XI. A THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE  
PART I  
By D. Marsden

(1) WHEN we seek to assess the value of any new synthesis we turn to the wealth (or dearth) of corollaries which can be shown to be explicit in it and to the manner in which these affect and transform related problems. Now when we apply a test of this kind to the theory that language plays a rôle which is spiritually and intellectually creative, and, inasmuch as it does, gives birth to all intellectual phenomena, we find that its ramifications are so vast that they affect not only every speculation of philosophy and science, but the underlying conceptions of philosophy and science themselves. Inevitably so, since there can be no species of inquiry into which intellect does not enter. Inquiry itself as well as specific forms of inquiry would therefore demand reinterpretation in face of it. Were existing interpretations above reproach this would indeed be a dubious benefit. That they are not so, however, the accepted “mysteriousness” of existence is adequate testimony. In all cases, existing interpretations fork out into dilemmas, and it is just at the juncture where they prove most wayward that the consequences of the synthesis proposed would most pertinently bear.

(2) We have already shown how this theory throws light upon causative action, and consequently upon those practical constructive activities which spring directly from it; also in a consideration of the soul we have shown how the theory affects certain more vaguely apprehended aspects of our conceptual and imaginative life; while later we hope to show how the complex conceptions called memory and will are reduced by it to more basic elements. But the theory’s transforming power is most strikingly shown in the manner in which it bears upon the mystery of the intellect and the processes of knowledge bound up with intellect. In this regard not only does the theory seem to promise a contradiction-proof theory of knowledge by rendering reality, truth, error, opinion, and belief strictly definable, but it shows on what grounds our entire conception is in need of reformation. Not only so, but it further shows the direction which a reformed conception would take.

(3) The problem of knowledge is notoriously thorny. So much indeed have the difficulties of the subject seemed to overtax the capacities of the intellect that certain modern attempts to furnish a satisfying theory have taken the line that the intellect is inherently incapable of dealing with them; while psychology—whose major problem it is—that unceremoniously excluded their consideration from its province and has left it to metaphysics to supply a harbourage: in which twilight sanctuary the subject has been regarded as a toy for the philosopher or a jest for science.

(4) Nevertheless, no other philosophic question has quite the vitality of this one, and in regard to it, one hypothesis rapidly succeeds another. Within the limits of this century almost—young as it is—the theories associated with the names of James and Bergson have claimed and received a hearing. A sense of genuine urgency appears to be forcing this question before all others to a decisive issue. This growing sense of urgency springs not only from a steadily increasing conviction that the type of knowledge which objective science offers falls short of supplying intellectual satisfaction, but also from a slow apprehension of the fact that the body of scientific knowledge instead of giving increased steadiness to the whole by its accretions, tends rather towards a more accentuated state of inequilibrium. More and more does the entire edifice, coherent locally as it is, yet seem destitute of basis, and efforts to pierce down to an intellectually satisfying foundation only serve to emphasize the fact that the structure, like the prophet’s coffin, is suspended in mid-air without any logical—not to say visible—means of support.

(5) There is abroad then an inarticulate apprehen-
sion that objective science is being driven to undertake some kind of stocktaking as to the meaning of its efforts. We have grown familiar with this kind of attitude in relation to philosophy: an attitude which usually expresses itself in the assertion that philosophy must transform itself into a science. It will now, we believe, become necessary to familiarize ourselves with the demand that objective science shall get itself a sound, logically presentable basis; a desirable end which will be reached only when scientists have squarely faced the import which the problem of knowledge has for science, and have set about regulating science’s procedure in accordance. For these reasons, to name no others, knowledge and its characteristics have entered the realm of questions which are practical, and in that sense demand solution.

For those readers who have followed the partial enumeration already given of our conception of philosophy, the main features of the theory of knowledge implicit in it, and the role which it allocates to the intellect, will already be fairly clear. All knowledge, whether we are considering it item by item or in bulk, is the product of the intellect. It is created by submitting sensory images to the intellectual process which the intellect mixes as it is competent to create a “known” image will, when rightly applied, be competent to unravel knowledge’s general character as well as its detailed processes. On the other hand, the phenomenon called intellect is itself not a simple—that is to say, a fundamental—affair. The intellect represents a complex activity which is capable of being described in terms of simpler elements, and by an explanation of the intellect nothing more is meant than just its reduction to these more elemental terms.

These latter we shall here indicate under a threefold division in which the first two will comprise certain broad, deep-seated characteristics of the vital stream common to all forms of life, intellectual or not. The third will comprise the characteristics of the sensory efflorescence, which is a product of the intellectual mind, and which will accentuate these principles still further, as he does by making and applying what he calls instruments, he will be able to increase his sensory productivity in a noteworthy measure; a microscope or a telescope will supply the instance.

Inasmuch as this organization varies, the characteristic of the imagery enfolding him, and probes into the structure of his own sense-organs, he will be able to detect there the principles upon which these produce their effects; and if he accentuates these principles still further, as he does by the employment of these a consequent power to reverse an entrenched and scientifically unquestioned tendency of our mental habits, we have described the effects—the instruments, and the remark might well be extended to the other sciences. But if, as we hold, the instrument makes one with the sense-organ it assists, then modern science will be more accurately described as the study of the characteristics of the sensory garden, thus originated, is itself no other than the external world. Of every aspect, therefore, of which the world is possessed it is so in virtue of the sensory organization of the living unit which is conscious of it. Any study of any of the world’s aspects is finding other than the studies of the properties of the student’s own sense-organs.

We have just now claimed instruments to be an integral part of the sense-organs they assist. Now instruments take so important a place in modern science that the latter is recognized as resolving itself into a study of the properties of its instruments. A great mathematician, for instance—the late Henri Poincaré—has thus defined the province of geometry: “Faire de la géométrie c’est étudier les propriétés des instruments,” and the remark might well be extended to the other sciences. But if, as we hold, the instrument makes one with the sense-organ it assists, then modern science will be more accurately described as the study of the characteristics of the sensory garden, thus originated, is itself no other than the external world. Of every aspect, therefore, of which the world is possessed it is so in virtue of the sensory organization of the living unit which is conscious of it. Any study of any of the world’s aspects is finding other than the studies of the properties of the student’s own sense-organs.

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organism. It seems, then, probable that the over-
ability to show that normal swiftness of recovery
has taken place under highly agitating attendant
acts themselves so utterly and completely. When
imaginary image pure and simple, it is only rarely,
comparatively speaking, that adjustments can re-
least. Where, however, there is only a symbolic
stimulus, and the adjustative movements form an
actually present. In such circumstances, the adjusta­
image to which the adjustment is appropriate is
This is, of course, in the cases where the sensory
them and deflect them in the organism's interest.
run into a solid object. Instances are
for calculation remains difficult in the present
conditions for observation owing to the highly varying
degrees of similitude which the imaginary form bears to
the sensory image related to
it, though calculation remains difficult in the present
instance, images of contact. On the imaginary
plane most of us have experienced the sense of contact
and felt the sharp pang of pain which ensues when we
almost run into a solid object. Instances are said
to be replaced by a strictly foretellable successor. Con­
a given image under given attendant conditions will
be replaced by a strictly foretellable successor. Con­
tinue, of an image which obeys conditions which
have preceded it admit of being asserted with a like
confidence. Nowhere is there caprice. The world-
order is fixed. If in any field caprice seems to hold
it is because science is at that point boundhand
with its work. It is true that as observation is aided by
instruments ever more and more precise the condi-
ts of prediction shift. In an image the preceding
quantum tend to shrink, but not, we are told, because
the order is breaking, but because under more accurate
observation the conditions supremely essential dis-
associate themselves from others mistakenly accounted
essential, but actually irrelevant.

(16) The subject which we had entered upon
(par. 13) prior to this digression upon the kinship
of adjustatory images to their sensory counterparts
was the arbitrary limitations which scientists have
imposed on their own labours. To that we have now
to return. It is evident that science limits itself to
which science limits itself is one of the observable
sense-qualities of images, like that of their shape,
colour, or number. It is the property which pertains
to the order in which the images succeed one another.
This order is steady and uniform. In virtue of it
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(15) The explanation perhaps is that at the crucial
moment when the inner movements actually adjust
themselves to a spatialized image the dividing-line is
obliterated so that the essential meaning of adjust­
ment is that the inner movements actually join on
the outer end to end in a cone-like arrangement,
and in that coincidence position assume control over
them and reflect them in the organism's interest.
This is, of course, in the cases where the sensory
image to which the adjustment is appropriate is
actually present. In such circumstances, the adjusta­
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utmost. Where, however, there is only a symbolic
stimulus, and the adjustative movements form an
image, then, people say, that adjustments can re-
act themselves so utterly and completely. When
this actually does happen, it is either for the briefest
moment of time only, or it is when the enactment
has taken place under highly agitating attendant
circumstances and the nerves and muscles are over-
strung and have lost temporarily their perfect resili­
ence and hence their exquisite balance. An extreme
case is furnished in the nerve-damaged condition of
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exaggerated idea relative to the differences in kind
between the sensory and imaginary images is referable
to the gap caused by the normal incompleteness of
the adjustment which is stimulated only by a symbol
as compared with the wholly complete adjustment
by which the sensory stimulus must be met.

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was the arbitrary limitations which scientists have
imposed on their own labours. To that we have now
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way as far too curious to be safe. In the rôle of utility-man does he not feel himself somewhat dimi-
contention that the labour which the stating of
leaves him no energy over with which to inquire
fixity of events ? Why do those precise conditions—
into that bigger question which formed his original
which determines that these detailed uniformities shall
obtain ? What antecedent fact is it which fixes the
which the scientist so interminably pursues—
these results rather than others ? What is the basis of
world-order as wax under the human hand f
And finally :

(19) In this hope he has been encouraged by the
belief that already his labour had put in the fixed
basis of knowledge’s structure : a belief, however, in
which he has been disappointed. The fixed bases
which he had regarded as established for all time
have crumbled and seem likely to become more
interesting survivals. In place of a harmonious
edifice of knowledge systematically growing stronger
and statelier, he has to face rather disintegration.
His laws, neither of space nor of time, remain steady,
and scientific speculation grown top-heavy with new
additions shows strain and tilts ominously. In short,
the pursuit of interesting irrelevancies, formerly so
crucial an item of knowledge, simple or complex, the
organism form one : a universe : an Ego ;
and statelier, he has to face rather disintegration.

(21) Hitherto the scientist has been altogether
hypothesized by his own sensory effects. The “world”
has been to him All. The world’s form-giver : its
observer : the scientist himself : he has furtively
sided into his accounts in the guise of a negligible
figure which, by a mysterious “ somehow,” has been
privileged to sit at the show’s centre and wonderingly
look on. Like a simple and unspoilt child the scientist
has looked out in excitement upon a scene, unconscious
of what he himself was contributing to it. But with
him as with a child a time comes when self-conscious-

(25) Which brings us to the innovating factor : the
occasioning cause : of the intellectual process. In
principle the latter is an exploitation of the economy
of stimulus made possible by the over-readiness of
the organism. The first characteristic of submitting to a
discipline which consists in bringing
their minds back from the remote heavens and fixing them upon the characteristics of their own sensory
organization and the sensory potency which acts
outwards from the living body.
is that the stimulus which it uses, abbreviated as it is, does not form part of the spatialized image whose adjustatory (or imaginary) image it desires to call upon. This artificial association is a prime essential of the symbol. By means of the spatial relations originally existing between the stimulus and its adjustment are reversed, the seat of origin of the stimulus being completely changed: which brings us to the symbol's third characteristic, i.e., that whereas the original stimulus had its place in the world external to the organic structure, the symbolic stimulus originates directly from the organism itself. Stimulus and adjustment alike are thus situate in the same domain.

(20) The stages by which these revolutionizing spatial reversals of stimuli are effected are as follows: They find their base in a modification of the human structure which enables Man to produce from within himself a replica—another word—of the vocal aspect of external phenomena. This organically reproduced vocal form is competent to produce the adjustment to the image as a whole, just as the genuine aspect of the image is. As, however, the distinctive vocal characteristics of external objects is strictly limited, while the organism's powers of producing determinations vocally are unlimited, the next stage is to substitute, both orders change and move, but the symbolic stimulus originates directly from the organism. Its conceptual counterparts are made contingent upon the most highly abbreviated vocal (or written) forms of stimulation, and these are organically controlled. They can assume form divorced from the exigen ent and inexorable order of the world's flow and in an atmosphere of security and leisure: a fact of incalculable import in the experimental excursions of science.

(27) The archetypes of all symbols are words. So: by means of words the external world is very adventurously and systematically divested of its monopoly in the production of the adjustative movements within the organism. Its conceptual counterparts are made contingent upon the most highly abbreviated vocal (or written) forms of stimulation, and these are organically controlled. They can assume form divorced from the exigenent and inexorable order of the world's flow and in an atmosphere of security and leisure: a fact of incalculable import in the experimental excursions of science.

(29) Accordingly, men apprehend something definite in relation to both these orders of change. They are aware that they can control the one by controlling the activity of their hands, and the other by controlling the play of their speech. The reins are thus held over both orders of images, and inasmuch as Man is intellectual he aims at interweaving the two. This precisely is the intellectual process: to overlay the one with the other in order to inflect the older and slower-moving with the direction, and something of the speed, of the newer. And he finds he can. He finds that the two orders are related: that their differences are of degree rather than of kind. What the method is which he follows we have already indicated in speaking of the advent of causal activity. We have remarked that the scientist marks down any sensory feature to which he attaches import, but the significance of the remark will depend upon the meaning which we attach to the activity of marking down. What we mean by such phrases as to mark down, to take note of, to attend to, and the like, is to clamp a symbol upon the sensory aspect to which they relate. By so doing that is significant in the sensory image is rendered available for repetitive enactment in the conceptual sphere, so that the activities of the future may be mortgaged in its interests. Thus are new habits of reacting upon the sensory image furrowed in.

(30) Now when the scientist has marked down any sensory phenomenon he has intellectualized it: woven it in with its conceptual counterpart. From having merely cognized the form he has re-cognized it, and rendered it subsequently recognizable; from its being merely sensed he has rendered it known. Hence: to define to know—"To know anything whatsoever to be possessed of the symbol by means of which its conceptual image is created"; "An image in essence an instinct brought home by a timely moment of its enactment the experiencing organism is already in possession of the symbol by means of which its conceptual image is formed." (To be continued)

NOTICE
In the September number of The Egoist will appear the first of a series of articles, "Elizabethan Classicists," by Mr. Ezra Pound. Mr. T. S. Eliot will write later on a series of articles on Elizabethan Drama.

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FROM A CASTLE IN IRELAND

By Arthur Symons

In the mysterious castle, lost among trees that start up suddenly around it, out of a land of green meadows and grey stones, where I have been so delightfully living through the difficult month of August, London, and books, and one's daily habits seem scarcely appreciable; too far away on the other side of this mountainous land enclosing one within the where, in the morning, I climb the winding staircase in the tower, creep through the secret passage, and are drawn half down, and from some of them I see a midst of the grey village, with its thatched and ragged road goes down a steep hill, and turns sharply, in the less against the little whitewashed houses. The where the thin black masts of a few vessels rise motion­green mound, looking over the water to the quay, it, we pass a ruined castle, impregnably built on a battlements, where I can look widely across Galway, driving a herd of donkeys before them. As we get gipsies, one might call them) trail past, huddled like surly scowl; or a company of tinkers (the Irish odd, precise kind of dress-coat, passes you with a old man, on a horse, wearing the old costume, that slow and formal grace, of Eastern women who have rocky field, some little way in from the road, seeing a dome: Vittoria, the many lamentable human voices, into heaven. In the afternoon we drive through a strange land, which has the desolation of ancient and dwindling things; a grey land, into which human life comes rarely, and with a certain primitive savagery. As we drive seawards, the stone walls closing in the woods dwindle into low, roughly heaped hedges of un­mourned stones, over which only an occasional cluster of trees lifts itself; and the trees strain wildly in the air, whirling away from the side of the sea, where the winds from the Atlantic have blown upon them, and transfixed them in an eternity of flight from an eternal flagellation. — As far as one can see, as far as the blue, barren mountains which rise upon against the place where, one knows, is Galway Bay, lying too low for the rush of the waters. Now we are quite near the sea, and in front of the house we are to visit (you will hear all about it in M. Bourget's next nouvelle), a brown mass of colour comes suddenly into the dull green and grey of the fields, and one smells the seaweed lying there in the pools.

I find all this bareness, greyness, monotony, solitude, at once primitive and fantastical, curiously attrac­tive; giving just the same kind of relief from the fat luxuriances of Irish landscapes. The rolling, long-chinned peasants give from the red and rolling sleepiness of the English villager. And there is a quite national vivacity and variety of mood in the skies here, in the restless atmosphere, the humorous exaggerations of the sun and rain. To-day is a typical Irish day, soft, warm, grey, with intervals of rain and fine weather; I can see a sort of soft mist of rain blown loosely about between the trees of the park, the clouds an almost luminous grey, the sun shining through them; at their darkest, scarcely darker than the Irish stone of which the castle is built. Driving, the other day, we passed a large pool among the rocks, in the midst of those meadows flowering with stones; the sky was black with the rain that was falling upon the hills, and the afternoon sun shone against the deep blackness of the sky, and the shadowed blackness of the water. I have never seen such coloured darkness as this water; green passing into slate, slate into purple, purple into dead black. And it was all luminous, floating there in the harbour of the grass like a tideless sea. Then there is the infinite variety of the moods of the clouds, the lines around almost the whole horizon. They are as variable as the clouds, and, while you look at them, have changed from a purple darkness to a luminous and tender green, and then into a lifeless grey; and seems to float towards you and drift away from you, like the clouds.

Among these solid and shifting things, in this castle which is at once so ancient a reality, and so essential a dream, I feel myself to be in some danger of loosening the tightness of my hold upon external things, of forgetting many delectable pleasures, of forgetting many things that I have passionately learnt in cities. If I lived here too long I should forget that I live in London and remember that I am a Cornishman.

THE NOH AND THE IMAGE

I HOPE that in a few years we shall have another edition of these plays,* an edition of Fenollosa's notes separately, and an edition of the plays separately. Then the importance of the plays as literature, and in their present translation as English literature, will be more evident. This edition is necessarily, and in the best sense, a textbook; it has, therefore, excited reviewers to dwell on its formative character, rather than on its intrinsic value: they have made the book appear a service to literature, like a good doctor's thesis, rather than as literature itself.

Translation is valuable by a double power of fertilizing a literature; by importing new elements which may be assimilated, and by restoring the essentials which have been forgotten in traditional literary method. There occurs, in the process, a happy fusion between the spirit of the original and the mind of the translator; the result is not exoticism but rejuvenation. I have no direct knowledge of how much in these Noh plays is Noh, and how much

* Noh, or Accomplishment. A Study of the Classical Stage of Japan. By Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound. Macmillan, 1916. 7s. 6d. net.
is Fenollosa, and how much is Pound. But I think
that I have found a test, which so far as it goes is
trustworthy. I find that when the writing is most
that I have found a test, which so far as it goes is
like Mr. Pound it also presents the appearance of
found in the following passage a "not unpleasant
reminder" of the

Wells of the Saints :

Tours. I say they were very fine prayers. I will not come
back without a struggle.

Shite. I've a sad heart to see you looking up to Buddha, you
who left me alone, I diving in the black rivers of hell. Will soft
prayers be a comfort to you :
The semi-comic "fine," the infinitive after "I've
a sad heart," and the Celtic present participle serve
here only as a distraction. One feels that the original
is not rendered because the translation is not English.
I have no prejudice against the Irish drama, although
I think that a large part of its popularity is due to
tricks of idiom, just as I suspect that the reputation
of Irish girls for beauty is due to their being called
"colleens." But I should not read the Epistles of
St. Paul in the language of Robert Burns, and I
prefer the Noh in English. And Mr. Pound has no
need of these accessories, for when he translates into
English (and the Irish lapses are only occasional) he
not only produces very fine poetry, but seems to
bring us much nearer to the Japanese.

The ghosts of the dead lovers who were never
united :
Tangled, we are entangled. Whose fault was it, dear ? tangled
up as the grass patterns are tangled in this coarse cloth, or as
the little Mushis that live on and chirp in dried seaweed. We
do not know where our tears in the undergrowth of
this eternal wilderness. We neither wake nor sleep, and passing
our nights in a sorrow which is in the end a vision, what are
these scenes of spring to us ? this thinking in sleep of some one
who has no thought of you, is it more than a dream ? and yet
surely it is the natural way of love. In our hearts there is much
and in our bodies nothing, and we do nothing at all, and only
the waters of the river of tears flow quickly.

Here, I believe, has occurred that happy fusion of
original and translator of which I spoke. And most of
the translation is quite as good. Furthermore, I
observe that although the Celtic suggestion is offen­
sive, an occasional suggestion of Mr. Pound's other
sources—of his Provençal mood, or his Anglo-Saxon
mood—give rather an added charm.

Anglo-Saxon, almost alliterative verse :

There is nothing here but this cave in the field's midst.

To-day's wind moves in the pines ;
A wild place, unlit, and unfilled.

Slightly Provençal echo :

"She whom I left in the city ?" thought Narihira. But in
the long tale, Monogatari . . .

But I set out to discuss the Noh and the Image.
Mr. Pound remarks that the plays are at their best
an image (p. 65), and therein consists their unity.
But the unity of the image is surely the unity of
Prometheus, if not to any great extent that of any other
Greek plays ; it is also the unity of certain
cantos of Dante. The peculiarity of the Noh is that
the focus of interest, and centre of construction, is
the scene on the stage. In reading Hamlet, for instance,
there is a perfectly clear image of a frosty night, at
the beginning; in Macbeth there is a clear image of
the castle at nightfall where the swallows breed. We
imagine these, however, as they would be in reality; in
reading the Noh, we have not so much help from
our imagination, for the image we wish to form is the
image on the stage. But in seeing the Noh, I imagine
we have more help for our imagination. The note
on "Awoi No Uye " tells us that

Awoi, her struggles, sickness, and death are represented by a
red, flowered kimono, folded once lengthwise, and laid at
the front edge of the stage.

The English stage is merely a substitute for the
reality we imagine; but the red kimono is not a
substitute in this sense; it is itself important. The
more symbolical drama is, the more we need the actual stage. The European stage does not stimulate
the imagination; the Japanese does. And as every
gesture is of great importance, so we need to remember
that the text is not the play.

In general, we may say that the less "realistic"
literature is, the more visual it must be. In reading
Pride and Prejudice or The Wings of a Dove we hardly
need to visualize at all; in reading Dante we need to
visualize all the time. Dreams, to be real, must
be seen.

When we speak of the Noh as dreamlike, we do
not imply any attenuation of emotion, nor imply
that the emotions of dreams are essentially different
from the emotions of waking. The emotions are
very few, and are the same over all the world; love
and battle are the themes of Noh; but the ways of
approaching these emotions are diverse. The Japa­
nese method is inverse to that with which we are
familiar. The phantom-psychology of Orestes and
Macbeth is as good as that of Awoi; but the method
of making the ghost real is different. In the former
cases the ghost is given in the mind of the possessed;
in the latter case the mind of the sufferer is inferred
from the reality of the ghost. The ghost is enacted,
the dreaming or feverish Awoi is represented by the
"red kimono." In fact, it is only ghosts that are
actual; the world of active passions is observed
through the veil of another world. But these passions
are just as real, though we see them in retrospect,
as in Kagekiyo, or by inference, as in Kakitsubata.
Kagekiyo, the old blind hermit, dreams of the exploits
of his youth :

He thought, how easy this killing. He rushed with his spear­
haft gripped under his arm. He cried out, "I am Kagekiyo of
the Heiko." He rushed on to take them. He pierced through
the helmet vizards of Miyanoya. Miyanoya fled twice, and
again ; and Kagekiyo cried: "You shall not escape me!" He
leaped and wrenched off his helmet. "Eya!" The vizard
broke and remained in his hand, and Miyanoya still fled afar,
and afar, and he looked back, crying in terror, "How terrible,
how heavy your arm!" And Kagekiyo called at him, "How
thou the shaft of your neck is!" And they both laughed out
over the battle, and went off each his own way.

Then the chorus, in a lament almost Greek :

These were the days of old, but, oh, to tell them! to be telling
them over now in his wretched condition.

There is nothing tedious about this.
The "image" character of Noh makes the play
brief. It also prevents rhetoric. And another conse­
quence is that the dialogue is never conversation.
(Perhaps this is another objection to making
the characters talk like Irish peasants.) Nevertheless
the plays are real plays, with real personalities. We should
not forget "Changeling Tsunenaga, full of the universal
unstillness," who was "loved by the Emperor when
he was a boy, but was killed in the old days at the
battle of the West Seas." He is as permanent as the
youthful Theodorus. Kumazaka is as real. So
are the ghost lovers, with as fine a strangeness in
their way as any lovers of Webster or Ford :

Kiri, hatari, cho, cho,

Kiri, hatari, cho, cho,

The cricket sows on at his old rags,
With all the new grass in the field ;
Churr, isho, like the whirr of a loom : churr.

in their cricket song—a remarkable triumph of
translator's skill : it is certainly English, and it is
certainly new in English.

T. S. E.
ARNOLD DOLMETSCH

By Ezra Pound

It was better to dig up the bas-reliefs of Assur-banipal’s hunting than to have done an equal amount of Royal Academy sculpture. There are times when archeology is almost equal to creation, or when a resurrection is equally creative or even more creative than invention. Few contemporary composers have given more to to-day’s music than has Arnold Dolmetsch.

His first realization was that music made for the ear and not for the eye could not be rendered on the piano. This proposition is exceedingly simple. You may play the notes of a violin solo on a piano or a banjo, but it will not be the same music. You may play the notes written for clavichord and harpsichord on the piano, or the pianola, but you will not make the same music. The first necessity, if one were to hear the old sounds, was a reconstruction of instruments, a multiplication of reconstructions; and this, as every educated person well knows, Arnold Dolmetsch has effected.

The next step was the removal of general misunderstandings of the old musical notation. This Mr. Dolmetsch has also triumphantly done in his Interpretation of the Music of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries (Novello, London, and H. W. Gray Co., New York). Not only this, but he has opened the way for a reconciliation between musicians and “the intelligent.” This last act is extremely important; the reconstruction of old music is an activity which might end in itself. A possible re-union of intelligence with that other curious thing commonly known as “musical intelligence” contains many possibilities for the future; for the immediate future, the part of it chiefly concerning us and our mortal enjoyments.

All people have terms of abuse. Among artists and literati it is customary to excite a man’s stupidity by saying “He is a musician.” Among musicians they say “Oh, that is a singer,” implying depths of ignorance inconceivable to all but musicians.

Dolmetsch strikes at the root of the trouble by showing how music has been written, more and more, for the stupid; how the notation or rather the notators have gradually ceased to trust to, or to expect, intelligence on the part of interpreters; with the result that a stringed mass of music is an obscure; the incidental elements of the detail show on the score equally with the cardinal conceptions of the composer.

The neophyte is taught notes one by one, taught scales. In the old way he would have been given the main structural points, he would have played the bare form of the piece, and gradually have filled in with the details.

There is more in Dolmetsch’s “Section 14, on Divisions,” than in a long course of practice and exercises; more I mean for the intelligent person to whom the mysteries of music have always seemed rather a jumble; a sort of pseudo-psychism practised by, and practicable for, people otherwise mentally inefficient.

I cannot demonstrate all this on a page. If Dolmetsch would write a shilling manual, simply dogma, leaving out his proofs and his explanations, and if people would use it on children and on themselves, we might have an almost immediate improvement, for a bad teacher travels slowly, and few have the patience to understand any long, though many will obey a command.

The technical points I can scarcely go into, but they are there in Dolmetsch’s book for musicians, and for those who have unsatisfied curiosities about music.

The general reflections stirred by his writing I may, however, set down.

First: It seems to me that in music, as in the other arts, beginning in the eighteenth century, and growing a poison from which we are not yet free, another rigidity in matter of minutiae has forced a break-up of the large forms; has destroyed the sense of main form. Compare academic detail in one school of painting, and minute particularization about light and colour in another.

Any work of art is a compound of freedom and order. It is perfectly obvious that art hangs between chaos on one side and mechanics on the other. A pedantic insistence on detail tends to drive out major forms. A firm hold on main form makes it possible for a freedom of detail. In painting men intent on minutiae gradually lost the sense of form and form-combination. An attempt to restore this sense is branded as “revolution.” It is revolution in the philological sense of the term.

The old way of music, teaching a man that a piece of music was a structure, certain main forms filled in with certain decorations, spurred his intelligence, stimulated his ingenuity, and practicable for people otherwise mentally inconsiderate, to quicken his powers of assimilation; and the intelligent person to whom the propositions have given more to to-day’s music than has Arnold Dolmetsch.

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pianolas. By persuading ourselves that we do not hear two-thirds of their abominable grind, we persuade ourselves that we take pleasure in the remainder of what they narrate. We feign a deafness which we have not, instead of developing our faculty for the finer perception of sound.

We pride ourselves on having exact transcripts of Arabic and Japanese and Zulu and Malay music; we take a sentimental pleasure in being reminded (in spite of the drone and wheeze, in spite of shriek and squeak), that we once heard the voice of Chalipine. And as for the structure of music!...

We turn to the printed page; the eye is confused by the multitude of ornamental notes and trappings, lost in the maze of academic jargon written as importantly as any other. And "Modern" music! So much fuzz, a thing of blobs and of splotches—sometimes beautiful, and probably the best of it is more beautiful to those who know exactly what fixed lines it avoids.

But the structure of music? "Technicalities"

"Artists don't enjoy their art as much as people who just enjoy it without trying to understand."... "In music, the trouble may well have begun with an attempt to write music for the insensitive and felicitous departure from a norm. It is a fight against mechanics. In music the trouble may well have begun with an attempt to write music for the insensitive and felicitous departure from a norm. It is a fight against mechanics."

What we know of any art is mostly what some master has taught us. We may not know him in the flesh, but the masterwork, and music is so terribly a discontents us with mediocrity, or rather, it clarifies our discontentment; we may have suspected that something was wrong, been uninterested, worried, found the thing dull; the masterwork diagnoses it.

Dolmetsch has made a fine diagnosis. He has incidentally thrown a side-light on metric, he has said suggestive things about the precision of what they narrate. We feign a deafness which we have not, instead of developing our faculty for the finer perception of sound.

If we are to regain a thematic sense, or a sense of thematic invention or of structure, if we are to have new music, or to have the old music beautifully played; if we are to have a clearer comprehension of what we do hear, we may owe a good deal to Mr. Dolmetsch.

PASSING PARIS

EACH of the countries engaged in this war owes postery a book of the nature of George Duhamel's Vie et Martyrs (1914-1916), the account of a doctor's experiences in base-hospitals and dressing-stations on the French front. It is a story of appalling sufferings told by one capable of showing their mental and physical significance, whose compassion surpasses that usually granted the medical man, and whose power of expression is distinctive of a very great writer.

Those who know the French lower classes under all aspects and have not preserved an outsider's judgment are inclined to think them better able to endure suffering than happiness. This is common to mankind in general, but the French are peculiarly courageous under physical trial, and make a greater evolution when passing from one state to the other. In misery they often acquire an impressive nobility of attitude. The Oriental, without an equal for endurance, preserves that tranquility, varying little in proportion to the circumstances affecting him. One cannot say that any nationality is poor in courage, but the Frenchman seems to be almost at home in suffering. In everyday life he appears to be more at ease when a little uncomfortable. Given the choice, he does not appreciate comfort, does not know what to do with it when he has it. The French peasant won't allow that illness can have grip of him, is ashamed of it and considers bed exclusively for sleep or its next stage, death. We all know that in France an arm-chair is a rarity, totally unfamiliar to the humble, and I have been in houses—houses occupied by the so-called rich—where a cushion could not be found. The Cochin, as the Frenchman, the English, the Americans, and Germans pamper themselves.

In Anglo-Saxon countries progress has included an increase in material advantages or in what is termed comfort. In France it has not brought improvements of that order. It is unwise to be an invalid in France. If the surgery and hygienic measures in French hospitals certainly strive to keep out of the doors of the public, to the hard French, the English, the Americans, and Germans pamper themselves.

The French regime is excellent training for actual physical pain when its turn comes. M. Duhamel's patients are typical of the national gift for patience, resignation, and self-control in the throes of bodily distress. Many people will not have the strength to suffer with them. Who can help to prepare a youth for the amputation of his second leg? Who can attend those daily dressings and the accompanying screams? Who can console those who are but one wound, one intolerable agony? Who can remain for hours alone in a small room with living, groaning putrefaction? Who can hear those artless, childlike remarks of Lerondeau's without being too deeply moved? Who, especially, can visit that hospital near Verdun where sleep was impossible for a week and more owing to the deficiency in doctors and the number of wounded piled up on the floor in their blood and excrements, where the one who suffered least was also a martyr, the unfortunate scribe who for three days and three nights remained anchored to his thankless task, in a permanent draught, prey to indispensable and idiotizing clerical work, until driven nearly mad from having incessantly ticketed with names and figures the wretchedness which came there?
Those who can keep up with this will compare the narrative with Le Feu. M. Duhamel's book is also a portrait gallery, but the portraits are quite differently handled. Preference will generally go to Vie des Martyrs for its conciseness, finish, communicativeness. The author is of the family of "unanimists" (the title is wanting in the article like Mort de Quelqu'un by Jules Romain). One chapter, one page is not more striking than another in this collection of phases and features in suffering. They help us, who have not been so constantly in the company of life's chief problem, to have a little, no doubt, to form an "exact, stricter, more pathetic idea of the death," an exercise M. Duhamel considers indispensable to all. And they bring tragedy at its very noblest to the modern literature of France because the faculty for rendering it is equal to the motive.

Both books, M. Duhamel's and M. Barbusse's, with all the rest in their train, remain nevertheless inadequate tributes to the war's suffering. For they are so exclusively taken up with one class that an impression is conveyed that heroism is confined to that class only. And yet thousands of officers; the Brindejone des Moulinais and Guyenmers by the score; the young Dukes des Cars and de Rohan by the tenfold; the three sons of General de Castelnau; Comte Robert d'Humières, nobleman and writer, with the three hundred and more poets who have died for their country, are numerous types in their class, as typical of it as are the peasants and other humble, piously tended by Georges Duhamel and no less piously listened to by Henri Barbusse, in theirs. That the uneducated outnumber the educated in the army does not mean that their heroism is superior, and perhaps time and events will show which is the most persevering. From such records as Le Feu and Vie des Martyrs posterity will gather either that the war was fought by the lowly alone or that France's heroism was peculiar to its proletariat. In a certain passage M. Barbusse goes out of his way to give emphasis, intentionally or not, to this opinion; M. François de la Guérinière alone, in La Kultur Déchaînée, mentions the case of a young nobleman who finds safe quarters for his valet while preferring obscurity so-called. Perhaps an unlitigiously orderly weariness may have done the omission.

TARR *

By Wyndham Lewis

PART VI: HOLOCAUSTS

CHAPTER VI

FIVE days after this, in the morning, Otto Kreisler mounted the steps of the police-station of a small town near the German frontier. He was going to give himself up.

Bitzenko had pictured his principal, in the event of his succeeding against Soltiky, seeking rapidly by train the German frontier, disguised in some extra-ordinary manner. Had the case been suggested to him of a man in this position without sufficient money in his pocket to buy a ticket, he would then have imagined a melodramatic figure hurrying through France, dodging and dogged by the police, defying a thousand perils. Whether Kreisler were still under the spell of the Russian or not, this was the course, more or less, he took. He could be trusted not to go near Paris. That city dominated all his maledictions.

The police disturbing the last act of his sanguinary farce was a similar contretemps to Soltiky's fingers in his trousers. But nothing had begun to go wrong. He had not prepared for it, because, as though from cunning, the world had shown no tendency up till then to interfere.

Soltiky had died when his back was turned, so to speak. He got the contrary of comfort out of the thought that he could claim to have done the deed, to have rushed in and broken through the last hundred and fifty, swept everything away, ended the banquet in a brutal raid. A deep sore, a shocked and dislocated feeling remained in Kreisler's mind. He had been hurried so much! He had never needed leisure, breathing space, so much. The disaster of Soltiky's death was raw on him! Had he been given time—only a little time—he might have put that to rights. (This similarity of regret could only imply a possible mutilation of the corpse.)

A dead man has no feeling. He can be treated as an object and hustled away. But a living man needs time!—time!

Does not a living man need so much time to develop his movements, to lord it with his thoughtful body, to unroll his will? Time is what he needs!

As a tramp being hustled away from a café protests, at each jerk the waiter gives him, that he is a human being, probably a free human being—yes, probably free; so Kreisler complained to his fate that he was a living man, that he required time—that above all it was time he needed—to unroll his will, to move away from life. But his fate was a harsh Prussian gendarme. He whined and blistered to no effect.

He was superstitious as well in the usual way about this decease. In his spiritless and brooding tramp he questioned if it were not he that had died and not Soltiky, and if it were not his ghost that was now wandering off nowhere in particular.

One franc and a great many coppers remained to him. As he jumped from field to road to field again, in his flight, they rose and fell in a little leaden wave in his pocket, breaking dully on his thigh. This little wave rose and fell many times, till he began to wait for it, and its monotonous grace. It was like a sigh. It heaved and clashed down in a foiled way. He spent the money that evening on a meal in a village. The night was dry and was passed in an empty barge. Next day, at four in the afternoon, he arrived at Meaux. Here he exchanged his entire wardrobe for a very shabby workman's outfit, gaining seven francs and fifty centimes on the exchange. He sought the early train for Rheims, travelling thirty-five kilometres of his journey on a kilometre, got a meal near the station, and took another ticket to Verdun. Believing himself nearer the frontier than he actually was, he set out on foot. At the next large town, Pontlieux, he had too hearty a meal. He had exhausted his stock of money long before the frontier was reached. For two days he had eaten hardly anything; and tramped on in a dogged and careless spirit.

The nearness of the German frontier began to rise like a wall in front of him. This question had to be answered: Did he want to cross it after all? His answer was to mount the steps of the local gendarmerie.

His Prussian severity of countenance, now that he was dressed in every point like a vagabond, without
hat and his hair disordered, five days' beard on his chin—this sternness of the German warrior gave him the appearance of a scowling villain. The agent on duty, who barred his passage brutally before the door of the inner office, scowling too, clasped him as a depraved cut-throat vagabond, and considered his voluntary entrance into the police-station as an act not only highly suspicious and unaccountable in itself, but of the last insolence.

"Qu'est-ce qu'il te faut?"

"Voir le commissaire," returned Kreisler.

"Tu ne peux pas le voir. Il n'y est pas."

A few more laconic sentences followed, the agent, reiterating sulkily that the magistrate was not there. But he was eyeing Kreisler doubtfully and turning something over in his mind.

The day before, two Germans had been arrested in the neighbourhood as spies, and were now locked up in this building until further evidence should be collected. It was an affair. It is extremely imprudent for a German to loiter on the frontier on entering France. It is much wiser for him to push on at once—neither looking to right nor left—pretending especially not to notice hills, unnatural military-looking protuberances, ramparts, etc.—to hurry on as rapidly as possible to the interior. But the two men in question were carpenters by profession, and both carried huge foot-rules in their pockets. The local authorities on this discovery were in a state of the deepest consternation. They shut them up, with their implements, in the most inaccessible depths of the local police-station. And it was in the doorway of this building—all the intermittent inhabitants of which were in a state of hysterical speculation, that Kreisler had presented himself.

The agent, who had recognized a German by his accent and manner, at last turned and disappeared through the door, telling him to wait. He reappeared with several superiors. All of them crowded in the doorway and surveyed Kreisler blankly. One asked in a voice of triumphant suspicion:

"Do you know what you are doing there, my good fellow?"

"I had tue, and killed the man; I have walked in"—neither looking to right nor left—pretending that he always thought he understood more than was really said in that language. However much might be actually intended on any given occasion by the words of that profound and teeming tongue, it could never equal in scope, intensity, and meaning what he heard.

So he was convinced that Kreisler was threatening an invasion, and scoffed loudly in reply. He understood Kreisler to assert that in the town in which they stood would soon belong to Germany, and that he would then sleep not on a bench, but in the best bed their dirty little hole of a village could offer. He approached him threateningly. And eventually the functionary distinctly heard himself apostrophized as a "sneaking 'flic," a "dirty peeler." At that, he laid his hand on Kreisler's collar, and threw him in the direction of the police-station. He had mis-calculated the distance. Kreisler, weak for want of food, fell at his feet; but, getting up, scuffled a short time. Then, it occurring to him that here was an unloped-for way of getting a dinner, and being lodged all in the "service of the public," he suddenly became passive and compliant.

Arrived at the police-station—with several revolts against the brutal handling to which he was subjected—he was met at the door by the same inhospitable functionary. Exasperated beyond measure at this unwelcome guest turning up again, the man sent his comrade into the office to report, while he held Kreisler. He held him as a restive horse is held, and jerked him as a "sneaking 'flic," a "dirty peeler." At that, he laid his hand on Kreisler's collar, and threw him in the direction of the police-station. He had mis-calculated the distance. Kreisler, weak for want of food, fell at his feet; but, getting up, scuffled a short time. Then, it occurring to him that here was an unloped-for way of getting a dinner, and being lodged all in the "service of the public," he suddenly became passive and compliant.

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strike one of the numerous staff of the police-station. They would be confronted with their foot-rules, and strike one of the numerous staff of the police-station. The commissaire was perspiring all over with the intensity of his last effort to detect something. Kresiler was led in, and prevented from striking one of the numerous staff of the police-station. At last he succeeded in asserting that he was quite unacquainted with the two carpenters; moreover, that all he needed was food; that he had decided to give himself up and await the decision of the Paris authorities as regards the deed. If they were not going to take any action, he would return to Paris—at least, as soon as he had received a certain letter; and he gave his address. The commissaire considered him with ex-hausted animosity and he was sent back to his cell.

He slept the greater part of the day, but the next he spent nervous and awake. In the afternoon a full confirmation of his story reached the authorities. It was that the body of the man murdered in the cell had been sent to Paris. It meant, then, that he was going to be tried as a kind of murderer. He could not allege complete accident. The thought of Paris, the vociferous courts, the enmity of a criminal case about this affair, so thoroughly ended and boringly out of date, disturbed him extremely. Then the Russian—would he have to see him again. Kraeier felt that he was being terribly worried once more. Sorrow for himself bowed him down. This journey to Paris resembled his crossing of the German frontier. He had felt that it was impossible to see his father. That represented an effort he would do anything to avoid. Resentment against his parent had vanished. It was this that made his journey so difficult. It was a struggle, with ill will that had survived his own, awaiting him. Noise, piercing noise, effort, awaited him re-vengefully. He knew exactly what his father would do and say. If there had been a single item that he could not forecast!—But there was not the least item. Paris was the same. The energy and obstinacy of the French were the same. There was no change, no variation in the form of an illicit attachment now existed between them. Buildings are female. There is no such thing as a male building. Herr Kraeier paid without comment what was claimed by the landlord in Paris for his son's room; and writing to the authorities at the frontier town about the burial, paid exactly the sum demanded by this town for disposing of the body.

CHAPTER VII

He began slowly drawing off his boots. He took out the laces, and tied them together for greater strength. Then he tore several strips off his shirt, and made a short cord of them. He went through the motions deliberately, as though they were a routine and daily happening. He measured the drop from the bar of the ventilator, calculating the necessary length of cord, like a boy preparing the accessories of some game. It was only a game, too.

He realized what these proceedings meant, but shunned the idea that it was serious. Just as an unmoral man with a disinclination to write a necessary letter, solving to begin it merely and writes more and more until it is, in fact, completed, so Kraeier proceeded with his task.

Standing on his bed, he attached the cord to the ventilator. He tested its strength by holding it some inches from the top, and then, his shoulders hunched, swaying his whole weight languidly on it for a moment. He mustered the courage to begin it merely after he had slipped it over his head. He made as though to kick the bed away, playfully, then stood still, staring in front of him. The last moment must be one of realization. He was not a coward. His caution was due to his mistrust of some streaks of his, the sex streak the powerfulst. It was a sort of legend, as he withdrew the restraint. It reminded him of Soltyk's hands on this throat. The same throttling feeling returned.

He hung, gradually choking, the last thing he was conscious of, his tongue. The same strangling feeling returned. It reminded him of Soltyk's hands on this throat. He took up his bed in his arms and placed it on the opposite side of the cell, under the window. He sat there for some time as though resting after this effort. The murdering of two children on a doorstep in the street below came to him on the evening light with melodramatic stops and emptiness. There was not the old picture, bituminous and with a graceful, queer formality. It fixed itself before him like a miracle. He watched it murder.

After his evening meal he took up his bed in his arms and placed it on the opposite side of the cell, under the window. He sat there for some time as though resting after this effort. The murdering of two children on a doorstep in the street below came to him on the evening light with melodramatic stops and emptiness. There was not the old picture, bituminous and with a graceful, queer formality. It fixed itself before him like a miracle. He watched it murder.

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Bertha's intuitions and simplifications had not been without basis. This "hostile version" had contained a certain amount of hostile intention.

But Anastasya had another reason for this immodest explicitness. She personally liked Kreisler. The spectacle of Bertha excusing herself, and in the process putting Kreisler in a more absurd and unsatisfactory light, annoyed her extremely.

How could Tarr consort with Bertha, she questioned? Her aristocratic woman's sense did not appreciate the taste for a shut, a miss or a suburban queen. The apadie, the coster girl, fisher-lass, all that had character, oh, yes! Her romantic self, in fact, was of the same order as Butcher's only better.

Two days after the duel she met Tarr in the street. They agreed to meet at Lejeune's for dinner.

The table at which she had first come across Kreisler was where they sat.

"I happened to be there, and was asked to help..." he said. He looked at Tarr doubtfully. A certain queer astonishment in her face struck Tarr. It was the only sign of movement beneath. She spoke with a businesslike calm about his death. There was no sign of feeling or search for feeling.

She refused to regard herself as the "woman in the affair," as though she were dropping the ash of her cigarette under the grate, and in a voice of assumed off-handedness added explanatorily: "Homosexuality; not what of that?"

...and Salome,"! What was the reason of it all—do you know?"

"Yes. Herr Kreisler met Soltyk and myself. I was Kreisler's second for half an hour," Tarr said in a minute.

"How do you mean, for half an hour?" She was undemonstrative but polite.

"I happened to be there, and was asked to help him until somebody else could be found. I did not suspect him, I may say, of meaning to go to such lengths."

"Yes. Herr Kreisler met Soltyk and myself. I think that Soltyk then was a little in the wrong.

"I dare say.

Tarr's sympathies were all with Kreisler. He had never been attracted by Poles, and as such rather than a Russian he thought of Soltyk. Deep square races he preferred. And Kreisler was a clumsy and degenerate atavism bringing a peculiarity into too elastic life.

Some of Tarr's absurd friendliness for Bertha flowed over on to her fellow-countryman. Had Anastasya more of a hand in the duel than she would naturally believe? Her indifference to Soltyk's death, and her favouring Kreisler, almost pointed to something unusual. Kreisler's ways were still mysterious!

That was all they said about the duel. As they were finishing the meal, after turning her head towards the entrance door, Anastasya remarked, with mock concern:

"There is your fiancée. She seems rather upset."

Tarr looked towards the door. Bertha's white face was close up against one of the narrow panes, above the lace curtain. There were four and a half feet of window on either side of the door. There were so many objects and lights in the front well of the shop that her face would not be much noticed in the corner it had chosen.

Her eyes were round, vacant, and dark, the features very white and heavy, the mouth steadily open in painful lines. As he looked the face drew gradually away, and then disappeared into the melodramatic night. It was a large trapped fly on the pane. It withdrew with a glutinous, sweet slowness. The heavy white jowl seemed pulling itself out of some fluid trap where it had been caught like a weighty body.

Tarr knew how the pasty flesh would nestle against the furs, the shoulders swing, the legs move just as much as was necessary for progress, with no movement of the hips. Everything about her in the chilly night would give an impression of warmth and system. The sleek cloth fitting the square shoulders tightly, the underclothes carefully tight as well, the breath from her nostrils the slight steam from a contented machine.

He caught Anastasya's eye and smiled.

"Your fiancée is pretty," she said, pretending that was the answer to the smile.

"She's not my fiancée. But she's a pretty girl."

"Oh, I understood you were engaged—"

"No."

"It's no good," he thought. But he must spare Bertha in future such discomfiting sights.

(To be continued)

MISS ZOE

EIGHT months ago I went to see my friend Miss Zoe. Middle-aged, but enlightened, advanced to the extent that she once almost carried her belief in free love out of the academic sphere and into the practical—middle-aged and battered by the experiences of a somewhat painful life, she now spends the chronic leisure of ill-health in talking, talking ceaselessly about and about.

"We were speaking of the character of the Americans (our conversations were usually in the manner of the old school of French criticism). She said, I remember: "Philadelphia is as bad as Berlin."

I raised my eyebrows. Miss Zoe turned and made as though she were dropping the ash of her cigarette into the grate, and in a voice of assumed off-handedness added explanatorily: "Heterosexuals; not to mention crimes of erotic violence."

"Exactly," I said, "like the music of Strauss."

To-day, after all this time, I went again to see Miss Zoe. We were talking about the Nature of Music, or the Universal Rhythm. At any rate we had got to operas.

... and Salome," I said, "what of that?"

"Horrible," answered Miss Zoe, "like an obscene outrage."

"The Americans, too," continued Miss Zoe; "in Philadelphia, for instance, they are just as bad as in Berlin."

A. HUXLEY
THE UNSEEN ATTENDANT

LITTLE flax flowers, give your life and your upholding to the strings in silken soft threads to keep his body rested.

Soothe away the pain with cool gentleness.

O spring flower, lean over from your crystal glass.

The curtain blows and waves inwards with the continuous movement of tall grass. It is the wind of an urgent passage. What desire is so insistent, so restrained?

The patterned folds curve and uncurve like embracing arms, encircling and unconstraining.

As the rose-fire of the hidden sun dawning over a winter sea, there comes to you the love that is enflaming, enlightening.

God, dissolve this removed body of mine, that it may fluidly, impalpably come between the Beloved and devastating pain.

May my heart beat warm and cherishing under the God, dissolve this removed body of mine, that it may fluidly, impalpably come between the Beloved and devastating pain.

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established for her. Her pursuit of the male results not in further ness, since by her experience the reality of fact is firmly estab­

It is his in her realm that all written philosophy, the “philosophy” of the past, lies. Written philosophy does not come under her definition.

What Miss Marsden has done is simply to formulate a definition that does not include written philosophy, and then to throw written philosophy out of consideration because it does not come under her definition. But to formulate a definition that excludes speculative philosophy would be as foolish as to frame a definition that would limit philosophy entirely to attempts at new explored fields—where it now lies floundering. Within the boundlessness of Miss Marsden’s definition fully half of philo­

It now becomes necessary to digress for a few paragraphs in order to establish firmly the reality of a division of the field into the male and female elements, to point out exactly in what this difference lies and to show how the two psychologies arise, and how reality—depending on sense-experience—differs for the two sexes. If we have no parallels, in the case of the male, to rekindle life; it may even appear at first superficial, but it is all the difference there is, and between its two extremes lies every conceivable activity of thought. It is in their apprehen­tion of reality that the divergence between male and female psychology lies.

I think it is fairly safe to say that male psychology is char­

Thus reality—depending on sense-experience—is very different

As long as philosophy remains a censor all Miss Marsden

William Carlos Williams
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