XII. A DETAILED MOMENT OF CONSCIOUSNESS

By D. Marsden

(1) Our reason for inserting a survey of a section of mind at this stage of our series of studies is that we require such a description in order to define the functions of memory and volition. Our interpretation of these functions is largely determined by our conception of vital activity as a whole. From our point of view, the task of defining them assumes easy proportions once the general character of the vital flux has been made clear, and to this end comprehensive surveys of specific states of the vital mechanism obtaining from moment to moment become a necessity.

(2) Our first intention was to describe the microscopic details of the narrative we append as a transverse section of consciousness. The title seemed to suggest just such a typical cut through the flux of time as this which we had been attempting to bring under the influences of microscopic examination. However, as consciousness is an unceasing flow, no period of consciousness can be possessed of those static features which characterize an ordinary materialized section, and it will be more literally exact to say that the narrative presents a minute length of the time-stream as this appears under the magnifying influence of concentrated attention: concentrated attention itself being simply an intensive application of symbolizing agencies.

(3) It may perhaps be advisable to prelude our account by provisional definitions of Time and Consciousness. The definition of Time will be reviewed in a subsequent detailed study of Time, while that of Consciousness, being an elemental factor of our whole philosophy, will be under revision in every study of the specialized functions of mind. Provisionally then let us define Time as follows:

Time is the conventional symbol which has been framed in the fibres of the living organism. Time therefore is synonymous with effort: with that total expenditure of force which sustains the flux of movement in all its forms.

(4) Consciousness is the name given to those limited and select forms of organic movement which attain to the pre-eminence of being attached to some symbol or marking-agency. Conscious forms are therefore those time-forms which fall into the favoured position of being individually symbolized: which is to say: of being attended to. The archetype of all symbols being words, and Time being a conscious fact only in virtue of its attachment to a symbol, there is a quite logical sense in which it can be said that Time itself is the offshoot of words: a logical product. Thus not only is language responsible for the piecemeal existence of Time as a continually renewed fact, but in the elasticity of language there exists the source from whence materials for the construction of Time's most subtle elements, i.e. Time, Past and Future, have to be drawn. The infinitizing as well as the de-individualizing of Time is, so to say, a trick which the elasticity of language invites and makes possible. The latter thus makes itself responsible for the most delicately subtle of all metaphysical problems. At this point, for the present, the subject must be left.

(5) There is one feature of the theory of vitalism we adopt which requires notice. We assume—as is usual—that every mental phenomenon has at least one physical aspect, and this not by virtue of any parallelism between the physical and the psychical. On the contrary, we consider the antithetical relation between the two, which parallelism implies, to be nothing less than a psychological monstrosity. In view, therefore, of the almost universal acquiescence in the soundness of this relationship, a sceptical attitude towards it requires comment.

(6) We hold the antithesis named to be the outcome of a logical confusion lurking in an assumption which, on examination, proves to be without warrant. It
is assumed that a radical and exhaustive division is possible between phenomena which are psychical and all remaining phenomena which are physical. From this assumption arises all subsequent confusion. The assumption obviously is in error, for there can be no conceivable form of phenomenon which is not psychical. Any phenomenon, be it physical or psychic, is something which is felt. Only as component elements in the landscape of feeling have phenomena either meaning or existence. Inasmuch as they exist at all, all forms of fact exist as units of the world of sensation and feeling. All forms of fact are therefore vital: which is to say psychic.

(7) If then it is proposed to assert a physical character in respect of phenomena such physicality may not in any sense be an alternative to the psychical. The latter is primary, essential, and admissible of no displacement. Physicality, whatever else it is, must be a distinction added to the psychical. Any sound logical division of phenomena must therefore take this form:

All phenomena are psychical;
Some of these may present a special characteristic, i.e. physicality;
The rest (as yet) fail to show this characteristic, i.e. (as yet) purely psychic.

(8) The attempt to reduce physicality itself obviously is: What is the essential condition constitutive of physicality? The answer to this question is far from being obvious. It does not help us any to say, for instance, that in order for a form to be possessed of physicality it must have a materialized form, or be measurable, or be sensible to the vital faculties. "All" phenomena are psychical when it is obvious that what is measurable is obviously a secondary process based on some quality much more primary, while all forms of phenomena—even the most occult of psychic forms—are sensible to the faculties. Unmistakably, for instance, I can see with my eyes, hear with my ears, can feel, taste, smell, with the appropriate sense-organs purely psychically dubious term in itself: to be measurable is obviously a secondary process based on some quality much more primary, while all forms of phenomena—even the most occult of psychic forms—are sensible to the faculties. Unmistakably, for instance, I can see with my eyes, hear with my ears, can feel, taste, smell, with the appropriate sense-organs purely psychically dubious term in itself: to be measurable is obviously a secondary process based on some quality much more primary, while all forms of phenomena—even the most occult of psychic forms—are sensible to the faculties. Unmistakably, for instance, I can see with my eyes, hear with my ears, can feel, taste, smell, with the appropriate sense-organs purely psychically dubious term in itself: to be measurable is obviously a secondary process based on some quality much more primary, while all forms of phenomena—even the most occult of psychic forms—are sensible to the faculties. Unmistakably.

(9) Facts rise to the physical level which science loves when they present an aspect which overleaps the privacy of the individual mind, so that they admit of examination without being psychical. Physicality whenever it appears as an aspect of phenomena is amenable to corroboration by more than one witness. Physicality is a condition wholly concerned with concurrence of testimony. The love of science for the physical therefore is not a love for the gross and palpable in itself. It is animated by a feeling identical with that which, for instance, informs all human systems of justice, cropping up indeed in every walk of life. It has to do with the necessariness of independent witness. The feeling is directly corollary to the fact that in all the affairs of life, one man's individual version stands at a discount, and in respect of this feeling psychology can form no exception. Introspection, it is on a dubious term in itself: that it is primary, invaluable, and irreplaceable: is nevertheless suspect, and though artists of power are able to produce effects of verisimilitude, their products still remain like truth. They cannot rank as truth.

(10) Why then do we rely on them, encouraging them, and yielding to the highest degree of hones? It is on the principle which makes men consider half a loaf better than no bread. If it were possible to invest purely psychic facts with physicality, i.e. with an aspect admitting of general examination, men would do so. They are in fact constantly seeking to do so. But just as a physical fact is essentially one whose characteristics can be cooperatively observed, so is a purely psychic fact one whose features are decipherable individually only.

(11) The richest field for co-operative observation lies, of course, in the external world, where it pursues a progressively strengthening career. More and more processes formerly occult are swept into the sphere of common scrutiny and common knowledge. Co-operatively verified facts increase apace in the external world. But the very internality of the inner world is constituted of this fact: that the vast majority of its workings are hidden and secret: known, if known at all, only to the individual whose life they constitute. Therefore, for the vast majority of these inner happenings we have to rely upon individual testimony, and as these are almost infinitely more varied and interesting than the external facts open to common knowledge, the tale of them is a valued gift even though it perform in appearance and veiled. If the teller is one of the genuinely curious of the earth, truthful as well as able, the world ultimately sets no mean price upon his performances.

(12) This, however, does not alter the fact that men desire some co-operatively verifiable aspect, no matter how bald and meagre—should such be obtainable. The question then for science is an aspect obtainable? The answer seems to be that there is a conceivable possibility with, at present, nothing beyond. On the hypothesis, for instance, that every species of thought and feeling has as its basis definite movements in the organic tissues; that all these movements enact themselves by way of stimulation passing through the cells and fibres of the nervous system; and finally, that the substance of the nervous system may conceivably be brought, while still in normal working condition, within the sphere of independent scrutiny, on such a hypothesis there exists a bare possibility. Taking the normal workings of the nervous system as an integral part of feeling, if our knowledge of this system could be rendered scientific, and if these finally became an aspect not only a means of control over the whole universe of feeling, but in addition an alphabet, as it were, out of which could be spun a significant controlling system of symbols to which the connotation: all that they imply that is: would be furnished by an account introspectively acquired. In such circumstances it would be possible to spin a fixed psychic effect, there would exist a means of checking—by a comparison of individual accounts—the introspective versions. Artist-work would be necessary as before, but in contrast to present disabilities it would be amenable to corroboration. Introspective work would thus become verifiable and scientific, and the theory of the mind would become a chain of physical facts: not degraded in quality but raised.

(13) The obstacles in the way of a scheme scientifically so attractive are those which obviate against a perfected knowledge of the nervous system as a working instrument. It would be excessively pessimistic to press on these obstacles, but it would be a quite moderate use of the power of the microscope as colossal. What we are concerned to ask from a microscopic examination of the organic system is a knowledge of the motor-system engaged in the act of creating forms of living feeling. But what actually exists for the microscope to work freely on is the dead body with its congealed trackways from whence nothing—neither there nor feeling—flashed. Even so, there exist, at present, limits to the power of the microscope itself. Science has, of course, devised various means for getting round its difficulties. In addition to careful delineation of dead tissues, it has set about studying, for instance, the psychic effects of specific wounds: those experimentally inflicted, as well as those inflicted by accident; it has experimented on living forms of organisms lower than...
man: and it has carefully observed degenerate human types in life, and after death compared the physical structure with those of the normal. Such work is far from being at the end of its resources. Moreover, this possible physical aspect apart, it is quite conceivable that feelings at present purely psychical may present aspects admitting of physical observation: emittent aspects of feeling such as those of vibration, for instance. We do not know.

Moreover, this possible physical aspect apart, it is those of vibration, for instance. We do not know. Comparing the amount of experiment in one shape and another has tutors a slender but fascinating possibility rather than an accomplished fact. There certainly is no room for hurdburnings and jealousies concerning the merits of the two methods of observation: psychical and physical. All are—or should be—for the physical (i.e. corroborated version) when this shall be obtainable. I find little to confirm a classification for the purely introspective type uncorroborated.

(14) For two reasons then—one possibly momentary, the other certainly permanent—introspection must hold its own as the staple method of psychology. In the first place, the physical method is only one degree removed from the impossible; and in the second, the physical version, completed and perfected beyond all possibility of further improvement, may be very character be so bold and bare that it would amount to little more than an alphabet: a symbol-system to which a strict correspondence of connotations would be necessary. Such connotations, i.e. all that the symbols imply, would be furnished from introspective versions. The authors of the latter would be capable of shaping their credentials out of just such material as is available for them. When imagination is strong, its possessors hold control over that strong sign of authenticity, i.e. the accent possible only to the eye-witness. They actually see, hear, taste, smell, handle, and move in the facts of the imagination. To describe them with the accent of the real and not that of romance, all that is additionally necessary is precision, care, restraint, clearness over the glb words: the tags, catchwords, and technical stopgaps of phraseology, momentarily the fashion among those of their trade. With these aids they can get along tolerably well and save psychology from merely marking time.

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The notes of the incident to be recorded were made the morning following its occurrence: "After working late, but not being consciously overtired, I had gone to bed and was lying perfectly still with closed eyes. I had no particular intention of thinking of anything in which I had been engaged. I had arrived at a generalization as to the mode of thought upon which I had just been engaged. Without any conscious effort to sustain them, the words embodying the subject-matter were flowing in an easy stream until a considerable amount of ground had been covered. Suddenly, attention was arrested by a disturbance in the mental condition as a whole. I was surprised to find myself being held up in a confusion which was part clear and part scuffle. In the scuffle, the train of thought was worsted, for it promptly lost its command over the attention. Its place was taken by a picture: that of a face outlined and coloured with striking clearness."

(17) The incidents recorded took place soon after I had arrived at a generalization as to the mode of origin of imaginary images, just at a time, therefore, when—in order to corroborate the theory—the mental habit of bearing back suddenly upon an existent state of consciousness to ascertain the manner of its genesis was in constant exercise. Having formed a decision, the desire for continued support (inverse of the dread of refutation) was perhaps more keen than scientific. However that may be, the effect was to produce a highly charged emotional atmosphere as far as the success or failure of this form of exercise was concerned.

(18) The notes of the incident to be recorded were made the morning following its occurrence: "After working late, but not being consciously overtired, I had gone to bed and was lying perfectly still with closed eyes. I had no particular intention of thinking of anything in which I had been engaged. I had arrived at a generalization as to the mode of thought upon which I had just been engaged. Without any conscious effort to sustain them, the words embodying the subject-matter were flowing in an easy stream until a considerable amount of ground had been covered. Suddenly, attention was arrested by a disturbance in the mental condition as a whole. I was surprised to find myself being held up in a confusion which was part clear and part scuffle. In the scuffle, the train of thought was worsted, for it promptly lost its command over the attention. Its place was taken by a picture: that of a face outlined and coloured with striking clearness."

(19) Nothing in this picture bore any immediate relation to the word-sequences which had composed the train of thought. It was an altogether amazingly sudden intrusion: utterly unheralded: and so out of harmony with the conditions into which it was thrust as to have the appearance of being causeless and generally without effect. The order of the train of thought was: 1. the extreme exaggeration and headiness of the very fact of experimenting infects the mental phenomena with unwonted mulishness and renders movement more sluggish than is normal. At all events I do not find my version of time-periods concurring with these experimentally found ones. The very actions used in the method of measuring (e.g. exerting pressure on a chronometer) would be lumbering and toilsome compared with many of the rapid transformations obtaining in the mental life, piling up the time taken an instance: consider the length of time taken to utter audibly a concluding phrase—perhaps five words—in a sentence already well on its way; secondly, the time taken to articulate them inaudibly; then for them merely to flash through the mind, i.e. to form incipiently without making any defined articulations. The length of time thus occupied—whatever it might prove to be—was sufficient for a threefold transformation of mental attitude to obtain in one of the incidents recorded. We cannot here, however, add more on the subject.

(20) The heavy emotional stress with which this search was conducted is to be referred to (but not justified by: the extreme exaggeration and headiness have to be referred either to fatigue or to a too long run of easy success in this form of mental exercise) the fact already mentioned, that for a considerable time past every species of mental phenomenon had
been subjected to a scrutiny designed to show that all such phenomena can be produced only when precluded—accidentally or deliberately—by an enactment on the part of the organism of an imitation of some aspect associated with the thought or image subsequently produced. Hence, before the question as to the picture's origin had articulated itself fully even in thought, all available energy had been deployed to revive, and search amongst, the recent occupiers of mind. The speed of this resuscitating and scrutinizing process was enormous. Although unfortunately exact definition of its state is not likely to prove possible, some consciousness of this enormity is that it is possible to assert on the strength of our own unassisted powers of observation that the time-length occupied was almost infinitesimally short. Moreover, fear-impregnated as the searching-impulse was, it was amazingly efficient and thorough.

(21) The manner in which this available vital force distributed itself while prosecuting the search is noteworthy. The mind as a whole was unified by a single purpose, but the practical execution of the latter necessitated a subdivision into various forces, each charged with a special function and capable of fructifying into independent imagery on its own lines. Apparently, the unity of consciousness can be a complex like that of an organ of sense in which many diverging movements co-operate in the effecting of a comprehensive scheme. So here in the case we are about to put under the psychological microscope: one store of energy appeared as bespoken for animating the "edifice" of the "vision," including every possible form of association capable of springing from it. Every such form was strongly energized in its incept, and the whole period of observable effect lasted and inhibited in such a manner that no one detail could obsess the whole. The effect of continuing to hold such strong forces in their rudimentary stage was to endow them with the acutest sensibility for any element of a kindred character which might present itself. Should such appear, it would have the power automatically to discharge this puffed-up and allied force.

In contrast with this potentialized and, so to speak, waiting force, there was a stream of lightning-like energy engaged in a sweeping-back movement over every track ploughed up in consciousness during the recent train of thought. With an illuminating action, and with the very complexity of it all, this energy, like a leafless, cold, stark, back and unerringly lit up every word, phrase, and composite thought. These were ret, however, only to be dropped back into obscurity, before they were well born. Though the lightening of these items was the task of the second stream, their instantaneous discarding was a negative effect derived from the presence and negative action of the first, or potentialized, force at the resurrection. Inasmuch as no single one of the energized details (sustained as these were "at full-cock and on hair-trigger") discharged itself at the first onset of the revived forms, all kinship between them was automatically denied. Kinship between them would have manifested itself at the first onset of the triggering.

(22) Almost immediately into this steadyed condition broke the phrase: "It is still here. I've got a chance to look at it, and see what it is made of." (In this phrase the term "It" recurs three times, and, as instancing the rapidity with which even verbal images fructify in the mind (and conversely the relative slow-movingness of articulated thought), we can cite the fact that in each instance the reversion of "It" is slightly different. In the third and last employment of "It" the connotation is: thought-imagery in general; in the second it is: a particular specimen of thought-imagery; while in the first it means: the vision solely.) To resume: during the tension of search and the subsequent distress of disappointment, the attention had already carried itself through its field of existence for lack of energy to sustain it, but these stronger currents having now subsided, it had re-established itself and—as far as could be ascertained—in an unaltered condition. The attentive energy, now with all its headiness taken from it, concentrated upon the picture. This last had very close quarters that it filled the entire field of vision. Allowing attention to run to details, I began to mark its features in a direction, so to say, from the circumference inwards and from above downwards. The items marked in turn were: a framework of cloudy dark hair, bright bird-like eyes, and a slightly abbreviated nose. Before this point in the picture was reached, however, there had dawned concurrently with the inchoate apprehension of the face's aliveness: a characteristic conferred by its possession of a species of mobility like that of breathing. This factor of mobility had been vaguely in evidence previously, but as attention closed in upon the neighbourhood of nose and mouth it became the most salient one, while upon passing from nose to mouth, the aliveness revealed itself as the first stage of a complete and sudden change which enacted itself instantaneously with the total articulation of the word mouth. In this overturn of mental landscape and atmosphere, not only did the "vision" undergo radical transformation, but a complete revulsion of feeling established itself throughout the whole organism. First as concerns the
picture: The mouth still remained the focus of attention, but this feature had suddenly taken on a curious aspect comparable best perhaps to the mouthpiece of a trumpet. In conformity, the rest of the face had receded swiftly into a vague background, leaving the mouth stranded, as it were, prominently and alone in space. And—fact most essential of all—this modified pictured mouth had established the clearest nex& between itself and the observer's own mouth. The two features seemed continuous parts of a single whole.

(24) As regards feeling-tone: As we have already noted, the latter had up to this point been considerably chastened, but all that now belonged to the dead past. All the world had become a most pleasant place and life a very strenuous good thing. So could the presented have this over of feeling establish& itself that even the "vision" and its features became secondary matters. They were ancient history too just because at a one unexpected stroke the manner of the vision's genesis had swum into view. From the integrating feature of the vision, i.e., its mouth, lines had plotted themselves out running right up to the seat of its origin, i.e. to a hitherto wholly subconscious condition of my own mouth.

(25) To explain why this condition should have been competent to produce such an effect we shall have to revert to the original of the pictured face. The most distinctive feature of the girl with whom the picture alone could be identified was her mouth—a feature made the more prominent by its contrast with anything newly projected or made to appear as a definite something but rather prominent front teeth. No doubt because excessively conscious of the fact, it was the girl's habit after every remark to close the lips elaborately over the teeth, in which position they assumed a bunched-up and compressed appearance.

Now this feature was reproduced in the "vision," and instantly had this over of feeling established itself that even the "vision" and its features became continuous parts of a single whole. The most distinctive feature of the girl with whom the picture alone could be identified was her mouth—a feature made the more prominent by its contrast with anything newly projected or made to appear as a definite something but rather prominent front teeth. No doubt because excessively conscious of the fact, it was the girl's habit after every remark to close the lips elaborately over the teeth, in which position they assumed a bunched-up and compressed appearance.

(26) Automatically it became clear why. Some rawness and soreness of the roof of the mouth immediately over the front teeth had led to a strong unconscious pressure of the tongue upon the affected part, and the lips had in consequence bunched themselves up over the teeth in order to give support to the pressure thereby induced. Here then was the generating movement which had taken form subconsciously while consciousness was monopolized by the train of thought, and which accidentally had chanced to be resisted and shut out in the interests of the immediate holder. They must accordingly have sunk back—rendered abortive for consciousness—because another form of movement proved strong enough to maintain the monopoly. Now, however, when the conscious route was, comparatively speaking, at an end, they surged forward swiftly into consciousness and articulation. By means of the "vision" was placed with precision and detail. There was conscious note of where the girl lived: her ability: my own feeling for her: her friends in class: her home connexions: specific incidents: her friends in general, but, the world being pleasant, an amiable ooze of limitations which appeared in the movements following. The "vision" was gone but, the world being pleasant, an amiable ooze of feeling, finding shape in words, tended in the direction of the departed image. One dwelt with pleasure upon all the picture's associations as these appeared successively in the mental flux.

(29) During all the period in which the genesis of the picture's consciousness was a feature made noticeable on account of two not pretty but rather prominent front teeth. No doubt because excessively conscious of the fact, it was the girl's habit after every remark to close the lips elaborately over the teeth, in which position they assumed a bunched-up and compressed appearance.

This view is supported by the fact that suddenly the "vision" was placed with precision and detail. There was conscious note of where the girl lived: her ability: my own feeling for her: her friends in class: her home connexions: specific incidents: her friends in general, but, the world being pleasant, an amiable ooze of limitations which appeared in the movements following. The "vision" was gone but, the world being pleasant, an amiable ooze of feeling, finding shape in words, tended in the direction of the departed image. One dwelt with pleasure upon all the picture's associations as these appeared successively in the mental flux.

(31) It was the picture of a room used by the staff of the school concerned for correcting test-papers, interviewing, and the like. The room was occupied by three persons: the girl herself, one teacher seated at one desk and another teacher at a second. On this occasion, the picture of the girl was full-length. [As to the manner in which the details of these mental pictures are obtained, it seems that the sight-organ...
makes a sweep over the inward scene exactly as it
would when taking in the details of some complex
externalized one. A very striking difference between
the two processes, however, is this: that while the
eye exercising itself externally seems to be dependent
upon the co-operation of light, when operating
inwardly it is competent to furnish illumination out
of its own resources. (This is a fact which—so it
seems to me—should have some special claim to make
to a science of light whenever objective science makes
a recovery from its present paralyzing obsessions in
respect of externality.) As asserted, the eye exercised
in a direction tending inwards, illuminates whatever it
“lights” on, but this illumination is not enduring.
As the eye pursues its limitedly illuminating career,
its attention is fixed. Hence, in order that the details of mental
imagery may remain fairly steady and continuous,
the eye must constantly sweep and resweep the
tracks concerned.]

(32) To resume: The girl was speaking. The
voice heard was individualized and as characteristi-
ically her own as were her visualized features. It
had a faintly nasal intonation, and the words were
pronounced in a monotonous way. The movement
swallowing movement which was characteristically
hers. Now the mistress was answering—also in an
unmistakably characteristic voice. This was the
dialogue:—“Yes, Miss J. No, Miss J.”—“Don’t
you think so, Norah?” Norah? Of course the
name was Norah. How could I have failed to get it?
The girl's name—written in the overwritten
second name was as far from reach as the first had
been. In a gust of irritation I attempted to seize
its name. The sightless eyes were unresponsive. She
replied, “Norah, Norah, Norah...!” No results, though.
As indicative of the rapidity with which
the phrase quoted the culminating word was not
uttered, but this illumination was not enduring.
She took up the former dialogue, and the words were
“Norah. Yes, Miss J. No, Miss J.”

(33) At this point there was no new element, but presently
the picture began to develop and involve new detail.
There appeared, for instance, a movement in the
girl's shoulder—a slight swing forward with each
repeat of the name. She ploughs, she sweeps, in a
steady edging towards the door as a preliminary to
an escape. The girl disappears, and attention falls
directly upon the third occupant of the room. The
latter was seated at a desk upon which were papers.
She was glancing up from time to time, taking note
of the episode. The girl having disappeared, she
now looks at the Miss J., or the dialogue. She takes
in, in one comprehensive glance, a mass of details:
the glint of eyeglasses, the still present echo of the
girl's shoulder—a slight swing forward with each
movement so successfully embarked on, draining
the feeling of incapacity; the mere mention of the
name by force. I began making violent jabs:
“Norah, Norah, Norah...!” No results, though.
The situation became more obstinate with each jab.
“Very well,” I said. “Leave it. Try to get it
from the picture again.” Immediately the same
phrase repeated by the observer, the new-born feeling
of incapacity; “Don’t you think so, Norah?” Yes,
Miss J. No, Miss J.”

(34) The next change is a change of attitude in the
person called the observer. She is looking down at
a sheet of paper, and is saying, “It’s odd I can’t
tell her name when I can give you her exact size—
though.” As indicative of the rapidity with which
the mental landscape develops, this concluding word
“though” deserves attention. At the inception of the
phrase quoted the culminating word was not
“though”; it was “mentally.” The substitution of the
one for the other is to be accounted for in this wise:

(35) The sentence quoted took its origin at a moment
when concomitant circumstances were as follows:
First and foremost was an all-pervading sense of
incapacity in reference to the name. The observer
was, furthermore, preoccupied with a pile of papers
on a desk. At that instant the papers were undifferen-
tiated, but before this recorded phrase was well
launched the visual apparatus had busied itself with
them to such purpose that the pile had become a
secondary world, and the primary one. Up this sheet
the eye began to pass, and in its career it lit up words
which apparently were written upon it. The illu-
munary effects obtained would best compare with
those created by a ship's lights when in the night
they light up a narrow, limited and moving track
as the ship takes its course over the black waters.
Exactly so now did the eye illumine the overwritten
words. The new-born feeling of incapacity; the
writing: “Norah.” Her characteristics: long, narrow,
stiff-legged like wooden soldiers; were unmistakable.
The letters rather than whole words were apprehended:
in particular those of and . The lit-up track
moved swiftly in a direction from the bottom right-
hand corner to the top left-hand one.

(36) As a direct consequence of this movement, a
complex situation was introduced, which I felt
in the feeling of incapacity to which we referred at the outset.
This had, in fact, changed to one of confident capacity.
There was a clear and certain prescience that I was
on the brink of possession of the item I was seeking.
It was here that I became acutely conscious of a
single aspect of the whole: that of the muscular
movements of the observer, who, in the act of
acquiring the sight of the name written on the
desk, had, in fact, changed to one of
capacity; a complete change had taken place in
the observer's feeling of incapacity; the
movement of the pen was an escape. The girl disappears, and attention falls
for the first time to the Miss J., or the dialogue. She takes
in, in one comprehensive glance, a mass of details:
the face, the whole figure, the eyes, the mouth;
energy, for instance, in the act of taking note of the
written in the top left-hand corner of the sheet, and
it was for this corner that the illuminated sweep of
the eye was primed and destined. Hither it was
moving swiftly in a direction from the bottom right-
hand corner to the top left-hand one. Hence the new-born feeling of capacity.

(37) The movement did not arrive, however. The
illuminating track came to a dead halt at a point
which I gauged to be rather less than three lines
down the page. Apparently the mind was too much
on the alert to encompass the ends it was bent on.
It was too anxious and too active: that is to say,
it was making too many notes. The expenditure of energy,
for instance, in the act of taking note of the
description of the muscular movements themselves,
involved itself the swerving aside from the illuminat-
ing movement so successfully embarked on, draining
the observer's capacity; the mere mention of the
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“Norah, Norah, Norah...!” No results, though.
As indicative of the rapidity with which
the phrase quoted the culminating word was not
uttered, but this illumination was not enduring.
She took up the former dialogue, and the words were
“Norah. Yes, Miss J. No, Miss J.”

(38) We may therefore explain the substitution of the word
though for mentally as follows: Mentally
was the concluding word of the phrase beginning
“It's odd...”, etc., while though was the concluding
word of a phrase which, had it been articulated,
would have taken form of: “I will in a
second, though.” As we see, the former
uncompleted, and unfinished phrase was born of the feeling of incapacity;
and second—articulated in its concluding word only—was
born of a feeling of confident capacity. Simulta-
aneously with the birth of the new and happier impulse,
the energizing virtue had passed out of the earlier
one, but not before this had accumulated sufficient
momentum to carry it to its penultimate word: to

(Continued on page 159)
EACH of us, even the most gifted, can find room in his brain for hardly more than two or three new ideas, or ideas so perfectly assimilated as to be original; for an idea is a speciality, and no one has two. More than a few. With these ideas, or with one, say, hexagonal or octagonal idea, each sets to work and industriously and obliviously begins building cells; not rebelling against the square or the circle, but occasionally coming into collision with some other Bee which has rectangular or circular ideas. All the ideas, beliefs, modes of feeling and behaviour which we have not time or inclination to investigate for ourselves, we take up, as Turks or Huns or Chinese, and treat them with a common courtesy, all Tradition. * We cannot change much; the point is to do a good job where we can. In literature especially, the innovations which we can consciously and collectively aim to introduce are few, and mostly technical. The main thing is to be quite certain what these are.

The title of Miss Monroe's anthology,† and her introductory and admirable introduction, and the inspection of the forces she has mustered, lead me to wonder whether a whole generation can arise together and insurrect; as this introduction leads me to believe that it has insurrected. Perhaps the word is invidious, but there is certainly a hit at the Victorian Age in toto. And the struggle is one in which much more attractive forces be involved than technical form (many of the poets included adhere closely to conventional forms): "The new poetry strives for a concrete and immediate realization of life; it would discard the theory, the abstraction, the remoteness, found in all classics not of the first order. There is the demand for a *style like speech, like a cry from the heart."

Certainly if a spontaneous revolution is possible, if it is possible for a whole generation, and not merely an isolated individual here and there, to arise as one man to wring the neck of rhetoric, one would expect, as is indeed the case, that the various volunteers should come variously armed. Among these forces we find Mr. Masfield, and his "City of Falling Leaves" is entertaining. For example, there is the New England of Mr. Frost: from a cosmopolitan point of view it is a little belated; but considered at closer range it is not quite the New England of the previous generation, or quite of anybody but Mr. Frost, and not of the New England of George Ticknor. It is done something on his own. Then there is the rural Middle-West of Mr. Masters. Selection is unfair to Masters, but the selection is well made. And there is the hard Semitic bitterness of Mr. Bodenheim, who has not all the qualities of a poet, but some of them in an exceptionally high degree. There are others whose merits are less purely national. Skipwith Cannell is well represented, I believe, with his two best poems, the "Red Bridge" and the "King," brilliant tours de force, perhaps in their success a definition of the author's talent. Miss Lowell's "City of Falling Leaves" has given me great pleasure by its precision of image and its skill in workmanship.

Mrs. Henderson's work has very considerable merits which I had previously overlooked. H. D. is well represented, more fairly than Aldington, whose "Via Sestina" is a regretted absentee. Fletcher is pretty well covered. The "Goodly Fere" of Mr. Pound was, I suppose, inevitable, but I should have preferred the "Canzon of Incense." Of English poets, Mr. Hueffer is well illustrated by the only genuine poem I have met with on the subject of the war; Harold Monro is at his best in the "Strange Companion." Lawrence, a poet of quite peculiar genius and peculiar faults, comes off badly; and Rupert Brooke is not absent. On the whole, the selections are remarkably well made.

But as for the escape from rhetoric—there is a great push at the door, and some cases of suffocation. For what is a Poet? The poet says there is a Poet. There is rhetoric even among the new poets. Furthermore, I am inclined to believe that Tennyson's verse is a "cry from the heart"—only it is the heart of Tennyson, Latitudinarian, Whig, Laureate. The style of William Morris is a "style like speech," only it is the speech of Morris, and therefore rather poor stuff. The Idylls of the King sound often as if they had been in an anthology of the last generation, have done so chiefly by the exercise, in greater or less degree, of intelligence, of which an important function is the discernment of exactly what, and how much, we feel in any given situation.

* For an authoritative condemnation of theories attaching extreme importance to tradition as a criterion of truth, see Pope Gregory XVI's encyclical Singulari nos (July 15, 1834), and the Vatican Council canon of 1870, Si quis diversi anathema sit.


permanent value. An anthology of contemporary verse can be a document of great importance for future generations. It ought not to contain many good poems, but a few; and it ought to embalm a great many bad poems (but bad in a significant way) which would otherwise perish. Bad poems, from this point of view, need to be as carefully chosen as good; Miss Monroe and Mrs. Henderson have chosen wisely. Most anthologies exhibit only the vices of a particular sect; and the badness of a poem is immeasurably heightened, the reader's vision clarified and his mind instructed, when bad poems of totally different types are set off against each other.

The resultant impression is a unique picture of a very charged and individual mind, now in the streets of Vanvit, but all the more interesting for that. One thinks of Henry James asking his way of an Italian mill-hand in the streets of Salem.

There are certain poems which have been much admired, which I have not been able to admire; among these the poems of the Mr. Vachel Lindsay. I cannot take the "Congo" seriously. Let I am sure that they are rightly included, and perhaps among several American types the contrast of which is entertaining. For example, there is the New England of Mr. Frost: from a cosmopolitan point of view it is a little belated; but considered at closer range it is not quite the New England of the previous generation, or quite of anybody but Mr. Frost, and not of the New England of George Ticknor. It is done something on his own. Then there is the rural Middle-West of Mr. Masters. Selection is unfair to Masters, but the selection is well made. And there is the hard Semitic bitterness of Mr. Bodenheim, who has not all the qualities of a poet, but some of them in an exceptionally high degree. There are others whose merits are less purely national. Skipwith Cannell is well represented, I believe, with his two best poems, the "Red Bridge" and the "King," brilliant tours de force, perhaps in their success a definition of the author's talent. Miss Lowell's "City of Falling Leaves" has given me great pleasure by its precision of image and its skill in workmanship.

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T. S. E.
TARR
BY WYNDHAM LEWIS
PART VII: SWAGGER SEX
CHAPTER VI

ANASTASYA and he were dining that night in Montmartre as usual. His piece of news hovered over their conversation like a bird hesitating as to the right spot at which to establish its nest.

"I saw Bertha to-day," he said, forcing the opening at last.

"You still see her then."

"Yes. I married her this afternoon."

"You what? What do you mean?"

"What I say, my dear. I married her."

"You mean you——?"

She put an imaginary ring on her finger.

"Yes. I married her at the Mairie."

Anastasya looked blankly into him, as though he contained cheerless stretches where no living thing could grow.

"You mean to say you've done that!"

"Yes; I have.

"Why?

Tarr stopped a moment.

"Well, the alleged reason was that she is enceinte."

"But—who's the child?"

"Kreisler's, she says."

The statement, she saw, was genuine. He was telling her what he had been doing. They both immediately retired into themselves, to distance and stow away their former dialogue and consider the meaning of this new fact; he to wait, his hand near his mouth holding a pipe, until she should have collected herself. But he began speaking first:

"Things are exactly the same as before. I was bound to do that. I had allowed her to consider herself engaged a year ago, and had to keep to that. I have now gone back a year into the past and fulfilled a pledge, and now return to you. All is in perfect order."

"All is not in perfect order. It is Kreisler's child to begin with, you say——"

"Yes, but it would be very mean to use that fact to justify one in escaping from an obligation."

"That is sentimentality."

"Sentimentality! Sentimentality! Cannot see, you and I, afford to give Bertha that? Sentimentality! What an absurd word that is with its fierce animate? I throw up my job."

Tarr's afternoon visits became less frequent. Tarr and Anastasya did not marry. They had no children. Tarr, however, had three children by a lady of the name of Rose Fawcett, who consolated him eventually for the splendours of his "perfect woman." But yet beyond the dim though solid figure of Rose Fawcett, another rises. This one represents the swing-back of the pendulum once more to the swagger side. The cheerless and sordid absurdity of Rose Fawcett required the painted, fine and inquiring face of Prism Dirkes.

EPilogue

This book was begun eight years ago; so I have not produced this disagreeable German for the gratification of primitive partisanship aroused by the war. On the other hand, having had him up my sleeve for so long, I let him out at this moment in the undisguised belief that he is very apposite. I am incidentally glad to get rid of him. He has been on my conscience (my conscience as an artist, it is true) for a long time.

The myriads of Prussian germs, gases, and gun-grenes released into the air and for the past year obsessing everything, revived my quiescent creation. I was moved to vomit Kreisler forth. It is one big germ more. May the flames of Louvain help to illuminate (and illustrate) my hapless protagonist! His misdemeanours too, which might appear too harshly real at ordinary times, have, just now, too obvious confirmations to be questioned.

Germany's large leaden brain booms away in the centre of Europe. Her brain-waves and titanic orchestrations have broken round us for too long not to have had their effect. As we never think ourselves, except a stray Irishman or American, we should long ago have been swamped had it not been for the sea. The habits and vitality of the seaman's life and this
vigor element have protected us intellectually as the blue water has politically.

In Europe Nietzsche's gospel of desperation, the beyond-law-man, etc., has deeply influenced the Paris apache, the Italian Futurist littérateur, the Russian revolutionary. Nietzsche's books are full of seductions and sugaring of poetry mates, who would otherwise have been only mild snobs or meddlesome prigs; as much as, if not more than, other writings, they have made "expropriators" of what would otherwise merely have been Arsène Lupins; and they have made an Over-man of every vulgarly energetic grocer in Europe. The commercial and military success of Russia is doubly, if not tripled, by the English. The English may a little more: I hope Russia will.

As to the Prophet of War, the tone of Nietzsche's books should have discredited his philosophy. The modern Prussian advocate of the Aristocratic and Tyrannic took everybody into his confidence. Then he would coquet: he gave special prizes. Everybody couldn't be a follower of his! No: only the minority: that is the minority who read his books, which has steadily grown till it comprises certainly (or would comprise) all of us. A Grin usually accompanies loose emotionality. The artists of this country make a plain and pressing appeal to their fellow-citizens. It is as follows: They appeal:

(1) That at the moment of this testing and trying of the forces of the nation, of intellect, of character, they should grant more freedom to the artists and thinkers to develop their visions and ideas. That they should make an effort of sympathy. That the Englishman should become ashamed of solemnity. That he should cease to be ashamed of his " feelings": then he would automatically become less proud of his Grin.

(2) That the Englishman should become ashamed of his Grin as he is at present ashamed of solemnity. That he should cease to be ashamed of his " feelings ": then he would automatically become less proud of his Grin.

(3) That he should remember that seriousness and unsentimentality are quite compatible. Whereas a Grin usually accompanies loose emotionality.

(4) That in facing the facts of existence as he is at present compelled to do, he should allow artists to economize time in not having to circumvent and get round those facts, but to use them simply and directly.

(5) That he should restrain his vanity, and not over, with St. Sophia ; the great picture of Christ facing you. The marbles on the walls were matched so that pattern echoes pattern on separate pieces placed side by side, with exquisite veinings—greens and greys.

The square of At-Maidan, where the Hippodrome was, and with, still, the Alamacâ, the Serpent Column, the Obelisque of Theodosius, and the Colossus of Constantine, is near the mosque of Aya-Sofia-Maidan. It is a vast space, in which there are such slight details, as the vast space inside the outer court of the mosque. The marble is marbled, so nobly proportioned, with its six minarets, its domes and squares, its great structure; the trees, the little old houses at the side, with strange, paved, narrow streets running down between them; the men selling goods around the outer walls and in the doorways; men being shaved, the barber's basins hung on the trunks of the trees. Inside are seen the exquisite tiles, by far the finest I have seen in Constantinople—the fine space, the freedom and beauty of the design; the admirable details, certain bronze and carved wood doors, a plaque of plaited black and white marble let into the wall; the enormous pillars together with the wretched Turkish painting, grey and blue, of all the vaults, in the horrible eighteenth-century French style. When we went in the mosaics had been taken up for some repainting, and we could walk about without overshoes. I had never seen the pavement of a mosque—this was of mere ordinary paving like a street.

Behind the mosque of the Suleimanié lies the Turbe of Suleiman. The houses these people made for themselves when dead are more beautiful than any they lived in when living. This is exquisite with its armour, a splendid figure; the great head of Christ facing you. The marble on the walls was matched so that pattern echoes pattern on separate pieces placed side by side, with exquisite veinings—greens and greys.

The Bazaar, the Over-man of every vulgarly energetic grocer. The Englishman should become ashamed of solemnity. That he should cease to be ashamed of his " feelings": then he would automatically become less proud of his Grin.

NOTES TAKEN IN CONSTANTINOPLE

AND SOFIA

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I. CONSTANTINOPLE

The Byzantine mosque of Kâhrî-Djami was built at the end of the eleventh century. It reminds one of St. Mark's, in its mosaics in the narthex, especially, of the life of the Virgin. The colours of the mosaics are superb, with miraculous robes and backgrounds; with a blue peacock, with Bible scenes. One sees the devastation of the earth-century lapse in the small, half-baked, slavishly copied mosaics. That he should cease to be ashamed of his " feelings " : then he would automatically become less proud of his Grin.

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Koran brought from Mecca. There is a beauty in these old designs; even the coffins, with their shawls, turbans, and peacock aigrettes, are covered with linen cloths.

In the mosque of the Suleimaniye there is a glory; with its fine stained-glass windows over the mihrab, all in flowers and patterns; the elaborate ornament is seen everywhere. I can understand the Turkish poets calling it a "splendour" and "joy."

It lies in the midst of a quarter of iron-workers and shoemakers, whose tapping you hear continually. It is more splendidly set on a hill than St. Sophia, and it dominates Stamboul from the bridge and from the court. How incredible the dusty dinginess and squalor of it!

In the court of the Shab-Zade everything is sordid, grass-grown; in the inner court windows are stopped with matting, leaves lie about; all this delicate work is unkept, left to go to what ruin its solidity may. It is work that gains nothing from the accident of time and age, as London stone does; it should be pure white, all its marbles freshly washed, its trees clean of dust. But, as in the houses (where there are always blinds awry, discoloured wood, broken iron and half-nailed wooden gratings, patchings of tin and paper so that, nothing is kept with care, with a sense either of its beauty or sanctity. The cloistered women here take their quite natural revenge in kind. Here in the men one finds that what is bad in them comes from their too hasty logic.

There has been no rain in Broussa for five months; I think of this as I note the flat roofs of the houses, the dusty dinginess of the court. The whole dance was a complete thing, with its meaning, its development; a drama with the most explicit pantomime in the world. The Turk gives you merely the drama of the literal acts; the Spaniard gives you the tragedy of desire, the irresistible impulse, the struggle against the inevitable, and the agony of the flesh. To the Turk it is a game.

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large speech. "Multitudinous seas incarnadine" caused as much thrill as any epigram in Lady Windermeres Fan or The Importance of Being Earnest. The Dramatists had started this manner, Milton but continued in their wake, adding to their high-sounding grandness his passion for latinization, the latinization of a language peculiarly unfitted for his sort of latinization. Golding in the ninth year of Elizabeth can talk of "Charles his wane" in translating Ovid, but Milton's fields are "irriguous," and worse, and much more notably displeasing, his clause structure is a matter of "quem, cui, " etc, and "quomodo's." To the contemporary thought of his or of the "did go", "did say," etc, is not fustian and mannerism; it was contemporary speech, though in a present-day poet it is impotent affectation and definite lack of technique. I am not saying "Golding is a greater poet than Milton," these quantitative comparisons are in odium. Milton is the most unpleasant of English poets, and he has certain definite and analyzable defects. His unpleasingness is a matter of personal taste. His faults of language are subject to argument just as are the faults of any other poet's language. His popularity has been largely due to his bigotry, but there is no reason why that popular quality should be for ever a shield against criticism. His real place is nearer to Drummond of Hawthornden than to Shakespeare and Davenant, were the stupidity of our forefathers tried to exalt him.

His short poems are his defenders' best stronghold, and it will take some effort to show that they are better than Phoebus Arise. In all this I am not insisting on "Charles his wane" as the sole mode of translation and interpretation. Golding is more burning than conveying the sense of the original to his readers. He names the thing of his original author, by the name most germane, familiar, homely, to his hearers. He is intent on conveying a meaning, and not on bemusing them with a rumble. And I hold that the real poet is sufficiently absorbed in his content to care more for the content than the rumble. And also that Chaucer and Golding are more like to find poems worth reading instead of given the faciem discensam, the shoot, the supine shoot, of grammatical discussion, he might more dig out the vital spots in his authors, and meet from his class a less persistent undercurrent of conviction that all latin authors are a trial.

The uncritical scholarly attitude has so spread, that hardly a living man can tell you what points the Roman authors surpass the Athenians, yet the comparison of their differences is full of all fascinations. Yet because Homer is better than Virgil, and Aeschylus, presumably, than Seneca, there has spread a superstition that the mere fact of a text being in greek makes it of necessity better than a text written in latin—"quem, cui, " etc. These are points of personal taste. I am not assuming the position of those who objected to Erasmus's "tittle-tattles," but there is a sane order to the stupidity of our forefathers tried to exalt him.

Beside the fustian tradition, the tradition of cliché phrases, common germ, and latin clause structure and phrase structure, two rather vague traditions separate the classics from us. On one hand we have ceased to read greek with the aid of latin crib, and latin is the only language into which any great amount of greek makes it of necessity better than a text written in latin—"quem, cui, " etc. These are points of personal taste. I am not assuming the position of those who objected to Erasmus's "tittle-tattles," but there is a sane order to the stupidity of our forefathers tried to exalt him.

The humanizing influence of the classics depends on an ability to write exercises in latin, it is ridiculous to pretend that a reading knowledge need imply more than a general intelligence of the minutiae of grammar. I am not assuming the position of those who objected to Erasmus's "tittle-tattles," but there is a sane order to the stupidity of our forefathers tried to exalt him.

When the classics were a new beauty and ecstasy people cared a damn sight more about the meaning of the authors, and a damn sight less about their grammar and philology.

We await, efi jauzen lo jorn, the time when the student will be encouraged to say which poems bore him. He thinks rubbish, and whether there is any beauty in "Maecenas sprung from a line of kings." It is bad enough that so much of the finest poetry in the world should be distributed almost wholly through class rooms, but if the first question to be asked were: "Gentlemen, are these verses worth reading!" instead of "What is the mood of 'manet'?" if, in short, the professor were put on his mettle to find poems worth reading instead of given the faciem discensam, the shoot, the supine shoot, of grammatical discussion, he might more dig out the vital spots in his authors, and meet from his class a less persistent undercurrent of conviction that all latin authors are a trial.

The uncritical scholarly attitude has so spread, that hardly a living man can tell you what points the Roman authors surpass the Athenians, yet the comparison of their differences is full of all fascinations. Yet because Homer is better than Virgil, and Aeschylus, presumably, than Seneca, there has spread a superstition that the mere fact of a text being in greek makes it of necessity better than a text written in latin—"quem, cui, " etc. These are points of personal taste. I am not assuming the position of those who objected to Erasmus's "tittle-tattles," but there is a sane order to the stupidity of our forefathers tried to exalt him.

I am much more grateful for the five minutes during which a certain lecturer emphasized young Icarus becomgorn himself with Daedalus' wax than for all the dead hours he spent in trying to make me a scholar.

"Getting in both of their ways." My plagiarism was from life and not from Ovid, the difference is perhaps unimportant.

Yet if after sixteen years a professor's words came back to one, it is perhaps important that the classics should be humanly, rather than philologically, taught, even in classrooms. A barbaric age given over to education agency for their exclusion and desuetude. Education is an anamn of the soul. Philology will be ascribed to De la Sade.

And there is perhaps more hope for the debutante who draws in the last fashionable and outwearing
PASSING PARIS

YESTERDAY: There was a quaint phrase in the obituary notice of a Paris paper on the death of Degas. "He began," it said, "by painting historical subjects and portraits. Only later did he approach nature." That phrase would better apply to certain fashionable contemporaries.

Degas was the wittiest man it was possible to meet. He was a master of mot, playful and less spiteful than Whistler, not scathing like Forain. It was Degas who said of Cezanne's apples: "Ce ne sont pas des natures-mortes, ce sont des natures-ivres-mortes."

A didactic poem, it denounces the "disciples" and aims some indignant English at them:

"Thou call'st them cubists and unani- mists and synchronists and apollinarists; but their mother's name is Gauguin-Tagore and their fathers are steel or pit coal-kings who, weeping pearls on all these unknown things, stare at the future, wait for what it brings. . . .

It will bring air, it will bring air, etc.

The exhortation continues in French:

"Que chacun prépare son propre champ, que chacun découpe son propre bâton et invente sa récolte; Que chacun exige de l'univers, sa part de ciel et de terre et de fer pour y nourrir sa révolte.

There are people who object to the passages in foreign idioms (why is it more legitimate to quote dead than living languages? and Vanderpyl hates dust and ashes) as though a poem were a sacred thing before having even been conceived. And yet if there is one thing one should be able to take liberties with it is a poem. But in every line Mr. Vanderpyl anticipates cavillers, for the only war he makes, but that thoroughly, is precisely on all hard-and-fast theories, on all delimitations of territory:

"Beau territoire noir et blond et écarlate, recréé tous les jours ainsi que mon savoir, tu n'es pas un dédale aux ladres perspectives on all impediments to the whims of innocence:

Mais que ton ignorance soit pure comme une eau. . . .

on all science opposed to his ignorance:

Mais que ton ignorance soit creuse comme un puits. . . .

PERSONAL: James Wilson Morrice is back in Paris from Canada, where he has been painting his native snow. The quays of Paris have never had better rendering than from his soft brush.

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA

PASSING CLOUDS

By Yone Noguchi

I

The ancient Japanese always held the same attitude towards the world and life, whether with the frost-cold sword at the moment of hara-kiri, or with the tea-bowl in the chano-yu rites; their manner was never abrupt. How they hated dispute and talk! When they had to dispute, they let their swords settle the point; and for talk, they used the language of silence. They were quiet and discreet towards Life's object; they moved around it as if an artist, and again like an excellent artist, they never separated it from its surroundings. Where they were faithful to tradition they were eccentric they were most conventional.

How the times made us change! We trust too much in words; how we assert and deny when a question comes forth! And like an amateur, we forget our lines; oh, what poor acting!

II

The heart of Wisdom is a sorrow and pain. It is a mistake if you think it to be a scalp-capped old scholar just stepped out from the library or classroom. Wisdom is a reformed criminal after all penalties paid; it is a wrong or confession turned to a saint.

III

Where is a mountain deep enough to hide me? Where is a river big enough to swallow me? I say it, not because I am great, but because I am I. I beg you, however, not to mistake me as a so-called individualist.
I used to fire my curiosity of boyhood days with reading an old warrior's tales and legends; one of my favourite heroes was Yoshitsune who in his boy's time was taught mystery and fencing by a certain Tengu, a mountain elf of the Western hill from where a rainbow flashes and where the bright sun has his step towards the Western hill, where the sunset fire was burning to make me imagine a strange castle of beauty and romance, and even hear a word or two of that kind elf there. My frightened dear mother pursued me, and at last held my arm and took me back again to be scolded by my father.

But, oh, the Western hill where the Tengu might live and teach me Life's mystery; even to-day I feel to hear sometimes his tender call from the far-off rainbows and evening stars. I often imagine what if my mother had not taken me back that evening, well, of almost thirty years ago; I might have found the elf then by the singular virtue and desire which are given only to a boy.

You must not come to see me till I tell you you may come; I must be sure of the hour and day when the light or proper shadow will be provided. Do you laugh at me over my having too great anxiety in my presentation as if a piece of art rare and old? But what else am I, do you suppose?

When the first night bell rings out, I will loosen and let fall all my reserves; it is the time when my head will turn towards my heart's centre. I will burn the incense which should rise as the silken folds of the world-wearied courtesy; under them the ego in myself intent but aloof, will put a proper presentation or emphasis on my life's page.

Come, my friend, at such an hour, as my own respect for myself will then be the very respect for myself intent but aloof, will put a proper presentation or emphasis on my life's page.

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IV

The house, went out little, kept a couple of delicate schipperke bitches, and daily wore a gold watch, its solid chain pinned at the crest of her high bosom with a cold-set hand-coloured photo of Agatha at the age of seven between Neville and Dick, the older boys.

With these boys and several generations of schipperkes, Agatha had grown up: done moderately well at school: read immoderately of the ordinary novel. These, together with such deductions as she made from domestic and outside experience, were her "finishing course." At eighteen she became engaged to a curvy railway-clerk ten years older. Parents approved; lover (she smiled well and looked shy adorably) pleaded: Agatha, thrilled with a sense of new importance, accepted, wishing Charlie would not kiss her quite so often. At times he fonderled her excessively when they were alone, and groaning a little, showed only too clearly his feelings of his eyes. Though this was rather disgusting, he had given her a pretty ring which sparkled delightfully, and by causing envy to gleam in the eyes of the girls with whom she worked (she clerked in an insurance office) satisfied a good many requirements which she had never troubled to analyse in herself.

She broke off the engagement suddenly: refused an explanation to her parents: wept. Charlie avoided the house, and was forgotten, while Mrs. Penrhy's curiosity died at last of starvation, not before her hints and ejaculations had provided the neighbours with material for many an apparently sympathetic but fairly spiteful gossip of an evening, through many weeks.

Agatha became capricious and the second engagement was one based on a quick passion. The second lover, Gareth Manton, an artist, fascinated by her changing moods, quick intelligence and, at first, attractive capriciousness, abandoned his intention of perpetual celibacy, and arrangements for a hasty marriage began. Mrs. Penrhy's curiosity revived, and with his own charming ways he raised the rink back on her birthday (it was one of pearls) saying he had no use for it and asking her to take it as a birthday gift from him. Three months later he felt surprised to hear she was married, but it did not affect him so that he made any effort to forget her.

One could hardly have called Edward unpleasant; he simply wasn't suitable for Agatha. She had married him, out of a number of men, not loving him particularly: respecting him for the upright views he held and for his attitude of self-restraint: not hoping for very much from the arrangement, but prepared to appreciate his earned wealth, and even to live by it. My friend, at such an hour, as my own respect for myself will then the very respect for myself intent but aloof, will put a proper presentation or emphasis on my life's page.

Come, my friend, at such an hour, as my own respect for myself will then be the very respect for myself intent but aloof, will put a proper presentation or emphasis on my life's page.

"PAY AGATHA PENRHYS..."

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leaving home. Her mother and father had both died since, and the brothers married away.

It was a July evening, and the sunlight flashed from the leaves rustling outside the dining-room window, new-washed on returning from the City, found her. She often remembered that afterwards.

"What's that?" he asked idly. His cigarette-case snapped shut. She unfolded the paper slip and, curiously satisfied, heartened, then, turning to him, frowning:

"It's a cheque."

"A cheque?" He took it from her.

Early in her engagement with Gareth Manton, the family had let him take away a little oil-painting which he had often examined covetously. It was by some unknown seventeenth-century artist, painted on copper in a square chipped frame. And he wrote out a cheque. This was only right, as it had a certain value, and he could not very well take a family possession as a gift, although no one knew where it came from, or cared for it. Mrs. Penrhys had told him to write the cheque to Agatha. Gareth in the clouds sent the cheque by post unsigned. After much laughter, Agatha told him: he wrote out a second slip in which she was cashed. The unsigned slip she kept and had never destroyed because of the fun they had had over it. She recalled all this while her husband turned the cheque over.

"Pay Agatha Penrhys . . . ?" The question rattled from him. Horrible doubts rushed through his respectable mind. Then he noticed the date.

"Who wrote this -thing ? " Gareth Manton, 'the wife said. "He forgot to sign it. I kept it as a joke." She thought he was making a lot of fuss about very little.

"Who the devil's Gareth Manton? What the deuce did he want to write you a cheque for?"

"He gave me some money." Gave you money? " He said Gareth had given her her leprosy: his tone could not have conveyed more disgust. She felt convinced something was wrong.)

"Yes. I was engaged to him." She felt frightened, and hardly knew how to begin the explanation.

"I don't see what justification that is," he said, and looked at her hard. Neither did she, but it seemed too much trouble to her now to explain the facts, the deuce! And he might make it all the more serious than ever in that mood. Besides she saw no evil construction possible.

"You don't mind my wearing his ring," she said in defence.

"Ring? What . . . ?" Edward was very fair and the blood coloured his face and neck an ugly red. But she was lifting her pretty hand.

"This one. . . I always wear it." The pearl ring was on the fourth finger, the right hand.

"What do you mean by it?" he bellowed. He struck her hand away. Suddenly she felt terribly angry, giving him a furious look. "You are great enough to make me like that," she said. It was his blow that she resented more than any words or hints.

"The deuce! Some fellow gave it you!" he blustered on, hardly able to get the sounds out, and coming closer to her.

"Of course if you're going to shout and bully, I'm going." She went, leaving letters and papers scattered. Edward fumed. His pride was outraged. He felt betrayed. She had never spoken of her former lovers. He had forgotten them and considered the wearing of Gareth's ring in his house as a mean kind of unfaithfulness. His righteous indignation increased the more he brooded over the incident, but she presented an unrepentant and stony face to him.

She, realizing how distasteful Edward had become, hated him with accumulated hatred, hotly. She slept alone, and wept late, but, influenced perhaps by some "misjudged" wife she had seen in a play or sympathized with in a novel, wrote to Gareth before going to bed, posting the letter herself, defiantly.

Husband and wife kept angrily silent for a week. Meanwhile, as a result of her letter, Agatha had met Gareth again. After three years she felt so pleased to see the old affection fresh in his eyes and could not hide its complement in her own. Gareth had always understood her, she thought. Friendship sprang up again quickly as grass in April. She appreciated his sympathy, and loved his gaiety. The condition of her relations with Edward became unimportant compared with the joy of seeing Gareth constantly and laughing and chattering away afternoons in his studio.

They discussed Edward.

"He's a brick," said Gareth. "I don't know what we had better do to him."

Nine days after the affair of the cheque, husband and wife had lunch together the ninth time in bleak silence, Agatha folded up her serviette in the old mechanical way. Up in her room she took a little longer than usual to dress, stopping now and then to put an ornament straight and leaving everything tidied. Later, she met Gareth at Charing Cross; they left together for Italy.

After five months of indignant endeavour, Edward got a divorce, and is much pitied by his friends.

Iriss Barry

MY ENGLAND AGAIN

A LITTLE too parlour-maidy. The country seems to be conducted by parlour-maides according to the parlour-maid creed: whiteness, starch, silver.

And what angelic faces these vestals have!

At each new visit the English have grown a little quieter than they were the last. Is it that soft-footed parlour-maid rule which has so felted their voices? Provided they won't be quite extinguished the next time I come.

England is the most patently, the most aggressively, and the most unnecessarily virtuous of countries. This obvious, this ubiquitous virtue drives one to despair. It does not express renunciation of vice; it just expresses 'a neutral, bland, overwhelming, negative virtue.'

The prettier an Englishwoman is the more wasted her prettiness. A touch of promise (and of past) seems to occur only in faces not particularly pretty.

When I was a little child I was sometimes taken from the suburbs to London, once to be lost on London Bridge, generally to the dentist's. Many years have elapsed and history will have innumerable chapters to inscribe. The other day, for the first time since, I was traveling along that same line, stopping at the same stations. And in the carriage with me sat the same people reading the same local papers.

In France scarcely any one reads. Very seldom do you see a book opened in a tram or metro-carriage. Many people never get beyond their two sheets of daily paper with its various substitutes for news, information, and literary matter. A small number read feuilletons. A very few buy the Editions du Mercure. In England, on the other hand, every one reads—but what? Let me see what that type-
writing girl, travelling third class, is absorbed in: it is Nash's Magazine. Let me see what fixes that first-class-travelling, nice-looking officer's attention: it is Nash's Magazine.

M. C.

THE BARON OF JAUIOZ
A BALLAD OF BRITTANY
Translated from a French paraphrase by S. P. Milman

WHEN I was washing by the river, I heard the bird of death sighing. "Good little Tina, do you know? You are sold to the Baron of Jauioz."

"Mother, is it true what I have learned? Is it true that I am sold to the old Jauioz?"

"My poor child, I cannot say; ask your father."

"Little father, tell me, is it true that I am sold to Loys of Jauioz?"

"My child, I do not know; ask your brother."

"Tell me, brother Lannik, am I sold to this seigneur?"

"Yes! You are sold to the baron and you go to him now, without delay; the price of your sale is paid, fifty white silver crowns and as many of shining gold."

Good mother, if you please, what clothes shall I put on? My red dress or the white woollen dress that my sister Hélène made me? My red dress or my white dress, and my little bodice of black velvet?"

"Put on what clothes you will; it matters little, my child. There is a black horse at the door waiting for the opening of night, waiting for the moment when night shall begin, a horse all equipped to take you."

She was not far from the hamlet, when she heard the bells ring.

Then she began to cry: "Farewell, Saint Anne, farewell bells of my country, bells of my parish, farewell!"

As she passed the Lake of Agony, she saw a band of the dead, clothed in white, in little boats. She saw the dead in crowds and her teeth chattered against her breast. As she passed through the Valleys of Blood, the dead darted after her; and her heart pained her so that, closing her eyes, she lost consciousness.

"Sit and rest yourself till the hour of the repast draws near."

The seigneur sat close to the fire, as black as a bird of death sighing.

"Here is the young girl for whom I have waited so long. Let us go, my child, and, seeing my riches, you shall learn to appreciate me. Come with me from room to room, my beautiful one, to count my gold and silver."

"I would rather be with my mother, counting faggots for the fire."

"Let us go down to the cellar together to taste wine soft as honey."

"I would rather have the meadow-water that my father's horses drink."

"Come with me from shop to shop, and we will buy a wedding cloak."

"I would rather have a skirt of cloth that my mother had woven for me."

"Let us go then to the wardrobe and find gay trimmings for borders."

"I would rather have the white braid that my sister Hélène hemmed for me."

"To judge by your words I fear that you do not like me. Might I have had an abseess of the tongue on the day that I was fool enough to buy you, when nothing can console you!"

"Dear little birds, as you fly, I beg you to listen to me. You go to my village, and I, I cannot go; you are gay, I am sad. Give my love to all my playmates when you see them; to the good mother who bore me and the father who cared for me, to the old priest who baptized me. Say farewell to them all for me, and to my brother that I pardon him."

Two or three months later, towards midnight, her family were in bed peacefully resting. Neither within nor without was any sound; they had heard a gentle voice at the door: "My father, my mother, for the love of God pray for me; pray and mourn; your child lies on the funeral trestles."

CORRESPONDENCE
BALMONT
To the Editor of The Egoist

MADAM,—Your contributor, Madame Ciolkowska, is in error in stating that the translations by René Ghil and Alexandra de Holstein are the first French renderings of Balmont. M. Jean Chuzewicz's Anthologie des Poètes Russe, which was also published by Crès (in 1914), contains eight poems.

M. MONTAGU-NATHAN

A DETAILED MOMENT OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(Continued from page 159)

which stage it was able effectually to block the track of consciousness against its newly energized successor. Nevertheless the latter, though handicapped by a late start, managed to win by a neck and took possession of the conscious field before its rival could muster its concluding word. By this time, however, the second phase also had been belied and rendered out of date, and capacity had again changed to incapacity. (39) The reported failures appeared now to cause the muscular action to deteriorate, and from this point to lose its "true" feeling. Action became headlong. Very quickly I became aware of a painful sensation about the eyes. Attending to this, I found I was jerking the eyeballs in a diagonal movement from left to right upwards with very considerable violence: apparently in a futile effort to fling the eye into a position which would entail the covering of the untraversed distance. These efforts served no purpose beyond the overstraining of the muscles of the eye. The foolscap sheet was no longer in existence. Apparently the eye movement was only one of many co-ordinated movements involved in the "construction" of that imaginary form, and the repetition of the one apparently was not finding accompanying conditions favourable to the mustering of effects produced by a co-ordinated scheme as a whole. It was in noting the enactment of this movement that I became aware for the first time that my eyes were closed and that they must have been so from beginning to end of the incidents set down.

At this point we abandon the narrative. The incidents recorded will be sufficient to illustrate our immediate position.

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"THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE WHO WRITE THE OTHERS"

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LADY GREGORY (complete play)
FORD MADDOX HUEFFER (prose series)
ARTHUR SYMONS (complete play)
WYNDHAM LEWIS (regularly)
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By JAMES JOYCE

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By T. S. ELIOT

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