NOTICEABLE FEATURES IN THE ACQUIRING OF A SUBSTITUTE LANGUAGE

In view of the theory developed in recent months in The Egoist concerning the constitution of mind and the part which language is asserted to play in its genesis, it may not be without profit to cite details of those well-known cases in which incubation with an order of language alternative to the vocal one has actually been the means of bringing intellect to birth. The general outlines of the life-stories of the two blind deaf-mutes, Helen Keller and Laura Bridgman (one of whom attained to a very creditable standard of intellectual development, while the other has become an author of the very highest interest whenever writing autobiographically), are common knowledge. But, philosophically speaking, these life-records are considered to have been rather disappointing, simply because the answers they were expected to yield on certain fundamental questions relating to the constitution of mind have not been forthcoming, and philosophical curiosity concerning them has accordingly waned. If now, however, we are asked to consider a theory of mind in which language is made the creative agent, the base of interest in these records of artificial graftings of language will be restored.

If we attempt to summarize the chief features of these records we find that they admit of certain generalizations, the first of which is certainly this: That while the organism may be defective and still remain a potential intellectual force, to be so it must retain organs capable of evincing exceedingly high mobility. Quoting from the record of Dr. Howe, the instructor of Laura Bridgman, we read:

Laura could not hear the spoken word, or name of a thing, and she could not see the visible sign of it, or the written word, and learn as deaf-mutes learn; consequently the only way was to make the word-sign tangible. But here the main difficulty met us; how to make her understand the arbitrary analogy which we would establish between three, or four, or more letters, and the thing of which it is the name. . . . I had to trust to some chance effort of mine, causing her to perceive the analogy between the signs which I gave her and the things for which they stood. . . . The first experiments were made by pasting upon several common articles, such as keys, spoons, knives, and the like, little paper labels on which the name of the article had been printed in raised letters. The child was easily led to feel these labels and examine them curiously. So keen was the sense of touch in her tiny fingers that she immediately perceived that the crooked lines in the word key differed as much in form from the crooked lines in the word spoon as one article differed from the other.

Next, similar labels, on detached pieces of paper, were put into her hands, and she now observed that the raised letters on these labels resembled those pasted upon the articles. She showed her perception of this resemblance by placing the label with the word key upon the key, and the label spoon upon the spoon. A gentle pat of approval upon her head was reward enough; and she showed a desire to continue the exercise, though utterly unconscious of its purpose. The same process was then repeated with a variety of articles in common use, and she learned to match the label attached to each one by a similar label selected from several on the table.

After continuing this exercise several days, with care not to weary her, a new step was taken. Articles were placed upon the table without having a label upon them, as a book, a knife, etc. The loose printed labels, book, knife, etc., were placed upon the articles until she had felt them sufficiently, when they were taken off and mingled in a heap. She narrowly watched the articles until she had felt them sufficiently, when they were taken off and mingled in a heap. She narrowly watched the process by feeling her teacher's hands, and soon learned to imitate it by finding out the label for book and placing it upon the volume; the same with the knife, etc. This apparently was all done by mere memory and imitation, but probably the natural tendency of the mind to associate things that are proximate in space and time was leading her to think of the label book as a sign for the volume. The four letters were to her, not as four separate signs, but the whole was as one complex sign, made up of crooked lines.

The next step was to give a knowledge of the component
parts of the complex sign, book, for instance. This was done by cutting up the label into four parts, each part having one letter upon it. These were first arranged in order, b-o-o-k, until she had learned it, then mingled up together, then rearranged, she feeling her teacher's hand all the time, and eager to begin and try to solve a new step in this strange puzzle.*

This setting up of the "arbitrary analogy" between a thing and its name would no doubt present itself to the teacher as the main difficulty because it represented his part of the transaction. But that the primary element upon which the whole experiment depends for its success is something other is quite evident from the records themselves. The deciding factor is the amount of vitality, the degree of mobility, shown by the pupil. In respect of Laura this element was very pronouncedly favourable—a fact to which the world-wide interest in her history is due: "Her little hands were continually stretched out, and her tiny fingers in constant motion like the feelers of an insect." Quoting further:

With regard to the sense of touch, it is very acute, even for a blind person. Whenever she is walking through the passage-ways, she perceives by the jar of the floor, or the agitation of the air, that some one is near her, and it is exceedingly difficult to pass her without being recognized...

Her judgment of distances and of relations of place is very accurate; she will rise from her seat, go straight towards a door, put out her hand just at the right time, and grasp the handle with precision. This was done, for instance, her father's whiskers made his face different from her mother's; the sign therefore of drawing her hand down each of her cheeks would express that she was thinking of her father, and, by a natural mental process, it would be made to signify men in general, as distinguished from women. So a motion of her fingers like scratching with claws would signify a cat; a motion of her two first fingers like cutting with scissors would signify her thought of that instrument, and the like, because there was, so to speak, in all these a tangible likeness. There was some analogy between the thing and its sign; hence such signs were the rudiments of a natural language.

Being in possession of the two indispensables of language—a surcharge of energy and a facile and economical system of signs, the third requisite is the external agent—the teacher—who shall effect that constant artificial juxtaposition in time between a thing and a sign, by virtue of which the sign shall come to be such an integral part of the thing that an imitation of the sign shall be tantamount to the imitation of a naturally integral part of the thing. What form this sign takes—audible, visible, or tangible—is immaterial granted that it easily admits of imitation. In the cases of Laura Bridgman and Helen Keller this necessary external assistance was at hand and ready in the most devoted degree.

From this constant juxtaposition it seems that there arises automatically an expectation that for all things there must be a sign. That "all things have names" is a generalization which becomes unavoidable given the steady application of names to many things; and the moment when this generalization takes articulate form seems to be the most sensational one in the life-history of the intellect. When this first apprehension of the fact that there is a world to be named dawns in the late maturity of the defective organism it may be expected that it will present itself with an altogether momentous impressiveness.

The two chronicles from which we quote both recognize this particular moment as marking the moment of the birth of the soul. In the case of Laura, Dr. Howe describes the moment thus:

The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her, her intellect began to work, she perceived that her world was a world which she herself must name, and a want of words to express ideas in her mind was a constant annoyance lighted up with a human expression; it was no longer dog or parrot—it was an immortal spirit, eagerely seizing upon a link with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her

* Quoted from Laura Bridgman, by Maude Howe and Florence Hall. (Hodder and Stoughton, 1904.)
I cannot recall what happened during the first months after my illness. I only know that I sat in my mother's lap or clung to her dress as she went about her household duties. My hands felt every object and observed every motion, and in this way I learned to know many things. Soon I felt the need of some communication with others and began to make crude signs. A shake of the head meant "No" and a nod "Yes." A pull meant "come", a pat on the knee "sit", and a thump on the floor "stand up". It was the only way I had of checking up on whatever was going on about me. At five I learned to fold and put away the clean clothes when they were brought up from the laundry, and I distinguished my own from the rest. I knew by the way my mother and aunt were dressed when they were going out, and I invariably begged to go with them. I was always sent for when there was company, and when the guests took a walk, I had to walk with them. I learned to anticipate the remembrance of the gesture. . . . Meanwhile the desire to express myself grew. The few signs I used became less and less adequate, and my failures to make myself understood were invariably followed by outbursts of passion. I felt as if invisible hands were holding me, and I made frantic efforts to free myself. I struggled—not that struggling helped matters, but the spirit of resistance was strong within me; I generally broke down in tears and exhaustion. After a while the need of some means of communication became so urgent that these outbursts occurred daily, sometimes hourly . . . .

The most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to me. I am filled with wonder when I consider the immeasurable contrast between the two lives it connects. It was the 3rd of March, 1887, three months before I was seven years old. On the afternoon of that eventful day I stood on the porch, dumb, expectant. I guessed vaguely from my mother's signs and from the hurrying to and fro in the house that something unusual was about to happen, so I went to the door and waited on the step. . . . Have you ever been at sea in a dense fog, when it seemed as if a tangible white darkness shut you in, and the great ship, tense and anxious, groped her way toward the shore with plummet and sounding-line, and you waited with beating heart for something to happen? I was like that ship before my education began, only I was without compass or sounding-line, and had no way of knowing how near the harbour was. . . . "Light! Give me light!" was the wordless cry of my soul. . . . "The morning after my teacher came she led me into her room and put my big rag-doll into my lap also, spelled "d-o-1-1" and tried to make me understand that "d-o-1-1" applied to both. Earlier in the day we had had a tussle over the words "m-u-g", "s-u-g", "w-a-t-e-r." Miss Sullivan had tried to impress upon me that "m-u-g" is "mug", and that "w-a-t-e-r" is "water", but I persisted in confusing the two. In despair she dropped the subject for a time, only to renew it at the first opportunity. I became impatient at her repeated attempts, and seizing the new doll I dashed it upon the floor. Neither regret nor sorrow followed my passionate outburst. I had not loved the doll. In the still, dark world in which I now lived, I found no solace in anything not tangible. My teacher brought my hat and I knew I was going out into the warm sunshine. This thought, if a wordless sensation may be called a thought, made me hop with pleasure. We walked down the path to the well. Some one was drawing water and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word "water", first slowly, then rapidly. I stooped and put my lips at the spout, trying to touch the cool water with the tip of my tongue. I learned to spell "ro-od, with red, with flowers." It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.

I recall many incidents of the summer of 1887 that followed my soul's sudden awakening. I did nothing but explore with my hands and learn the name of every object that I touched; and the more I explored the more my vision grew. . . . From the beginning of my education Miss Sullivan made it a practice to speak to me as she would speak to any hearing child. She never satisfied herself with wordless explanations, but always insisted upon something that could be seen or felt. Sometimes a new word revived an old memory, and I would return again and again to the same subject, eager for further information. Sometimes a new word revived an image that some earlier experience had engraved on my brain. At first, when my teacher told me about a new thing I asked very few questions. My ideas were vague, and my vocabulary was inadequate; but as my knowledge of things grew, and I learned more and more words, my field of inquiry broadened, and I would return again and again to the same subject, eager for further information. Sometimes a new word revived an image that some earlier experience had engraved on my brain. . . . From the beginning of my education Miss Sullivan made it a practice to speak to me as she would speak to any hearing child; the only difference was that she spelled the sentences into my hand instead of speaking them. If I did not know the words and ideas necessary to express my thoughts she would repeat them, even suggesting conversation when I was unable to keep up my end of the dialogue. This process continued for several years.

If one felt any impulse to criticize this account it would be on the grounds that the record wears a somewhat too "finished air"; the record aims at the production of a preconceived impression, but the general veraciousness of the account is corroborated by the documentary evidence provided by the diary of her teacher—the Miss Sullivan to whom Miss Keller refers. Miss Sullivan, who at the start had found the child wild and uncouth and animal-like,
has this entry in her diary five days after the incident of the well: 

I see an improvement in Helen from day to day, almost from hour to hour. Everything must have a name now... We notice that her face grows more expressive every day.

And two months later:

We are all troubled about Helen. She is very nervous and excitable. The doctor says her mind is too active; but how are we to keep her from thinking? She begins to spell the minute she wakes up in the morning, and continues all day long. If I refuse to talk to her, she spells into her own hand, and apparently carries on the liveliest conversations with herself... She is the dearest, cutest little thing now, and so loving.

Elsewhere Miss Sullivan says:

We are bothered a good deal by people who tell us that Helen is "overdoing," that her mind is too active—these very people thought she had no mind at all a few months ago!

Eighteen months later we read in the same chronicle:

From the day when Helen grasped the idea that all objects have names, and that these can be communicated by certain movements of the fingers, I have talked to her exactly as I should had she been able to hear, with only this exception, that I have addressed the words to her fingers instead of to her ears. Naturally there was a strong tendency on her part to use only the important words in a sentence. I am constantly asked the question, "How did you teach her the meaning of words expressive of intellectual and moral qualities?" I believe it was more through association and repetition than through any explanation of mine. This is especially true of her early lessons, when her knowledge of language was so slight as to make explanation impossible...

And after three years:

During the past three years Helen has continued to make rapid progress in the acquisition of language. She has one advantage over ordinary children, that nothing from without distracts her attention from her studies. The intellectual improvement which Helen has made in the past two years is shown more clearly in her greater command of language and in her ability to recognize nicer shades of meaning in the use of words, than in any other branch of her education.

And from a report after seven years:

Language grows out of life, out of its needs and experiences. At first my little pupil's mind was all but vacant. She had been living in a world she could not realize. Language and knowledge are indissolubly connected; they are interdependent. Good work in language presupposes and depends on a real knowledge of the objects whose names she learned to spell with such evident joy.

This excessive anxiety above referred to on the part of casual observers lest so much thinking and imagining should react upon the general health illustrates a point of great interest. It shows how little we are accustomed to allow for the vast amount of energy which the human organism spends from moment to moment in these processes. When, therefore, the initiating movements are externalized by transferring them from the recesses of the throat and head to the exposed finger-tips, the lavish expenditure naturally shocks and alarms the casual observer. We find Dr. Howe recording the same anxiety in respect of Laura:

Laura's health has been excellent during the year, uninterrupted by a single day's illness. Several medical gentlemen have expressed their fears that the continual mental excitement which she manifests and the restless activity of her mind must affect her health, and perhaps endanger the soundness of her mental faculties; but any such tendency has been effectually counteracted by causing her to practise calisthenic exercises, and to take long walks daily in the open air...

Laura generally appears, by the quickness of her motions and the eagerness of her gestures, to be in a state of mind which in another would be called unnatural excitement. The signs by which she expresses her ideas are slow and tedious; her thoughts outstrip their tardy vehicle and fly forward to the goal; she evidently feels desires of talking faster than she can, and she loves best to converse with those who can interpret the motions of her fingers when they are so unadorned as to be unintelligible to the common ear. But with all this activity of the mental machinery, there is none of the wear and tear produced by the grit of discontent; everything is made smooth by the oil of gladness.

The explanation, therefore, of the question why the human organism thinks seems to be that it possesses the energy to think with. It expends the lavish amount of energy required because the energy is already there to expend. The strictly human characteristics are therefore apparently moulded out of a physical idiosyncrasy plus a high mobility.

We close this collection of extracts with quotations to suggest the nature of the substance of thought: incidentally, too, of that of dreams. We hold that the generating cause and supporting substance of imagination and thought is the symbol. If this be so, the symbols which are created out of the movements of the fingers, as is the case of the blind deaf-mute, should, whenever the latter thinks or imagines, be as necessarily involved as the throat-movements are with a normal individual when thought or imagination has place. Moreover, the seat of the former symbolism being external, these initiation and supports of thinking and imagining should be visible. Dr. Howe writes:

If Laura has no occupation she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or recalling past impressions; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned in the manual alphabet of the deaf-mutes. In this lonely self-communion she reasons, reflects, and argues; if she spells a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation; if right, then she pats herself upon the head and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks rueful a moment, and then with the right hand strikes the left as if to correct it...

She spells out the words and sentences which she knows, so fast and so deftly that only those accustomed to this language can follow, with the eye, the rapid motions of her fingers. But wonderful as is the ease and accuracy with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by them, holding their hand in hers and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates—and nothing can more forcibly show the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose than a meeting between them...

Everywhere with which Laura comes in contact is instantly suggestive of its name in her finger-languages. A proof of the spontaneous connexion between her thoughts and these arbitrary signs is the fact that, when asleep and disturbed by dreams, her fingers are at work and doubtless uttering her thoughts irregularly as we murmur them incessantly in broken slumber.
REFLECTIONS ON CONTEMPORARY POETRY

THERE is a certain odd resemblance, quite superficial, between some of the poems of Mr. Harold Monro and the Closed Door of M. Jean de Bosschère. In Mr. Monro's poems we find a constant slight distortion, a sudden emphasis upon the apparently trivial, which appears at first to be something new and foreign. Mr. Monro arrives at a degree of consistency in a charming flirtation with obscure, semi-philosophic sentiments; he could, for instance, create a pretty fairyland where domestic furniture plays pranks when one's back is turned. With M. de Bosschère there are none of these sidelong glances; he is directly in front of his object; it occupies the fovea. One could elaborate an amusing contrast between "Homère Mare habite sa maison de planches" and Mr. Monro's "Every Thing." Both poets are concerned with this thesis: the intimacy of the relationship between a man and his personal property. Mr. Monro speaks characteristically in the first person; he states the theory bluntly and reflectively:

Since man has been articulate...
He has not understood the little cries
And foreign conversations of the small
Delightful creatures that have followed him
Not far behind;

like an Anglo-Saxon on his first visit to the Continent. His utensils are provided with adjectives which connect them with human emotions—"the gentle Bed," "the old impetuous Gas," "the independent Pencil," "you my well-trampled Boots." He reflects on a general situation; de Bosschère concentrates on a single instance. Homère Mare departs:

Pendant quatre saisons Homère voyage
Et dans chaque ville il est un autre personnage,

lending his house to Pierre, who
a les yeux clairs de l'autruche
Et le cœur moins mystérieux que l'addition.

Homère Mare
n'est pas un prophète ni un critique.
Chaque matin il met lui-même le feu dans l'âtre.
Tout le jour
Il est l'époux du feu,
L'amour des flammes.

And here neither "époux" nor "aimé" have any sentimental associations. Before Homère sets upon his travels

Tout est encore Homère
Et Homère est tout cela.
There is no pretence in the poem of a quasi-human relationship. Even when Homère returns to find that

Le feu sourit aux yeux de Pierre, et chante.
Les potiches regardent cet ami aux yeux clairs
Comme des amis se regardent quand il y a trop d'hommes.

M. de Bosschère never employs his thoughts and images in decorating ordinary human sentiments.

M. de Bosschère is in fact almost a pure intellectual; leaving, as if disdainfully, our emotions to form as they will around the situation which his brain has selected. The important thing is not how we are to feel about it, but how it is. De Bosschère's austerity is terrifying. A poet is not a pure intellectual by virtue of any amount of meditation or abstractness or moralizing; the abstract thought of nearly all poets is mediocre enough, and often second-hand. It is better to go to the "De Anima" than to the "Purgatorio" for a theory of the soul. A poet like M. de Bosschère is an intellectual by his obstinate refusal to adulterate his poetic emotions with human emotions. Instead of refining ordinary human emotion (and I do not mean tepid human emotion, but human however intense—in the crude living state) he aims direct at emotions of art. He thereby limits the number of his readers, and leaves the majority groping for a clue which does not exist. The effect is sometimes an intense frigidity which I find altogether admirable. As might be expected, M. de Bosschère demands a good deal of his reader; and at moments I have felt that his demands exceed my powers of response. In "La Vieille," for example—

Mais cette femme-ci
Est un signe de tous les âges aussi.
Elle est une perle taillée dans une vitrine du British,
Un hameçon palustre,
Et à la fois le délire du Ballet Russe,
La chair sans plus les pensées qui les lancèrent,
Un trépan qui mange une pêche,
L'amour noir et sans lyrisme des belles bêtes.

—I feel uncertain; the arrangement does not seem altogether wilful, at all events there is no hoax; but I am not able to follow the development of these images into a logical structure. And in "Ulysses" one does seem a little at the mercy of M. de Bosschère's caprice. When Ulysses has built his wall

La foule regarde le mur;
Il n'y a pas de fenêtres.
"Ulysse n'a pas le droit de se mettre au tombeau."
Le jeune Franklin s'accroche aux branches du sycomore,
Se hisse, et regarde par-dessus le mur.

I have not yet been able to assimilate the jeune Franklin.

There are places where M. de Bosschère's method escapes me, and places where he seems to abandon his method or make unworthy use of it, as in "Au Collège." But in "Gridale" and "Doutes" the author has employed his method with complete success. Gridale is perhaps a child of the nineteenth century; he has not loved the world nor the world him; but he is more than a seedy Lara or an indigent Juan aux enfers; and his wooden leg is new. He is peculiarly alive in the schoolroom:

Puis on lui charge de montrer le latin aux collégiens.
Ils n'ont jamais réclamé l'aide de Dieu,
Ils ignorent qu'il y a un Dieu assis, coi, sur sa chaise cassée;
Mais ils ont peur, ils craignent ses yeux
Et sa jambe de bois... .
Une grande clameur s'élève,—
Les livres volent,—
Gridale tombe,—
Du sang passe entre ses lèvres.

I am not sure that M. de Bosschère is as substantial as Jules Romains, or even Henri Franck; but to ignore him would be a manifest witness of critical decrepitude.

* * * *

The first serious attempt to estimate the value of John Davidson has come from the University of Pennsylvania.* In avoiding the sort of thesis subject which demands merely detective manipulation of small facts Mr. Fineman tends to the only alternative in University criticism—aerial generalization, as when he says that realism

either became symbolism, and this appealed to an age of increased intensity of commercial production because of the nerve-irritation that symbolic methods of double interpretation and aroused expectancy involved and implied . . .

which is the Symbolist Movement after it has been boiled down in an American University. This, however, is dictated by Mr. (or Dr.) Fineman's conscience; for elsewhere an acute intelligence struggles through his dialect. Mr. Fineman, it is true, is occupied with Davidson's "ideas" rather than with his poetry (which is a very small part of Davidson's verse); and he forces himself to take these ideas as seriously as Davidson did; but he allows many just comments to appear:

"desire for propaganda...just for dissemination of doctrine [this is a lamentable abuse of the word "just"] and passion for scientific detail...he lacked the power of sustained thought...he could interpret well perhaps only one human passion—the search for truth...His attitude towards love was semi-metaphysical from the outset..."

He observes intelligently:

The poet who composes on the basis of an ethical system that is strange to most of his contemporaries must either take it for granted that his readers have already attained the new point of view and proceed calmly with his work; or, if he wants to appeal to a wider circle, he must pause to denounce the past...If he follows the latter alternative he becomes either a propagandist...The truth is that Davidson was a violent Scotch preacher with an occasional passionate flash of exact vision. Mr. Fineman really understands Davidson's weaknesses, though he feels obliged to say:

The poet's point of view, chastened by a philosophical understanding of natural processes [how does an understanding of natural processes chaste the poet's point of view?] enables him to realize the ultimate significance of the details that he employs...Mr. Fineman is probably right in referring to the Ballad of a Nun as "an outburst of hysteria." Davidson, Mr. Fineman says, "proceeds to erect a new dwelling-place for the imagination on the basis of things that are real to modern man." This is really Davidson's cardinal sin, as well as his virtue; he too often is interested in the dwelling-place rather than in the tenant, who is the same through all ages; I doubt whether Villon would have taken the electron so seriously. Still, there is Dante's astronomy...but that was not a very recent theory. A careful study of the nineteenth-century poetry based on "things real to modern man" would be interesting; beginning with Princess Ida and her fluid haze of light; perhaps Mr. Fineman will do it, after studying the method involved in such an extended piece of criticism, say, as Sainte-Beuve's Life of Chateaubriand.

THE FEVER

On Sunday morning he had had a letter saying that she had been killed when out hunting—she insisted on hunting a May fox. And he was to have married her on Tuesday.

All that day he walked. Little bits of memory kept coming back to him...How one day he had called, and some people who had been to luncheon were playing tennis; and he talked to her mother.

The people went almost directly...He could hear a motor being wound up...Everybody was going with them to the front door; but she turned, saw that he was alone, and reluctantly came back to talk to him till the others returned...She had very nice manners...And she put her racquet down, laughed, and said: "How bored you are!"

It seemed so silly to say that he couldn't be bored where she was, or anything like that...so inadequate when he was wanting nothing else but her. Afterwards, he felt that silence was still more inadequate, and almost laughed.

How she wore brown shoes, which somebody said were made of crocodile's skin...And she wore a black ribbon round her throat...And as she sat, she fiddled about with her racquet, and dropped it, and both of them bent to pick it up, and her hair brushed his cheek.

How she sang with a quite nice little voice, but untrained. How he knew this perfectly well, but loved every note she sang and every gesture she made more than anything else in the world.

All the afternoon it had been thundering round him, but not a drop of rain had fallen, and in the evening bits of blue sky began to break through the mist of clouds painted with a mixture of dark blue and Chinese white. The bell of a little church on the top of a hill was ringing for evening service. He had begun to find life intolerably bitter; his mind and senses were active. He felt as if he had lost something—he could not quite explain what, and he must find it; and he followed the people into the little church.

Near him was a tall, bearded, honest-looking farmer with his family. The little girl repeated the responses in a loud, uncompromising, self-satisfied, Sunday-school manner; the wife only cheered up at "Through the night of doubt and sorrow," the boy was silent, and the farmer sang continuously through his nose on one note.

There were two clergymen. A kindly, white-haired, and rather feeble old Rector of about seventy-five, and his curate, a tall, dark, ascetic, and not unathletic-looking man of thirty-five. He looked as if he played cricket rather well, but not football, was named Basil, and was engaged to one of the Rector's daughters.

The evening was a fine one, so that the congregation was spared the aid to piety given by oil lamps. The curate read most of the service in a not unpleasant voice: it was the sort of voice which is supposed to be necessary when one talks to young men—from a clergymen's point of view, I mean.

Then the Rector climbed the pulpit and began his sermon. "And...the fever left him." It was quite a good sermon in its way; rather emotional, and with words of vague consolation for those fevers which the old man had left behind him years ago. Perhaps he was one of those men, like Basil, who never have fevers—only mild things (a sort of scarletina of the heart), cured by a very conventional medicine.

"Perhaps some of you, my brethren, have felt life's fitful fevers..." the Rector was saying; and the stray visitor felt as if some horrid person were making squeaky noises with a slate-pencil. Soon the old man finished: "...guided into the haven where we would be. And now..."

The congregation shuffled to its feet, and soon was singing:

"All we have to offer, All we hope to be, Body, soul, and spirit, Lord, we yield to Thee."

A lot of people singing, with nothing more than a slight pleasurable emotion, born partly of the facts that it was growing dark and that the windows were closed, about a voluntary sacrifice at least as great as the one he had made involuntarily! A sea of bitter anger at them all seemed to rise above his head. And there was the old Rector, exhausted, praying, giving thanks for his simple, quiet life...The futile old man.

Outside, the sun was setting. Flame-coloured clouds showed mistily through the translucent, blue-
white haze. A breeze from the north had sprung up, and soon the sky would be quite clear.

A tall, dark girl of about twenty-six, waited outside the chancel door. She gave her arm affectionately to the Rector, who looked very bent and small. They were going to the Rectory; everything was in perfect order, and the curate passed.

The visitor heard, turned, and walked swiftly towards the coast.

The wind had freshened; the chalky moorland sloped towards the cliffs, and he walked quickly. All his conscious self was one huge sense of want, he must find... There was no longer any will or any other wish in him. He had let go the reins. A shepherd, returning from his work about a hundred yards from the cliffs, wished him good night as their paths crossed. As he said nothing, the shepherd, after some moments, stopped and shouted an ineffective “Hi!” after him. It was growing very dark.

ELIZABETHAN CLASSICISTS

By Ezra Pound

II

A GREAT age of literature is perhaps always a great age of translations; or follows it. The Victorians in lesser degree had Fitzgerald, and Swinburne’s Villon and Rossetti. One is at first a little surprised at the importance which historians of Spanish poetry give to Boscain, but our histories give our own translators too little. And worse, we have long since fallen under the blight of the Miltonic or hissing style, or tradition, to a stilled dialect in translating the classics, a dialect which imitates the idiom of the ancients rather than seeking their meaning, a state of mind which aims at “teaching the boy his Latin” or Greek or whatever it may be, but has long since ceased to care for the beauty of the original; or which perhaps thinks “appreciation” obligatory, and the meaning and content mere accessories.

Golding was no inconsiderable poet, and the Marlow of the translations has beauties no whit inferior to the Marlowe of original composition. In fact, the skill of the translations forbids one to talk at the terminal “c.” We conclude the identity without seeking through works of reference.

Compare (pardon the professorial tone whereof I seem unable to divest myself in discussing these matters), compare the anonymous rather unskilled work in the translation of *Size Idillia*, with Marlow’s version of *Amorum*, lib. iii, 13.

THE XVIII JHILLION

HELLENS EPITHALAMION *

In Sparta long ages, where Menelaus wore the crown,

Twelve noble Virgins, daughters to the greatest in the town,

All sight upon their hair in Crowtoe garlands fresh and greene,

Danst at the chamber doore of Helena the Queene,


What time this Menelays, the younger Sonne of Atreus,

Did marry with this louely daughter of Prince Tyndarus,

And thereunto a working song they jointly sung,

With such a shuffling of their feete, that all the Palace rung.

CYCLOPS TO GALATEA THE WATER-NYMPH

IX JHILLION

O Apple, sweet, of thee, and of myself I use to sing,

And that at midnight oft, for thee, alasane fames up I bring,

All great with young, and foure bears whelps, I nourish up for thee.

But come thou hither first, and thou shalt have them all of me.

And let the blesse colorde Sea beat on the shore so nie.

The night with me in cave, thou shalt consumne more pleasanttie.

There are the shadie Baies, and there tall Cypres-trees doe sprout, and there is Irie blacke, and fertill Vines are al about.

What madness ist to tell night sports by day,

Or hidden secrets openly to bewray,

The bed is for lasciuious toyings meete,

There use all toyes, and treade shame under feete,

Will you make shipwracke of your honest name

And before the room be cleare, and dore put too.

Or hidden secrets openly to bewray,

And in the bed hide all the faults you haue.

The bed is for lasciuious toyings meete,

And before people immodest speeches shun,

And in the bed hide all the faults you haue.

The reader, if he can divert his thought from matter to manner, may well wonder how much the eighteenth-century authors added, or if they added anything save a sort of faculty for systematization of product, a power to repeat certain effects regularly and at will.

But Golding’s book published before all these others will give us more matter for reverence. One wonders, in reading it, how much more of the Middle Ages was Ovid. We know well enough that they read him and loved him more than the more Tennysonian Virgil.

* Amorum, lib. iii, elegia 13.
Yet how great was Chaucer's debt to the Doctor Amoris? That we will never know. Was Chaucer's delectable style simply the first Ovid in English? Or, as likely, is Golding's Ovid a mirror of Chaucer? Or is a fine poet ever translated until another his equal as likely, is Golding's Ovid a mirror of Chaucer? Or, for our part, know our Ovid until we find him in Golding? Is there one of us so good at his Latin, and so ready in imagination that Golding will not throw upon his mind shades and glories inherent in the original text, which had for all that escaped him? Is any foreign speech ever our own, ever so full of beauty as our lingua materna (whatever lingua materna that may be)? Or is not a new beauty created, an old beauty doubled, when the overchange is well done? Will

Candida purpurum simulatus inficit umbras quae give us the "scarlet curtain" of the simile in Flight from Hippomenes? Perhaps all these things are personal matters, and not matter for criticism or discussion. But it is certain that "we" have forgotten our Ovid, "we" being the reading public, the readers of English poetry, have forgotten our Ovid since Golding went out of print.

**METAMORPHOSIS**

While in this garden Proserpine was taking her pastime, In gathering eyster Violets blew, or Lillies white as Lime, And while of Maidenly desire she fille her Haund and Lep, Endeavouring to outgath her companions there. By hap Dis spide her : lovde her : caught her up : and all at once Dis spide her : lovde her : caught her up : and all at once

Hir furniture was such as this. Hir countnance and hir grace Dis spide her : lovde her : caught her up : and all at once

Their owne destruction. Now there was a hollow bottom by, More wooned at hir beawtye than at the swiftnesse of her pace

The Ladie with a wailing voyce afright did often call

† Atalanta. The Eight booke.
with a spiritual, independent life and a "soul." Love may be momentarily deceived by physical features, but cannot be held by them if they do not reflect the essential inner beauty, whereas a man possessing great inner beauty will always be loved, though "a man so gifted will never be entirely deficient in exterior beauty: it will make some slight appearance through his face, and his eyes cannot but be attractive."

I am very partial to Eugène Montfort's theory about the fascination of the eyes between two people meeting for the first time. The eyes are the primary link; the second agent is speech, "the most difficult in the world, for we were to separate, say, a dozen people conversing together and ask each what significations he gave to a word, any word, we should at once see that no understanding between them would ever be possible." Words can be used with certainty, without misunderstanding, only between souls open to each other.

Eugène Montfort insists on the endurance of love. "No more than the soul can fade can love, which is the full expression of the soul, for this agreement between two souls is not the consequence of chance, therefore not provisional or temporary, but is due to the essence of what is capital, central in you. It was concluded at the very mainspring of your souls."

This mystical thesis is very finely developed. Its natural corollary is the comment on jealousy. "Jealousy is impossible between two beings filled with love for one another. It can only exist for those whose love is imperfect. To suffer from jealousy is to suffer from the incomplete possession of the object of one's love."
The sound, luminous commentaries, Stendhalian in form if not in spirit (I must apologize for here mentioning our old friend so obviously recalled, whose remarks young Montfort had probably never heard of), which supply the substance of the essay, are intercalated in a pean to love, beginning with an address to the very mainspring of your souls, to conclude in the calm of realized espousals, as ecstatic as the Song of Solomon itself (second apology for naming another obvious old friend), but always sane, lucid, brain-controlled:

"Is se regardent et ils sont inondés d'un bonheur infini: ils se regardent, contemplation! Ils se voient dans toute leur grandeur, dans toute leur vérité, dans leur beauté... il se penche sur elle, c'est Dieu qu'il voit! c'est l'infini! dans ces yeux, chargés d'une âme pleine d'amour, qui se lèvent sur lui, il voit tout le fond de la vie. Extase grave, extase où l'on entend la voix de l'être, comme une orgue, gronder profondément dans notre coeur.

Oh vie d'amour! vie merveilleuse! Comment creuse assez vastes mes mots pour qu'ils contiennent tout le sublime d'être parfaitement? Je suis! je suis! jusqu'aux plus obscures toutes mes possibilités d'existence se sont développées, épanouies? Je suis dans ma plus grande existence; elle qui est dans sa plus grande expression, qui est: elle-même. Ciel, absurdes espaces! rayonnements de lumière! je vous bus enfin dans ma poitrine suffocante.

Hear him, who could only have divination of it, on the stability of love:

Amour établi! Accord profond de deux âmes! Gloire de toutes les certitudes! On sait maintenant pourquoi il est, l'amour qu'on aime: au début de l'amour, on l'aimait, parce qu'on pressentait-qu'elle était belle. Chacun de ses mouvements vous confirme maintenant dans votre amour.

Quand deux amants se trouvent dans un tel sentiment, ils n'ont qu'à laisser le temps les poser; plus ils vont plus leur bonheur se raffermit; plus ils vont plus leur âme se resserre.

Amour établi, musiques et parfums, âme-mère de l'âme.

Some states of the mind require to be matured. Others can survive immediate, warm transcription. We should not have wanted effusions with a grip such as this:

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, je pleure: mon Dieu, je suis en larmes.
Mon Dieu, je suis tout vibrant de douleur.
Mon Dieu, qu'est-ce qu'a donc mon âme?
Mon Dieu, qu'a-t-elle vu en elle?

O mon Dieu, la terre est trop belle!

We began with a herring salad; delicately flavoured saltiness in scallops of lettuce-leaves.

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to have been delayed. They would, at the very least, have lost their throbs: they might, indeed, have wafted into space and the loss would have been ours. Really a loss.

I should like to complete these notes this month with some lines about Russia's great modern poet Balmont, a selection of whose writings René Ghil and Alexandra de Holstein, recent translators of Russian lore, have been rendering into French for Crès et Cie. (3 fr. 10). Balmont is a mystic who needs to be read. To write about him who, it is held, comes nearer to expressing the atmosphere of his country's soil and scenery than any of his fellow-poets, just as I am enjoying those of my own after having been entirely deprived of them for three years, might seem untimely were Mr. Balmont not himself a great lover of England (Great Britain, must one say, and Ireland?) and its (their) literature, much of which he has translated into Russian, together with that of many other civilizations, past and present. Among contemporary English-writing poets W. B. Yeats has his greatest admiration, and his knowledge of our language (none are closed to his intuition) has enabled him to study in their original the works of his countryman, Mme Blavatsky. His production is only comparable with his experience. A young man still, and unusually young-looking, he is the author and translator of a very considerable list of volumes, has travelled all over the world, was a political exile, and is now repatriated. Mme de Holstein tells his story in her excellent preface. It is that of one for whom there are no obstacles, no difficulties. This is the first time the writings of him who has spent most of his life translating the great European masters—who in his own country occupied high rank, perhaps the highest among his kind—have been rendered into French.

Muriel CIOLEWSKA

THE DELICACIES

THE hostess, in pink satin and blond hair—dressed high—shone beautifully in her white slippers against the great silent bald head of her little-eyed husband!

Raising a glass of yellow Rhine wine in the narrow space just beyond the light-varnished woodwork and the decorative column between dining-room and hall, she smiled the smile of water tumbling from one ledge to another.

We began with a herring salad: delicately flavoured saltiness in scallops of lettuce-leaves.

The little owl-eyed and thick-set lady with masses of grey hair has smooth pink cheeks without a wrinkle. She cannot be the daughter of the little red-faced fellow dancing about inviting lion-headed Wolff the druggist to play the piano! But she is. Wolff is a terrific smoker: if the telephone goes off at night—so his curled-haired wife whispers—he rises from bed but cannot answer till he has lighted a cigarette.

Sherry wine in little conical glasses, dull brownish yellow, and tomatoes stuffed with finely cut chicken and mayonnaise!
The tall Irishman in a Prince Albert and the usual striped trousers is going to sing for us. (The piano is in a little alcove with dark curtains.) The hostess’s sister—ten years younger than she—in black net and velvet, has hair like some flimsy haystack, cloudy about the eyes. She will play for her husband.

My wife is young, yes she is young and pretty when she cares to be—when she is interested in a discussion: the little dancing mayor’s wife telling her of the saloon of my friend on the right whose wife has twice offended with chaste words. Her English is atrocious! It is in this town that the saloon is situated, close to the railroad track, close as may be, this side being dry, dry, dry: two people listening, close to the railroad track. From opposite sides of a wall!—The Day nursery had sixty-five babies the week before last, so my wife’s eyes shine and her cheeks are pink and I cannot see for you.

Ice-cream in the shape of flowers and domestic objects: a pipe for me since I do not smoke, a doll for you.

The figure of some great bulk of a woman disappearing into the kitchen with a quick look over the shoulder. My friend on the left who has spent the whole day in a car the like of which some old fellow would give to an actress: flower-holders, mirrors, curtains, plush seats—my friend on the left appearing into the kitchen with a quick look over the shoulder. My friend on the left who has spent the whole day studying automobile fire-engines in neighbouring towns in view of purchase,—my friend, at the Elks last week at a familiar friend of the saloon-keeper—sing out all alone to the organ—and he did sing!

Salz-rolls, exquisite! and Rhine wine ad libitum. A masterly caviare sandwich.

The children flitting about above stairs. The councilman has just bought a National eight—some car! For heaven’s sake I mustn’t forget the halves of green peppers stuffed with cream cheese and whole walnuts!

**William Carlos Williams**

Rutherford, New Jersey, U.S.A.

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**LE BIEN-AIME**

D **EPUIS que tu es mort**

Les fleurs

Sont plus pales et plus belles

De couleur.

Les oiseaux

Chantent des chants plus tristes : plus

Sincères.

La rivière

Est plus profonde : ses ondes plus

Amères.

La fleur rouge de mon cœur

‘Depuis ta mort

Est parfumée—et pale

De couleur.

**Margaret Lyster**

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**TARR**

**By Wyndham Lewis**

**PART VII: Swagger Sex**

**CHAPTER III**

He went slowly up the stairs feeling for his key. He arrived at the door without having found it. The door was ajar. At first this seemed natural to him, and he continued the search for the key. Then he suddenly dropped that occupation, pushed the door open and went into his studio. The moonlight came heavily through the windows. In a part of the room where it did not strike he became aware of an apparition of solid white. It was solid white flowed round by Naples yellow. It crossed into the moonlight and faced him, its hands placed like a modest statue’s. The hair reached below the waist, and flowed to the right from the head. This tall nudity began laughing with a harsh sound like stone laughing.

“Close the door!” it shouted, “there’s a draught. You took a long time to consider my words. I’ve been waiting. Forgive me, Tarr. My words were acidulated whores, but my heart”—she put her hand on the skin roughly above that organ—“my heart was completely full of sugar! The acidulated *demi-mondaine* was a trick. It occupied your mind. You didn’t notice me take your key!”

His vanity was soothed. The key in her possession, which could only have been taken in the café, seemed to justify the harsh dialogue.

She stood before him now with her arms up, hands joined behind her head. This impulse to take her clothes off had the cultural hygienic touch so familiar to him. The Naples yellow of the hair was the same colour as Bertha’s, only it was coarser and thicker. Bertha’s being her love. Anastasya’s dark face, therefore, had the appearance almost of a mask.

“Well you engage me as your model? Je fais de la reclame pour les Grecs.”

“You are very Ionian—hardly Greek. But I don’t require a model. I never use nude models.”

“Well, I must dress again, I suppose.” She turned towards a chair where her clothes were piled. But Tarr had learnt the laws of cultural emancipation.

He shouted, “I accept, I accept!” He lifted her up in his arms, kissing her in the mass, as it were, and carried her through the door at the back of the studio leading to his bedroom.

“Tarr, be my love. I don’t want to give you up.” This was said next morning, the sunlight having taken the place of the moonlight, but striking on the opposite side of the house.

“You won’t hear marriage talked about by me. I want to rescue you from your Bertha habits. Allow yourself to be rescued! We’re very well together, aren’t we? I’m not doing Bertha a bad turn, either, really. I admit my motive is quite selfish. What do you say?”

“I am your slave!”

Anastasya rolled up against him with the movement of a seal.

“Thank you, Tarr. That’s better than having a slave, isn’t it?”

“Yes, I think everything is in order.”

“Then you’re my efficient chimpanzee?”

“No, I’m the new animal; we haven’t found a name for it yet. It will succeed the Superman. Back to the Earth!”

“Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Kiss me!”

**CHAPTER IV**

Tarr crawled towards Bertha that day on the back of a Place St. Michel bus. He did not like his job.
The secret of his visits to Bertha and interminable liaison was that he really never had meant to leave her at all, he had only meant to leave her altogether. He was just playing. Or rather, a long debt of disgraceful behaviour was accumulating, that he knew would have to be met. It was deliberately increased by him, because he knew he would not repudiate it. But it would have been absurd not to try to escape.

At the day he had to break the fact to Bertha that he could no longer regard himself as responsible, he was faced with the necessity, for the first time, of seriously bargaining. The debt was not to be repudiated, but he must tell her that he only had himself to pay with, and that he had been seized by somebody else.

He passed through her iron gateway with a final stealth, although taking his boots sound loudly on the gravel. It was like entering a vault, the trees looked like weeds; the meaning or taste of everything, of course, had died. The concierge looked like a new one.

He had bought a flower for his buttonhole. He kept smelling at it as he approached the house. On arriving the last week or so he had got into the habit of writing his letters at Bertha's, to fill up the time. Occasionally he would do a drawing of her (a thing he had never done formerly) to vary the monotony. This time there would be no letter-writing. This visit would be more like the old ones.

"Come in, Sorbert," she said, opening the door. It was a magnifying glass of the matter of the terms on which they at present met. Any prospective of past and more familiar times was proudly rejected.

There was the same depressed atmosphere as the day before, and the days preceding that. She appeared stale, somehow deteriorated and shabby, her words were muffled, and extremely pitiable. Her "reserve" (a natural result of the new central circumstances) removed her to a distance, as it seemed; it also shut her up in herself, in an unhealthy, dreary, and faded atmosphere.

She was shut up with a mass of reserves and secrets, new and old. She seemed sitting on them in rather dismal hen-like fashion, waiting to be asked to come out of herself, as it were, and something. It was a corpse among other things that she was sitting on, as Kreisler was one of her secrets. Mournfully reproachful, she kept guard over her secrets, a store of bric-à-brac that had gone out of fashion and were getting musty in a neglected shop.

Their meetings sometimes were made painful by activity on Bertha's part. An attempt at penetration to an intimacy once possessed can be more indecent than the same action on the part of a stranger.

This time he was greeted with long mournful glances. He felt she had thought of what she should say. This interview meant a great deal to her. His friendship meant little to her, and, entirely pitiable. The abject little room seemed to be thrust forward to awaken his memories and ask for pity. An intense atmosphere of Teutonic suicide permeated everything. He could not move an eyelid or a muscle without wounding or slighting something. It was like being in a dark kitchen at night, where you know at every step you will put your foot on a beetle. It had a still closer analogy to this in the disgust he liked being in a dark kitchen at night, where you know at every step you will put your foot on a beetle. It was only because it was the one thing he must not do. To throw himself into the abyss of perplexity he had just escaped from tempted him. The dykes and simulations of conduct were perpetually threatened by his neurasthenia in this way. He kept his hands in his pockets, however.

When they had reached the room, she turned round, as he had half imagined, and caught hold of his hands.

"Sorbert, Sorbert!"

The words were said separately, each emphatic in significance. The second was a repetition only of the first. She seemed calling him by his name to conjure back his self again. Her face was a strained and anxious mask. The dykes and simulations of conduct were perpetually threatened by his neurasthenia in this way. He kept his hands in his pockets, however.

"What is it, Bertha?"

"I don't know!"

She dropped his hands, dropped her head to the right and turned away.

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CHAPTER V

WHEN he got outside Bertha's house, Bertha waving to him from the window with tears in her eyes, he came in for the counter-attack.

One after the other the protesting masses of good sense rolled up.

He picked his way out of the avenue with a reasoning gesticulation of the body; a chicken-like motion of sensible fastidious defence in front of buffoon violence. At the gate he exploded in harsh laughter, looking bravely and railingly out into the world through his glasses. Then he walked slowly away in his short jacket, his buttocks moving methodically just beneath its rim.

"Ha ha! Ha ha! Kreisleriana!" he shouted without his voice.

The indignant plebs of his glorious organism rioted around his mind.

"Ha ha! Ha ha! Sacré farceur, where are you leading us?" They were vociferous. "You have kept us fools in this neighbourhood so long, and now you arepledging us to your idiotic fancy for ever. Ha ha! Ha ha!"

"Be reasonable! What are you doing, master of our ideas? We shall all be lost!"

A faction clamoured, "Anastasya!" Certain sense-sections attacked him in vulnerable spots with Anastasya's voluptuous banner unfurled and fragrant. He buffeted his way along, as though spray were dashing in his face, watchful behind his glasses. He met his thoughts with a contemptuous stiff veteran array. The carroty air of dangerous master had an offensive stylistic coolness, similar to Wellington breakfasting at Salamanca while Marmont hurried exultingly into traps; although he resembled his great countryman in no other way.

Those thoughts that belloved, "Anastasya!" however, worried him. He answered them.

"Anastasya, Anastasya! I know all about that! What do you take me for? You will still have your Anastasya. I am not selling myself or you. A man such as I does not dispose of himself in a case like this. I am going to marry Bertha Lunken. Well? Shall I be any the less my own master for that reason? If I want to sleep with Anastasya, I shall do so. Why marry Bertha Lunken, and then deny your love to her? Because it is only the points or movements in life that matter, and one of those points indicates that course, namely, to keep faith with another person; and secretly to show my contempt for the world by choosing the premier venu to be my body-servant and body-companion; my contempt for my body too!"

He sought to overcome his reasons by appeals to their corporate vanity.

He had experienced rather a wrench as regards Anastasya. The swanky sex with which he had conversed his future could not be dismissed so easily. He was astonished that it could be dismissed at all, and asked himself the reason. He sacrificed Anastasya with a comparatively light heart. It was chiefly his vanity that gave trouble.

He came back to his earlier conclusions. Such successful people as Anastasya and himself were by themselves. It was as impossible to combine or meld them as to contain the spirits of two great artists. When you mixed together into one whole Gainsborough and Goya you would get nothing, for they would be mutually destructive. Beyond a certain point of perfection individual instinct was its own law. A subtle lyrical wail would gain nothing from living with a rough and powerful talent, or vice versa. Success is always personal. Co-operation, group-genius was, he realized, only an absurdity. Only when the group was so big that it became a person again, as with a nation, did you get mob-talent or popular art. This big, diffuse, vehemence giant was the next best thing to the great artist; Patchin Tcherana coming just below.

He saw this quite clearly. He and Anastasya were a superfertility, and destructive. Each was like a mother being given a child to bear the same size already as herself. Anastasya was in every way too big; she was too big physically. But did not sex change the whole question, when it was a woman? He did not agree to this. Woman and the sexual sphere seemed to him to be an average from which everything came; from it everything rose, or attempted to sink. There was no mysterious organism extending up into Heaven, and dividing Heavenly Beings into Gods and Goddesses. There was only one God, and he was a man. A woman was a lower form of life. Everything was female to begin with. A jellyish diffuseness spread itself and gaped on the beds and in the bas-fonds of everything. Above a certain level of sex symbolism, of course. There was no mysterious organization extending on the superior side of that line was not purged of jellyish attributes; also that Anastasya's faceid and fundamental charms were formidable, although the line had been crossed by her. One thing was impressive, however. The loss of Anastasya did not worry him, except magnified through the legal acquisition of Bertha. What did he want? Well, he didn't want Anastasya as much as he should. He was incorrigible, he concluded. He regarded the Anastasya evening as a sort of personal defeat even. The call of duty was nevertheless very strong. He ought to love Anastasya; and his present intentions as regards his despicable fiancée were a disgraceful betrayal, etc. etc. The mutterings of reason continued.

That evening he met Anastasya. The moment he saw her he realized the abysses of indignity and poorness he was flinging himself into with Bertha Lunken. A sudden humbleness entered him and put him out of conceit with his judgment, formed away from bright objects. He met Anastasya. The selfishness that could bear the sentiment of a man's whole nature was dissipated or not used in presence of more or less successful objects and people. None of his ego was required by his new woman. She possessed plenty of her own. This, he realized later, was the cause of his lack of attachment. He needed an empty vessel to flood with his vitality, and not an equal and foreign vitality to exist side by side with coldly. He had taken into sex the procedés and selfish
arrangements of life in general. He had humanized sex too much. He frequently admitted this, but with his defence lost sight of the fragrancy of the permanent fact.

He felt in Anastasya for the first time now an element of protection and safety. She was a touchwood and harbour from his perplexed interior life. She had a sort of ovation from him. All his obstinacy in favour of his fiancée had vanished. With Anastasya’s appearance an entirely different world was revealed that demanded completely new arguments.

They went to the same restaurant as the night before. He talked quietly, until they had drunk too much, and Bertha was not mentioned.

"And what of Bertha?" she asked finally.

"Never mind about Bertha.""

"I suppose I must. But I shall not make many more of this," she added. "What’s that?"

"I shall give up going, I say." He shifted restlessly in his chair.

After breakfast next morning they parted, Tarr going back to work. Butcher, whom he had not seen for some days, came in. He agreed to go down into town and have lunch with him. Tarr put on a clean shirt. Talking to Butcher while he was changing, he stood behind his bedroom door. Men of ambitions physique, like himself, he had always noticed, were inclined to puff themselves out or let their arms hang in a position favourable to their muscles while changing before another man. To avoid this embarrassment or absurdity, he made a point of never exhibiting himself unclothed.

His conversation with Butcher did not fall on matters in hand. As with Anastasya, he was unusually reticent. He had turned over a new leaf. He became rather alarmed at this himself when he realized it. After lunch he left Butcher and went to the Mairie of the Quartier du Paradis and made inquiries about civil marriages. He did it like a sleep-walker.

He was particularly amiable with Bertha that day, and told her of his activities at the Mairie and made an appointment with her there for the next day.

Daily, then, he proceeded with his marriage arrangements in the afternoons, saw Anastasya regularly, but without modifying the changed "correctness" of his attitude. The evenings he spent with Anastasya.

By the time the marriage preliminaries had been gone through, and Bertha and he could finally be united, his relations with Anastasya had become as close as formerly his friendship with Bertha had been.

With the exception of the time from three in the afternoon to seven in the evening that he took off every day to see his fiancée, he was with her.

On September 29, three weeks after Bertha had told him that she was pregnant, he married her—in the time between three in the afternoon and seven in the evening. He set aside for her. Anastasya knew nothing about these things. Neither Bertha nor she were seeing their German women friends for the moment.

After the marriage at the Mairie Bertha and Tarr walked back to the Luxembourg Gardens and sat down. She had not during the three intervening weeks mentioned Anastasya. It was no time for generosity; she had done too much of that. Fräulein Vasek was the last person for whom she felt inclined to revive chivalry. She let Tarr marry her out of pity, and never referred to his confidence about his other love.

They sat for some time without speaking, as though they had quarrelled. She said, then:

"I am afraid, Sorbert, I have been selfish—"

"You—selfish? How’s that? Don’t talk nonsense.” He had turned at once to her with a hurried fondness genuinely assumed.

"She left him at him with her wishful, democratic face, full of effort and sentiment.

"You are very unhappy, Sorbert—"

He laughed convincingly.

"No, I’m all right. Don’t worry about me. I am a little meditative. That is only natural on such a solemn occasion. I was thinking, Bertha, we must set up house somewhere, and announce our marriage. We must do this for appearance’ sake. You will soon be incapacitated—"

"Oh, I shan’t be just yet."

"In any case, we have gone through this form because— We must make this move efficacious. What are your ideas as to an establishment? Let us take a flat together somewhere round here. The Rue Servrand is a nice street. Do you know it?"

"No." She set her head on one side and puckered up her forehead.

"Near the Luxembourg Museum."

They discussed a possible domicile.

He got up.

"It’s rather chilly. Let’s get back."

They walked for some time without speaking. So much unsaid had to be got rid of, without necessarily being said. Bertha did not know at all where she was. Their "establishment," as discussed by Tarr, appeared very unreal, and also, what there was of it, disagreeable. She wondered what he was going to do with her.

"You remember what I said to you some weeks ago—about Anastasya Vasek. I am afraid there has been no change in that. You do not mind that?"

"No, Sorbert. You are perfectly free."

"I am afraid I shall seem unkind. This is not a nice marriage for you. Perhaps I was wrong to suggest the idea."

"How, wrong? I have not been complaining."

They arrived at the iron gate.

"Well, I’d better not come up now. I will come along to-morrow—at the usual time."

"Good-bye, Sorbert. A demain!"

"A demain!"

(To be concluded)

THE EVERLASTING SORROW
A JAPANESE NOH PLAY

Characters

Yang Kuei-fei, the mistress of Ming Huang.

A Taoist Priest.

Chorus. This chorus sometimes speaks in place of the characters, sometimes explains the meaning of their movements.

Taoist Priest. Yang Kuei-fei, the beloved mistress of the Sovereign Ming Huang, one glance from whom would overthrow a city, two glances an empire, was lost at the foot of the Ma-wai hill. The Sovereign, ever so sad in memory of her cloud-like hair and flower-like face, supreme among the powder and paint beauties of his harem, commanded me, a taoist priest of Lin-Ch’ung, to find the lady Yang’s lost soul by my wizardry. By the august command of the Sovereign, I went high up to Heaven and low down to earth, searched the skies above and the
Yellow Springs below, but I am almost discouraged in my effort. And now as my final attempt, I am starting toward the Isle of Blest.

Away in the dream-covered oceans, I search after the Beauty's lost soul—let my boat swim quickly over the thousand waves. How glad I am here arrived in the Isle of Blest!

Chorus. Behold the Palace of Eternity rising like the five-coloured rainbow clouds. Behold the splendour far surpassing that of the Hibiscus Pavilion of the Sovereign's court, where dance and laughter will frighten away dullness of the night.

Taoist Priest. Here is the jade door of the Western gate. I will loiter by it and find some dweller of the island whom I can ask a few questions.

Yang Kuei-fei. The ambassador sent by the Sovereign, I am here. Is there the queen of the Palace within?

Chorus. Pushing away the flower-curtains, she descends down from the jewel turrett. How beautiful she is! As if a spray of pear-bloom in a rain-wet spring morn, her beauty is now seen being subdued.

Taoist Priest. How the Sovereign hated to keep the morning audience, how he wished to be with you and rejoice your sudden death, his sad heart is not only brightened by the brightness of the moon. The sound of a bell through the even hall only makes him sad.

Chorus. My worldly body was lost at Mawai hill; the promise with the one-winged bird and branch-intertwining tree—

Yang Kuei-fei. Indeed, I now happen to recall to my mind how on the seventh day of the seventh month, in the Hall of Immortality, at midnight when no one was anear—

Chorus. —the Sovereign whispered in my ears, after pleading the two stars in the sky:

In heaven we will ever fly like one-winged birds;* On earth grow联合 like a tree with branches twining tight.

There would be nothing better than these words to prove that you have seen me, since they are the words only the Sovereign and myself know. Pray, present them to him—

Yang Kuei-fei. —as a proof, when you return to the world and see him.

Chorus. My worldly body was lost at Mawai hill; the promise with the one-winged bird and branch-intertwining tree—

Yang Kuei-fei. —has become useless. But my changeless soul still longs—

Chorus. —for the day when we shall meet again.

Taoist Priest. How glad I should be if I could take you back with me to the world and show you the world and see him.

Yang Kuei-fei. —to make our parting a little happier;—

Chorus. —and let me dwell on the days—

Yang Kuei-fei. —and Feather Jacket!—

Chorus. —to make our parting a little happier;—

Yang Kuei-fei. —made the Sovereign's harem an endless revel—

Chorus. —unknown to night and tears.

[The lady Yang begins to dance.

Yang Kuei-fei. See the dance of the Rainbow Skirt—

Chorus. —and Feather Jacket!

Yang Kuei-fei. Who will know the dancer's heart?—

Chorus. —who will know the dancer's heart?

Yang Kuei-fei. What sad memory of my love!—

Chorus. —as a proof, when you return to

Yang Kuei-fei. —and the world and see him.
And I think of the spaces of still country meadows
But it seems like a puppet-show, lurid and gaudy,
Its marvellous splendour, awful, tumultuous,
Flaunting its colour and movement and magic,
I never see the city flaming with banners
When the strength and the glow of the body will
But I picture the hour when the smile and the light
I never see youth walking before me radiant, dauntless,
The waiting, the fear, the hope, the longing, the
But I think of the anguish that comes with loving—
I never see lovers sitting together happy
And that they know not what is awaiting them in
But I shrink at the thought of how much they will
I never see children play in the sunlight
And I think of the grim, stark terrors of warfare... 

Not the dweller in cities barbaric and splendid,
Not the flowers of April that crimson the meadows.

where birds are soaring into the ether
And Beauty is more real than a shadow, and God is
far more than a name is!
I never see April spreading her nimbus of azure
Over mountain and valley, and quickening the earth
with her glory.
But I think of the autumn and winds that are chilling
and fearless
And of snows that come bruising the faces of flowers.
It is strange none who pass in the bright-coloured
pageant
Called life are in any way fearful—
And not one is afraid; not the soldier who walks to
the bugle,
Not the child as he laughs and plays in the sunlight,
Not the lover awaiting his sweetheart's caresses,
Not the youth who stands facing the future un-
daunted,
Not the dweller in cities barbaric and splendid.
Not the flowers of April that crimson the meadows.

YONE NOGUCHI

AMERICAN POEMS

TOWARDS THE END

The things took strands of darkness
And tacked them around themselves
And gently dreamed.
They knew—the chairs and the table knew—
What they really were
And so they dreamed and wondered...
You were smaller than you were;
And your step was softer.
Your body knew, too,
Your hands and your feet thought for themselves—
Thought of life and death,
And smiled a little.
And they spoke to one another.
Your eyes were
The eyes of a frightened child,
And yet something deep in them
Knew and smiled.

MAX MICHELS

PROFILE

COOLNESS
I feel in you—
The rippled music of a poplar-tree,
Green of wormwood
And ambrosia.
And I divine
A flame in you
Screened passionately,
Because you are proud
Or that you have dedicated the flame
To a god.
I wish you would tell me.

CLARA SHANAFLET

PAGEANTS

I never see soldiers marching to music
But I hear the sickening din of the battle
And I think of the grim, stark terrors of warfare...
I never see children play in the sunlight
But I shrink at the thought of how much they will
have to suffer
And that they know not what is awaiting them in
the future.
I never see lovers sitting together happy
But I think of the anguish that comes with loving—
The waiting, the fear, the hope, the longing, the
heartache...
I never see youth walking before me radiant, dauntless,
But I picture the hour when the smile and the light
will have faded,
When the strength and the glow of the body will
have passed into nothingness.
I never see the city flaming with banners
Flaunting its colour and movement and magic,
Its marvellous splendour, awful, tumultuous,
But it seems like a puppet-show, lurid and gaudy,
And I think of the spaces of still country meadows

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