him a service. Mr. Yeats could do *New York* a service, if *New York* would listen, but America will probably succeed in shutting its ears, as it always can, to what it does not care to hear. More to the point: the critic is no critic of the present time, when the dust of Social Reconstruction, Empire Resources Development, and other Reform is in our eyes, when England seems drifting toward Americanization, it is well to hear what Mr. Yeats has to say:

The philosophical world in America is just now possessed by the theory of service. Man exists to serve is their idea, and it is an idea so easy to understand, and so amicable and attractive, that it appeals to a Democracy that is at once shallow-minded and sentimental.

The idea of service recognizes only two types of men: he who would rule and he who would be ruled. I hotly and fiercely contend that there is another type, the man who does not want to rule or to be ruled, and that this is the man who writes the poetry, the other sort doing the rhetoric.

No American, of those I have met or heard, has ever felt the inward and inexpressible essence of poetry, because it is not among the American opportunities to live the solitary life, they all frequent the highways and high roads. It is implicitly and even explicitly an offence to steal away into byways and thickets.

The Americans are the most idealistic and imaginative people in the world, and the most prosaic, because, like Wordsworth the most prosaic of poets, they believe in happiness, and happiness to them as to Wordsworth means: *mens sana in corpore sano*; every one efficient in the tasks of modern life, the least heroic of doctrines.

*In America they make war on solitude,* Mr. Yeats says, and solitude to him is the most precious thing to them as to Wordsworth means: “In America they make war on solitude,” Mr. Yeats says, and solitude to him is the most precious gift of his sublime solitude to place him in this or that fraternity.

I will write again of the solitary man. First of all, alone among men, he is himself and only himself. The companionable man is himself and some one else, seeking expression through the medium of another. The solitary man is himself and only himself. The companionable man is assiduously followed, a formidable inventor, one of those men who will not ceaseless work in a spirit of insincerity. Poetry is the voice of the solitary, as resonant and as pure and lonely as the song of the lark at sunrise.

It is only in England, Mr. Yeats thinks, that in the modern world poetry is possible. He is, perhaps.
something more than fair to the Englishman, but in
the atmosphere of New York this is intelligible.
The solitude of most Englishmen is only the solitude
of the semi-detached villa. It is true, however, that
English villas have names, and American villas only
numbers. And the Englishman is usually content
to keep his platitudes as Laces and Penates, while the
American would share them with his neighbours in
civics. But Mr. Yeats's detachment is more than
English; if we wished to pigeon-hole it, con-
veniently we should call it Irish: but it is Mr. Yeats
himself. He differs from the usual Englishman in
his dislike for the edifying, in his preference of vision
to exhortation. He is able, accordingly, to upset
some of the established English valuations of their
poets.

Again I have been reading Matthew Arnold. He is a true
poet and only incidentally a teacher. Walt Whitman is a teacher
in every line he wrote.

When I read Aeschylus I feel that here is a man who under-
stands. I do not feel this when I read Shelley. Shelley leaves
me cold because he leaves me uninform. His “fine” things
tell me so little. ... In Shelley poetry is the essential, at least
it is often so; so that there is insatiability and a lack of intensity.
In Aeschylus the poetry is always accidental and incidental, and
truth the essential.

Browning always a companionable man, a sublime showman
with a voice of Titanic volume. ... There are times in the life
of every man when he is visited by the solitary spirit; so it
happens that occasionally Browning sang melodious syllables.
Coleridge was solitary ... hence that personal charm.

... Sometimes the soul in Carlyle escapes from its bondage, but
it has become a whimpering ghost, yet by its forlorn solitariness
a manifestation of soul ... he imprisoned his soul in that dungeon of
solitude which is Puritanism.

Bunyan would have called Hamlet “Mr. Facing-Both-Ways,”
and Juliet “Mistress Bold-Face” or “Carnality,” and Romeo “Mr. Lovelorn,”
and Macbeth “Mr. Henpecked,” etc., finding
where he could epithets to belittle and degrade the temple of
human nature and its altars. ... This servile stamp was all
over Wordsworth, and Shelley showed the scar in his efforts to
escape.

The substance of poetry, Mr. Yeats says, is “truth
seen in passion,” To most readers this will fall into
memory—for it is an easy phrase to remember—
along with something said by Matthew Arnold, or
Wordsworth, or Professor Saintsbury; but Mr. Yeats
means what he says. He is quite literal, too, when he says: “In every great poet is a Herbert Spencer,” or
the poet does not seek to be original, but the truth,
and to his dismay and consternation, it may be, he finds the original,
thereby to incur hostility and misunderstanding.

Mr. Yeats understands poetry better than any one
I have ever known who was not a poet, and better
than most of those who have the reputation of poets.
This last quotation, in fact, is a thought which takes
very deep roots; it strikes through the tangle of
literature direct to the subsoil of the greatest—to
Shakespeare and Dante and Aeschylus. Ordinary
writers of verse either deal in imagination or in
“ideas” ; they escape from one to the other, but
neither one nor the other nor both together is truth
in the sense of poetic truth. Only old ideas “part
and parcel of the personality” are of use to the poet.
(This is worth repeating to our American contempo-
raries who study Freud.)

I said at the beginning that Mr. Yeats was civilized : I
mean that he possesses a classical sensibility, and
the classical sensibility is merely the devotion to truth,
not decoration or personal eccentricities; the sense
of values—and at the same time is wholly free from
Puritanism. He has wisdom but is not didactic.
His letters can be read many times, and there are
very few nineteen-century letter-writers of whom
one would hazard such a statement. One can say of
him what he says of the solitary man:

Y

ES, let us take a word, sans great signification,
a word that is but a childish word,
and let us pronounce it as an old chord
on an old piano, without any pretension.

For instance, lamp—now dost not thou see
at once thy father and mother with thee,
books on the table and a pot of tea ?
and still we said only lamp, you see.

I saw a lamp that was not a lamp
but a lantern in a foggy row
where I lived twenty years ago
on a bed that was hard, in a room that was damp—
and still we said only lamp, you know.

FRAGMENT DE
MON CHANT DE GUERRE

VERS LIBRE AND ARNOLD
DOLMETSCH

By EZRA POUND

POETRY is a composition of words set to music.
Most other definitions of it are indefensible,
or, worse, metaphysical. The amount or
quality of the music may, and does, vary; but
poetry withers and “dries out” when it leaves music,
or at least an imagined music, too far behind it.
The horrors of modern “readings of poetry ” are due
to oratorical recitation. Poetry must be read as
music and not as oratory. I do not mean that the
words should be jumbled together and made
indistinct and unrecognizable in a sort of onomatopoeic
paste. I have found few save musicians who pay the
least attention to the poet’s own music. They are
often, I admit, uncritical of his verbal excellence or
deficit, ignorant of his “literary” value or bathos.
But the literary qualities are not the whole of our
art.

Poets who are not interested in music are, or become,
bad poets. I would almost say that poets should
never be too long out of touch with musicians. Poets
who will not study music are defective. I do not
mean that they need become virtuosi, or that they
need necessarily undergo the musical curriculum of
their time. It is perhaps their value that they can
be a little refractory and heretical, for all arts tend
to decline into the stereotype; and at all times the
mediocre tend or try, semiconsciously or unconsciously,
to obscure the fact that the day’s fashion is not the
immutable.

Music and poetry, melody and versification, alike
fall under the marasmus.

Vers libre has become a pest, as painting and
regular verse had become pests before it, as rabbits
are a pest in Australia. One does not, however, wish
to extirpate it, because sonnets have appeared in the Century. Bad as the versi libristi
may be, the anti-versi-libristi are worse. If I counsel
the versi-libristi to study music, I can also counsel
the anti-versi-libristi to study Arnold Dolmetsch’s book.
Bad as they may be (either the free or the
tight), little as they may be able to do after the study
of music, they would do less and worse, lacking it.
It is too late to prevent vers libre. It is here. There is too much of it. One might, conceivably, improve it, at least there appears room for improvement, and one might stop at least a little of the idiotic and narrow discussion based on an ignorance of music. Bigoted attack, born of this ignorance of the tradition of music, was what we had to live through.


I

Arnold Dolmetsch’s book is full of what we may call either “ripe wisdom” or “common sense,” or “those things which all good artists at all times have tried (perhaps vainly) to hammer into insensitive heads.” Some of his dicta are, by their nature, applicable only to instrumental music or melody, others are susceptible of a sort of transposition into terms of the sister arts, still others have a direct bearing on poetry, or at least on versification. It is with these last that I shall concern myself. Dolmetsch’s style is so clear and his citations of old authors so apt that I had perhaps better quote with small comment.

Mace, Music’s Monument (1613):

(1) you must know, that, although in our first undertakings, we ought to strive, for the most exact habit of time-keeping that possibly we can attain unto, (and for several good reasons) yet, when we come to be masters, so that we can command all manner of time, at our own pleasures; we then take liberty, (and very often, for humour, and good adornment, in certain places) to break time; sometimes faster, and sometimes slower, as we perceive the nature of the thing requires, which often adds, much grace, and longer, to the performance.

(2) the thing to be done, is but only to make a kind of cessation, or standing still... in due place an excellent grace.

Again, from Mace, p. 130: “If you find it uniform, and retortive either in its bars or strains you are told to get variety by the quality of loud and soft, etc., and if it expresseth short sentences this applies. You are to make pauses on long notes at the end of sentences.

Rousseau, 1655, in Maitre de Musique et de Viole:

(1) at this word “movement” there are people who imagine that to give the movement is to follow and keep time; but there is much difference between the one and the other, for to give the movement is to follow and keep time; but

(2) you must avoid a profusion of divisions, which only disturb the tune, and obscure its beauty.

(3) mark not the beat too much.

The accompanist is told to imitate the irregularities of the beautiful voice.

François Couperin, 1717, L’Art de toccher le Clavecin:

(1) we write differently from what we play.

(2) i find that we confuse time, or measure, with what is called cadence or movement. measure defines the quantity and equality of beats; cadence is properly the spirit, the soul that must be added.

(3) although these preludes are written in measured time, there is however a customary style which should be followed.

Those who will use these set Preludes must play them in an easy manner, without binding themselves to strict tempo, unless I should have expressly marked it by the word mesure.

No one but an imbecile can require much further proof for the recognition of vers libre in music—and this during the “classical period.”

I have pointed out elsewhere that the even bar measure was certainly not the one and important thing, or even the first important thing, and that European musicians, at least, did not begin to record it until comparatively late in the history of notation. Couperin later notes the barring as a convenience:

... one of the reasons why I have measured these Preludes is the facility one will find to teach them or learn them.

That is to say, musical bars are a sort of scaffold to be kicked away when no longer needed.

Disregard of bars is not to be confused with tempo rubato, affecting the notes inside a single bar.

II

Dolmetsch’s wisdom is not confined to the demonstration of a single point of topical interest to the poet. I have not space to quote two whole chapters, or even to elaborate brief quotations like: “If you find it uniform, and retortive either in its bars or strains you are told to get variety by the quality of loud and soft, etc., and if it expresseth short sentences this applies...” The serious writer of verse will not rest until he has gone to the source. I do not wish to give the erroneous impression that old music was all vers libre. I state simply that vers libre exists in old music. Quantz, 1752, in so far as he is quoted by Dolmetsch, only cautions the player to give the shorter notes “in equality.” Christopher Simpson, 1665, is much concerned with physical means of getting a regular beat. His date is interesting. The movement toward regularity in verse during the seventeenth century seems condemnable if one compare only Dryden and Shakespeare, but read a little bad Elizabethan poetry and the reason for it appears. (I shall try to show this in later papers, on the other hand, Couperin’s feeling for irregularity underlying “classical” forms may give us the clue to a wider unexpressed feeling for a fundamental irregularity which would have made eighteenth-century classicism, classicism of surface, tolerable to those who felt the underlying variety as strongly as the first regularizers may have felt it.

These are historical speculations. If I were writing merely a controversial article I should have stopped with the first quotations from Couperin, concerning vers libre. (I have never claimed that vers libre was the only path of salvation. I felt that it was right and that it had its place with the other modes. It seems that my instinct was not wholly heretical and that the opposition was rather badly informed.) Old gentlemen who talk about “red riot and anarchy,” “treachery to the imperium of poesy,” etc. etc. would do well to “get up their history” and peruse the codices of their laws.

THE FRENCH WORD IN MODERN PROSE

VII. RACHILDE: LA TOUR D’AMOUR

The inclusion of this work, published originally by the Mercure firm, in the Maitres du Livre series, is an opportunity for recalling the place, emphasized by this choice on the part of the compilers of the collection, it holds in French fiction. In other circumstances I might have hesitated to comprise it under the above heading. Not because its merit is not equal to that of its forerunners, but because it does not participate in the peculiarly modern appeal they represented.

La Tour d’Amour is, in many ways, a classic.

* Crès et Cie, Paris and Zurich; 7 fr. 50.
is the classic in the output of one who is herself a classic among contemporary novelists. But Mme. Rachilde, though she possesses a literary conscience as pure as any, has not the conscience characteristic of the modern writer. Beyond telling an effective story effectively Mme. Rachilde has not ventured. This is, you will say, already an achievement, but the modern writer, from Tolstoy through Eosny to Jules Romains, has other ends in view. Mme. Rachilde's pass from éditions de luxe to sixpenny brochures for public for whose benefit books of every standard may answer for. 

La Tour d'Amour is considered Mme. Rachilde's crowning work. As a literary feat it is a faultless and, in many respects, an extremely clever accomplishment. But it is less convincing than a fairy-tale, and it is so professional as to be a little absurd, for, supposedly the reminiscence of a common sailor, it is related in a style which is a composite of the ungrammatical language of the people, the picturesque epithets peculiar to a seaman, and Mme. Rachilde's own masterly, highly finished prose. So a false note is struck at the outset, and the story continues in the wrong key. 

Hers were brilliant gifts unsatisfactorily harmonized. Mme. Rachilde has written several master-works, among which La Tour d'Amour stands first but it is undeveloped, it be mute in other appeals. Its perfection is sterile, and cuts it off from the world. The loftiest planets do not throw forth the most beneficial rays.

Had Mme. Rachilde been an English author she would have composed irrational, semi-historical fiction, and obtained a sale not procurable in France, where the reading public is incomparably smaller in number than the reading public in England. And Mme. Rachilde is, as readers of the Mercure review know, a most excellent critic.

La Tour d'Amour is written in the swift, vivid style characteristic of Mme. Rachilde, with splashes of colour contrasted against a background of naturalness—is far more emphasized. And Mme. Rachilde is among the least subjective of France's feminine writers.

Here is a fine descriptive passage:

A thing, by the way, which has suggested to me a resemblance of Mme. Rachilde to Adolphe Adam, M. Maupassant, or perhaps to Flaubert, in his shorter novels, is her liking for certain natural objects, which she will make the subject of whole stories. She is fond of the sea, and it has a marked influence on her work. She seems to have a feeling for certain types of human nature, and to be drawn to certain types of human life.

And Mme. Rachilde is among the least subjective of France's feminine writers.

A RUINED HOUSE

Those who lived here are gone, or dead or desolate with grief; of all their life here

Nothing remains

Except their trampled, dirtied clothes

Among the dusty bricks,

Their marriage bed, rusty and bent,

Thrown down aside as useless;

And a broken toy left by their child...
TARR
BY WYNDHAM LEWIS

CHAPTER V

[Chapters III and IV, omitted for want of space, tell how, after persistent effort and calculated rudeness on the part of Kreisler and his second, Bitzenko, a duel with Soltyk is at last arranged: principals and seconds to meet on a piece of waste ground outside Paris at half-past six on a certain morning. Kreisler and Bitzenko and his other second, a young Russian painter, arrive early.]

THE hour arranged came round and there was still no sign of anybody. The possibility of a hitch in the proceedings dawned on Kreisler. Personal animosity for Soltyk revived. That idea of obstinacy in a caprice, instead of merely carrying out something prearranged and unavoidable, despite his passivity, had proved really the wakefulness of his will. He looked towards his companions, alone there on the ground of the encounter. They were an unsatisfactory pair, after all. They did not look a winning team. He reproached himself for having hit just on the touch-line of his assistance.

Bitzenko, on the other hand, was deep in thought. He was rehearsing his part of second. The duel in which he had blinded his adversary was a figment of his boyish brain, confided with tears in his voice one evening to a friend. His only genuine claim to action was that, in a perfect disguise, he had assisted to the execution of his estate to set fire to his little Manor House during the revolution of 1906 for the fun of the thing and in an access of revolutionary sentiment. Afterwards he had assisted the police with information in the investigation of the affair, also anonymously. All this he kept to himself. He referred to his past in Russia in a way that conveyed to Kreisler and Bitzenko and his other second, a young Russian painter, arrive early.]

He had seen Soltyk slipping something into his mouth, and was puzzled and annoyed, like a child. What was he up to? Poison was the only guess he could give. What on earth—

Having taken part in many mesure he knew that for this very serious duel his emotions were hardly adequate. His nervous system was as quiescent as a corpse's. He became offended with his phlegm. All that instinctive resistance to the idea of Death, the indignity of being nothing, was rendered empty by his premature insensitiveness. He tried to visualize and feel. In a few minutes he might be dead! That had so little effect that he almost laughed.

Then he reflected that man over there might in a few minutes be wiped out. He would become a disintegrating mess, uglier than any vitriol or pyrophyl could make him. All that organism he, Kreisler, would be turning into dung, as though by magic. He, Kreisler, is insulted. The sensations and energies of that man deny him equality of existence. He, Kreisler, lifts his hand, presses a little bar of steel, and the other is swept away into the earth. Heaven knows where the insulting spirit goes to. But the physical disfigurement at least is complete. He went through that in a few minutes and then he was too near the event to benefit by his fancy. Possibilities were weakened by the nearness of Certainty.

His momentary resentment with Bitzenko survived, and he next became annoyed at being treated like an object, as he felt it. He was not deliberately conscious of much. But, try as he would to chase the disgraces and besmirchings of death, people refused to treat him as anything but a sack of potatoes.

There four or five men had been arguing about him for the last five minutes, and they had not once looked his way. But clearly Bitzenko was defending his duel.

Why should Bitzenko go on disposing of him in this fashion? He took everything for granted; he never so much as appealed to him, even once. Had Kreisler, from twenty yards off, stared through his glasses at the group of people he had assembled, as though he had been encysted in a car. Kreisler and Bitzenko were already as much preoccupied with each other as two hunters with a brazen egg.

Kreisler, from twenty yards off, stared through his glasses at the group of people he had assembled, as though they had been encysted in a car. Kreisler and Bitzenko were already as much preoccupied with each other as two hunters with a brazen egg.
himself that the duel might after all not take place. That was the only way he could get anything out of it. He laughed; then shouted out in German:

"Give me one!"

They all looked round. Soltyk did not turn, but the side of his face became crimson. Kreisler felt a surge of active passion at the sight of the blood in his face. "Give me one," Kreisler shouted again, putting out the palm of his hand, and laughing in a thick, insulting, hearty way. He was now a knabe. He was young and cheeky. His last words had been said with quick cleverness. The heavy coquetting was double-edged.

"What do you mean?" Bitzenko called back.

"I mean jujube. Ask Herr Soltyk!"

They all turned towards the other principal to the duel, standing some yards on the other side of them. Head thrown back and eyes burning, Soltyk gazed at Kreisler. It was genuine, but not very strong. If killing could be embodied in the organ that sees—a new function of expression—a perfect weapon would exist. Only the intensest expression being effective, such a contrivance for blasting powers would be a solution of the arbitrary decisions of force. Words, glances, music are at present as indirect as hands and cannons. Such music might be written, however, that no fool, hearing it, could survive. Whether it throttled him in a spasm of disgust or of shame is immaterial. Soltyk's battery was too conventional to pierce the layers of putrifying tragedy, Kreisler's bulwark. It played to the limit of its power. His cheeks were a dull red: his upper lip was stretched tightly over the gums. The white line of teeth made his face look as though he were laughing. He stamped his foot on the ground with the impetuous grace of a Russian dancer, and started walking hurriedly up and down. He glared at his seconds as well, but although sick and exhausted he left the retreating Poles. His last words had been going up to strike. But at the words it slipped dead. So much new matter for anger had been poured into the ear that it wiped out all the earlier impulse. Action must be again begun right down from the root.

Kreisler thrust his mouth forward amorously, his body in the attitude of the eighteenth-century gallant, as though Soltyk had been a woman.

The will broke out frantically from the midst of bandages, and a bulk of sudden fury. Soltyk took himself first, writhing upright, a statue's bronze softening, suddenly, with blood. He became white and red by turns. His blood, one heavy mass, hurtled about in him, up and down, like a sturgeon in a narrow tank.

All the pilules he had taken seemed acting sedately against the wiliness of his muscles. The bronziun fought the blood.

His hands were electrified. Will was at last dashed all over him, an Arctic douche. The hands flew to Kreisler's throat. His nails made six holes in the flesh and cut into the tendons beneath. Kreisler was hurled about. He was pumped backwards and forwards. His hands grabbed a mass of hair; as a man slipping on a precipice gets hold of a plant. Then they gripped along the coat-sleeves, connecting with him the engine he had just overcharged with fuel. A sallow white, he became puffed and exhausted. "Acha—acha—" a noise, the beginning of a word, came from his mouth. He sank on his knees. A notion of endless violence filled him. "Tchun—tchun—tchun—tchun!" He fell on his back, and the convulsive arms came with him. The strangling sensation at his neck intensified. Meanwhile a breath of absurd violence had smitten everywhere.

Staretsky had said:

"That crapule is beneath contempt! Pouah!—I refuse to act. Whatever induced us—"

Bitzenko had begun a discourse. Staretsky turned on him, shrieking, "Foute-moi la paix, imbécile!"

At this Bitzenko rapped him smartly on the cheek. Staretsky, who spent his mornings sparring with a negro pugilist, gave him a blow between the eyes, which laid him out insensible.

Bitzenko's hand, interfering when he saw this, seized Staretsky round the waist, and threw him down, falling with him. The doctor and the other second, Wenceslas Khudin, went to separate Soltyk and Kreisler, scuffling and exhorting. The field was filled with cries, shouts, and harsh movements.

This Slav chaos gradually cleared up. Soltyk was pulled off; Staretsky and the young Russian were separated. Bitzenko once more was on his feet. Then they were all dusting their trousers, arranging their collars, picking up their hats. Staretsky slipped his arm through Soltyk's and, half supporting him, began urging him along towards the car. Kreisler had saved all this night first with indiffidence. He had taken his handkerchief out and was dabbing his neck. Then suddenly, with a rather plaintive but resolute gait, he ran after his second, his eye fixed on the retreating Poles.

"Hi! A moment! Your Browning. Give me your Browning!" he said hoarsely. His voice had been going up to strike. But at the words it slipped dead. So much new matter for anger had been poured into the ear that it wiped out all the earlier impulse. Action must be again begun right down from the root.

Kreisler plucked the revolver out of his pocket with the deftness of an animal. There was a report. He was firing in the air.
Staretsky had faced quickly round, dragging Soltyk. Kreisler was covering them with the Browning.

"Halt!" he shouted. "Stop there! Not so quickly! I will shoot you like a dog if you will not fight!"

Still holding them up, he ordered Bitzenko to take over to them one of the revolvers provided for the duel. That will be murder! If you assist in this, sir, you will be participating in a murder! Stop this—

Staretsky was jarring at Bitzenko, his arm through his friend's. Soltyk stood wiping his face with his hand, his eyes on the ground. His breath came heavily, and he kept shifting his feet.

Bitzenko's tall young Russian stood in a twisted attitude, a gargoylo Apollo. His mask of peasant tragedy had broken into a slight smile.

"Move hand if I fire! Move hand, rolling!" Kreisler kept shouting, moving up towards them, with stealthy gogginess. He kept shaking the revolver and pointing at them with the other hand, to keep them alive to the reality of the menace.

"Don't touch the pistols, Louis!" said Staretsky, as Bitzenko came over with his leather dispatch-case. He bent double and folded his own.

"Don't touch them, Louis. They daren't shoot!"

Louis appeared apathetic both as to the pistols and the good advice.

"Leave him both," Kreisler called, his revolver still trained on Staretsky and Soltyk.

Bitzenko put them both down, a foot away from Staretsky, and walked hurriedly out of the zone of fire.

"Will you take up one of those pistols, or both?"

Kreisler said.

"Kindly point that revolver somewhere else, and allow us to go!" Staretsky said loudly.

"I'm not speaking to you, pig-face! It's you I'm addressing. Take up that pistol!"

He was a foot or six yards from them.

"Herr Soltyk is unarmed! The pistols you want him to take only have one charge. Yours has twelve. In any case it would be murder!"

Kreisler walked up to them. He was very white, much quieter, and acted with effort. He stooped down to take up one of the pistols. Staretsky aimed a blow at his head. It caught him just in front of his face cleared. He looked ten years younger. In the afternoon newspaper account of the duel near St. Cloud, and got back to Paris in time to read the attention of the police to such an extent by his striking almost unnoticed.

Duelling was a very venial offence; capture in these cases was not a matter of the least moment. But they were almost be heard twanging as he ran. They reached a hedge, ran along the farther side of it. Bitzenko was bent double as though to escape a rain of bullets. Eventually he was seen careering across an open way quite near the river, which lay a couple of hundred yards beyond the lower end of the field. There he lay ambushed for a moment, behind a shrub. Then he darted forward again, and eventually disappeared along the high road in a cloud of dust. His athletic young friend made straight for the railway station, which he reached without incident almost unnoticed.

The truth was that the Russian had attracted the attention of the police to such an extent by his striking flight, that without a moment's hesitation they had followed by his young fellow-second, whose neck shot in and out, and whose great bow-legs could almost be heard twanging as he ran. They reached a hedge, ran along the farther side of it. Bitzenko was bent double as though to escape a rain of bullets. Eventually he was seen careering across an open field some two or three hundred yards beyond the lower end of the field. There he lay ambushed for a moment, behind a shrub. Then he darted forward again, and eventually disappeared along the high road in a cloud of dust. His athletic young friend made straight for the railway station, which he reached without incident almost unnoticed.

Calling "Run!" to Kreisler he took to his heels, followed by his young fellow-second, whose neck shot in and out, and whose great bow-legs could almost be heard twanging as he ran. They reached a hedge, ran along the farther side of it. Bitzenko was bent double as though to escape a rain of bullets. Eventually he was seen careering across an open field some two or three hundred yards beyond the lower end of the field. There he lay ambushed for a moment, behind a shrub. Then he darted forward again, and eventually disappeared along the high road in a cloud of dust. His athletic young friend made straight for the railway station, which he reached without incident almost unnoticed.

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